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BRITISH REGISTER

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BRITISH MUSEUM NATURAL HISTORY

THE

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POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XIV.] JULY, 1832. [No. 79.

THE TRIUMPH OF AGITATION.

"That day, which our fathers wished to see, and did not see, is breaking upon us." *Bolingbroke.*

THE Reform Bill is the law of the land. Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights shall be spoken of no more as the chief muniments of British liberty. We have at length obtained a substantial security for our rights; at length, the blessings of good and cheap government are within our reach. The days of mock representation are at an end. Boroughmongers and Bishops shall rule and rob us no more. The means of national regeneration are in our hands; nothing remains but to use them. We have but to exert the power of which we are now possessed, and the Satan of public profligacy will soon be beaten down under our feet. Well may England exult at this glorious crisis of her fortunes! The ascendancy of factions and families is over; democratic ascendancy begins. The majesty of the people—it was no hot enthusiast, no wild projector, it was Lord Chatham who first used that expression—has been mightily asserted. Well may England exult! The dark days of misrule are past: the light of freedom is shining round her.

The democratic principle had to encounter in the struggle an opposition, the most obstinate, and flagrantly unprincipled, that ever, even within the walls of a British Parliament, rose up against the interests of the country. Against it stood a desperate faction of peers, lay and spiritual, who, at every step of the popular career, flung down their coronets and their mitres, the whole weight of their fortunes and their stations, to impede it: against it stood that haughty and flagitious oligarchy, with its long and infamous train of tools and minions, which, for near two centuries, has rioted on the plunder of this afflicted country; who spoliated the people, and called it government; stifled their voice, and called it tranquillity; systematised wrong, and dared to call it the Constitution: a despotism redeemed by no virtue, palliated by no ability; the most utterly ignorant, the most thoroughly selfish, the most incorrigibly vicious, that ever imposed its iron and ignominious yoke upon any nation: a confederacy of all sordid interests and nefarious principles, under whose pestilent

influence, iniquity, inhumanity, and lawless power flourished at home and abroad; the rights of man were trampled in the east and in the west; and England was "sung and proverbed" over all the habitable world for a nation of hypocrites, and a people whose God was Mammon. A power so enormous, that the sinews of the country cracked under its pressure; and so deeply rooted in the system of society, in all our institutions, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, that it seemed almost unconquerable by any effort of popular force short of revolutionary fury.

Yet, against this enormous power, this profligate confederacy, the cause of the people has not only prevailed, but prevailed peaceably and bloodlessly. There was no crime, no violence, no excess, none of the turmoil, none of the outrage, which have so often disfigured popular struggles and discredited the cause of liberty. There was nothing but the moral might, (or, should we not rather say, the omnipotence?) of a high-minded and resolute people, who wielded intellect instead of iron,

> "And weaponless themselves
> Made arms ridiculous."

The English people have made themselves an example to the injured and insulted of all nations: they have shewn that there is a shorter and safer road to the redress of wrongs, than by tumult and blood; and that force of mind, exhibited in combination, is more formidable a thousand times, than force of arms displayed in mutiny and broil. Had they appealed to the sword, they would have committed the blunder of encountering oppression with the weapon, at the use of which oppression is most expert: for this they were too sagacious or well-informed: the men to whose political conduct they confided their fortunes, had taught them the great lesson, that the battles of freedom are best fought with intellectual and moral arms—the "vivida vis animi"—a weapon of higher temper, keener edge, more resistless force, than Toledo or Damascus ever fabricated.

Too much praise it is impossible to bestow upon the manner in which the country was awakened and organized by the Political Unions; nor upon the conduct of these associations and their leaders. The nation owes them "a debt immense of endless gratitude," first, for the success of the bill; secondly, for the success of it without that anarchy and effusion of blood, which the desperate resistance of the Tories would inevitably have brought upon the country, had not popular feeling been provided with these extraordinary vents for its expression, and had not the people, under their tuition, been thoroughly impressed with the important truths, that to commit violence was to play the game of the enemy, and to take the only course by which it was possible the cause of Reform could be defeated. The quiet success of the bill may truly be said to be the triumph of the Unions. They were not only popular confederacies, but, in the truest sense of the word, conservative bodies. While they roused the spirit of the country, they gave it a steady and peaceable direction: peaceableness was, indeed, the principal lesson they inculcated, and the main-spring of the victory they obtained. The direct tendency of the tiger-like tenacity with which the borough-mongering oligarchy clung to their usurpations, was to excite the people to tumult and disorder. Hence arose the demand for the constitutional agitator—a better suppressor of sedition than the dragoon, inasmuch as reason is better than the rabre to govern Englishmen. Sedition was against his

principles, because calculated to defeat his cause. The essence of his system was deliberation, patience, obedience to the laws: the incendiary, the rioter, the factious, and lawless disappeared at his approach. He controlled, he disciplined, he organised; concentrated the force of the people, and suffered them not to dissipate their strength in unprofitable skirmishes with power. His object was in the strictest degree conformable to the maxims of liberty, which have ever been recognized, at least in theory, in this realm—not to control the government illegally, but to watch over it constitutionally: not to hinder, much less usurp, the functions of parliament, even of a corrupt parliament, but to procure their exercise on behalf of the country against a faction: not to inflame, not to exasperate the people, but so to instruct them in their civil duties, so to habituate them to political discussion, so to exhort them to defend their rights, so to give force, steadiness, and due direction to their efforts, cheering their spirits when they drooped, checking them when they wantoned, ever keeping them up to the height of the constitution, ever keeping them down to the level of the laws, that they, the people, as well as the powers that issue out of the people, might discharge their proper office in the commonwealth; and, not by the terror of their numbers, but by the awe of their intelligence, their resolution, and their virtue, exert a temperate, reasonable, august authority, to which monarchs might bow without disparagement, and which senates might obey without derogation.

The Political Unions were so many colleges which cultivated and taught the mighty science of securing all the benefits, and avoiding all the evils, of a revolutionary movement. That science may now be said to be a thoroughly digested system; and this may be mentioned as one of the advantages resulting from the long duration of the Reform struggle—advantages which, unless we are mistaken, are more than enough to counterbalance its inconveniences. Had the contest been less protracted, the people had been proportionally less acquainted with their own strength; their moral resources had been but imperfectly developed; their dependence on themselves would not have attained to that full affiance, which, of all the elements of popular success, is the most important, and in the strength of which they will now go on "conquering and to conquer;" the art of national organization would not have been brought to its present maturity; the magnificent scheme of abolishing abuse, without rooting up the wheat along with the tares—of innovating after the fashion of Time, greatly yet quietly—of obtaining larger concessions, and more solid securities for freedom, by mild reforms, than other nations, less fortunate, or less wise, have ever extorted by fierce revolutions—this noblest branch of practical philosophy, the rudiments of which were first laid down in Ireland, of which O'Connell was the father, and the Catholic Association the first school; this momentous doctrine, whose first fruits were the liberties of a sect, whose latter harvest has been the disenthralment of an empire, (an inestimable doctrine for the people of all nations, because containing the solution of the great problem, how to obtain the greatest amount of freedom at the smallest cost of disquiet and suffering) would not have been, what it now is—so thoroughly during a two years' struggle, has it been studied, explored, and so magnificently improved by repeated submission to experiment—a system so complete and consolidated, that it may well be called

a science—the science of revolutionising without convulsing corrupt states. Affording herself a ready disciple of this philosophy, imbibing its maxims deeply, and steadily governing her practice by them, England has achieved a "deed of peace" which will shed a living splendour over her history, when the advance of knowledge shall have stripped her deeds of arms of their false glitter. Birmingham will be glorious when Waterloo shall be a laughing-stock; and the Attwoods, the O'Connells, and the Humes—the men who agitated, the men who organised, the men who marshalled the opinion of the country, and under whose moral generalship she fought and won the good fight of liberty, will be the saints of the calendar of patriotism, canonized in the affections of millions of freemen, surrounded (to borrow the fine parody of Lord Brougham) with the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious peace,"

when the fame of the military conqueror will be levelled with the repute of the bandit and the butcher.

But though the success of the Bill is a great victory, let us not for a moment be so deluded as to believe it a complete conquest. Our true situation is that of a general after winning a great battle, who must, however, push his advantage immediately, or lose a glorious opportunity of terminating the war. We have won Cannæ; let us beware of turning aside to Capua, instead of marching at once upon the metropolis of corruption. The Reform Bill is but the machinery for producing a popular House of Commons; it must be worked by the people; it must be worked with all our skill and all our energy, or we shall have to accuse ourselves for its failure. To do this it is indispensable not to abandon for an instant our habits of organization and union. We must not think for some time to come of returning our swords to their scabbards. The Political Unions, which contributed so largely to give us the frame of a free Parliament, must be set to work again to fill up that frame with men, by reason of their talents, their virtues, and their principles, worthy to represent the country, and able to serve her. They must be employed to discover men of legislative abilities and democratic sentiments, where they are not apparent; and to encourage and support them wherever they present themselves to notice. They must be employed to detect and expose the hypocrisy of such persons as will endeavour to insinuate themselves into the Reformed House without the spirit of Reform in their breasts. They must be employed to counteract the enormous influence which the Tories will still exert upon elections, by virtue of their vast wealth, and the numerous situations of power which the weak and temporizing policy of the Whigs has allowed them to retain. They must be employed to continue the good work of politically educating the people; pressing upon them, in season and out of season, all the benefits to be secured by the independent exercise of their franchises, and all the loss, immorality, and scandal, of suffering themselves to be influenced by either gold or intimidation; inculcating it on their minds—according to the creed of our adversaries—that political union is political strength, and without continued manifestation of it, all that we have hitherto done will be of little avail,—that we shall only have furnished the hands of our enemies with a scourge for our own backs.

THE POET'S REQUIEM.

PEACE! exalted spirit!
To thy tomb so lowly;
Thou, in mansions holy,
Blessings dost inherit;
Earth, unkind and cold,
Joy and hope denied thee,
Thee doth silence hold
Whom no kinsmen weep;
Yet, where thou dost sleep
Let me rest beside thee.

What is life?—a fever;
Death?—a home of quiet,
Where the shout of riot
Comes intruding never:
Little heedest thou,
Though a world deride thee;
Heaven is round thee now;
I may shed a tear
Slander's words to hear,—
Oh! to sleep beside thee;

Pure and generous nature,
O'er deceit compliant
Towering, as a giant
Of high heavenly stature:
Gold with splendid lure
Of rich promise tried thee;
How may fraud, secure
That his foe is gone,
Laugh thy tomb upon;—
Oh! to sleep beside thee!

Radiant heir of glory!
Genius unrequited,
Hope too early blighted,
Why was this thy story?
Why did cruel hands
From thy love divide thee?
Lo! to brighter lands
Thou didst soar away
From thy chains of clay;
Oh! to sleep beside thee!

In a world so weary
Would my path were ended!
For it lies extended
In perspective dreary,
Through the heartless throng,
From which the grave doth hide thee;
Gifted son of song!
Take a willing guest
To thy bed of rest;
Let me sleep beside thee!

H. F. C.

Specimens of Death.

No. I.

A BOROUGHMONGER'S.

" An old wolf, long the terror of the forest, being sorely hurt while wrathfully pursuing a doe, that would not admit his tyrannical claim to her carcase, his parasite, the fox, went elsewhere, and the other animals, finding him without defence, and powerless, began to balance their accounts. Had he fifty legs, instead of four, they would all have been broken by those to whom he had played the same ugly trick when in his prime. The goat battered his ribs; the boar ripped open his loins; the stag gored him in the paunch; and a troop of jackalls, of whose den he had taken forcible possession, began their breakfast upon him, while he was yet alive. What then?—This was but the retaliation of the innocent weak upon the guilty strong; which, as thou livest, shall ever come to pass. The dying lion *deserved* to be ignominiously kicked. Why?—He had taken the ass's foal from its mother's teat."—*Polish Fable, attributed to* Krasicki.

" He lies,—a reforming rascal!—I'm not at death's door, am I?—Answer me truly, and tell him at once, face to face, that he's a lying Republican Whig. Tell him so, Dawson, and I'll do something handsome for you. He a physician!—a ranting, radical rapscallion!—Who sent for him? Let him go croak elsewhere! why, if I'd let him, he'd poison me in a prescription, out of party spleen—a speech-making, innovating ferret! Tell me that I'm delirious and dying, indeed!—Who took me from the hustings? Call my fellows, and carry me back! Hand me my crutches! How stands the poll? Bravo, shout—shout, my lads—we're a hundred a head! Three cheers for the loyal Orange, and a groan for the beggarly Blue! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The patron of the borough now dropped on his pillow again, and for a few moments remained calm.

"This is a terrible scene, Mr. Dawson," said the physician.

" Awful," replied the apothecary;—" he won't believe that his end is at hand."

" Had we not better retire?"

" You can do as you please, Dr. Clavering; but Sir Jacob has been my friend, and I shall remain; for, since the result of our consultation transpired, his very servants have deserted him; even Warbery, his confidential agent, has just gone out to give his vote for the opposite party. Hark! the Blues are shouting to welcome the recreant. Sir Jacob hears them, he revives again."

" What an expression of horrid joy his face assumes," whispered Clavering.

" Hurrah! Another plumper!" cried the dying Baronet. " To the Poll! To the poll! Flock up! Flock up!—Warbery,—tell Smith if his sons don't come to my nominee's booth within an hour, I'll eject him. Remind him of his old mother's bond. Talk to me about the hag's being bed-ridden, indeed! I say, let judgment go, if they don't come up. —The Smiths! The Smiths! Room for the Smiths, there—all seven of 'em! I dreamt the villains had voted for the new party—at the head of a regiment of my tenants—the daring vagabonds! It struck me to the heart!—my crutches tottered beneath me; and when I came to myself, there I was on a flock-bed, in the wretched poor-house. But it's a lie—dreams are lies—the curse of life, Dawson. It's a lie, I say!"

"It would be wrong in me, Sir Jacob," said the apothecary, "not to tell you, that what you suppose to be a dream, has actually taken place."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!—Why rascal!"

"I implore you to be calm, and hear me out, before you utterly exhaust yourself. The unexpected circumstance of a band of those on whom you had depended, voting against your nominee, produced such a shock as, we are certain, a man of your great age, and long-standing infirmities cannot possibly survive. Your friends have no apology to make, for having brought you into the poor-house, because, as you are well aware, it is the nearest asylum to those fatal hustings. Your time is short, Sir Jacob; and, as I know you have nothing worldly to settle —your estates being all firmly entailed—I solemnly advise you to occupy your parting moments in prayer and penitence."

"What's all this? How dare you? Why, scoundrel, you're a renegade —a whig—a regenerator—a visionary—a march-of-intellect fool—a devotee of the new lights—a schoolmaster abroad—another Clavering! Is this my return for allowing you £200. a-year to keep up my interest among your patients?"

"He's getting delirious, again, Dr. Clavering," said the apothecary, "we had, as you say, better retire."

"For taking up the dishonored bill they said your brother had forged? —for giving you—villain that you are—"

"Quite raving, you hear, Doctor: to remain longer would be madness —let us send in some of the paupers. Come along."

The whig physician now evinced no inclination to withdraw, but the borough apothecary shuffled him out of the room, talking, as they departed, loud enough to drown the upbraiding Baronet's voice.

In a few moments a pale troop of paupers entered, and ranged themselves about Sir Jacob's bed.

"What! Eh! How now!" exclaimed the Baronet, "A call of the House! Pair off—Pair off! Withdraw, I say—Strangers withdraw!"

"Ah, Squire," feebly muttered a grey-headed man, "I shall see thee out a'ter all; thanks be to God!"

"Order! Order!—John! Warbery! Tom! kick that shrivelled carcase off. I know him! I know him! Thirty years ago—I haven't seen him since—he turned a Blue. What! Here still! I thought I had thirty thousand a-year, and kept servants."

"Thou didst truly," replied an old woman, "but they ha' deserted thee in thy dying hour. Pray—if thou hast a spark o' grace—to be forgiven, for turning my poor old husband—thy foster-brother, Sir Jacob—off the bit o' land he'd manured with the sweat of his brow, and all because he couldn't vote for a villain of a Lord, who ruined and then left our only child to perish of want and shame."

"D—n thee," cried the old man, "if thee hadst but a little more life in thee, I'd knock it out wi' my crutch."

"When flesh is ninety, Richard," said another woman, interfering, "'tis a pure taking the bread out of Death's mouth to kill it. He wants to doze and not hear us; but I will wake him as if my voice was the last trump. Let me get up to his ear. Hulloa! Hulloa! Sir Jacob! Sir Jacob! Your borough's afire, and they're going to fry your soul in

the flames! Get up! Get up! your crutches are burnt, and there's no hope, if you can't use your legs."

"My carriage!—Warbery! Tom!—Murder! Nobody here who knows me!—all fiends—all radicals! Dame Gleeson, you used to be a Tory—"

"Aye, but you cured me o'that, Sir Jacob. Who levied on me for rent after I had paid it, because my brother wouldn't vote for the cursed Orange?"

"Who bought up my debts, and made me a bankrupt?"

"Who built a pig-stye opposite my door?"

"Who caused my son to be taken by the press-gang?"

"Who disputed my title to lands which my forefathers had enjoyed for ages, and after having ruined me by litigation, got them at half-price, by domineering over the bidders?"

"Who turned the stream that worked my mill?"

"Who brought all of us, and hundreds more, to the workhouse?"

"Howl—howl curses in his ear! Shriek horrors to his departing spirit."

"Avaunt, wretches, beldames, paupers! Phantoms of those I've heard of!—Warbery, rouse me from this dream!"

"It's all reality, Sir Jacob. I told you, forty years ago, you'd die miserably, in a sorry workhouse—and here you are—gasping your last breath among your victims. Dog, you have had your day."

"You lie, Ghost!—Warbery, set fire to them! More air—more air! They want to smother me. Warbery, open the windows, and tell me how stands the poll!"

"All against Orange, Sir Jacob; its reign is over. Your eyes are glazed, and your lips blue. Do you fancy you're picking butter-cups?"

"No, Devils—legions of little ones crawling on the counterpane—off with 'em, Warbery—look to the Treasury Bench."

"Ah! Death is at hand, Sir Jacob!"

"It's a lie!—I'll see out the Session! Mr. Speaker, I appeal to you!—"

"In half-an-hour your account will be casting up."

"Warbery, hurl them to —"

"He's busy canvassing against your nominee. Forget him, and think of your sins. Death is coming."

"Keep him off! I'm not ready! Another time—to-morrow!—I won't have him. Give me my crutch—summon the Serjeant-at-Arms—he wants to close with me—Warbery, punch his bony head—hold him hard—kick him down stairs—he clutches my throat—I'll enfranchise the borough—Radical Reform—Warbery—War—"

As he uttered the last syllable, Sir Jacob was seized with violent convulsions which, in a few moments, carried him off—

☞ L

CHRISTOPHER NORTH AND THE COCKNEYS.

We are decidedly what the ladies call an amiable man—of that there can be no question. We enjoy a singular calmness and equanimity of temper, and delight in a wonderfully well-organized and tranquil disposition. We have our little foibles, undoubtedly, but among them are not to be reckoned the sudden gusts and outbreaks of passion with which others, and those not a few, are unhappily afflicted.

But, indeed, great as is our forbearance, we are hard put to it sometimes; there is a tremendous run upon our bank occasionally, and we have not seldom to encounter and to endure afflictions that the three friends of Job never dreamed of inventing, and to which Job himself never could have submitted.

We need not inform most of our London readers, that this vast metropolis is a repertorium of anomalous monsters of all descriptions—home-made, provincial, and imported. There is the ass-domestic, capriciously—gambolling, wild. There is the patent improved donkey, warranted to bray without ceasing. There is the goose grafted on the donkey. Again, the bore, the wild bore, the bore constrictor, the interminable bore. Finally, the twaddler, the tea-drinking and tattle-bearing, the button-besieger, the ear-piercing, the distracting, the heart-breaking twaddler. From these plagues we pray unceasingly a removal, "Defend us from the same with thy mighty power."

"Pardon me for remarking," interposes the numskull, whose face presents a lively idea of a map of Bœotia, "that there are no such animals as those of whom you so fabulously tell. You are nervous and irritable, and create imaginary monsters." Ho! ho! is it so? Master Simplicity; then are you less of a biped than I mistook you for. Nervous and irritable? No such thing.—Humane and agreeable. And as to the creation of imaginary monsters, let me ask the candid inquirer, the citizen of the world, whether what I assert be not, to the letter, true. Let him proceed to the "Pig and Whistle," where the "intellectual all-in-all," sadly bemused with half-and-half, is pouring forth his unleavened nonsense, and from thence to the newly erected club-house, where the aristocratical "nought and carry none" reclines, teazing a segar; and then must he, perforce, confess, that no zoological museum affords so infinite a variety of mere instinct, with so little admixture of mere reason,

> "There are more things in heav'n and earth, O Noodle!
> Than are dream'd of in your philosophy,"

or than philosophy can away with.

To minor grievances we cheerfully devote ourselves. One self-sufficient coxcomb, (who aspires to the title of a literary man, for no other reason than because he happens to be a Scotchman, and writes for that popular journal, "The Scotch Scratch-cradle") tells us that Pope is a much finer poet than Spenser; that Wordsworth is a silly fool, and that Coleridge is a mystical old dreamer. What is to be said to a man of this description? Another admires Bishop or Wade infinitely more than Weber or Mozart, or congratulates himself upon having no ear for music. It is the indication of a weak mind to be susceptible of such influences. A third modestly describes himself as an individual possessing merely plain good sense, and forthwith utters the refuse of an

idiot's most idiotic moments.* To all these we listen, not only with calmness and temper, but with apparent applause. We confess we feel a kind of Mephistophelian delight, when we behold them voluntarily surrendering themselves to the merciful and harmless direction of our amusement. We look upon the twaddle of each as "The Confessions of an English Nonsense Grinder." He is only saying, in other words, "Will no one, for Heaven's sake, come and see what a fool Nature has made me, or I am making of myself? I am utterly without taste or feeling; I am quite unable to understand or to participate in a source of pleasure which the rest of the world, without doubt, receives. I cannot see what is as plain as a pike-staff. I am, thank God, an undeniable, an authentic ass."

But, although we are as amiable as we have described ourselves to be, and forbearing withal,

"Yet have we in us something dangerous."

We are not to be provoked with impunity. We have a mortal antipathy to bullies of all descriptions; and if we are to be eaten alive, it must not be by a Parolles or a Pistol. We must not endure that a coarse Edinburgh Scotchman shall walk up to London, on a pair of crutches, for the mere purpose of abusing us; and we see no sufficient reason why an English cudgel should not be as effectual as it has heretofore proved; especially when, to say the truth, the head against which it is directed is not so impregnably or impenetrably thick as the "shameless brows" of some, who "lend the weight" of their leaden skulls to the same cause.

A month or two back, we took occasion to review the reviewers of Miss Fanny Kemble's tragedy—since dead, and by this time forgotten. We said very plainly then, and we repeat it now, that there is a private influence at work in periodical periodications—more especially, however, indicated and disclosed in the Quarterly Review, and Blackwood's Magazine, thoroughly disgraceful to the parties interested, (interested, we suppose,) in its continuance. We shewed that private friendship would inflict upon us a Miss Fanny Kemble, and that private envy, hatred, or malice would bid us reject a Keats, or despise a Shelley. What, however, in Professor Millman was that kind of good nature which sticks at nothing in the advancement of its favorites, was, in the other, the cool unblushing impudence of a man perfectly conscious of the stuff which he, nevertheless, is well pleased to applaud, and determine to do the young lady, its authoress, a good turn, at all events. How else is the trade to be carried on? It was, certainly, amusing to hear one mumbling something concerning Shakspeare, and the other chattering about the "old masters"—as though "Macbeth" were no better than "Fazio"—and "the Faithful Shepherdess," inferior to "Unimore."

All this that we wrote, has, it seems, found no favour in the eyes of Mr. Christopher North—the self-elected Midas in these matters; and if we are to take his own words for it, a very formidable person indeed this Master Charles, the wrestler, is a very strong man, we believe; but we would as lief, if it so please him, that we should hear it from somebody in corroboration of himself. Boasting is at all times a bad evidence of a man's courage, and we should not in the least wonder if some Orlando

* It is his opinion that Lord Grey is a Republican and a leveller—he doubts whether Lord Brougham is a clever man,—and so on.

should be found to trip up his heels some of these days. The modern Antæus, however, has this advantage, that he always contrives to plant his feet firmly in the earth—and there he sticks in a peculiar filth of his own, which it is rather perilous to approach. But once come to a close grapple, and lift him out of his own dunghill, and it needs no Hercules to throw him as heavy a fall as he would probably desire or expect.

At the conclusion of a savage article, wherein Christopher delights, purporting to be a review of some hopeless trash manufactured by one Michell, who must have expired ere this, of very intensity of dullness, had it not been for the fillip given to him by the review in question, thus says the invincible—

"We have seen some impudent stir lately, in quarters where the cockneys were wont to be mum as mice. The *vermin* had better be quiet; and now that they have taken sweet counsel together, retreat in time to their holes. Should a certain Red Rover of a grimalkin, who shall be nameless, leap out upon them, what a topsy-turvy of tails and whiskers! We should like to see an Archibald-Bell-the-Cat arising among the Cockneys."

Were an Archibald-Bell-the-Cat to arise among the Cockneys, he would probably be better employed than in kicking out of his way the superannuated and nameless Red Rover above alluded to;—for our own part, although we confess ourselves to be the identical mouse that was made so much of by the mountain, we shall arrange our whiskers with all the coolness imaginable, even in the presence of so tremendous a grimalkin as Christopher North. To confess the truth, our courage does not arise so much from a conviction of our own muscular power (we are unconscious of a pun) as of the physical weakness of our grimalkin, whom we firmly believe to be well nigh worn out—clawless and toothless—and so battered, of late, on all sides, as to be no longer fit for the house-top; but, for the future, will be found peculiar to the common sewer and the like desirable promenades.

To drop metaphor—when we read such braggart stuff as that which we have quoted above—we ask ourselves a few questions, which may be compressed into one. What does this person mean? Does he for one instant suppose that he has such men to deal with now, as he endeavoured to crush some years ago, when he himself was a better man, and when he was supported by better men, than he or they will ever be again? Does he for a moment imagine that we are to be bullied or browbeaten? It must, then, be by an Englishman. Oh, no!—this nonsense, Master Christopher North, take our word for it, will not *do* any longer. Tories must learn, or be taught, that these fantastic tricks only serve now to cause expansion of the risible muscles, and, we are quite certain, can never be of any further advantage to those who indulge in them. They are extravagant, indecent, and unreasonable, and are not any longer to be thought of.

The truth is, this impatience and irritability on the part of Mr. North, is, we feel, attributable slightly to physical causes. The man is ill—bilious—melancholy—perplexed, perhaps, by that cutaneous eruption on the skin, with which some of his countrymen are unhappily afflicted; or, as likely, by those multitudinous retainers by which they are not unfrequently attended. If this last be the case, judging from the disposition shewn in the passage quoted, we should be inclined to say—"the

vermin had better be quiet,"—for death down upon the nail, will be the portion of a hecatomb at least, if his truculent temper lasts much longer.

By this time perhaps Mr. North's good humour is returned; and we would beg to ask him, with great diffidence and humility, what he means by the term Cockney, which he has applied to us, without, as it appears, knowing any thing of the matter? We have heard so much of this sort of slang during the last few years—from persons, too, whose contempt, like their charity, had far better have begun at home—that we are tempted to enquire, what are the peculiar manifestations, whereby an Edinburgh dunce is enabled to detect one in London? Is a Cockney a native of London? Yes. Well, where is the sarcasm? It is not every man's fortune to be born under a bush. What is there in the air of London, that should necessarily deprive him of the common feelings of humanity, or render him incapable of admiring the works of nature? But the wretch has been seen at Hampstead, and actually has the impertinence to admire scenery, within a few miles of the metropolis. We crave indulgence for the poor creature; for we begin to see there must be some enormity here, which, nevertheless, we cannot for the life of us comprehend. At this rate, Milton and Spenser were Cockneys—and your chaw-bacon is the only true poet. His bootless attempts to win the prize, by jumping in a sack, is his "Paradise Lost;" and Cicely is his "Fairy Queen."—Be it so.

It is, however, asserted by others, that the term "Cockney" is not meant to apply exclusively to natives of London, but is especially intended to define a large class of persons, of whose moral stamina, impudence, ignorance, conceit, and affectation, form the almost entire basis. Very well. Then it is a very absurd name to call a coxcomb by, and Christopher North, if he knows himself at all, must be very well aware that such attributes are not the exclusive property of the London people.

The fact is, impudence of this nature has been tolerated too long. This metropolis, as we have said before, is inundated by a vast incursion of brutal and cureless scamps, a great proportion of whom is composed of the worst sort of Scotchmen—our daily press is the collective wisdom of Scotchmen—our periodical literature is their almost entire property—hence the degradation of both. To this day, if you believe a Scotchman, Dr. Blair is more profound than Aristotle, and Hume is a greater genius that Shakspeare. These are the men so peculiarly well ordained to sneer at Cockneys, and to brand with the term Cockneyism every thing that aspires to elevate or to purify—every thing that would unteach that, which, by the operation of outward circumstances, men long resident in large cities cannot but acquire—every thing (but this is the unknown tongue to a Scotchman) that would separate and distinguish sentiment from sensuality. It is better to admire Nature at Highgate, although it be not so lofty as the Calton Hill, than to be grovelling in the filth of Edinburgh, or wallowing in the stews of Glasgow. London people, it must be confessed, are not altogether so refined as Christopher North, or Mr. Theodore Hook; but the Scotch are remarkable for their urbanity and civilization, and we cannot all afford the purchase of silver forks. There is a class of persons, we know, answering to the name of Toad-eater, who would much rather dine, at sufferance, at another man's table with a silver fork, than raise a steel one at their own: and who compound for the meanest and basest servility to their superiors, by violent and

coarse abuse of all those who prefer independence to sycophancy—and honest and upright freedom of opinion, and the expression of it, to the ever-ready prostration of principal upon the shrine of Mammon.

In the castigation of such miserable sinners as Michael, Christopher North may still be found serviceable and efficient. It seems to be his peculiar vocation to do the hateful work of administering punishment to poor creatures, whose helpless insignificance is their best protection from others. While, however, it is necessary that literary offenders should be punished, there can be no great objection to Christopher's continuance in the office of Jack Ketch of literature. But it is quite a different thing when he puts on airs of contempt towards those who are neither disposed to bear his arrogance, nor admit his superiority.—

> " Go tell your slaves how choleric you are,
> " And make your bondsmen tremble,"—

but if there be a superfluity of bile to be carried off, or a fit of nervous irritability to be disposed of, they must not be expended upon us. If a swaggering bully should enter our room for thrasonical purposes, we should probably not deem it worth our while to eject him from the window forthwith, for the spikes beneath are of a new and peculiar formation, fatal to our descendants; we should most likely—

> " Bid the brawny porter walk up stairs,"—

and station him at the entrance of our room. If, upon due notice having been given, and friendly advice resorted to, the bully in question should, by a strange miscalculation of our patience, presume to carry the joke a little too far, we should hand him over to the secular power, by leading him quietly—

> " Where that two-handed engine at the door
> " Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more,"

just so, should coarse Christopher " leap out upon us." Unfortunately, however, since the demise of the eccentric Jack Mitford, that breed has become extinct in England, and we never heard of one better qualified to fight Christopher at his own weapons.

We have done with him : we have nothing to say in addition to what we have before stated, of his partiality—of his injustice—of his unfairness —and of his want of political principle. We have only to advise him that they will serve their turn no longer. We shall keep our eye upon him constantly. We shall expose all his shifts—his dishonesty—his impudence and his conceit.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF GOETHE.

Goethe had not the slightest presentiment of his death. On the fifteenth he chatted for some time with the Grand Duchess, who regularly came to pay him a visit. After this conversation, which probably fatigued his chest, he drove out, and unfortunately caught cold. Symptoms of catarrh manifested themselves; but still his powerful constitution it was thought would enable him to shake off the disease. The physician was full of hope, and in fact who would not have been deceived by that powerful intellect, that serenity with which he spoke upon all things, and particularly upon his theory of colours, which so powerfully occupied his

mind, to the last moment of his existence. On the evening of the twenty-first he explained to his daughter the conditions of the peace of Basle; desired that the children should be taken to the theatre; said that he found himself much better, and that the medicines had taken effect, as he already breathed more easily; he requested Salvandy's Sixteen Months to be brought him, although his physician had forbidden all laborious occupation; but the doctor having gone out for a few moments, he ordered lights to be brought, and attempted to read. Not being able to do so, he held the book for some moments before him, and then said,—"Well, let us do at least as the Mandarins:"—he fell asleep, and his slumbers appeared light and refreshing. On the twenty-second he conversed gaily with his daughter, his grand-children, and some friends. At seven o'clock he desired his daughter to bring him a port-folio, in order to observe upon some drawings, some phenomena of colouring, and he began with his right hand to trace some characters in the air. Towards ten o'clock he ceased almost entirely to speak, held firmly between his own, the hand of his daughter who was by his side, and turned his eyes, already half-closed, towards her with an expression of tenderness: with her other hand she supported his pillowed head until he breathed his last. An aspiration stronger than usual was the only struggle which his powerful nature had to undergo, his dissolution was thus without suffering, his head and hands remaining in the same situation, without the slightest convulsion. His daughter closed the fine eyes of the poet, and summoning her children to behold their great father for the last time, she rushed from the apartment of death, and gave vent to her grief.

The remains of the poet, attended by all that was noble and respectable, were carried to their last abode with the ceremonial used at the funerals of the princes of the reigning family of Weimar, after being exposed for five hours in the hall of the dead house. Before his burial the crowd silently directed their steps thither, to impress upon their memories by one last look the features of that physiognomy so calm and impressive even in the embrace of death.

The preceding grand Duke had erected in the new cemetery, which is situated in the middle of the city, a chapel, the vaults of which were destined for the remains of the reigning family. The Duke himself and his Duchess Louisa repose there,—there also rest the remains of Schiller, —and within its silent precincts has lately Goethe been united to his friends.

Doctor Rehr, the court preacher, pronounced the funeral oration. The theatre at Weimar remained closed for four days. On the 27th of March they represented one of his pieces, well fitted to recal the time when the Court of Weimar resembled in so many respects that of Ferrara. Two stanzas of the epilogue, composed for the occasion by Chancellor Muller, the intimate friend of Goethe, recalled in the most touching manner his friendship with Schiller; and how, after his premature death, Goethe abandoned poetry to give himself up to science. This last stanza produced upon the audience a profound impression.

"The spot where great men have exercised their genius remains for ever sacred. The waves of time silently efface the hours of life; but not the great works which they have seen produced. What the power of genius has created, is purified like the air of the Heavens,—its *apparition* is fugitive,—its works are eternal!

SAMPLE OF SOME GENTLEMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[Mr. Editor.—Some gentleman—he does not mention his name—has recently sent me the enclosed sample of his Autobiography, entreating me, if possible, to get it inserted in what he terms your "respectable miscellany." Should it be well received, he seems to think of imparting to the public, in some attractive form, much of what has occurred to him. If I comply with his request, he begs me to believe, that I shall be adding materially to a debt, of which he feels sure it would pain me to be reminded. What the man means, I know not.—

Yours, respectfully, W. C.]

With regard to Thornhose, I remember our becoming acquainted—neither of us subsequently knew how—at Doncaster. What tact—what consummate *nous*, he displayed! With much justice he prided himself on being invulnerable to the thousand-and-one little arts to which so many fall a prey. He had never discounted a bad bill, bought an unsound horse, or taken a smoky house in his life. No man had seen him at a meeting of creditors; no begging impostor knocked at his door; no human being could persuade him to become bail. To an inexperienced young man like me, as he remarked, but without vanity, his acquaintance was likely to prove valuable. To cultivate it was my interest, my duty; and I did so with such success, that after the races and a few days' loitering, we returned to London together, on an understanding that he should favour me with his drawing-room floor, for which he had no particular use—his parlours being double, and very spacious—furnish my table handsomely, and supply me with such cash as I might require, until I became twenty-five. On attaining such age, as he could, and did shortly after ascertain, by a perusal of my respected uncle's will in the Commons, I was entitled to touch a legacy of 5000*l.*; out of this he was to be paid in full, with interest and a bonus, which, though liberal, fell short of what would have been enforced by the regular money-lenders; from whose toils, on account of my ingenuousness, inexperience, the interest which he felt as to my welfare, he had no objection, notwithstanding the inconvenience, to preserve me. "My dear young friend," said this worthy man, three days after I had been domiciled under his roof, "I have got an office-copy of your uncle's will in my pocket, for one must look out—and depend on it, I will be a father to you!" Now, it would be an act of injustice on my part—I abhor injustice in any shape—not to declare that during the twelve months which I passed in his house, he was the very mirror of kindness. If I wanted money, he would even put himself to the inconvenience of selling wines from his private cellar at a loss, for the purpose of raising it; such loss, however, I must do myself the justice to say, I insisted on bearing. He let me have a horse and gig which he had bought a bargain, at cost price; sold me an original Wouvermans, and two Claudes, for next to nothing; and did all in his power to gain me the heart and hand of his lovely daughter. In Betsy, however, the hereditary caution of her family was aggravated into downright cunning: for though she had no objection to my person, or manners, she peremptorily refused our united entreaties to become my wife, until I should actually touch my uncle's legacy—on no other pretence than some old proverb, about slips and lips.

Well! to my deep indignation, and even horror, after I had been with him a year, and was about 600*l.* in his debt, he burst into my room one morning, and dared to call me impostor!

"Sir," said I, "what do you mean? Is my identity questioned? Have you not the copy of my uncle's will in your pocket?"

"Don't talk to me about your uncle's will: that's how you've done me, vagabond!"

"Vagabond! Sir," said I; "you don't question the fact of my respected relative—a man of known wealth—having, as I stated, bequeathed me 5000*l.* payable on my becoming twenty-five."

"No, wretch—villain—monster!" replied he, snatching up a chair and menacing me with it most frightfully; "but I find too late—dolt that I was—that you attained that age, received the money, spent every shilling of it, and were living by your wits long before I had the misfortune to know you. D—n your very looks! You're thirty, if you're a day. Off with your rings—out with your watch.—Strip."

What could I do? With a fellow of Herculean form, and in such a passion, it would have been absurd to contend. While he was divesting me of my dressing coat and silk waistcoat, with as much violence as he could venture upon without doing *them* an injury, I put my memory to its utmost stretch, and a dim vision of an old attorney witnessing a release to my uncle's executors, for the 5000*l.* he had left me, did certainly rise up to my mind's eye; but it vanished before I could fix it as a fact.

Returning to the business in hand, I said to Thornhose, "If what you allege were true, and the worst came to the worst, there are the two Claudes and the Wouvermans, which, although you obliged me with them for 50*l.* each, are, as you asserted, worth a thousand pounds of any man's money—I have pawned them for only ten, and will discharge all obligation by handing you over the duplicates."

"Curse the Claudes!" said he, "where's that new hat?"

Deaf to reason, he proceeded to denude me; and after, at his instigation, I had clothed myself in the worst of half-a-dozen suits, which the day before he had offered in a lump to a Jew for five-and-twenty shillings, he desired the lovely Betsy to bring him his horse-pistol—the one on the right-hand side of his bed—took me firmly by the collar, and politely invited me to hear a case at Bow Street.

As we passed through Covent Garden, a fellow was being whipped for stealing vegetables; and the crowd caused us so much inconvenience, that, accidentally, he went on one side of a lamp-post, and I on the other. The consequence was that we were separated, and the coat which I wore was stripped of a great part of its collar. Thinking he would get out of the crowd as quickly as possible, I hastened to do the same; but on looking carefully round for him in one of the alleys between Chandos Street and the Strand, he was nowhere to be seen. Without me, it did not seem likely that he would go before the magistrate; so that if I went thither, I could but exculpate myself on a mere ex-parte statement. I therefore determined on taking some future opportunity of doing myself justice, but felt by far too indignant ever again to enter his house, and strolled in a contrary direction.

About sunset I found myself seated on a mile-stone, in one of the beautiful solitary lanes between the roads to Uxbridge and Harrow. As a cab passed me I leaned my head upon my hand, and felt fatigued. When it had rolled a few yards on, it was pulled up—I heard it returning—it stopped directly opposite me. Thus deliberately confronted, as it were, I could scarcely do otherwise than look up. By the side of a little hunch-

backed tiger, in a demure respectable livery, sate a woman, the rich border of whose veil covered the whole of her face, except one rosy lip and an ivory chin, that reminded me of something I had seen before, I could not recollect where. "He looks like a gentleman in distress," said she, in a voice that thrilled to my heart, for I knew it. "Get out, Buffalo,—give him what silver you have, and my card. I shall be at home to-morrow at eleven, and if deserving he shall not want relief."

The next morning—thanks to the tiger's purse, and my economizing for the night under a hedge—I appeared at Mrs. Robinson's door, in comparatively decent trim. The hunchbacked tiger shewed me into a back parlour, where I found his mistress at breakfast. "Dick," said she, "your appearance distresses me: what has occurred?"

I frankly told her, to the best of my recollection, how I came to be in so deplorable a plight, and enlarged vehemently on the conduct of Thornhose. She laughed heartily at the recital, and uttered a string of compliments, which to me were alike unintelligible and uncalled for, on my talent at victimizing. "I have received some benefit, Dick," added she, "from your operations, and, of course rejoice at their success. To find you thus, however, gives me more pleasure than if you were rolling in riches; for you're too deep to be booked beyond mere moderation. The fact is, I just want such a man as you, in so desperate condition. You must arrest me to-morrow for 500*l.*"

I protested that the circumstance of her being indebted to me in such an amount, had completely slipped my memory.

"No doubt," said she, with a bitter sneer, for which I could never forgive her, "therefore you can have no possible objection, I should suppose, against allowing ten shillings in the pound, to one who reminds you of the obligation."

"None in the world," I replied, "the proposition is most equitable."

"Then," said she, "go down to Jarvis and Saffron, of Plum Court, who act for me under the rose, and make an affidavit of the debt. There is a five pound note for you to get a 'local habitation,' and be sure you are at hand to-morrow, if wanted."

"Thank you, my dear," quoth I, "but, as my memory is not sufficiently strong on this trifle, to satisfy my conscience had you not better just give me, by way of form, an I. O. U. for the amount? I could then swear safely, you know; and if your present protector should be loving enough to emancipate you from the spunging-house—"

"You have just hit it, Dick," interrupted she; "I want 250*l.*, and he must find it. At present, live without me he can't: he's just in full blossom, and it would be folly to let him fade. But I've so plucked him, that nothing short of the project I've hit upon would make him moult to such an amount. Besides yourself, Dick, I know no other whom I can trust: the terms are so liberal on my part, that, I think, they must insure honour on yours."

"Naturally," said I; "besides, Jarvis and Saffron are your own attornies."

"True, true; so there—there are the three lawful letters, with my scrawl of a signature. And now, Dick, be off at once:—my dearly beloved, keen as he is, will never, I'm sure, suspect this trick. *Au revoir!*"

Before I had gone a dozen doors from Mrs. Robinson's house, I had utterly forgotten the address of her solicitors; but I walked on, hoping it

would occur to me, without thinking about it. When, however, I had reached the neighbourhood of the Inns of Court, I was still at fault. What could I do? She was doubtless gone out for her morning's drive; it was therefore useless to return to her house; time, for her views, seemed precious; so that I deemed it most expedient to put the matter into the hands of a friend of mine in Thavies' Inn,—a godly man, who preached the gospel thrice a week at Elisha Chapel, and lived holily. To speak the truth, he was a pious Christian, utterly devoid of guile, although an attorney; and so unsuspicious of evil, that, unconsciously to himself, he was made the agent of more mischief than any rascal in the metropolis. I produced my document, and in three hours Mrs. Robinson was arrested. Her protector became, by management, accidentally apprised of the fact; and he found her in the spunging-house, busily occupied with a pawnbroker, in chaffering, as it were, for a loan on her jewels. A contest of some duration ensued: she would not be beholden to him for her liberation, and he warmly protested against her preventing him from enjoying that felicity. At length he conquered; and, by privately pawning his plate, including a king's cup, which his jockey, to keep him a little longer on the turf, had allowed him to win, raised enough to procure her deliverance. The honest man of Thavies' Inn, contrary to the practice of many of his craft, paid the 500*l.*, without deduction or drawback, within an hour after he had received it; and I was already in the heart of Gloucestershire—so frail is my memory—before I recollected the arrangement about ten shillings in the pound being paid over to Mrs. Robinson.

It is one of the calamities of this country, that, however much one may wish to avoid society, it is almost impossible, if one is at all known, to remain private, even in the most secluded and select of spots. Some low fellow, whom one has known somewhere, sees one accidentally, and then, without acquainting one with his intentions, goes and prates of one's whereabout; so that one's connexions pounce upon one like hawks. This, to many men is disagreeable; to me, a dead bore. As a matter of policy, I always *do* the intruders, if I can. Generally speaking, I have some kind of a presentiment of their swoop; I become on a sudden disgusted with my location, and move. If they follow, it becomes a matter of pride to defeat them. I had scarcely left London a fortnight, when an extract, which I saw in a local paper, from *The Hue and Cry Gazette*, raised a glimmering suspicion in my mind, that the privacy I had chosen was about to be invaded. This annoyed me; for the Redstart, a snug public-house, where I had taken up my temporary abode, being situate on the brow of a high hill, afforded a delightful view of the surrounding country. A cross-road, in bad condition, ran before the door; and the house having a south aspect, the front windows were provided with neat Venetian blinds, which not only produced a pleasant effect, but allowed one the pleasure of looking at those who passed, without being stared out of countenance by the rude. The landlord, too, had a telescope, with which he used to sweep the roads to the right and left, and give notice to his postboys when he saw a chaise approaching, so that their horses were always in readiness by the time the vehicle came up. With this instrument I frequently amused myself. Just before dinner on the day after I had seen the extract from *The Hue and Cry*, with the aid of the glass I perceived a postchariot, coming at a rapid pace across the ridge of the hill. A man was seated on the box, whose mode of taking off his hat, and wiping his bald,

glossy head, was so peculiar, that I recognised him as a friend of mine, whom I had no wish to see: to use stronger terms, I had a particular antipathy to his person, but why, I could not at the moment recollect. Perhaps, on some occasion, he might have used me ill; and the impression remained, although the fact that produced it was forgotten.

About half a mile off, instead of pursuing the main road, the vehicle dashed into a lane which emerged at the back of the house. This was decisive. My friend evidently wished to surprise me. To dart down stairs, and out of the house, like lightning, was the work of an instant; but, fat as he was, the landlord overtook and tripped me up, before I had proceeded ten yards. It seems that I had forgotten to pay the bill; and self-interest lent him wings. Without saying a word, he beat me considerably; and, in addition to this, his wife waddled forth, and began to abuse. Notwithstanding her noise, I heard the roll of the post-chariot, on a patch of pebbles with which part of the lane near the Redstart had recently been mended. There being no time to lose, I acquiesced in the landlord's robbing me of a repeater I had bought previously to my quitting town; and then, as I had expected, was permitted to slip through his fingers. It has always been a satisfaction to me to reflect that the repeater in question, though it struck and was showy, had not cost me a pound; being, with its brilliant appendages, got up for a sinister purpose. The landlord, however, thought it a rich prize, and stuffing it into his wife's bosom, hurried off to receive the party in the post-chariot, which had now drawn up. The man with the bald, glossy head gave me a smile of recognition as he alighted; but I turned my back upon him with contempt; and in a moment of absence, or unaccountable whim, got up behind an empty post-chaise, that was standing, ready for horses, in front of the house. The road by which my friend and his companions had come—there were two ill-looking fellows in the chariot—ran across the flat top of the hill, which broke abruptly into a steep and apparently interminable descent, at the very foot of an old elm, to which the sign of the Redstart was nailed. Here, shaded by the foliage, stood mine host's trim new chaise, with a stone before one of the wheels, to prevent it from starting without steeds down the hill. This stone, I suppose I must have kicked away before I mounted; for, from the slight impetus communicated to the vehicle by the act of my getting up, it went off, and in a few moments acquired such prodigious velocity, that the distance existing between me and my friend, which, at the commencement of the chaise's career, had not been above three yards, was lengthened into many hundreds. He hurried back to the post-chariot, which soon gave me chace; but the evident odds in favour of a carriage without horses, against one with, in a down-hill race, made me feel quite at ease: in fact, I saw that I had nothing to fear but a broken neck; and this I flattered myself I might possibly escape, if the two deep continuous ruts in which the chaise had hitherto travelled should fortunately run the whole length of the hill; for these kept the wheels in a proper course, as though they were running on a rail-road, and prevented the fore-carriage from swerving on the perch-bolt,—an event, which, had it occurred, must infallibly have capsized my conveyance.

At length, a closed turnpike gate threatened to obstruct my passage: I bellowed with all my breath, but the fellow seemed to be deaf. Alarmed at the prospect, I contrived to get my feet on the ground, and after strid-

ing with the chaise, as though I had on the seven-leagued boots of Hop 'o my Thumb, for a considerable distance, I ventured to cast off. Of course, I fell forward with horrid force, but, firm to my purpose, crawled into a bed of nettles by the road-side, before the tail of dust which followed my vehicle had dissipated sufficiently to reveal me to my pursuers, who soon passed by at such a rate that I really trembled for their safety; and not without reason, for although my conveyance had broke through the toll-taker's impediment, yet, from the influence of the shock, it had diverged from the safety tract, locked close up, and come down with such a crash, that it went to pieces like a dropped decanter. This I subsequently discovered, for the dust prevented, not only me, but my pursuers, from seeing the catastrophe; nor was I aware that the latter, unable to check their horses at the short notice afforded them of the fact, had been completely *bouleversés* among the ruins of the trim-built vehicle, until I was conscious that the roll of their wheels had ceased, and saw, on casting a glance down the road, that the dust did not advance.

Beaten as I had been by the landlord of the Redstart, abused by his wife, robbed of my repeater, and hurt by my fall from the defunct chaise, I of course felt quite incapable of rendering my prostrate friends any relief, and consequently broke through the hedge, and made off at full speed across a ploughed field in quest of assistance—for myself. This it was a matter of some difficulty to obtain, for the whole country seemed on the alert to capture me. I was determined not to gratify them by a surrender, for which I could have no other motive than to vindicate my character from the calumnies, which I soon discovered had been cast upon it: and these I thought it would not be dignified to treat otherwise than with silent contempt.

Seeing a young reaper undress himself behind a bush on the banks of a river, for the purpose of bathing, I felt a great inclination to plunge into the cool and refreshing stream, and accordingly resolved to strip in the spot which he had discreetly chosen, it being well sheltered from observation. Decency however prevented me from doing this, until he had half crossed the river. I then threw off my clothes with enthusiastic haste, but the cold air on my naked skin produced a complete reaction in my desires, and recollecting that I was ignorant of the art of swimming, without knowing which, to bathe in a river is boy's play, and even dangerous, I re-clad myself, and strolled on. About two hours after, on turning out of a bye lane, I suddenly came upon mine host of the Redstart, dressed in his Sunday clothes, mounted on a long-tailed cart-horse, and wearing a blunderbuss. The rascal did not know me! for, it seems, I had unconsciously disguised myself in the reaper's clothes. Alarmed at so unprofitable an exchange of suits, I put my hand into the first pocket I could find, and there, to my great delight and astonishment, I found my money!

A little after dark, while leaning against the door of a stable attached to a road-side public-house, pondering upon my perplexities, the bolt or latch started with my weight, and I entered. Closing the door behind me, and fastening it as well as circumstances would permit, I crept into a stall; this, however, I found inhabited by some prodigious animal, of which I could literally make neither head nor tail, being unable, on account of its height, to reach either. In the next stall, there was something equally awful, and though not so high, nearly as huge, and, if possible, more mysterious. It breathed as though its lungs were half a mile distant from

its nostrils, and its snore reverberated like a wind whistling through a postern, along some narrow caverned vault in a haunted castle. The beast was on its legs, but evidently under the influence of Morpheus. Stealing out of its stall, I felt around me—for it was too dark to see—but every object on which I laid my hand was novel, and alarming. The stable seemed instinct with life, clothed in fantastic, frightful forms. At length, I found, and laid down in, a long deep chest, half full of green baize and blankets. Falling into a dose, I dreamt that I was floating on the heaving billows of the ocean, and on being awakened by the boisterous entrance of a man and woman with lights, I felt conscious that something was in motion beneath me. It proved that I had got among the contents of a travelling menagerie, and was reposing on a boa constrictor.

The man and woman stared at me as though I had been a new animal, and the former, after plucking me out of the chest and hurling me under the legs of a dromedary, accused me of having broken into the stable, with a view to purloin his young elephant, which I subsequently found to be the gem of his collection. Of course I protested my innocence, delivered my round unvarnished version of the accidental mode in which I had entered, for the purpose of obtaining shelter for the night, and triumphantly adduced as a proof of my ignorance as to what the stable contained, the fact of my having inadvertently gone to bed with the boa. The man grinned, but could not immediately be appeased, because he thought from appearances some little violence had been done to the door. At length, however, we became amicable, and he condescended to ask me if I could drive with care, and make faces. I answered in the affirmative, and as he was travelling my way, I agreed to succeed his late mountebank and factotum, who, on the preceding day, had upset the caravan, and rather damaged the beasts. All this time his companion stood silent; she was the most beautiful being I ever saw—but more of her anon.

The next morning, our caravan being repaired, my employer restored the chief part of his collection to their customary berths. The young elephant was very refractory, but at length submitted to go back to his box, and the dromedary obediently knelt for his load. This consisted of a cage of cockatoos; several monkies, at perfect liberty; a portable cooking apparatus; a bed and bedding; four chairs; two big drums; a gong; the materials of a stage and tent; three young badgers in a bag; and the lady. My business was to lead the dromedary, and keep a sharp eye on the monkies, my employer himself taking charge of the team that drew the caravan. The next day, he procured me a mountebank's suit, painted my face, and requested that I should consider my transformation permanent. Even on the road I was to wear my motley, because we had come into a quarter prolific of fairs, and he wished not only to travel through the villages with eclat, but to be ready for exhibiting at a minute's notice, extempore, as it were, wherever he could draw together a sufficient number of customers to pay him for halting. This arrangement exactly suited my views, for I did not wish to be bothered by any acquaintance I might meet, and altered and bedaubed as I was, my most intimate friend could not have known me. I therefore entered heartily into the spirit of the thing, and delighted my new connexions by the novelty of my grimaces. No masquerade could have afforded me more amusement, but in a few days I began to mope, being, for the first time in my life, a stricken deer.

The august creature who accompanied my employer, had enthralled—fascinated—victimized my usually unsusceptible heart. It amazed me how she could have so cast herself away. Gideon Crowthorpe had no pretensions to beauty, when I first met him, yet, it is said, in his younger days, he had been reckoned the handsomest Albino ever exhibited. His eyes were small, ferrety, deep-set, and apparently in danger of being soon smothered in their sockets, by circumjacent fat. His face was so bloated, carbuncled, and inflamed, in all parts, that it bled at the least touch like an over-ripe blackberry. Having lost the flaxen locks which had adorned him in youth, by dipping his head, when drunk, into a pail of hot water, by mistake, he partially concealed his baldness by a prim little wig, white as powder could make it, and displaying three strata of diminutive curls above each ear. A massive gold guard chain emerged from the fifth button-hole of his dog-skin waistcoat, and passed across to the left pocket, in which he carried a small enamelled lady's watch. He wore a green hunting frock, buff small-clothes, and high boots, without tops. In figure, he was a Dutch Hercules, fat and squab, but muscular enough to fell an ox. His temperament seemed to be naturally jovial; his manners those of one who had visited every fair in the three kingdoms. Juno, his transcendent companion, was deaf and dumb, and I soon discovered that Gideon, debarred as he was from oral conversation, had acquired a habit of thinking aloud. As some cannot comprehend without whispering what they read, so Gideon appeared to be incapable even of multiplying two by three, unless he went audibly through the process with his tongue. He tried the effect of all such projects as occurred to him, consciously, upon his ear, which to him seemed to be the touchstone of their value; and thus he never moved or made a halt without literally asking himself a few questions. Such in brief was Gideon Crowthorpe.

Juno, the peerless Juno, rose considerably above the general stature of her sex. She had been exhibited, before Gideon wooed and won her, as a Circassian giantess. Her majestic form was exquisitely moulded, and, as an Oxford under-graduate who saw her when we were at Henley, said, her features were absolutely Phidian. The perfect harmony of her proportions made the spectator forget her unusual height, and, if reminded of it, he did but admire her the more. They who first called her Juno, displayed much feeling and taste: she was just such a creature as the classic enthusaist sees in a dream about Mount Olympus, sitting cheek-by-jowl with the Thunderer. Aristotle says, that beauty consists in magnitude; here was a woman who would have made him love-lorn as Hercules under the influence of Dejanira. To her, Xenophon's Panthea, distinguished as he describes her to have been, for stature and strength, must have meekly succumbed. But for her youth I could have fancied her "Cybele, mother of a hundred gods." She could be gentle as a Dryad, but when the bumpkins at a fair held back, she looked so awful that I thought of Nemesis; and when irritated by any rustic flash of gallantry, she embodied what one may venture to term an Homeric conception of a Fury. In such a mood the lovely Titaness would have domineered over Jove himself, take what shape he might but that of Gideon Crowthorpe. The hideous brute enjoyed some mysterious hold upon her affections, and dared to be despotic with her, as though he were a Satrap and she his purchased slave. To lull the fiercest storm in her bosom, he

had but to shake a cudgel, with which he used to belabour the hyænas when they quarrelled. With eyes of such splendid power, a voice to express her sentiments would have been superfluous: like music, they spoke all languages. She taught me the alphabet of the hands, and the first use I made of my new acquirement, was to declare my passion. Intoxicated with her charms, I madly shewed her my money. She looked like a hungry tigress at the unexpected sight of a fawn. Her beautiful fingers vibrated, as it were, with such emotion, that I pocketed the notes again, lest they should be clutched, and resolved to let the charm work its effect, at leisure. That night she told Gideon of my proposals, and, to obtain the money, conspired with him to murder me.

I heard the Albino incoherently soliloquizing about it, while he was curry-combing his dromedary; and the fascinating Juno was tempting the boa to resume its appetite, after a six weeks' fast, with a pair of lively pullets. When he began—I am certain of this—I was fast asleep, and his words had dropped upon my ear, opportunely, with the current of a bad dream, the horrors of which at length awoke me. Had I not been so deeply interested, I should scarcely have made out the meaning of his growls;—as it was, their meaning was awfully clear to me.

We had halted for the night on a dreary common, far from human habitation, and, as usual, carried out an awning in front of the caravan, to shelter the dromedary and our team. The box which contained the boa, stood close to the only place of egress, athwart which, beneath the awning, reposed the dromedary. I was lying by the side of the young elephant, at the other end of the caravan, so that it was impossible for me to get out without passing the giantess and her Dutch Hercules, either of whom, as an animal, was much more than a match for me. Gideon seemed exceedingly wroth at my attempt to despoil him of his Juno, besides whom, nothing, he said, loved him, except those hyænas that he so frequently cudgelled. I did all in my power to continue my snore, but it was a difficult matter, for I wished to listen, breathless, to his dire mutterings. He had made up his mind that I must have come by the money dishonestly, and that therefore it was no sin to get out of my clutches. At one time he seemed to think of digging a grave under the awning, laying me gently in it, and then smothering me, might and main, with the mould. That plan, however, he soon rejected, because I might awake in the course of its execution. He then exclaimed against the boa, and said, if she had any gratitude or sense, she might easily make amends for having exposed him to the payment of a deodand—the result of a coroner's inquest on a boy whom the reptile had killed a month before. "If one could but coax her only just to look at a pullet," he intimated rather than said in *totidem verbis*, "I would thrust the vagabond's thumb into her mouth, and the needful might be done without risk or trouble. She'd curl round him like a live cable:—but the brute is not in a feeding humour yet." His mind then wandered to the rattlesnakes which he had recently bought, but, as he said, if he put them by my side, they would, perhaps, creep harmlessly into my bosom for warmth and not bite, unless he pinched them by the tail—a mode of transacting business which he could not approve, inasmuch as it would be tantamount to killing with his own hands—besides, they might turn and nab him, or, instead of me, destroy his elephant. For his own part he abhorred blood; Juno, however, had no repugnance, he felt sure, to

adopt the knife, but he would not let her soil her hands with me; a *clean*, accidental death, would be best if it could be managed: but if not—

At this point of his soliloquy I pretended to awake, and coming forward, rather staggered him by my presence. After a little talk, which I purposely led to the subject of money, I told him, as a matter of confidence, about the cash I possessed, and added, that, as carrying such a sum on my person deprived me of sleep, I had determined on placing it for security in his hands. Juno's eyes glistened as I drew it forth; she seemed to know what I was saying; and simply with a view to save my life, which was evidently in jeopardy, I threw it into her lap. If I reclaimed it, Gideon could, and doubtless would, deny the deposit; he had therefore no temptation to put himself to the trouble of depriving me of life, and feeling as easy as a man could be expected to feel after having relinquished so important an amount, I returned to my couch by the side of the young elephant, resolving never to quit Gideon, until, by force or fraud, I had compelled him to refund. Strange to say, I could still have loved his Titaness, if she would have let me, but the magnificent fiend gave me no hopes.

Even had I been a pickpocket in principle, and a Barrington in dexterity, I could not have done myself justice; for night and day Gideon's money was safe. He carried it in a tin box, covered with a skin of bull's hide, and bound by stout straps to the inside of a leather waistcoat, which he wore next his skin. To cut it out clandestinely during his waking hours, was impossible; and he slept only at odd times, when there was nothing else to do, usually with his head in Juno's lap, and always under the protection of her wary eye. He was an adept at *put*, and some other low games; and, I suppose to satisfy his conscience, played with me at night when business was over, on the recumbent dromedary's bunch, for such high stakes, that, as he always won, he soon had a score of losses against me sufficient to balance my deposit. I fell into his humour for prudential motives, without, however, suffering myself to think that, by his exploits at put, he had acquired any stronger right to my money than he had previously possessed. I passed whole nights in endeavouring to devise schemes for redress, but nothing feasible occurred to my imagination, and at last I began to despair. The fellow even refused to give me 50*l.* and let me seek my fortunes, alleging that I was too valuable a servant to be lost lightly. The fact is, I had become so debased in his contagious society, as to pick up young farmers at fairs, and bring them into the caravan, after the day's work was done, under the pretence of seeing the beasts fed. Jovial Gideon, on these occasions, generally broached a brandy keg, and soon had them safe at put. 'Tis true he allowed me a slice of the spoil, but it was scarcely worth acceptance; for after having taken the lion's share himself, he divided the residue into three parts, of which I took one, and Juno two, one for herself to buy finery, and the other to expend in confectionary, for our nimble accomplice, Macaroon, a spider monkey.

One night, after having exhibited at a fair, within twenty miles of the metropolis, which we had been gradually approaching, I found a familiar eye fixed upon mine: it was that of the bald gentleman who had come on the box of a post chariot to the Redstart. I believe I forgot to mention, that his name was Thornhose, the friend who had sold me the Claudes, and called me impostor. I made a hideous grimace, and he turned away.

A bold project now occurred to me. Gideon had that morning given me a taste of the hyæna cudgel, and my respect for him was at an end. Following my friend, I tapped him on the shoulder, and paid him a compliment on his being alive after the affair on the hill. "What does the fellow mean?" said he. "Mr. Thornhose," I replied, "concealment I scorn; how is Miss Betsey?"

He recognized me at once; and my candour, or, as he termed it, assurance, quite disconcerted him. "I am in your debt, sir," I added, "and may, perhaps, before we separate, find means, at least in part, to do the needful." His face brightened, and he exclaimed, "Then you propose of course to choke me off with the money you maced out of Mrs. Robinson—or rather, I should say, her protector—Lord Timothy."

I turned ghastly, and enquired how he had become acquainted with any transactions, in which my name was mixed up with those of the lady and gentleman he had mentioned.

"To be frank," he replied, "I act, occasionally, in very delicate matters, as agent and professional adviser for Lord Timothy, and assisted him to raise the money with which you were paid. It was not until after the mischief had been done, that I heard, accidentally, that you, even you, were the plaintiff. Of course I saw directly that the job was a dead robbery; and Mrs. Robinson, while in the whirlwind of her indignation at your conduct, dropped some expressions that induced us to put your name in *The Hue and Cry*. We soon heard of you at the Redstart, and went down with a Bow-street officer, who, poor fellow, had his collar-bone broken by the fall; while Lord Timothy and myself escaped with only a few bruises. Raising the country at once, we soon laid hold of a young fellow in your clothes, who gave us so accurate a description of the dress you had exchanged with him, that we got upon your track, and, after having been thrice thrown out, winded you again, and here we are. But now about this money?"

I told him precisely how I had parted with it, and earnestly entreated him to exert his genius against Gideon. "Give me," said I, "but a single 20*l.* note, and you're welcome to the rest, if you can get it: and I think (although I am no match for him single-handed), that between us we can make something of him." He smiled complacently, and observing that Lord Timothy, who now joined us, in some points was no fool, proposed that we should immediately adjourn to the caravan, and see what could be done. By the way, I mentioned some particulars as to Gideon, which might be turned to advantage, without absolutely infringing the law; but as to that, neither Thornhose nor Lord Timothy seemed at all over-nice.

We found Gideon at put with a bumpkin, whom he speedily despatched to make room for the promising victims I had picked up. I contrived to let him know that one was a Lord of zoological notoriety (which was the fact), and that both had money about them. After a few single games between Gideon and Thornhose, on the dromedary's bunch, while Lord Timothy inspected the collection, a proposal for a square game was made, and we adjourned to a table in the caravan. Juno, of course, was Gideon's partner, and Thornhose Lord Timothy's. I was amazed to find that the two latter could play put—Thornhose well, but Lord Timothy capitally. He had studied, during his minority, among the racing grooms at Newmarket, and, as I soon perceived, could beat Gideon with ease, either at fair-play or cheating. As Lord Timothy and his

partner won, Gideon regularly increased the stakes: a losing game, to which he had long been unaccustomed, rendered him indiscreet: he cursed Juno with great bitterness for not playing as she ought to do, and gulped down his brandy undiluted. Lord Timothy managed the play, and Thornhose had little to do but pick up tricks and take the cash. "Somebody has been giving you a forged note or two here, Mr. Crowthorpe," said the latter, pointing to the stakes which Gideon had just laid down; "I know them as well as if I were a bank inspector. You had better exchange them, to prevent mistakes, before we mix money."

Thus detected, Gideon's rage became boundless; the blood gushed from the pimples on his brow; and he threatened me with extermination for having brought him a pair of insolent sharpers. Thornhose, up to this time, had kept his winnings under his left elbow, not even raising it to deal; but seeing Gideon so violent, he lifted it up for the purpose of putting the notes safely in his pocket. At that instant, Macaroon, the spider monkey (doubtless in obedience to a wink from Juno), stretched forth his long lean arm, and with the velocity of lightning, but with lemur-like silence, and unseen by Thornhose, snatched the notes, squeezed them up to the size of a walnut, and safely deposited them in his cheek. He then drew back to his box, and sat looking as if nothing had happened.

The effect of the loss on Thornhose was electrical; he started up, accused Juno, who sat on his left, of the robbery, and made a clutch at her throat, which, however, the giantess dexterously parried, and kicked down the table with such violence that the lamp was extinguished, and Lord Timothy laid prostrate.

During the darkness, I took hold of Macaroon, who, I thought, might partially injure the money, and squeezed his neck with some force. The brute tried all in his power to swallow it, but being resolute, and having tolerably long fingers, I extracted it from his throat, and sallied out for assistance. The fair, however, was now deserted, and I ran to an inn, at some distance, without meeting any body that seemed to be sober. A couple of postboys, who had brought down a Peer from a late division, were just about to return to town, half drunk and ripe for a frolic. Accosting me by the name of Mr. Mountebank, they asked if I was going to the masquerade at the opera-house. Falling into their humour, I jocosely replied in the affirmative, if they could do the distance before day-break. With shouts of laughter, they thrust me into the chaise; and about four o'clock in the morning I was making mouths, and throwing sommersaults (an art which I had recently cultivated with great success), in a brilliant circle at the King's Theatre.

From a columbine, whom I recognised as an acquaintance of Mrs. Robinson, I soon learned, without making myself known, that I had done that kind-hearted creature a severe injury by my thoughtlessness. Lord Timothy, at the suggestion of Thornhose, had utterly discarded her, and she was then in a spunging-house, at the suit of her dress-maker, the columbine's *ci-devant* mistress, for whom she had wanted the two hundred and fifty pounds. After having ascertained where she was, I called a coach, and got in at an hotel, under the pretence that I had staid too late at the masquerade to intrude on the family with whom I was on a visit. This accounted for my mountebank's dress. After taking coffee, with an anchovy sandwich, and a brace of burnt gizzards, I sent for a tailor,—

being unwilling to appear by day-light in my masquerade habit,—and, before ten o'clock, was attired in a handsome suit of ready-made mourning. With a contrite heart, I hurried to the spunging-house, and surprised Aurora (that was Mrs. Robinson's familiar name) in bed, sipping her chocolate. "Now this is kind of you, Dick," said she, motioning the attendant to withdraw; and adding, as soon as the latter had retired, "Wretch! how dare you face me?"

I told her that circumstances had compelled me—charity beginning at home—to quit the metropolis at a moment's notice; but that, at the first opportunity, I had returned with the means as well as the will to do my duty. I then, for the first time, unrolled the crumpled little parcel which I had extracted from Macaroon's throat: of its amount I was perfectly aware, for I had been too interested in the game, not to count Lord Timothy's winnings. It consisted of four fifty-pound notes (which I had handed over, among others, to the Albino); four others, for 20*l.* each, which he had lugged out of his horde in the tin case, and a forged ten, as I subsequently discovered, which, in spite of the vigilance of Thornhose, his antagonist had smuggled into the stakes. The sight of these won her confidence; and knowing she had an account at a house in Lombard-street, with one of whose junior partners she had once been intimate, I ventured to ask her about her balance. "Under fifty," said she, "Dick, or I should not be here; for the wretch will take a hundred down, and my bill for the remainder. My hump-backed tiger is going to raise the deficiency, if he can, on my cab and horse, this morning: but, of course, you mean to do the needful yourself?"

I replied that I did; and was as good as my word. By twelve o'clock, Aurora was emancipated, at an expence, on my part, of one hundred pounds and costs; for I would not permit her to write for the fifty in Lombard-street. Having speedily settled preliminaries, we took a coach to the city; and, according to an arrangement we made by the way, having a delicate affair in view, she introduced me at her banker's as a husband, to whom she had been married yesterday morning. To obviate the necessity of a certificate, she wrote in my favour for the balance, which I increased by paying in the residue of the amount I had resuscitated from the spider-monkey's throat, and took the common counter receipt for the whole.

On our way back, I left my card at the door of Mr. Thornhose, and Aurora insisted on inflicting her own at the residence of Lord Timothy; her separation from whom had already been blown; and she deemed herself lucky in getting out before the arrival of any detainers from her numerous creditors. For my own part I had no wish to remain in London, for either Thornhose or the Albino would doubtless soon pester me. I had left a trail, by travelling with the postboys to the masquerade, and thence in a hackney coach to the hotel, the spunging-house and the city, which either of those worthies might without much difficulty follow. Upon the whole, we mutually deemed it expedient to take a tour on the continent,—our route being Petersburgh, where Aurora felt sure that her style of beauty was rather unique, and must therefore be capable of being turned to eminent account. Besides these provocatives to emigration, I had now attained an object which I had long ardently desired, but of late years could not achieve—namely—that of holding an account with a respectable metropolitan banker; for, as I know of experience, none of them will put your name in their books, even if you go with 10,000*l.* in your hand,

unless you bring a recommendation from somebody they respect. This formidable impediment to a speculation among the country bankers, which I had long ago matured, but could not execute, being removed, by my assumption of marital rights over Aurora,—after having at one fell cheque drawn out the whole of the money standing to my credit in Lombard Street,—with her hunch-back tiger, who had obtained 50*l.* on her equipage, and a beautiful little boy, who looked like our son, we started, full of hope, in a chariot and four, for the Golden West.

Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land. X.

A DIRGE FOR TERESA.

SHE's gone!—she's gone!—now from the field of rest
Turn softly back its sward: where lime-trees weep
Their flowers, beloved of bees; and graves are drest
With daisies, like a flock of fairy sheep;
Lay the fair girl to sleep.

The sun will love to linger where she lies,
The dew to keep her covering ever green;
For her, the winds shall sing soft obsequies
Of low-toned music, gentle and serene,—
For such her life hath been.

What dread had Death for her? he came not near
Her couch with hasty step and angry eye;
Not with the anguish keen—the pang severe,
The fear of heart, which some must bear, to die;—
She went without a sigh.

Without one shade of pain to cross her brow,
One short convulsive breath—one feeble moan—
We heard her last farewell; her voice was low,
But nought of sorrow trembled in its tone;—
A smile,—and she was gone!

No early care had worn the tender ties
That bound her here,—no grief her heart had bowed;
Only, too pure for earth, she seemed to rise
To her own heaven—as doth some silver cloud
Before the winds grow loud.

She dwelt amongst us, an unconscious saint;
Where'er she passed, a holy peace she shed;
Her eye was such as limners love to paint,
Smiling above some sinless infant's bed:
Sweet music was her tread.

She's gone!—she's gone!—In silence make her grave,
But not in tears—ye would not from its home
Recal her happy soul—perchance to brave
A weary lot—too gentle far to roam
Through years of grief to come.

Draw back—your work is done—and now the bier
Comes on—her sorrowing kindred weep around;
Raise ye the solemn hymn of hope, while here
They lay the lovely in this hallowed ground,
With spring's sweet garlands crowned!

H. F. C.

THE DEPUTY MORALIST.

In the debate which arose on Mr. E. L. Bulwer's notion for a select committee to enquire into the state of the laws affecting dramatic literature and the performance of the drama, the character of that equivocal functionary, the Deputy Licenser, or master of the morals, was touched upon by Mr. Shiel and others, who only spoke the sense of the country, when they declared that appointment not only unnecessary, but unconstitutional. So thought the public on the first creation of the office; for the first two pieces, brought out at Covent-Garden, branded with the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, were summarily damned. "There was a resolution," says the Abbé Le Blanc who was one of the spectators, and whose remarks on the event are to be found in his correspondence, "to damn whatever might appear, the word *hiss*, not being sufficiently expressive for the English. They always say to *damn* a piece, to *damn* an author; &c. and, in reality, the word is not too strong to express the manner in which they receive a play which does not please them." In another place the Abbé observes, "this act [i. e. the licensing act] occasioned an universal murmuring in the nation, and was openly complained of in the public papers: also in the coffee-houses of London, it was treated as an unjust law, and manifestly contrary to the liberties of England." However, the people, as on graver occasions, were tricked out of their honest opposition by a mountebank appeal to their prejudices; for we learn from the same writer, that the said new piece containing the character of a French cook, a fellow with "black eyebrows, a ribbon of an ell long under his chin, and a bag-peruke immoderately bedaubed with snuff," was heard and applauded throughout. There was a long discussion on the relative merits of French and English cookery; the sirloin tyrannized it over the ragout, and the audience forgot their liberties in vacant laughter at stewed frogs and complacent admiration of roast beef! How often are great events, conducing to the most diabolical effects, mirrored in the pettiest acts of mankind. Then, however, the French and English were, in the political slang of the day, "natural enemies." They came into the world, marked with some abstruse hieroglyph, to which politicians gave this deep solution. It is even now the cant of our state gypsies, "suckled in a creed outworn!"

It is said "a king ought now and then to take pleasure in hearing and reading of comedies; because thereby he may perceive and hear many things done in his realm, which otherwise he should not know." Allowing the force of this, the deputy licenser is one of the many worthies, expressly fed and clothed to keep the king in truly monarchical ignorance: he is a bandage to the eyes of his play-going majesty—wool to his ears. We all recollect how Sir Martin Shee's *Alasco* was tattoed with official red ink; how passages, declaiming naughtily about liberty, and such ideal stuff, were mortally stabbed by the deputy's pen; how the play was literally turned inside out, washed of its gall, and then returned to be further sweetened; till, being made comely and odoriferous, like old *Drugget's* pig in the farce, "a sucking pig in lavender with sage growing in its belly," it might be deemed, by competent authority, "a dainty dish to set before a king." Englishmen vaunt a freedom of the press; but whilst we have such an exotic as a deputy licenser of plays, can it be said that we have the freedom of speech? We may print what we please at our own peril,

but our tongues are under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain. The ingenious, and, we must say, ill-used Colley Cibber, a clever, mercurial coxcomb, has endeavoured, in his remarks on the establishment of the licencership, to answer this objection. He asks, "is not that law of a milder nature which prevents a crime, than that which punishes it, after it is committed?" It was this mildness that tripped up the heels of Charles X. He, good man, rather than punish libels "committed," endeavoured to "prevent the crime" of printing; he was a philanthropist by anticipation. We contend, and common sense is on our side, that it would be no greater violation of that freedom, whichevery Englishman professes to claim as his birth-right, for the editors of the *Times*, the *True Sun*, or *The Examiner*, to send proofs of their newspapers for the revision of a state officer, who might, in the fullest latitude of opinion or caprice, return them for publication with "twenty mortal gashes" in their pages, than is that law which compels the dramatist to submit his labours to the approbation of the hireling of government.

In the earlier stage of the drama, the Master of the Revels held a discretionary power as to the fitness of stage representations. This office emanated from the royal will; and curious instances are recorded of the pertinacity with which the embryo licenser held to his damnatory opinions. Mr. Collier, in his *History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakspeare*—a most interesting and valuable work—gives the following anecdote of a Master of the Revels, the veritable prototype of a more modern saint. He relates:—

"When Davenant presented his comedy of the *Wits* for license, to Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to Charles the First, Sir Henry Herbert "crossed out many exclamations that struck him *in the light of oaths!*" Through Endymion Porter, Davenant complained to the king of this exercise of authority, and on the 9th of January, the king called the Master of the Revels before him, and desired that he should allow such words as *faith*, *death*, and *slight*, to stand, "as asseverations only, and no oaths." Davenant was in considerable favour at this date, which might induce the king to take especial interest about his play. Notwithstanding this royal decision against him, Sir Henry Herbert made the following memorandum in his office book, shewing that he was "convinced against his will."

"The king is pleased to take *faith*, *death*, *slight*, for asseverations and no oaths, to which I do humbly submit, as my master's judgment, but, under favour, conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here to declare my opinion and submission."

Cibber tells us that the Master of the Revels refused to license the first act of his version of Shakspeare's *Richard III.* "He had an objection to the whole act, and the reason he gave for it was, that the distresses of *King Henry the Sixth*, who is killed by *Richard* in the first act, would put weak people too much in mind of King James, then living in France!"

It would be idle to quote these instances of official caprice, did not the present existence of the licensership continually threaten every writer with a repetition of the absurd tyranny. It was but a few months since that Mr. Colman refused to license a drama, because it contained a scene wherein a king masqueraded as a clergyman! The bench of bishops had, at the period, rendered themselves odious by their votes on the Reform Bill, and it was doubtless thought that the most indirect allusion to the Church, would awake aught but respectful feelings towards its pious pillars! Among other curious evidences of this age of cant, we have seen the official mandates returned with dramas from the Chamberlain's office, and make no apology for quoting a specimen of the sensitive morality of Brompton-square.

"Please to omit the following underlined words in the representation of the drama, called the ————

ACT 1.

SCENE 2.—"*I had as soon look'd for an imp in Paradise.*"
SCENE 3.—"*Thou to a cherub's thoughts dost add a cherub's face.*"
Do. "(Last speech in the Act,) "*and* FORCE *her to my purpose.*"

ACT 2.

SCENE 2.—"*Good angels fly about you.*"
Do. "*Heaven knows it!*"
Do. "*Heaven direct me!*"
SCENE 3.—"*To Heaven be my thanks.*"

It must be deemed that these examples of primitive morality would not have belied the character of a *Praise-God Barebones*, and are a beautiful testimony of the truth of the no less beautiful compliment of "Richard Jones, Comedian," who, in dedicating a translation to George Colman, Esq., declares that his hand "has the magic power of producing verdure from an unfertile soil!" Verily it has. "His red (*ink*) right hand" brings forth naughty words, where Irving himself might, with the traveller from Dan to Beersheba, exclaim, "all is barren!" Were it needful that *Henry the Fifth*, or *The Merry Wives of Windsor* should be submitted to the deputy, we have no doubt that the drama would be returned, accompanied with the usual letter of exceptions, containing the following impressive postscript, "omit, by all means, *Bardolph's* nose!" The office of licenser of plays is unconstitutional, is worse than useless, and we hope, under a reformed parliament, will be speedily abolished. The house need not seek far back for precedents: the wooden men were taken from St. Dunstan's but little more than a twelvemonth ago.

The debate on free trade in the drama, and dramatic copyright, was opened in an able speech by Mr. Bulwer. His individual advocacy of the questions is alone an evidence of their importance to the proper cultivation of the highest and most difficult branch of letters. Mr. Lamb seemed to smell the business "with a dead man's nose." Sir Charles Wetherell talked about the drama as the unicorns over a stage proscenium, if suddenly gifted with the tongues, would have declaimed. "He much doubted whether a number of theatres would produce such plays as Steele's *Cato*, or Johnson's *Irene*;" to our mind, a sufficient argument for granting the prayer of the petitioners; nay, we would have a clause inserted in the new act, making it fineable in any theatre that should offer new plays of the like grade. *Irene* should be, by a strange paradox, to a playhouse, what light weights are to the baker, to be answered by fining or imprisonment. There is one point, however, in which we think our contemporaries have lacked consideration towards Sir Charles; namely, "Steele's *Cato*." The mistake was natural and pardonable. The Hon. and learned member must have felt that no one less than "M. P. for Boroughbridge" could have written that glowing tragedy, and it seems to have been forgotten by our brethren, that Sir Richard Steele did once actually represent the "dear deceased" borough.

NOTES ON AMERICA, No. II.

NEARLY every variety of religious belief finds its supporters in Charleston, and the clergy of all denominations are highly and deservedly respected. During the period of my residence there, Dr. England, the Roman Catholic Bishop, was the most distinguished for talent and energy of character. He is one of the best argumentative orators I have ever heard from the pulpit, and his afternoon discourses were always delivered to crowded audiences, composed in part of the wealthiest and best educated Protestants in the city. His regular congregation was extremely poor, and he was under the necessity of keeping a school, to augment his slender income. Assuredly, I never considered him a less worthy representative of the Apostles on that account; and when the propriety of granting large incomes to the dignitaries of our own church is insisted upon, in order to procure for them the respect and deference of the laity, I always think of the highly gifted Bishop of Charleston, who has secured the affection and reverence of his flock, and the universal esteem of his fellow citizens, by the simple exercise of the Christian virtues, and the absence of episcopal pomp.

The advocates for a paper currency should visit Charleston, in order to behold their favourite theory reduced extensively to practice. There, bank notes of all sums are in circulation, from a thousand dollars to $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents. The bills for the fractional part of a dollar, (square bits of paper, about twice the size of a turnpike ticket,) are distinguished, for the benefit of the negroes, who are unable to read, by engraved figures of animals, such as sheep, oxen, &c.; and it is very amusing to hear a negro adding up a sum in this singular currency. An Englishman, who has journeyed through the Rhenish provinces from Holland to Switzerland, may have some idea of the confusion arising from the constant alteration of the currency in the different states of North America. In New England, the dollar is called 6*s.*; in New York 8*s.*; in Pensylvania 7*s.* 6*d.*; in South Carolina 4*s.* 8*d.* The $12\frac{1}{2}$ cent piece in Charleston is called 7*d.*, but the $6\frac{1}{4}$ coin is 4*d.* When the price of any article is $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents, a negro will tell you it is "quottur dollar an sebnpence." Efforts have been frequently made to establish a uniform mode of reckoning throughout the country. But the old state currencies, though branded as badges of colonial servitude, still seem to stand their ground; thus affording another proof, among a thousand, that custom is stronger than law,—for the decimal mode of calculation, so beautiful and convenient, has long been the only one recognised in the public offices and courts of justice of the United States.

In Charleston, as in every other city in the Union, it is usual for people of all ranks to herd together in large boarding-houses. The great variety which a stranger is thereby enabled to see, compensates, in some degree, for the discomfort to which the practice necessarily subjects him. It is proverbial, that an Englishman, out of his own country, may in vain expect to take his ease at his inn; but the young, the active, and the enquiring, have little reason to complain of any peculiarity in the mode of living, which opens to their inspection the real character of the people with whom they may be temporary sojourners. There is scarcely any difficulty in procuring admission to the palaces of the great. The lives

and conversation of German, Spanish, and Italian nobles, have been correctly delineated and reported in the journals of numberless tourists: but where shall we meet with the traveller, more especially the English traveller, who is qualified to describe the domestic manners, and instruct us in the habits of thought, which distinguish the middle classes of Continental Europe from their self-exhibiting superiors in rank—the lawyers, the merchants, the agriculturalists, and the working clergy, from the "puff and patty portion of mankind?" Now, in their boarding-houses, you see the Americans in their natural and unassumed characters; and, notwithstanding the repeated assertions of the contrary, I am ready to maintain, that courtesy and good humour almost invariably mark the conduct of the guests. I allude, of course, to the well educated classes. If *soi-disans* ladies and gentlemen *will* visit coarse and low-bred people, and *will* frequent third-rate hotels, they ought at least, in common decency, to refrain from attempting to pass off the manners and conversation of *their* associates as those of the nation at large.

This mention of American inns, reminds me of having once dined at the Planter's Hotel, in Charleston, in rather singular company. Immediately opposite to me sat Mr. Conway, the actor; next to him, on the right, the *then* Prince, now reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was supported on his left by a "yankee" judge from Connecticut. This latter personage, to the duties of a judge united the business of a hat manufacturer, and kept a shop for the sale of his goods in Charleston.

The table at these hotels is generally spread with great abundance. Turtle and terrapin soup, fish, venison, wild turkeys, and meat of all kinds, are the common dishes. Very little wine is drank, and rather too much brandy. The wine is almost always Madeira, to the perfection of which the climate is very favourable. The charge per week is about two guineas.

It has been already mentioned, that the whole white male poulation, capable of bearing arms, is compelled to perform military duty, although the French are expressly exempted from it by treaty, and the English, and all other aliens, by the universally acknowledged law of nations. Treaties and laws, however, are disregarded in the southern States, whenever the more effectual coercion of the slaves is the point to be considered. Self-preservation is declared to be the paramount duty. When called out upon fire duty, or to quell an incipient insurrection, the militia force of South Carolina is cautious, steady, and resolute. The service on which they are engaged is amply sufficient to make them so. But upon other occasions, such as training days and reviews, the disregard of all discipline is quite laughable. The different companies choose their officers by ballot, and the captain, under whose orders I had the honour to serve for a short time, was a comical old Dutchman, especially elected because it was impossible to understand one word he uttered. Shouts of laughter broke from the ranks whenever he attempted to give the word of command. As we marched through the streets, to and from the place of exercise, one file of our warlike company would amuse themselves and the spectators, by closing their right eyes; the next, their left: another would shoulder their muskets with the butt ends uppermost, or would carry their cartridge boxes dangling from the tops of their bayonets.

The whole militia system of the United States is faulty in the extreme.

The appointment of the officers by the privates is sufficient of itself to destroy all effective discipline. In the country towns tavern-keepers are generally preferred, on account of the superior facility for meeting afforded by their business. The uniforms of the independent companies are ridiculously expensive and showy; and the frequent trainings serve rather to demoralize than to discipline the men. I have repeatedly on review days seen the greater number too much intoxicated to keep the ranks. It is usual on great occasions, before dismissing the troops, for the commanding officer to deliver a suitable, that is to say a complimentary harangue; and I once heard a Connecticut colonel hold forth in a very exalted strain. He concluded, I recollect, by thanking the privates for their *officer-like* conduct on that great day—meaning, I suppose, that the men were as drunk as their officers.

I have twice attended reviews when whole divisions have mutinied and marched off the field, because the "right" or post of honour was not assigned to them. Court Martials, &c. were talked of—but the mutineers of course treated the threat with deserved contempt. This disgraceful work is the fault of the system, not of the people; for the Americans, as we know to our cost, under regular discipline, are orderly, effective, and most gallant soldiers.

After having thus borne my willing testimony to the gallantry of the American soldiers, I trust I shall not be suspected of any wish to detract from it, when I mention a single instance of poltroonery in an officer of the United States' Navy, which fell under my own observation.—I once sailed from Philadelphia to Charleston, in company with the individual alluded to, and as we neared the shore, our vessel, through the mismanagement of the pilot, struck upon the bar, which guards the entrance of the harbour. The captain of the ship was much alarmed, and gave orders to cut the halliards, but the first mate, who was an active, determined fellow, insisted upon our carrying all sail, and "thumping over," as he termed it. The wind was high, and we certainly came into rather rough contact with the bar. At this time, I saw the United States' officer trembling, pale as death, and clinging to a hen-coop. His young and very handsome wife, to whom he had only been married the previous week, had secured the arm of an Irish gentleman. He was endeavouring to comfort her. "Oh my God," she exclaimed, "we shall all go to the bottom." "We are there already, Madam," said the Irishman, and the idea seemed to reassure her a little. At length we "thumped" across the bar into deep water, and presently afterwards landed. The lady of course was profuse in her acknowledgments to her protector; who had behaved, she declared, with true American firmness. "*Irish* firmness, if you please," he replied, and the unfortunate husband seemed to feel the sting of the remark. Yet, I know, that this man had "sought reputation at the cannon's mouth," and had fought his way up in his profession with distinguished bravery.

It is usual in England to describe American elections as very peaceable and orderly proceedings. The charm of the ballot is supposed to work wonders upon the passions of the transatlantic politicians. But I am sorry to be obliged to confess, to the discredit of my favourite Charleston, that elections there sometimes reminded me very forcibly of what I had often witnessed on similar occasions at home. Extreme party violence, bribery, and intoxication, prevailed grievously. The Irish portion of the population, it will easily be credited, is never backward in enjoying these opportunities of

"kicking up a row." I once met a party of these worthy fellows in what Mr. Jefferson would have termed "the full tide of successful experiment," shouting "Grattan for ever!" and knocking down all who would not declare themselves in favour of General Geddes, the democratic candidate for Governor, whom, in the warmth of their Irish recollection, they compared to Henry Grattan. A few broken heads and extra gallons of rum are, however, of no great consequence. The most serious part of the business is to follow, in the shape of duels, and family quarrels; which almost invariably, among the higher classes, arise from these election contests, in the southern states,

While I am upon this subject, it may be as well to describe the method by which, notwithstanding the use of the ballot-box, the Americans contrive to scrutinize the votes of those whose fidelity to their party is suspected. Previously to the day of election, a most thorough and strict canvass is made, and every man's promise is recorded. Of course in America, as in England, many of the pledges are given under an undue influence, and these are the parties who must be watched when they come up to vote. The ballot-box is placed on a stand before the chairman or assessor, and when the paper containing the name of the candidate is laid upon it, he slips it carefully through the orifice, having first ascertained by the pressure of his finger that there is *only one*, a very necessary precaution, as sometimes the number of votes given has greatly exceeded that of the voters. A double line of the most acute electioneerers of each party reaches from the chair to the door, and the voter passes through the middle, having previously received from parties stationed at the entrance a paper with the *right* name inscribed upon it. If the individual has been bribed, or is suspected of treachery, he is required to carry the paper in such a way as to satisfy those appointed to watch him, that he has not changed it. Should he neglect or refuse to do so, he is supposed at once to be playing false—he is branded as a traitor, and the patronage of the deceived party is withdrawn. Of course all these circumstances do not occur at every election, but this was the plan adopted during a severe contest at Hartford, in Connecticut, the proceedings at which I examined very closely.

I was residing at Charleston, at the period of Mr. Jefferson's decease. A stranger, or one unacquainted with the state of political feeling in America, must have imagined that no statesman was ever more deeply reverenced when living, or regretted when dead, than this gentleman. This opinion seems to prevail very generally in England, and is supported by the writings of the Americans, who, since his death, have been profuse in their expressions of admiration of his character and actions. The publication of his life and correspondence, cautiously selected by a very friendly hand, has tended to confirm and perpetuate the delusion; for that it is a delusion, the following facts, not sufficiently known, or attended to, in England, will, I think, prove beyond a doubt:—

It was matter of notoriety some time previous to Mr. Jefferson's decease, that his private circumstances were in the greatest disorder. It was his peculiar ambition to stand well as a philosopher and a gentleman in the opinion of Europeans, who were always received and entertained by him with unusual politeness, hospitality, and expense. He had lived beyond his income, and was greatly in debt. An attempt was made by his friends to procure from Congress a grant of public land or money to relieve the necessities of the author of the declaration of independence. This

effort was worse than fruitless, it was scornfully repelled. Application was then made to the legislature of Virginia, his native state, and over which he had formerly, in the day of his glory, presided as governor, for permission to dispose of his property by means of a lottery. After a severe struggle, this was granted by a very small majority. A subscription was then proposed to be raised throughout the Union, for the purpose of purchasing the tickets of this lottery, in other words, for paying his debts. Mr. Jefferson just lived long enough to be aware that this project had utterly failed. The amount subscribed was paltry in the extreme. I recollect that when I was called upon, the Charleston subscription had not reached one hundred pounds, and as an Englishman and a foreigner, I must have been one of the last applied to for that patriotic purpose.

In Boston, the amount collected for Mr. Jefferson's relief was so trifling, that the committee declined to publish it, and returned the money; and in New York and Philadelphia, the attempt was almost equally abortive.

How are we to believe the professions of respect and attachment to the memory of a man whose petitions for relief were treated in this unfeeling manner? It is to be recollected, that, in the previous year, upwards of twenty thousand pounds had been voted by Congress to La Fayette, whose services, as compared with those of Mr. Jefferson, may be said rather to live in the imagination of the Americans, than in the pages of their national history. Sufficient time had also elapsed for the animosity engendered by party politics to have passed away. It was many years since the president of the college at Newhaven had described Mr. Jefferson as a man of superior talents indeed, but of greater profligacy than Charles the Second; when it was not uncommon for the congregational clergy in New England to beseech the Lord "to vouchsafe to the President of the United States a little common honesty, for that assuredly he needed it much." But, as I remarked above, these times had passed away. It was natural, therefore, to suppose that one of the foremost men of the revolution, one who had been twice President, would not have been suffered to expire in abject and notorious poverty. The nation, however, was appealed to in vain on his behalf.

I was therefore somewhat at a loss to account for the uniform strain of panegyric on his character and services, which, immediately on his decease, resounded through the country. But not very long afterwards I observed, that much the same style of affectionate respect was used by my loyal compatriots in England, at the public meetings, and in the addresses of condolence sent up to the throne or the death of the late Duke of York; and I then concluded that the maxim, *de mortius nil nisi bonem* was more generally adopted and acted upon than I had previously imagined.

There is a street in Charleston called Vendue Range, where commodities of every description, including negroes, are bought and sold by auction. If it were possible for an Englishman to overcome his feelings of sorrow and disgust at seeing his fellow creatures knocked down to the highest bidder, like so many sheep and oxen, the scenes exhibited in the Vendue Range would not be unproductive of amusement.

The value of a negro in the market does not depend so much upon his personal strength, or skill in any mechanical employment, as upon the good will with which he would probably serve his owner. At a slave auction, therefore, it is highly necessary, previously to making á pur-

chase, to ascertain from the poor fellow himself, whether or not he is willing to become your property. If he has any objection to the proposed transfer, as separating him from his wife and family, or from any other cause, he will probably tell some lie about his health, pretend that he is a bad workman, always getting drunk, &c. Should he perceive, that notwithstanding, you advance on your bidding, he will say at once—"Massa, if you buy me, Massa, my gum, me be dam bad nigger, me no work a bit, nutting but eat; me be drunk ebbery day; an no wort ten dollars." Money is absolutely thrown away in the purchase of a slave in such a temper as this. He will consume twice as much as he earns.

If, on the contrary, the bidder is considered a kind-hearted man, and the slave is desirous of being purchased by him, there is scarcely a quality which a valuable servant ought to possess, which poor Pompey will not claim as his own. His joy at having escaped the clutches of a hard master will know no bounds, and he may be considered a "cheap lot," at a large sum."

It is not unusual for a master to commission a slave to sell himself. To bring a high price in the market is the great ambition of a negro. He will call upon "de good Buckra men," begging them to purchase him, showing off his best points with the zeal and tact of an experienced auctioneer.

The price of a good negro varies from 400 to 1000 dollars. A mulatto fellow, who was employed as a porter at an auction-room, and was considered trustworthy and sober, brought 1500 dollars (about 350*l.*) when I was in Charleston. This is the largest sum I have ever known to be paid for a slave.

It was my intention to have attempted in this paper, to give some description of the interior of the Southern Atlantic States—the natural scenery—state of society—and peculiar manners of the inhabitants. This, however, must be postponed, for I have lingered in Charleston with the fondness of one, whose memory is stored with a thousand recollections of the place, which he only wishes it were in his power to render as delightful to the reader as they are to himself. But, striking incidents and peculiarities, such as tell in description, are not those which convey the most pleasing impression of the country where they occurred, or the people to whom they belong. I fear that this is true with respect to the sketches contained in the foregoing pages, which I regret the more, as in a future number, truth will compel me to present a less favourable picture of the inhabitants of the *interior* than can or ought fairly to be drawn of the residents in the Atlantic cities.

The circumstances which attended my final departure from Charleston were rather singular. And I am tempted to relate them here, as, independently of any interest they may possess in themselves, they afford a mournful proof of the tendency of slavery to debase the human mind, and produce a dogged indifference to the preservation of life itself.

I had taken my passage for England, in a vessel that lay about four miles from the city, waiting for a favourable wind. Being much hurried, I was unable to proceed to her place of anchorage till late in the evening, and then sailed in the boat which conveyed to her the last supply of fresh water. This boat was manned by two negroes and a mulatto. I soon perceived that it leaked rather alarmingly, and while the mulatto fellow

steered, the two blacks were obliged to busy themselves in lading out the water. It was a warm, dull, dark evening, and the atmosphere was very thick and oppressive. Lights gleamed from the casements of the lofty mansions which stretch along the walk called the Battery, and afford an extensive view of the shipping and the bay; on the opposite side of which, the glancing fire-flies illumined the beach of Sullivan's Island. On shore, the silence was only broken by the deep-toned chimes of St. Michael's Church, and in bidding my final adieu to Charleston, I could truly say—*Vale in pace.*

There was just wind enough to waft us gently along; but a less experienced sailor than my wanderings had made of me, could have surely foretold a coming gale. The negroes, however, worked very lazily, and at length fell asleep. The man at the helm, who alone knew in what direction our vessel lay, was somewhat intoxicated, and mistook the lights on the shore for those of the ship lanthorns. While we were roaming about in this manner, the wind began to rise, and the boat to fill rapidly with water. The heat of a close Carolinian night had unnerved me. My thoughts had wandered to far distant shores; and long buried recollections, coming thick upon me, had hitherto prevented my perceiving our perilous condition. Now, however, I endeavoured to awaken the sleepers, and make the helmsman do his duty; but this was beyond my power. They seemed to consider drowning a matter of no moment, and the preservation of life not worth an effort. I tried the effects of kicks, and blows with my fist, in vain. They merely laughed, with their usual "He, he, he, Massa veby funny." At length I found at the bottom of the boat a piece of board, about two feet long, and rough at the corners; with this I belaboured the "niggers" on their heads and shins, till I awakened them thoroughly, and compelled them to work for my preservation and their own. So at last, after a hazardous sail of four hours, we reached the ship. But never shall I forget the deadly sickness which came over me when, for a time, I despaired of rousing the poor slaves. After an absence of many years, during which labour, anxiety, and some ill-health had rather worn me, I was within half a mile, probably, of a first-rate vessel, ready to sail for home and England,—yet was I doomed, as I feared, to perish disgracefully by the sinking of a dirty water-tank, in company with two "niggers" and a mulatto! Strange as it may seem, this last consideration was, I believe, the one which stimulated me to exertion. Those of my readers who have resided much among this degraded race, will, I think, understand this feeling; though they may not, any more than myself, be able to justify or admire it.

THE SPANISH HEADSMAN.

The town clock of Menda had tolled the hour of midnight, when a young French officer, leaning on the wall of an extensive terrace, which formed the bounds of the gardens of the chateau, appeared lost in reflection, and absorbed in deeper contemplation than generally accompanies the gay thoughtlessness of a military life: although, undoubtedly, place, season, and all by which he was surrounded, were most propitious to meditation. It was one of the clear and cloudless nights of Spain; the twinkling of the stars, and the moon's pale and partial beams, threw a soft light on the rich and romantic valley, in which, at a hundred feet beneath him, was situated the small but handsome town of Menda, skirting the base of a rock, which sheltered its inhabitants from the north wind, and on the summit whereof was placed the vast and antique chateau; and thence the waters of the Atlantic, extending far on either side, might be fully descried. The chateau of Menda, however, afforded a contrast to the calm and silence of the scene around it. From its numerous casements blazed forth a profusion of light; the lively clamour of the cheerful dance, the sounds of mirthful music, and the joyous voices of the assembly, often mingled with, and oftener overpowered, the noise of the more distant waves dashing against the shore. The refreshing coolness of the night, succeeding a day of extraordinary heat, with the delicious perfume of trees and flowers by which he was surrounded, in restoring him from the severe fatigue which the military duties of the morning occasioned, had long detained the young soldier in that delightful spot, and induced him to forego the social enjoyments which the interior of the mansion afforded.

The chateau itself belonged to a Spanish grandee of the first rank; who, with his family, now resided there. Of his two daughters, the eldest was particularly handsome: and had, during the evening, greatly attracted the admiration of the French officer, whose notice had evidently not been disregarded by the fair Spaniard: but, whenever she addressed him, there was, mixed up with her looks and tones of kindness, so singular an expression of seeming sorrow and compassion, that, haply the impression it had made on him, had led him to withdraw from the society, and induced his deep and lengthened reverie. Notwithstanding she was one of five children, the great wealth of the Marquis justified the idea that Clara would be richly endowed: but Victor Marchand could scarcely bring himself to hope that, in any event, the daughter of one of the proudest and most powerful nobles in all Spain, would even be permitted to regard, with more than ordinary civility, the son of a Parisian grocer.

The French were hated: and General G**t**r, the commandant of the province, having had strong reason to suspect that the Marquis de Léganès contemplated an insurrection of the inhabitants of that and the surrounding country, in favour of Ferdinand the Seventh, the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been sent to garrison Menda; and to overawe its inhabitants and the people of the neighbouring towns and villages, who were at the disposal and under the influence of the Marquis. Indeed, a recent despatch of Marshal Ney had even communicated the probability of the English attempting a landing on the coast, and of the Marquis being in active correspondence with the cabinet of London. So

that, notwithstanding the welcome and hospitality evinced by the Marquis to himself and his comrades, Victor Marchand never relaxed in the adoption of every precaution that prudence could suggest. In pacing the garden terrace, and casting a keen and watchful glance from time to time to ascertain the state of the town, of which his position gave him a distinct and general view; or in listening occasionally to whatever sounds arose from the valley below, in which it lay, he strove vainly to reconcile to his mind, the open and almost unreserved friendship the Marquis had displayed towards him, and the peace and tranquillity of the country itself, with the doubts and fears expressed by his general,—when his curiosity was suddenly awakened, and his suspicions aroused by new and somewhat unaccountable circumstances. Innumerable lights, at one and the same instant, were to be seen moving in the town below: the hum of many voices simultaneously heard, where all had been for so many hours darkness and repose. Although it was the feast of Sant'Jago, he had issued, that very morning, severe and peremptory orders, that everywhere (with the exception of the chateau) fire and light should be extinguished at the hour appointed by the military regulations. Again he looked, and more intently: and certainly could distinguish the glittering of muskets and bayonets at several of the posts where his sentinels were stationed. The lights were yet seen; but a solemn silence now succeeded to the noise, which was wholly distinct from that which might be supposed to accompany the observance of a festival of the church. Whence could proceed so general and extraordinary an infraction of military orders, in despite of the more than inadequate nocturnal police and rounds which he had organized? He was resolved to fathom the mystery: and at once, and with all the impetuosity of youth, he was in the act of scaling the terrace wall, to reach, by a direct and rapid descent of the rock, the *corps-de-garde* stationed at the entrance of the town, on the side of the chateau, when a slight movement near him, resembling the light step of a female on the sanded alley of the garden, induced him to pause. He looked around him anxiously for some moments, but without success. Again he raised himself to observe, and he became fixed and motionless with surprise, as his strained sight dwelt on some distant object; for, clear and distinct as the moon in heaven, he beheld a fleet of ships riding upon the waters and nearing the land. He was casting in his mind, with the utmost rapidity of thought, the measures he must instantly pursue, when his reflections were interrupted by a hoarse, low voice, proceeding from a breach in the wall, at some paces distance, above which a human head projected. He hastened to the spot, and ascertained it to be the orderly who was in attendance upon him at the chateau.

"Is it you, Colonel?"

"It is!"

"The beggars, below there, Sir, are twisting about like so many worms. I have been upon the watch, and hastened to make my report to you."

"Speak!" said Victor Marchand.

"Seeing a man leave the chateau privily, with a lantern, I resolved to follow him; for a lantern, and at this hour, looked suspicious, so I stuck close to him, as he crept thitherwards: and on a platform of the rock, there, where my finger points, Sir, I saw him approach an enormous pile of faggots; when——"

A tremedous shout rose from the town beneath. A wide and sudden

blaze of light broke forth near him, produced by the firing of straw and dry wood: and, at the same instant, the grenadier he had been talking with received a ball in his skull, and fell dead upon the spot.

The cheerful sounds within the chateau walls were hushed at once. A death-like silence reigned around for a moment; and then were heard, but for an instant, distant and heart-piercing groans, as of a short conflicting agony: the report of a cannon boomed along the surface of the ocean. Cold drops burst from the forehead of the officer. He was there alone, unarmed, unfriended. His soldiers had all—all perished. He felt himself a degraded and dishonoured being; he would be dragged before a council of war, a prisoner, and in chains: all who could vindicate his zeal and prudence were of another world. With a keen rapid glance he scanned the depth below; and leaping on the terrace walk, was on the point of casting himself into the abyss, when the slight shriek and convulsive grasp of some one by his side restrained him.

"Fly! Oh Fly!" whispered Clara, almost breathless from agitation; "my brothers follow me—descend the rock, quickly—without delay—there—that way—below you will find Juanito's horse—begone—haste—haste——"

She urged him onward with all her strength. Lost and confused, the young man gazed on her for a moment; but quickly yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, which rarely deserts us, he leaped into the park, and rushed onwards in the direction pointed out to him. The steps of persons in pursuit were heard, danger animated him to speed: he hastily scrambled down the rocks, by paths never before trodden but by goats. A shower of musket-balls whistled by him: but, with almost inconceivable rapidity, he gained the valley. The horse was there. He bounded on its back, and disappeared.

A few hours brought him to the head quarters of General G**t**r, who was at breakfast with his staff: and he was instantly admitted into the commander's presence.

"I come to resign myself to death," exclaimed the Colonel, as he stood before the General, pale and haggard."

"Sit down, Sir," and when you are more composed I will listen to you;" and the stern severity of his countenance, which truly indicated his well known harsh unyielding character, somewhat abated as he witnessed the emotion of his visitor. As soon as he was able Victor told his horrible tale: and the downcast looks and deep silence of his auditors were the only but expressive comment on his history.

"It appears to me, Sir," at length said the General, calmly, "that you are more unfortunate than criminal; you can hardly be deemed responsible for the guilt of the Spaniards; and if the Marshal decide not otherwise, I shall not hesitate to acquit you. These words afforded but feeble consolation to Victor, who falteringly demanded, "But when the Emperor learns the report, Sir?" "It is not impossible he may order you to be shot," observed the General, in a tone of indifference: "but of that hereafter," he added, rising and assuming his more bitter expression of tone and feature. "Let us now only think of vengeance—vengeance, deep, deep and terrible on these Spaniards."

In a short hour, an entire regiment, with detachments of cavalry and artillery, were on their march; at the head of which rode the General and Victor. The troops, informed of the massacre of their comrades, pressed

onwards with unrelenting activity, actuated by feelings of hate and fury. The villages through which their road lay were already up in arms: but they were soon reduced to obedience, and in all of them, each tenth man was told off and shot.

By some unaccountable fatality, the English fleet remained lying to and inactive, without even communicating with the shore: so that the town of Menda was surrounded by the French troops without the slightest show of resistance on the part of its inhabitants: who, disappointed in the succour on which they had relied, offered to surrender at discretion. Such as were more immediately implicated in the massacre of the garrison, justly presuming that, for their act, the town would be delivered up to flames, and the entire population put to death, by an effort of courage and self devotion, not unfrequent in the war of the Peninsula, offered to become their proper accusers. This unexpected and extraordinary proposition was acceded to by the General; and he engaged to accord a pardon to the rest of the inhabitants, and prevent the town being fired or pillaged by the incensed soldiery. But, at the same time he levied an enormous contribution on the people; for the payment of which, within twenty-four hours, he commanded that the principal and wealthiest residences should be given as hostages into his hands; and inflexibly decreed that all the persons appertaining to the chateau, from the Marquis to his lowest valet, should be placed, unconditionally, in his power.

Having seen his soldiers encamped, and taken all due precautions for their safety against a sudden attack, the General proceeded to the chateau, of which he immediately assumed military possession. The respective members, with the domestics of the family of Léganès, were bound with cords, and the ball-room was assigned them as a prison, the casements whereof opened upon the terrace: while the General and his staff occupied an adjoining suit of rooms, where a council was holden, to adopt all necessary measures in the event of an attempted disembarkation by the British. Orders were given for the erection of batteries on the coasts, and despatches sent off to the Marshal.

The two hundred Spaniards who had acknowledged themselves as the authors of the massacre and resigned themselves into the General's power, were drawn up on the terrace of the chateau, and shot! without a single exception. As soon as their execution had terminated, General G**t**r ordered the erection of as many gallows as there were prisoners in the ball-room, on the same spot; directing, moreover, that the hangman of the town should be summoned.

Victor Marchand profited by the interval in the work of death, which the execution of the General's orders required, to visit the unhappy prisoners; and a few minutes only elapsed before he again presented himself to his commanding officer. "I presume, Sir, he said," with much emotion, "to implore your consideration in behalf of the condemned family." "*You!*" observed the General, with a sneer.—"Alas, Sir; it is a sorrowful indulgence they solicit. The Marquis, in observing the preparations for the approaching execution, trusts that you will deign to change the mode of punishment; and that such as are of noble blood may suffer by decapitation." "Granted," was the laconic reply. "He also hopes you will allow him to have the aid of religion; and in tendering his solemn engagement not to indulge in the thought of escape, he prays that he and his may be freed from their bonds." "Be it so," said

the General: "you being responsible for the consequences. What further would you?" he added, sternly and impatiently, seeing the Colonel yet linger and hesitate to speak,—"He presumes, Sir, to tender you all his wealth—his entire fortune,—so that his youngest son might be spared." "Indeed," said the General; "it is no extraordinary exertion of generosity, as his property is already at the disposal of King Joseph. But," he continued, after some moments of reflection, while an indescribable expression of savage triumph lightened up his features—"I perceive all the importance attached to his last request, and shall even go beyond it. Let him then purchase the continuance of his name and family, that it may exist a memorial of his treason and its penalty. But it shall be on my terms; mark me,—I leave his fortune free, and grant like pardon to such one of his sons as shall assume the office of executioner. I have said it,—begone! and let me hear no more of him or his." The General turned from Victor towards the chateau, where dinner for himself and staff had been just served; leaving the Colonel thunderstruck.

His brother officers eagerly hastened to satisfy an appetite provoked by fatigue, but he had no thought but for the wretched prisoners; and summoning resolution again to meet them, he slowly entered the ball-room, where the father and mother, their three sons and two daughters, sate bound to their rich and gilded chairs; while the eight servants of the house stood with their arms tied behind their backs, mute and motionless, their looks turned on their superiors, as if to derive a lesson of courage or resignation from their bearing. At times a hasty exclamation disturbed the silence, attesting the regret of some bolder spirits, at having failed in their enterprize. The soldiers who guarded them were stern and silent, as if respecting the misfortunes of their enemies; and Victor shuddered as he looked upon the mournful spectacle of their distress, where but so lately joy and gaiety presided; and compared their afflicted state with the gaudy trappings which yet adorned the walls, as in mockery of the dreadful doom which they were sentenced in a few minutes to undergo.

Ordering the soldiers to loose the bonds of the others, he hastened to the release of Clara; and while every eye was turned towards him with intense interest, he freed her beautifully moulded arms from the cords. Even in that moment of sorrow, he could not but admire the loveliness of the Spanish girl, her perfect form—her raven hair—her long, dark eye-lashes—and an eye too brilliant to be gazed on, suffused as it was with tears of anguish or indignation. "Have you succeeded?" she whispered, as he bent over her; and her look strove to penetrate his inmost thoughts. An involuntary groan was Victor's sole reply; and to avoid her ardent gaze, he threw a wild and piteous look upon her brothers and her parents, and again on her. The eldest son, Juanito, was about thirty years of age, short of stature, and scarcely well formed; but these defects were redeemed by a countenance eminently Spanish, proud, fierce, and disdainful, teeming with all his country's gallantry. Filippo, the second, was about twenty years of age, and bore an extraordinary resemblance to Clara. Raffaele, the youngest, was eight years old; a mild and passive creature, with much of patience or endurance in his gentle features. The venerable countenance of the aged Marquis, and his silver hair, offered a study worthy of Murillo. As he contemplated the mournful group, Victor knew not how to announce the General's determination. Com-

pliance with it was surely out of the question; and why should the cup of grief, already full, be unnecessarily overcharged? The entreaties of Clara, however, overcame him; her face wore the hue of death as she listened, but she struggled violently with her feelings, and assuming a comparatively calm and tranquil air, she arose and placed herself solemnly on her knees at her father's feet.—"Oh, Sir!—Father!" she exclaimed; and as all leaned forward in breathless attention, her accents fell clear and distinct around, as earth upon the coffin-lid. "Command—command Juanito to swear by all his hopes of mercy hereafter, that he will now obey your orders, whatever they may be, to their fullest extent, and we shall yet be happy." The mother trembled from joy and hope, eagerly, as unobserved she bent forward to participate in the communication her daughter whispered in her father's ears. She heard, and fell fainting to the earth. Juanito himself seemed evidently aware of its intent; for he writhed from rage and horror.

Victor now commanded the guards to quit the room, the Marquis renewing his promise of unconditional submission. They accordingly retired, leading away the domestics, who, as they issued forth, were delivered over, one by one, to the public executioner, and successively put to death.

Thus relieved from painful intrusion, the old man arose—"Juanito!" said he, sternly. The son, aware of his father's intention, only replied by an inclination of the head, indicative of a decided refusal. He then sank into a chair, while his wild, fixed. and haggard look rested upon his parent. "Come, come, Juanito; dearest brother!" said Clara, in an encouraging and cheerful tone, as she playfully placed herself upon his knee, one arm encircling his neck, the other hand fondly removing the hair from his burning forehead, which she affectionately kissed. "If you knew, my Juanito, my own kind brother, how welcome death would be, if given at your hand. Think, Juanito! my loved, loved, Juanito! that I shall thus escape the odious touch of the public executioner. You, you will end my sufferings: and so shall we thwart the triumph of———," Her dark eye turned from Juanito full on Victor, as if to awaken in her brother's bosom all his hatred of the French.

"Be a man, brother. Summon all your courage! said Filippo; "Let not our name perish, and by your fault."

Clara arose; while all made way for the Marquis, who addressed his son. "It is my will—I command you, Juanito." The young Count moved not, stirred not; and his father fell at his feet. Raffaele, Filippo, and their sisters did the same, stretching forth their supplicating hands towards him, who alone could save their name from forgetfulness and extinction, while the Marquis, on his knees, continued, "My son, my Juanito, prove yourself a Spaniard. Show the stern resolve, the noble feeling of a Spaniard. Let not your father thus kneel in vain before you. What are your sufferings compared with the honour of those you love—those who so truly love you? Let not your own sorrows prevail against your father's prayer. Would I not die for you were it required of me? Live then for us. Let not the hand of infamy insult my hoary head.—Is he our son, Madam?" indignantly exclaimed the Marquis, addressing his wife as he arose, while Juanito, with a fixed and horrid stare, sate dead-like; the distended muscles of his livid front, seeming less the traits of mortal man than those of chiselled marble. "He yields, he yields,"

shrieked forth the mother, in accents of triumph and despair. "He consents," she cried, as she marked a slight movement of his brow, which she only could understand as implying the hard and cruel obedience of her child.

The almoner of the chateau entering, he was instantly surrounded by the family, who led him towards Juanito, while Victor, no longer able to endure the scene, made sign to Clara of his intention, and rushed from the room to make one last effort with the General. Him he found in one of his milder moods, cheerfully conversing with his officers, while he partook of the delicious wines the cellars of the chateau afforded.

An hour afterwards, and one hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda were assembled, by the General's orders, on the terrace, to witness the execution of the family of Léganès. They were arranged beneath the line of gallows, on which hung the bodies of the Marquis's domestics; and a strong military guard preserved order. At about thirty paces distant, a block had been prepared, on which a large and naked scimetar was laid; while the executioner stood near to act, in the event of Juanito's refusal.

The dead silence which prevailed was interrupted by the sound of many footsteps; the slow and measured tread of soldiery, and the clattering of arms, drowned, at times, by the loud laugh of the officers over their wine. So had the dance and music, but shortly since, been mingled with the expiring groans of the French garrison. All eyes were now directed towards the chateau, and the several members of the Léganès' family approached, with firm unshrinking step, and countenances patient, calm, and serene—save one. He, pale, wan and heartstricken, leant upon the priest, who unceasingly urged every argument of religion, to sustain and console the wretched being who was alone condemned to live. The Marquis, his wife, and their four children, took their places at some paces distant from the block, and knelt. Juanito was led forward by the priest, and having reached the fatal spot, the public executioner advanced and whispered him, haply imparting some necessary instructions in his dreadful mystery. The confessor would have arranged the victims so as to avoid, as far as possible, a view of the work of death; but they were Spaniards, and evinced no symptoms of fear.

Clara now darted forwards to her brother. "Juanito!" she exclaimed, "you must have pity on my weakness. I am a sad, sad, coward.—Begin with me."

A hasty step was heard approaching—it was Victor. Clara was kneeling by the block, and her white neck already bared to the scimetar. The officer shuddered, but rushed forward,—"Your life is spared, Clara. The General pardons you, if you consent—to—*to be mine.*"

The Spanish lady looked on him for an instant; a proud, disdainful glance of withering scorn, "Quick, quick, Juanito," she murmured in a hurried hollow voice, as she turned, and her head rolled at Victor's feet.

As the first dull blow of the heavy scimetar was heard, for one moment the mother's whole frame moved convulsively. It was the first and only sign of weakness exhibited.

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"Am I well so—my good—good Juanito?" said the little Raffaele.

"You weep, my Marquirita, my sister," And, verily, the voice of Juanito seemed as a voice from the tomb, as again he lifted the scimetar.

"It is for you, dear brother," she answered. "Poor, poor, Juanito!—you will be without us all, alone, and so unhappy."

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The tall commanding figure of the Marquis now approached. He looked on his children's blood, and then turning towards the assembled Spaniards, and stretching forth his arms over Juanito, exclaimed in a loud and resolute tone of voice,—"Spaniards, hear me! A father's blessing I give unto my son; may it ever rest on and with him!—His is the post of duty. Now, *Marquis of Léganès,* strike firm and surely, for thou art without reproach!"

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the confessor—the scimetar struck heavily against the earth, as he shrieked in bitterest agony—"Mother!—God!—God!—It is too much—She bore—she nourished me.—Blood! and my mother's blood!" A cry of horror burst from all around. The bacchanalian orgies within the castle were at once ended.

The Marchioness, sensible that the strength and courage of her son had fled, cast one glance, and one only, at the scene at her feet; and then, aged as she was, leaped the terrace balustrade, and disappeared. As she fell upon the rocks beneath, the reeking instrument of death dropped from the hand of Juanito. His eyes flashed an almost maniac fire. A low gurgling sound, like a death-greeting, broke from his livid lips,—life seemed to forsake his limbs—and he sunk senseless upon the ground, beside the beloved beings who had fallen by his hand.

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Notwithstanding the unlimited respect and high honours accorded by his sovereign to the Marquis de Léganès—notwithstanding the title of El Verdugo, by which his ancient and noble name has been rendered yet more illustrious, the Marquis now lives an almost heart-broken and solitary man. The birth of an heir to his name and fortune (an event which, unhappily, deprived her who bore him of existence,) had been impatiently awaited by him, and as his son saw the light, the father felt it was now his privilege, in Heaven's own time, to join that troop of shadows, that are ever with him and around him. With these, in his long hours of solitude, he holds strange discourse: and if he ever smile, it is when he points out his sleeping boy to those unseen beings—unseen by all save himself—and swears by its innocent head, and by the generations yet unborn, an eternal enmity to France and to her children.

THE RUINS OF THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

" Where my high steeples whilom used to stand,
On which the lordly falcon wont to tower,
There now is but an heap of lime and sand,
For the skriech-owl to build her baleful bower."

SPENSER.

THE present generation will walk amongst the ruins of the church establishment. To the next, or the ensuing, it is probable that institution, " with all that it inherits," will be a subject of antiquarian research and speculation. The mitre, no doubt, has been too acutely felt not to be long recollected; but the time will come when even the remembrance of the mitre shall be faint, and that cloven emblem of sacerdotal duplicity shall be in as much request amongst virtuosos, as a Roman pavement, or a sword that had been hacked at Hastings. In some of the ten thousand newspapers that will circulate through England in the year 1932, let us suppose it to be announced, that one of these barbarous baubles has been found by some labourers at Exeter or Fulham: what a coil amongst all the Oldbucks in the three kingdoms; what bidding and outbidding, what spite and chagrin on the part of the losers; what exultation and triumph in the visage of the favourite of fortune, who has possibly mortgaged the bulk of his property to secure the prize! Let us carry our imaginations further, and conceive the contests that may naturally be supposed to arise amongst the learned as to the purpose for which this ecclesiastical relic was designed. " Quot hominum tot sententiæ;" every antiquarian will have his theory: one will maintain the mitre to have been an instrument of torture; a second will assert that it was meant for a kind of foolscap; a third will perhaps avow his opinion that it was not destined for the head at all, but was in fact an idol, intended to represent the jaws of some voracious monster, and the object of national worship in the British empire; until that great event, known by the name of the dissolution of the alliance of church and state, led to the introduction of Christianity.

Of course, each of these conflicting hypotheses will be defended with incredible erudition and acumen. In support of the first—that the mitre was an instrument of torture—we may conceive it to be urged, that by reference to ancient chronicles it appears, that in a great variety of instances the individuals, who are stated to have had it applied to their brows, are immediately found making declarations or confessions at such total variance with their previous recorded opinions and principles, that it is utterly impossible to account for a mental revolution so sudden and complete, except on the supposition of some extreme bodily torment, intense enough to shake the consistency of an American Indian. As an analogous description of torture, " Luke's iron crown" will be referred to; and it will hardly fail to be remarked how strikingly this hypothesis agrees with the exclamation of " Nolo episcopari," which all authorities agree was the usual cry or plaint of the wretched persons condemned in those rude times to the infliction of the mitre; which indeed appears to have been a punishment of such a horrible nature, that the very prospect of it was enough to make many individuals say and do any thing, how base or unprincipled soever, that the Phalaris of the day enjoined them. Torture was, moreover, a common practice in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Under the pretence of preserving discipline in their

army and navy, our savage ancestors, it will be urged, although they no longer painted blue, indulged to the most revolting extent their barbarous taste for human blood and suffering; and they displayed a similar ferocity in the administration of their colonies, and even in the government of Ireland. It appears to have been for many years the favourite study of British statesmen to devise new modes of tormenting the miserable Irish. They constructed a rack, called the penal code, which all accounts agree in describing as a "chef-d'œuvre" in its way; and a monster of the name of Castlereagh obtained the appellation of Derry-down-triangle, from instrument of torture of which he was the inventor, and for which he not only obtained a patent, but was rewarded with every honour the country could heap upon him. The supporters of this theory will be encountered with one objection, which will go near overturning it altogether, viz. that so far from the mitre having been a crown of martyrdom, the persons wearing it, who were called bishops, are described as having been the fattest, rosiest, jolliest fellows of their time; like any thing else in the universe rather than criminals under the hands of an executioner. This objection having real weight, the antiquarians of a century hence will probably deal with it, as antiquarians in our own days are wont to do in like cases, by coolly observing that it is beneath their notice.

In support of the second hypothesis—that the mitre was designed to represent the head of some ravenous animal which was worshipped by the people of these islands during the dim twilight of the nineteenth century, a great deal of equally plausible reasoning will probably be advanced; and we should not be surprised if that opinion were to obtain very extensive countenance; but as to the fools-cap theory, we cannot imagine upon what grounds the future antiquarian will attempt to establish it. Why put a fools-cap on a bishop? What single quality of a fool can be found in a bishop, fatness alone excepted? These are the questions which posterity will expect to have answered before they accept this hypothesis on the mere "ipse dixit" of any virtuoso. All ancient records and authorities are unanimous that the bishops were as roguish a set of fellows as ever "trod on neat's leather," to use a homely but Shakespearian phrase; they were much more akin, it will be urged, to the fox than the goose. The few remains of their speeches, and the accounts transmitted by historians of their lives and actions, prove beyond a question that they were the accomplices and confederates of a desperate band of freebooters, which then infested England, and issuing out of certain dens and fastnesses called "close boroughs," just as the predatory clans in the Highlands of Scotland are said to have done in remoter times, carried terror and spoliation wherever they came.

Let imagination now waft us down the stream of time a century farther, and we come to a period when the very word bishop may be supposed to be so enveloped in the dust of antiquity, as to be a subject of philological disquisition. The Antiquarian Societies of 2032, will perhaps offer medals for the most successful attempts to throw light upon its original meaning. A host of scholars will enter the lists. One will inform the learned world that the bishop was a species of wild beast, now happily extinct, and unknown to modern zoologists; but which infested and ravaged England long after the extirpation of the wolves, and was a much more rapacious and formidable animal. This opinion will be supported by numerous extracts from writers of the most venerable antiquity, illustrative of the fierce and voracious habits of the bishop; the upper shelves of the public libraries will be ransacked; all the literature of

these our days will be dragged down from its dusty eminence; and what work of any character will it be possible to open, that will not contain some evidence of episcopal greediness; some fact which related of any thing in animated nature, save a ravening tenant of the forest, would be monstrous and incredible? In conformity with this theory, the charges and speeches of the Right Reverend bench will be understood to mean their roarings for prey; their visitations and progresses through their sees will be construed into midnight prowlings; their palaces will be supposed to have meant their dens. The woods of Durham and Canterbury will be said to have produced the largest and most savage; and in proof of their extreme ferocity and daring habits, it will be mentioned that they even carried their ravages into the heart of the metropolis; and on several occasions appeared in parks at Westminster, and would have committed the most frightful depredations, had not the citizens formed themselves into combinations called Unions, for the purpose of mutual protection against their inroads. The laborious antiquary will even be so minute in his researches as to be enabled to produce a particular instance of one of these mischievous creatures, which, in the month of May 1832, was bold enough to single itself from the pack, and penetrate alone into the city, where it got into St. Bride's Church, while divine service was performing, threw the female part of the congregation into hysterics, but narrowly escaped being knocked on the head by the males, headed by the churchwardens of the parish, who pursued it to the western side of Temple Bar.

A second essayist will treat this zoological theory with supreme contempt; he will not only ridicule the notion of a bishop having signified a beast of prey, but he will hardly deny that the term stood for any living thing whatsoever. A bishop, he will stake his reputation as a philologist and antiquary, was nothing in the world but a kind of vane or weathercock, fixed on the roofs of cathedrals and tops of steeples, and intended, like all weathercocks, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was for this reason, he will proceed, that we find our ancestors designating them as the heads (by which they simply meant the highest points) of their churches; and hence the explanation, and the only explanation possible, of such expressions as the following, which are met with everlastingly in the productions of those days;—such a bishop suddenly *veered* from one point of the compass to the opposite; such another *shifts* every day; a third can tell you which way is the wind as well as any *other* weathercock in the kingdom. How is it possible to make any sense out of such sentences as these, unless we bring in Æolus to untie the knot? Adopt this theory, its advocates will say, and the solution is natural and easy. When we read of the Bishop of London pointing to Durham, or the Bishop of Chester to London, it merely means that the wind is blowing from the south in the former instance, and from the north in the latter: in like manner, when it is stated that "the Bishop of Exeter has been remarkably steady for some time, a change may soon be expected;" how exactly does this phraseology agree with the weathercock hypothesis, and how impossible is it to account for it in any other way! To be sure, it may be asked, how, upon this supposition, certain epithets, which are frequently found in ancient records, applied to these Bishops, are to be explained; what sense, for example, in such an expression as a "Right Reverend Weathercock;" can spirituality be predicated of a vane? To

this, however, it will be easy to reply, that in the remote ages of English history, the people were so aristocracy-ridden and priesthood, that whenever they wished to bestow the highest encomium in their power upon any thing, whether in art or nature, that pleased them extremely, their mode was to apply to it some appellation or epithet borrowed from the style of the nobility or clergy: thus they would call a steam-boat a *noble* discovery, thereby elevating it to the rank of a baron; or *most noble*, which raised it to the dignity of a marquis: if they wished to commend a fair sky, they said it was *serene*, thus doing heaven the honour of comparing it with a royal duke: if it was a tight frigate they wished to express their admiration of, they borrowed the epithets *brave* and *gallant*, from some great general; and in like manner it was, that having the greatest possible respect for those usefnl contrivances which answer that momentous question, "which way is the wind?"—a question which from time immemorial has been the staple of conversation in Great Britain, they not only deemed no situation too lofty for them, but went so far as to pay them divine honours, styling them Right Reverend; and, as appears from ancient liturgies, offering up special prayers for them, probably that no tempest might be permitted to blow them down,—a petition which heaven has been pleased to grant, for there they are at this moment, (though not on the tops of cathedrals) indicating the wind, and veering about with it, precisely as they are described to have done two centuries ago, when in the rude tongue of our forefathers they were denominated bishops.

The bishops, a third antiquary will exclaim, were neither wild beasts nor weather-cocks, but huge marine animals, or fishes. Can any thing be more stupid (he will ask) than not to perceive this at a glance, when we find them always treated of as inhabitants of the sea, (or, as it was anciently written, *see*); and moreover, as never comfortable except in a great see, and never perfectly at their ease while it was possible to get into a greater. These facts, to which all ancient remains bear testimony, clearly demonstrate, first, that the bishop was a fish: and secondly, that it was an enormous fish: and there is still clearer evidence in the express words of many literary fragments which descended to these times, for they actually give them the names of shark and porpoise, from which it would seem that they were supposed to partake of the nature of both, the ichthyologists having been possibly undecided in what family to place them. Certain immense fossil remains found in recent geological researches amongst the Welsh mountains or in Cumberland, will probably be referred to by way of further confirmation of this theory, and will be alleged to be the skeletons of bishops. If they are not the advocates of the fish, hypothesis will challenge their adversaries to inform the world what they are? As to the objection, that bishops could not have been marine productions, inasmuch as they are spoken of as having existed at Oxford and Ely, and other inland places, nothing can be more futile; for what hinders the supposition that those places were then upon the sea-coast, although now, by a continued series of alluvial formations and encroachments of Terra or Neptune, at considerable distance from it. In fact, the admission that the bishop was found in the situations alluded to, furnishes an independent proof that these great geological mutations have actually taken place.

It happens fortunately for those who, in the year 2302, will be for fishifiying the bench of bishops, that they will be able to avail themselves of all the authorities produced by the supporters of the other two theories.

Voracity and flexibility, are both qualities which are found in the fish tribe to a remarkable degree. But there is one argument which will nearly set the question at rest; all the best informed and most credible writers agree in applying the epithet "cold-blooded," to the bishops. Now this expression contains the precise zoological or anatomical characteristic by which every naturalist knows that the inhabitants of the waters are distinguished; and it consequently overthrows most decisively the system of all, who, to display their ingenuity at building theories, would fain make out the bishops to have been either flesh or fowl, much less a dry piece of metal like a *vane*, in which nobody but Hood or Rogers could detect the least drop of blood, cold or warm.

By way of reply to all this, some plain man in the time to come, will be apt to propose the simple question—how is it possible that a fish, any more than a weather-cock, could have been styled Right Reverend? Barbarous and extravagant as our progenitors uncontrovertibly were in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is it conceivable that they could have ever addressed a porpoise or shark, by the title of the Right Reverend Father in God? What answer the antiquary of two hundred years hence will make to these interrogatories we know not; but were we in the land of the living to prompt him, we would suggest the following:—that no absurdity is too gross or prodigious to be credited of an age, which, calling itself free and enlightened, retained an establishment of idle and luxurious priests, at an annual expense of seven or eight millions sterling, while the people of the land wanted bread to eat, and clothes to wear; which, calling itself free and enlightened, submitted to be governed by a chamber of noble blockheads, who had no other title to govern, than that their fathers, who were noble blockheads before them, had been permitted to do so;—which, calling itself free and enlightened, sat patiently down for two years, looking on and listening, while a banditti of boroughmongers, with their subordinates and tools, coolly debated not how to escape the rope or the axe, but whether the time was arrived or not, when the plunder of the nation was too dangerous a trade to be carried on any longer; and how far it was consistent with their dignity—the dignity of a gang of swindlers—to admit the people to the slightest share in the management of their own nearest and most vital concerns. Surely if posterity credits such enormous instances of folly as these—and credit them they must, or shut their eyes to the light of history; they will scarcely express much surprise when the antiquary informs them that about the same period it was usual in England to talk of the spirituality of a weather-cock, to call a shark a divine, and to entitle a porpoise the Right Reverend Father in God.

There is still one conjecture, which, daring as it is, will probably be hazarded by somebody or other, in the wide range of speculation upon these subjects. It is too wild, however, to have the slightest chance of success with posterity; in fact it will be no sooner broached than scouted. The opinion we allude to is, that the bishops were a Christian hierarchy, spiritually descended from the twelve apostles, and the representatives of the saints and martyrs of the primitive church. The holder of this opinion will be counselled to enjoy it in the silence and secrecy of his own study, or to propound it only in Utopia;

> "For of such doctrine never was there school,
> But the heart of the fool,
> And no man therein doctor but himself."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A RASCAL.

"His name is never heard."

Late one evening, a packet of letters, just arrived by the English mail, was handed to Mynheer Von Kapell, a merchant of Hamburgh. His head clerk awaited, as usual, for any orders which might arise from their contents; and was not a little surprised to observe the brow of his wealthy employer suddenly clouded; again and again he perused the letter he held, at last audibly giving vent to his feelings—

"Donder and blitzen!" he burst forth, "but this *is* a shock, who would have thought it? The house of Bennett and Ford to be shaken thus! What is to be done?"

"Bennett and Ford failed!" cried the astonished clerk.

"Failed! ten thousand devils! not so bad as that; but they are in deep distress, and have suffered a heavy loss; but read, good Yansen! and let me have your advice."

The clerk read as follows:—

"*London, August* 21*st.*

"Most respected friend,

"Yours of the 5th inst. came safe to hand, and will meet prompt attention. We have to inform you, with deep regret, that the son of the trust-worthy cashier of this long-established house has absconded, taking with him bills accepted by our firm to a large amount, as per margin; and a considerable sum in cash. We have been able to trace the misguided young man to a ship bound for Holland, and we think it probable he may visit Hamburgh, (where our name is so well known and, we trust, so highly respected) for the purpose of converting these bills into cash. He is a tall, handsome youth, about five feet eleven inches, with dark hair and eyes; speaks French and German well, and was dressed in deep mourning, in consequence of the recent death of his mother. If you should be able to find him, we have to request you will use your utmost endeavours to regain possession of the bills named in the margin; but, as we have a high respect for the father of the unfortunate young man, we will further thank you to procure for him a passage on board the first vessel sailing for Batavia, paying the expence of his voyage, and giving him the sum of two hundred louis d'or, which you will place to our account current, on condition that he does not attempt to revisit England till he receives permission so to do.

"We are, most respected friend,

"Your obedient Servants,

"Bennett, Ford, and Co."

"Mynheer Von Kapell."

"My life on't," said Yansen, "'tis the very lad I saw this day, walking up and down in front of the Exchange, who appeared half out of his wits; looking anxiously for some particular object, yet shunning general observation: his person answers the description."

"That's fortunate," said the merchant, "you must devote the morrow to searching for him; bring him to me if possible, and I'll do my utmost to serve my excellent friends, Bennett and Ford of London."

Early next morning, Yansen went to the Exchange, and kept an anxious watch for many hours in vain; he was returning hopeless, when he saw the identical youth coming out of the door of a Jew money-changer; he brushed hastily past him, exclaiming, "The unconscionable scoundrel! seventy per cent. for bills on the best house in England!"

Yansen approached him. "Young gentleman," said he, in a very mild tone, "you appear to have met with some disappointment from that griping wretch Levi. If you have any business to transact, my house is close by; I shall be happy to treat with you."

"Willingly," replied the youth, "the sooner the better. I must leave Hamburgh at day break."

The clerk led him to the house of the merchant, and entered it by a small side door, desiring the young man to be seated, whilst he gave some directions. In a few minutes he re-appeared, bringing Von Kapell with him. The worthy Hamburgher having no talent for a roundabout way of doing business, said bluntly, "So, Mynheer! we are well met; it will be useless to attempt disguise with me; look at this!" and he put into his hand the letter he had the night before received.

Overwhelmed with consternation, the young man fell at his feet.

"Oh Heaven!" he cried, "I am lost for ever—my father, my indulgent, my honourable father, is heart-broken and disgraced by my villany. My mother!" Here he became nearly inaudible, and hid his face in his hands. "You," he continued, "are spared all participation in the agony your wretched son is suffering."

"Boy, boy!" said the merchant, raising him, and quite melted at this show of penitence, "listen to me! are the bills safe? if so, you may still hope."

"They are," eagerly exclaimed the youth; "how fortunate that I did not listen to the offers of that rapacious Jew. Here, Sir, take them, I implore you," pulling from his breast a large pocket-book; "they are untouched. Spare but my life, and I will yet atone—Oh, spare me from a shameful death."

There was a pause, broken at last by Yansen's saying significantly to his employer, "as per margin."

The merchant turned to the unhappy young man. "Take heart," said he, "'Wenn die noth ist amgröszten die hülfe ist am nächsten.'* There's an old German proverb for you. Sit down, and hear what I have to say. I think myself not a little fortunate in so soon being able to fulfil the wishes of my English correspondents; your natural alarm did not suffer you to finish their letter; you will perceive how generously they mean to act; their house's credit saved, they intend not to punish you. Read, read; and Yansen, order some eatables, and a bottle or two of my old Heidelberg hock, trouble always makes me thirsty—three glasses, my good Yansen."

Again the young Englishman hid his face, and sighed convulsively, "I do not deserve this lenity. My excellent father! this is a tribute to your virtue."

Von Kapell left his guest's reflections undisturbed, 'till a servant entered, who placed refreshments on a well polished oak table; when she retired he resumed,

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* When things are at the worst they must mend.

"And now, what devil tempted you to play the —— runaway?" swallowing the term he had intended to use. "Was it for the wenches, or the dicing table?"

"Spare me, most kind and worthy Sir, I intreat you! To my father I will make full confession of all my faults; but he must be the first to know the origin of my crimes."

"Well, well, take another glass of wine; you shall stay in my house till we can find a passage for you. It was but last night my good ship the Christine sailed for Batavia, and ——"

"Under favour," interrupted Yansen, "she has not yet left the harbour; the wind blew too fresh for her to venture on crossing the sand-banks at night, and it is now only shifting round a point or two."

"You are lucky, youngster;" quickly added the merchant, "the Christine has noble accommodations; you shall aboard this evening. Put these in the chest, good Yansen," handing him the bills, "and count me out the two hundred louis d'or the boy is to have. Come, man! finish your meal, for I see," said he, regarding a vane on the gable of an opposite house, "you have no time to lose."

The meal was finished—the money given—the worthy merchant adding as much good advice as the brief space would permit. The Briton was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, promised amendment, and returned the warm grasp of Von Kapell, unable to speak for his tears. Yansen accompanied him on board, gave the owner's most particular charge to the skipper, to pay his passenger every attention on the voyage. The vessel cleared the harbour—was in a few hours out of sight—and the next morning, Mynheer Von Kapell wrote to London a full account of the transaction, returning the bills he had so fortunately recovered.

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In less than a fortnight the following letter reached the good old German:—

"Sir,

"We have to inform you, that we never lost the bills sent in your last favour, every one of which is fabricated, and our acceptance forged. Our cashier has no son, nor has he lost a wife. We are sincerely grieved that your friendly feeling towards our house should have led you to listen to so palpable a cheat.

"We remain, with great respect,

"Yours,

"Bennett, Ford, & Co."

"P.S. If you should ever hear again of the person you have, at your own expense, sent to Batavia, we shall be glad to know."

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What can be said of the good old German's feelings, but that they may "be more easily conceived than described?"

H.

CUBA:

ITS SPANISH POSSESSORS, AND IMPORTANCE TO ENGLAND.

THE present depressed and dangerous condition of our colonial possessions in the West Indies, has become a subject of paramount consideration for the government of this country; and upon an early parliamentary remedy for the distresses of the planter, depends the future security, prosperity, and value to the crown of England, of our extensive possessions in the western hemisphere.

The distresses of the planters in the islands possessed by Great Britain, have, for many years, been aggravated by the lawless condition of the neighbouring island of Cuba; and to exhibit the relative consequences, and injurious effects upon our commerce, of the felonious traffic in slaves still carried on from that last remaining dependency of Spain, in the New World, is the object of the following remarks.

The abolition of the slave-trade by the Parliament of Great Britain, by causing a cessation of the annual supply of negroes from the coast of Africa, occasioned a great increase of the value of labour in the English islands, and caused a proportionate advantage to result to the planters of the neighbouring islands, subject to governments not bound by treaty to the abolition of the African slave-trade. So great were the disadvantages resulting to our islands in the rise of negro labour, from the suppression of the slave-trade, that, for a long series of years, the planters of Cuba have been supplied with the all-important commodity of labour at one half the rate usual in the English islands; and our planters, in consequence undoubtedly of our humane legislation, were no longer able to compete with their more favoured neighbours in the great European market. To remedy these various consequences, have been passed the various enactments in favour of the West Indian interests, amongst which is the exclusion from the home-market, of the produce of all islands not in the possession of the crown of England, whereby the monopoly of the British market is conferred upon our planters; thus maintaining the price of sugar, coffee, and rum, at an exorbitant rate, to the mass of the population of England; and, by the exclusion of the produce of other countries, cutting off a great return market for our manufactured commodities, to islands not subject to our power. To alter these disadvantages, and to equalize the value of labour throughout the islands of the West Indies, was the object of the treaty entered into by Lord Castlereagh in the year 1819, for the abolition of the slave-trade, by the crown of Spain, to all its dependencies in the West Indies, and other possessions in the New World, north of the tenth degree of south latitude. By this treaty, his Catholic majesty received the large sum of four hundred thousand pounds from the government of England, in consideration of the faithful execution of its enactments; and yet it is certain that no exertion has been made by the cabinet of Madrid for the prevention of the slave-trade from the island of Cuba; but, on the contrary, the most nefarious encouragement is known to be afforded to its prosecution by the authorities of the island. Government officers, merchants, and the clergy themselves, are indiscriminately engaged in this inhuman traffic; and the governor of the city of Havannah, has been proved in our Court of King's Bench, to be the owner of a slave-ship, captured on the coast of Africa. Thus,

notwithstanding the large sum paid by this country for its suppression, the slave-trade still flourishes and extends in the island of Cuba. Twenty thousand negroes are computed to be annually landed in its various harbours, the advantages of cheap labour being thus secured to the Spanish planter by this evasion of the treaty, and the connivance of the authorities of the island. The most recent returns of the market value of slave labour prove, that the negro who, in Jamaica, is of the value of 95*l.*, in the island of Cuba is worth not more than 48*l.*; and from these views it is apparent that the slave-trade is now carried on with vigour; that the treaty for its abolition has been virtually violated by the representatives of the cabinet of Madrid; and that the acceptance of the sum of four hundred thousand pounds by Ferdinand, in 1819, is a gross fraud upon the English government.

The extent to which piracy is carried on round the shores of Cuba, is another most weighty grievance to the West India possessions of England. For the last ten years, the island of Cuba has had a government of robbers, and an unnavigable sea; numbers of our merchant vessels have been captured, hundreds of our seamen have been murdered, and millions of British property plundered, burnt, or sunk into the sea. Restitution should now be demanded from the cabinet of Madrid for this vast spoliation of British property; for a systematic absence of all force for the protection of the seas, adjoining the territory of one power, is an injury to another, whose shipping are not to be plundered, to enrich a country degenerated to a den of pirates and felonious slave dealers. Neither individuals nor nations must profit by their own wrong. The pirates of Cuba are the subjects of Spain; and it is consistent with the laws of nations,—and the present settlement of Greece is an immediate precedent for it,—that a country which no longer can repress piracy and disorder, shall not continue to have an independence injurious to itself and dangerous to the neighbouring nations. For the last ten years, the government of England has been at the expence of guarding the piratical shores of Cuba: this cost is not to be continued in perpetuity, only that the revenues may be transmitted to Madrid without the expence of governing the island; and it is now time that, in justice, humanity, and good policy, this remnant of her disappearing power should fall from the hands of superannuated Spain. Whether by force or purchase the island of Cuba ought now to revert to the government of England, and though some return for its possession would more befit the magnanimity and power of this country, still, at all hazards, the military occupation of Cuba by a superior power, is now indispensable to the security, prosperity, and value, of all the adjoining islands. It has indeed been considered an impolitic omission in the treaty of Paris, that this island was not then secured, in return for the immense debt contracted by the clearance of the troops of France from Madrid, and the restoring of the crown of Spain to its present "beloved" possessor.

It is erroneously supposed, that the government of the United States watches with a jealous eye the chances for the possession of Cuba. The people of that country are well enlightened upon the subject of colonial dominions; they know that their own territory is now too large; that in their immense possessions in Florida and Louisiana, they possess the future independent sources of all the productions of the torrid zone; that the possession of a single island is not worthy of the expense of

armaments for its defence; that the island of Cuba will embody advantageously with the other dependencies of England in the West Indies; and the recent opening of the ports of the English islands to their traders has convinced them, that a free trade comprises all the advantages of dominion, without the expense of government. Upon these principles, the islands of St. Thomas and St. Crux, recently offered by the King of Denmark in compensation for the small sum of six hundred thousand dollars, claimed by the citizens of the United States for illegal captures by the Danish government, have been refused by the Congress of that country; and it is now the settled policy of that republic to connect, and not to extend its dominions.

Incidentally it is worthy to be suggested here, that these islands of St. Thomas and St. Crux may be very advantageously purchased by the Government of England; the sum of six hundred thousand dollars, for which they were offered in the last year to the Congress of America, being considerably less than two hundred thousand pounds sterling, a small amount for possessions which comprise the fertile, populous, and beautiful island of St. Crux; and in the present depressed condition of our manufacturing shipping and commerce interest, and the necessity for the creation of new markets for our products, the sum would soon be very amply repaid.

The possession of Cuba by the British Government would soon produce great advantages to all the West Indies, by the final termination of the illicit traffic in slaves, and the consequent equalization of the value of labour over all the islands. It will open out an extensive field for emigration to the planters of our other exhausted islands; and such is the climate of Cuba, that our population from England may here cultivate the earth. Placed by nature opposite and contiguous to the American continent, the north-west wind, which causes the severity of winter in very low latitudes, in the western hemisphere, produces in Cuba a very considerable influence of cold. It is consequently the resort of valetudinarians from all parts of the New World, and there is probably not upon the earth an island enjoying such a concentration of advantages in climate, soil, metals, and all valuable natural products. Still, under the disorderly and rapacious government of Spain, not a tenth part of its area has yet been brought into cultivation; and it is apparent how rapid and splendid would be the changes produced by British legislation, enterprise, and capital, in an island seven hundred miles long, the most fertile, cool, and salubrious of the West Indian archipelago. Its harbours are capacious; gold and silver abound in the interior; and upon the southern side of the island are copper hills of fine ore, containing a boundless supply of that most valuable metal. Nor will the government of the island create much additional expense to this country, for we now virtually furnish the naval force required for its defence; and from the contiguity of our other islands, the possession of Cuba will unite, consolidate, and strengthen our whole West Indian dominions.

It is therefore to be wished, that an early settlement of the future destiny of this island, useless to Spain, indifferent to the United States, and injurious to England, may form an important consideration in the pending discussions upon the affairs of our colonial possessions in the Western World.

THE GREEK BARBER.

Who has not longed to become a pilgrim in the beautiful land of Greece, to inhale the perfume of her orange groves, and to pay his adoration at her classic and immortal shrines? Who has not longed to behold the beautiful Parthenon, the fabled Scamander, and the glorious Thermopylæ, —the grave of heroes? Few comparatively of our British voyagers have journeyed so far; they have explored every part of Italy and France; but Greece—classic Greece, has no charms for them; to be sure, the roads and the inns are indifferently bad, and they would find it inconvenient to get their tea. I love the country, and have some claim on the gratitude of its sons; for I have fought side by side with them against their barbarian spoilers, and have participated in their victories and defeat. Well may the tory Turks love to linger there,—their Prophet has not promised them a brighter resting place.

Thoughts of this nature were passing in my mind, as I reclined on a bank of soft turf, in the neighbourhood of Damala, canopied by the graceful and spreading branches of the lemon tree, smoking the fragrant weed of the Levant, and from time to time looking from the pages of the Arabian Nights, to the expanse before me, when I was roused by the notes of a bugle from our encampment. I started to my feet, and went to the parade. The route had at last arrived, and I found that we were to embark the same evening for Mitochi, a small farm in the neighbourhood of a heap of ruins, ancient and modern, marking the site of the famed Megara. Not wishing to participate in the bustle preparatory to an embarkation, and having no duty to perform, I crossed the ferry to Poros. Now the conveniencies for the indulgences of the toilet, situated as I then was, were exceedingly limited; and seeing the depôt of an artist, vulgarly recognised as a barber, abundantly stocked with clean towels, and keen-looking razors, I entered, and intimated my wish to have my hair cut, and the performance of other little operations in his line, to the effect that I might be made *comfortable*. I seated myself complacently upon the bench which was extended round the room, and folded my legs under me with as much grace as the little practice I had had in that position enabled me. Seeing that I was a Frank—Franks generally pay better than natives—the master of the shop approached me with an air of considerable deference. He was a goodnatured-looking Greek, particularly neat and trim in his attire. He wore his crimson Phesi jauntily on one side, discovering a great portion of his very clean-shorn temple. His eyebrows were reduced to a beautifully fine curved line, his moustaches, though very large and thick, were balanced to a hair,—in fact, it might be said of him, that he carried the best recommendation to his customer in his face.

From his waist hung a broad leathern strap, and his girdle was garnished with several razors of very peculiar construction, very narrow in the blade, and firmly fixed in straight wooden handles. He addressed me with an "Oriste Effendi, 'Ti theles,"—"Command me, Sir!—what is your wish?" I signified my intentions—"Efthese," said he, "speedily;" and with his left hand, stretching the strap that hung from his middle, he smoothed it down with his right, and ended by giving it two or three smart slaps, that sounded like the sharp crack of a rifle. The art of

making this noise is as peculiar to the barbers of the East, as cracking a whip is to a French postilion. Having strapped a razor, he removed my cap, and I then thought it high time to enter a remonstrance, saying: that I did not wish to have my head shaved, but simply my hair cut. "I understood you so," said he, "and am going to do it." "But," interrupted I, "surely not with a razor,—have you not got a——" imitating the action of a pair of scissors with my fingers. "Do not be afraid," said he; and a smile of contempt passed over his features as he, without further parley, applied his razor to my devoted head, and scraped therefrom a quantity of hair. "There," said he, "if you are not content, I will send to my uncle Theodoree, the tailor, for his shears." I was obliged to submit, though in the full expectation of being scalped at every stroke of his accursed tool. When he pronounced the operation ended, I was not a little surprised to find my hair very decently cut, and myself unhurt.

He then proceeded to place under my chin a pewter basin, with a large rim cut out to fit the neck; and having washed my chin and cheeks with his fingers, and rubbed them with a piece of hard soap, he removed the basin, and putting his foot on the bench on which I sat, he laid my head gently upon his knee. He went on to shave me, not as our barbers do by drawing the razor towards himself, but by pushing it from him outwards, pinching the skin up into ridges, and taking only at a stroke just the crown of each ridge, making it not only a tedious, but to me an excruciating operation, although, on the other hand, a very perfect one, for the face will remain smooth and beardless for a day or two. They seem to cut about eight-and-forty hours' growth beneath the skin. This ended, he put some question to me; to which I, having no idea of the consequences, but supposing some matter of course, nodded an assent. He then tucked several towels down my neck and back, and gave me another pewter basin, of the same construction as the first, but much larger. I had before observed a wooden bracket, like an old-fashioned gallows, projecting from the wall, over my head, though without suspecting its use. Upon this he suspended a pewter pail, having a stop-cock in the bottom. He then produced a large wooden bowl, containing a quantity of soap, and, with a piece of raw silk, made a lather sufficient to have washed the whole population of the island. I saw him deposit this on the bench by his side, and bare his arms to the elbow. I witnessed all this preparation with some little anxiety, and even apprehension; but encumbered as I was by my position, and his infernal paraphernalia, he had me completely in his power; and as to remonstrance, he took an effectual method of cutting short any solecisms I might have committed against the dignity of Greek, by turning the stop-cock of the bucket above me, and with the speed of thought down came a torrent of scalding water! I tried to scream; the power of utterance was gone. I would have thrown the basin at him, but then my whole body must have been parboiled: I had nothing left but to endure. At last the deluge ceased. Now, thought I,—now, thou perfidious barber (though thou wert even the progenitor of Sir Edward himself)!—now will I be revenged of thee: I will dip thee in thy own copper, and hang thee up to dry like a lathered napkin, as a warning to all thy detestable craft how they exercise their atrocities upon confiding Franks. But, alas! I opened my eyes, glistening with the fire of fury,

but to be quenched with tears of torture. Oh, the lather! the lather! In an instant I was smothered—eyes, nose, ears, and mouth—with the very sublimated essence of soap-suds! The souls of the great-grandfathers of all barbers, throughout all generations, must have concentrated their devilish wickedness in this individual. He insinuated the accursed compound into my eyes, he blew it up my nostrils, he crammed it into my mouth, and thrust it into my ears.—Soap-suds and hot water! soap-suds and hot water!! soap-suds and hot water!!! three times over.—I can no more; 'tis like Alonso's dagger,—

"It rouses horrid images, away with it!"

At last he took from a dome-topped towel-horse, that stood in the centre of the room over a basin of burning charcoal, a hot napkin, which he folded, turban-like, upon my head, while, with another, he dried my sodden countenance as well as he could. I was completely subdued—my spirit was broken—he might have tweaked me by the nose, and I should scarce have known it; but yet I wondered why these latter kindnesses were vouchsafed me. Alas! it was only to prolong my existence till I had endured, to their full extent, the enormities the monster yet meditated against me. He took my hand in one of his, and placing the other upon my shoulder, suddenly extended my arm, making every joint crack. The other arm——. But I hasten over this part of my narrative; the remembrance is too painful to dwell upon. He took possession of my head, and causing it to perform a *roulade*, after the fashion of our harlequins, he gave it such a dexterous twist on one side, producing a report that sounded to my hearing (almost the only faculty I had left) like the crack of doom! I thought the whole vertebral column was dislocated. He then placed me upright, my back against the wall, retreated some three our four paces, and, raising his hands, rushed with outspread palms against my chest, with such force as to cause the involuntary ejaculation of ha! as loud as an Irish paviour. The measure of his iniquity now being full, he called for a tchibouque and a cup of coffee, and presenting them to me in the most obsequious manner, this most insidious perpetrator of all these atrocities had the impudence to wish me a good health and many ages. Mechanically I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee, meanwhile all the soul I had left was occupied in devising vengeance.—Vituperation? No! Should I, as the metaphysical Hamlet hath it,—

"Like a-hem—unpack my heart with words"?

No, no. I had just hit upon an idea,—

"Vengeance from her dark covert stalked abroad,
With all her snakes erect upon her crest,"

and just as she had "fired me with her charms," in walked one who was

"Native there, and to the manner born."

I saw him seat himself and bare his head; I saw the fatal bucket suspended over him by a Neophyte barber, with bare arms. Now, thought I,—

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

This individual underwent exactly the same series of operations as I had done, seeming even to court the playful cruelties of the wanton barber, by affording him every opportunity for their performance. I then became convinced of the necessity of doing as they do at Rome, and suf-

fered my ire to cool. I signified my desire to pay, and was immediately approached by a mischievous-looking young urchin, bearing in one hand a circular mirror, set in a frame of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl, and in the other a bottle of perfumed water, with which he sprinkled my face and garments. After allowing me what he considered a sufficient time to contemplate the improvement his master had wrought in my appearance, he presented to me the back of the mirror, upon which I counted out twenty paras (two-pence), and further presented him with some five or six for himself. Whereupon he seized my hand, and inflicted upon it a violent kiss. I was then bowed out by the barber with a profusion of thanks for my *liberality*, and arrived at Damala just in time to find the route changed for Methana.

Such is the force of habit, that, after a time, my chiefest luxury in Greece was a thorough head-washing; barring, however, the joint-cracking, against which I always continued to protest with the most exemplary indignation, though always much to the amazement of the Greek barber.

THE IRON COLLAR.

"By the rood, Father, I mark not the drift of thy speech. Is not the deed merciful? Nay, is it not reasonable?"

This question was put by a man, apparently about the mid-day of life, who, leaning on an iron-pointed staff, his cap half pulled across his brow, his lips suddenly compressed, and his eye fixed steadfastly upon another's face, seemed as he would snatch an answer from the simple look of him he had so earnestly addressed. The monk—for it was a son of the church from whom the speaker waited for counsel—was unmoved by the energy of the question, and with his still, passionless eye, glanced at a man, standing submissively apart, yet evidently not without a violent effort feigning composure, nay indifference. There were three actors in the scene. The first was the master of the anxious wretch, whose fate was about to be decided. A bold, open-featured man, with, it would seem, his heart in his eyes,—a man of good worldly substance and of cheerful mind; a strong contrast to the churchman, whose mealy features told more of the chime and the wassail-bowl, than of holy thoughts and nocturnal meditations; and, in truth, the monk was one of those who—an it were done with all secresy—would change the rib of a canonized saint, for the fat body of a capon. He seemed expressly made to eat, drink, move slowly, talk gravely, and wear a grey gown: he fulfilled his ordinance. The third man was a slave. He looked wan and shrunk; he had a restless eye, and his lip moved with ill-suppressed emotion, as he cast a side-long look at the priest. He bore about his neck the badge of his condition—an iron collar.

The speaker, vainly waiting for the answer of the monk, repeated his questions—"Is not the deed merciful? Is it not reasonable?"

The priest replied with another question, put in a tone of seeming wonder—"Why, Sir, what hath urged thee to this business? Take off the iron collar of thy villain? Why, when didst thou first dream of this? Tell me the history of this strange matter?"

"I know not, Father, if it be not a thought sent from Heaven itself. It hath been with me since last spring. I was abroad early, and all things about me seemed living with a new life: the young corn shot up freshly and strongly—the air quickened the blood about my heart—all things looked of a brighter colour to me; the birds were singing in the sky and on the boughs, and I saw the hand of God working in the trees"—

"A goodly matin meditation. Well, what didst thou see next?"

"Looking round, I saw the iron collar of my serf."

"Aye, thy lawful bondman. Well?"

"From that moment doubts possessed me,—and I did think it but a fitting deed to take that iron badge away."

"Then thou hadst no other communion?—By my order, I did look for some angelic descent,—thou hadst no divine intelligence, then?"

"None,—but my own thoughts—none but"—

"Have a care, son—lest in the idleness of thy mind thou dost take its wanderings for high behests. I see nothing in these meditations that should call on thee to remove the badge. Why shouldst thou object to place upon thy slave that mark of which law and custom have given thee warranty?"

"Aye,—but in truth, Father, I begin to doubt—nay, and I date my doubt from the time of which I have spoken—the mercy, the reason of that custom; it is on this that I would have thee resolve me?"

"Speedily. And answer, my son—so shalt thou profit. Since thou hast possessed thy lands, have they not been tilled by serfs, each with his iron collar?"

"Aye,—and for many a day before us, Father."

"Hath the earth proved stubborn and unfertile? Hath not the seed burst in the ground, though cast there by collared villains? Hath not the green blade shot up—hath it not ripened in the sun, been cut down in its fulness, and returned thee seed a hundred fold, though reaped by serfs with iron collars? Hath not all this happened?"

"Even so."

"They who take thy swine to mast—wear they not the badge?"

"Aye!"

"And yet the hogs stray not—but fatten; and when killed, are nourishing and toothsome—though tended, killed, cooked, and served by men with iron collars?"

"All this is true."

"Then wherefore move the collar?"

"Act of mere justice to him who bears it. Thy arguments are subtle, Father, but to my mind, selfish and tyrannic. I will remove the badge from his neck, and from the necks of all my bondmen."

On this, the speaker departed with his serf,—and the monk went his way, loudly prophecying the sudden dissolution of the social fabric, from the instant that the "lower orders" were relieved from iron collars.

This legend is somewhat old, but there may be curious people who even now may fit it with an application.

J. D

FINANCIAL REFORM.

PARTICIPATING in that feeling of universal joy, which fills the land upon the triumphant termination of the great work of Parliamentary Reform; and being solicitous to see the renovation of our system—not nominal only—but real, substantial, and complete,—we propose, in the following remarks, to offer new views of the financial affairs of the British empire.

The abolition of the borough-system, and the extension of the elective franchise, are only the shadow of reform; the substance of that glorious measure consisting in the diminution of the national debt; the reduction of our immense naval and military establishment; the abolition of the corn laws, and all unjust restraints upon our commerce; and, by a tax upon real property, a more just apportionment of the burthens of the nation.

We propose then to consider first the national debt; intending to shew that the pressure of this mountainous incumbrance upon the energies of the nation may, in a single session of a vigorous reformed parliament, be considerably lightened; not by that unjust and dishonourable expedient which is called an equitable adjustment, but by the appropriation of national property, vast masses of which are immediately available. There are readers who will start with dismay at the propositions we are about to make; but the same persons would, two years ago, have laughed at the bare notion of abolishing fifty-six boroughs at a blow. There are others who will regard our suggestions as just; for surely when a sacrifice is demanded, public property must go first.

First, the crown lands present themselves. These lands have long been relinquished by the kings of England in exchange for the annual civil list, and, for a century, have been shared and plundered by the ministerial party in the government, in a manner so iniquitous, that impeachment might probably be sustained against any surviving prime minister who has claimed the right of granting leases. The Crown lands ought now to be all brought to the hammer, and the department of woods and forests abolished. Mr. D. W. Harvey has proved their value to be upwards of seventeen millions.

Next, we propose to abolish all the corporations of the kingdom. The corporations were embodied in feudal times, to defend the infant towns from the disorderly inroads of robbers and neighbouring barons. That state of society has now passed away; the corporations have degenerated into a condition of electioneering subserviency to the borough-mongering nobility, and are every where considered by the people an odious oppression. Their property ought now to be indiscriminately sold for the redemption of the national debt, and their rights, tolls, and dues abolished. A police, to be managed by commissioners elected by the householders of the various wards, is the only mode of government, which in these days is required for the various cities of the kingdom. By the sale of the property of all the corporations of England, Ireland, and Scotland, including that immense mass of abuse, the possessions of the city and incorporated

bodies of London, we may conjecture this fund to amount to one hundred millions.

The church ought now to relinquish the property of the poor. The original tripartite division of tithes is acknowledged by all persons acquainted with ancient ecclesiastical history, one-third portion of the revenue of the church being the undoubted property of the poor; and even in the present day, the pauper population of Spain, Italy, and the catholic countries, are supported by the monasteries and other religious houses. Restitution should therefore now be made of one third portion of the revenues of the church; and it is more convenient, with reference to the expense of management, to appropriate the amount to the immediate payment of the national debt, the public continuing to support the poor by rate. The entire possessions of the church, in tithe and landed property, amount in value to the sum of 178,450,000*l.*, and the extensive leaseholds about to revert to the bishoprick of London, will raise the amount to 180,000,000*l.* One third of this (60,000,000*l.*) is therefore the sum which the state is most equitably entitled to demand from the church.

We next propose the immediate sale of the property of the decayed charities. The report of the parliamentary commissioners presents a vast scene of iniquity, immense bodies of property having passed into the hands of fraudulent possessors. A reformed Parliament, by acting vigorously upon this report, may obtain, towards the payment of the national debt, a sum of twenty-five millions.

The Greenwich Hospital may be advantageously abolished. This establishment is now not a hospital for disabled seamen, but for ministerial paupers, and its landed property is burthened with an expense of thirty thousand pounds per annum for pretended management, having commissioners, receivers, stewards, bailiffs, and whole ranks of ministerial underlings, all extravagantly paid. It also receives the wages of all deserters and dead seamen, and an immense parliamentary allowance of 250,000*l.* per annum. The real benefits resulting from this prodigious revenue are extremely trifling, for the expense of maintaining the in-door pensioners upon the present system, exceeds the sum of 200*l.* per annum for each individual; and the fraudulent contracts for bad provisions, with the schemes for lessening the allowance of broth, beer, and other supplies, have not been altered since the time of the despicable Earl of Sandwich. The disabled veterans of our navy are known to be coerced into the hospital,—which is governed, after the slavish fashion of a vessel of war, by boatswains and other officers in gradation,—by the insufficiency, for a decent maintenance in their native villages, of the out pension of 18,000*l.* per annum, and we continue to support this establishment, though it is a boastful and vulgar national spectacle, which is very offensive to foreigners, and unworthy of the refining character of the age. We propose, then, to raise the out-pensioners to the sum of 25,000*l.* per annum, and break up the whole establishment. The funds derived from the wages of deserters and dead seamen, with the parliamentary allowance of 250,000*l.*, will probably pay the amount, for the number of pensioners is now very rapidly declining. The rental of the landed property of the hospital, derived from the estates of the Earl of Derwentwater, is 110,000*l.* per annum., though it is greatly underlet; and when brought to the hammer, will probably sell to produce

a rental of 150,000*l.* per annum; for the estates consist of lands in the highest condition of cultivation, with the best farm-buildings and appurtenances in the kingdom, and amongst fine natural scenery in the county of Northumberland. There is likewise an immense amount in timber, lead-mines, moorlands, and many thousands per annum in church patronage. The railway, now commenced from Newcastle to the Solway Frith, passes through the centre of the estate, by which the tracts of waste land will be rendered more valuable than the cultivated part of the estate; this being the richest district in the kingdom for lead, coal, lime, and other mineral productions. Thus, by the sale of this property, we shall sweep away whole ranks of ministerial underlings, improve the condition of the pensioners, and derive a large sum for the payment of the national debt. It is probable that all this mass of property, and the building and appurtenances of the hospital, with Greenwich Park, will produce the sum of twenty millions.

Chelsea Hospital is another national nuisance which ought to be abolished. We pay an annual sum of 1,325,000*l.* for the support of this establishment in the neighbourhood of an already too crowded metropolis; whereas the in-door pensioners, who are principally Irish and Scotch soldiers, ought now to be dismissed to their native places; when this immense annual grant would be distributed and expended on the most distant and impoverished districts of the kingdom, and not in London, which already absorbs too large a portion of the revenue. Perhaps one half of the annual allowance may be saved by the abolition of Chelsea Hospital, and the substitution of out door-pensions; for the establishment is crowded with sinecurists and useless placemen; and the sale of the building and appurtenances of the hospital would produce a large sum.

We also propose the sale of the Scottish crown and regalia, now deposited in a chest of Holyrood Palace, only to be stolen, or destroyed by fire. In the altered condition of national feeling in Scotland, no resistance would be made to the measure, for the feudal motives for preserving these emblems of sovereignty are long ago forgotton, and our policy now is not to consult the prejudices of the Highland chiefs, but to give bread to the Paisley weavers. Holyrood House itself may also be sold, with many other uninhabited palaces and royal castles in various parts of the kingdom.

Viewed together, these sums are as follows:—

Crown lands	17,000,000
Corporation property	100,000,000
Church ditto	60,000,000
Decayed charities	25,000,000
Greenwich Hospital	20,000,000
Chelsea Hospital Scottish regalia Holyrood house, &c. &c.	10,000,000
	£232,000,000

Thus it is apparent that one-third portion of the national debt may, in a single session of Parliament, be made to disappear, if the slightest vigour be displayed, and this fact be properly understood, that small measurs and nibbling retrenchments will no longer satisfy the nation.

We propose next to examine the various departments of the public

service, intending to prove that many millions may be annually saved under a reformed system. Patronage and jobbing must now disappear under the scythe of reform.

In the naval service, we would disband all the marines. There are nine thousand of these sea-soldiers voted annually for the service of the navy, not one of whom are wanted; and they form most expensive ballast. The marine service was invented for two purposes: for the firing of small arms in time of engagement, and still more to be a defence against the seamen themselves in cases of mutiny. The improved usage of seamen, and the disappearance of the ancient race of brutalized commanders of ships of war, have rendered mutiny unknown; and it cannot be required to carry nine thousand soldiers to sea in time of peace.

But why stand these ships idle all the day long? England, commercial England, possesses six hundred sail of fine vessels, lying useless and decaying in the harbours, to the incalculable waste of the money, timber, and iron of the nation. There is no reason why these vessels should not be employed in commerce; for the ships in the service of the East India Company are usually rated as fifty-gun frigates, and yet each brings home nineteen thousand chests of tea from China. Already the commanders of our vessels of war are allowed to realize enormous fortunes by the transportation of specie; and boxes of gold and silver ought no longer to be the only articles of freight. Nor is there any reason why we, who take expences for carrying letters through the post-office, should not now take millions for carrying bales of cotton and bars of iron. We propose, then, to charter our vessels of war to companies of merchants, upon the footing of common mercantile shipping, for one or more years, to continue to be repaired at the royal dock-yards, and also to dismount three-quarters of the complement of guns (as a thirty-six-gun frigate to carry only nine guns); and allowing six men to a gun, the number of men required for the management of a frigate will be fifty-four; amply sufficient for every purpose of commercial navigation. They may continue to be efficient upon the present system, with certain reductions in pay, and in naval expences, and etiquette; and thus the whole navy coming into active operation, an immense sum will be annually saved in the half-pay of retiring officers. These vessels will be preferred to any merchantmen, because they are better equipped and managed; and being more secure from enemies and damage, the insurance upon them will be lower than upon vessels of any other class. In time of war, the full complement of guns may be remounted; and even then, one half of the cargo, at the double rate of freight, which will be usual, will produce an equal revenue. By this conjunction of a mercantile policy, the navy of England may be made to support itself, a saving of six millions may be annually effected, and the naval discipline may be preserved more perfect, by the uniform employment of officers and men.

It will be said that the shipping interest will be injured by the introduction of vessels of war into the merchant service: to which the answer is, that these complaints of injuries to particular interests have too long been entertained, to the much greater injury of the general interest of the nation. Moreover, the shipping interest can sustain no farther injury; for all the merchant vessels of the kingdom are sailing to ruin in search of the land of sound and wholesome trade promised by Mr. Huskisson,

who supported the shippers with his reciprocal right hand, and, voting for the one-pound-note-suppression act, sunk the bankers with his left; a statesman who did not know that the manufacturer supports the shipper, that the banker supports them both, and that a paper circulation is the life of the business of a banker: therefore shippers are advised not to continue to pay the old harbour dues, wages, and victualling expences, but to lay up their vessels until the rights of the banker are restored to him, and the trade opened to the East Indies, when they will all be wanted. And as merchant vessels may be sold in foreign countries, or chartered to foreigners in the carrying trade in other quarters of the world, it is fitting that our vessels of war, which, from their superiority of size, security, and management, can be navigated at an inferior expence, should now be brought into operation at home, for the reduction of the general burthens of the nation.

We shall be told that these ships belong to the King, that kings cannot descend to be merchants, and foreigners will say that we are a nation of shopkeepers. To this the answer is, that a nation of shopkeepers is better than a nation of avaricious lords and starving slaves; that although he has recently given away a frigate worth forty thousand pounds to the Prussian tyrant of the Holy Alliance, it is yet true that these ships do not belong to the King; and further, that if an enormous weight of taxation be not, by some means, removed from the energies of the nation, it is too probable that the people of England will concur with De Potter, of Belgium, that economy cannot exist under a monarchical form of government.

The army next requires revision. It is the first result of Parliamentary reform, that this country shall no longer be governed by the bayonet; and therefore the people of England will now expect a reduction of the standing army to the number of soldiers which is really required to garrison the fortifications of the kingdom. For this service, ten thousand men are a large peace establishment in this small island. In the United States of America (a country spreading over twenty-six great territories), the entire standing army consists of a force of not more than five thousand men; for in that enlightened and free country it never enters the mind of man that soldiers are supported to fire upon the people who clothe and pay them. Owing to our insular situation, secure from the inroads of the barbarous northern nations,* we require very little military precaution; for the straits of Dover form a sufficient standing army. Nor have we any reason to be anxious about the imaginary balance of power in Europe. The preponderance of Russia is a chimera to us: the neighbouring nations, whose interest, liberty, and political existence are at stake, will regulate the balance without us. A neutral, dignified, and distant policy becomes this country. Our loans and superabundant wealth give us more influence than all our military fame; and as money is the sinews of war, so the balance of trade is the real balance of power. At home, a well regulated police is the only mode of civic coertion which now will be tolerated by the people of England. We propose, therefore, at once to disband all our cavalry; for this department of the service is doubly oppressive in a populous country not able to support twenty thousand idle horses of parade. The troops stationed in our colonial dependencies ought

* Always excepting the Scotch.

to be maintained and paid by the local governments, as the mercenaries of Switzerland are supported by those whom they go abroad to serve; and all colonies unable to support the expenses of their own internal government are unworthy of preservation, and, in the depressed condition of the country at home, should be dissevered as a dead weight from the crown of England. Reducing the strength of the army at home to a force of ten thousand infantry, including the corresponding reductions of the staff, the war office, and other military institutions, a saving may be effected of six millions annually.

The customs and excise. The customs of the sea-ports may be advantageously farmed by individuals or companies, the contractors advancing the revenue of the succeeding quarter, having the use of the custom-houses and other appurtenances of the system, and providing clerks, surveyors, and other officers, at their own discretion. The excise of the neighbouring district may be embodied with the customs, and the whole collected by poundage, which, if let by public competition, would not be more than sixpence in the pound, or two and one-half per cent.,—the rate at which these departments of the revenue were offered to be collected by Mr. Hume. This change will effect a saving of more than three millions annually, and provide employment for subjects indiscriminately, without any base recommendations of electioneering interest.

The stamps require considerably more than a million and a quarter per annum for management, reckoning the expense at thirteen per cent.,—the average cost of collecting all the revenue, upon the present system. This department may be managed by poundage with singular facility, the value of the stamp being apparent upon the paper: when issued from Somerset House, the price may be advanced by the provincial distributor, the poundage being allowed at the time. Still less than 6*d.* in the pound will suffice for the management of the stamp-office; which will effect a saving of a million per annum.

The Board of Trade ought also to be abolished. The purpose of this expensive department is to fetter, derange, and destroy our commerce. A full and free trade to all nations will now be required by the people of England; and this useless Board may share the fate of its fellow-clogs upon the prosperity of the country.

The pension list, civil list, patent offices, and other excrescences of the system have been proved to be susceptible of a fair reduction of two millions.

There are many other departments—the ordnance, victualling-offices, and dock-yards—to be reduced, or abolished as useless. The Government of England is a thousand times too large: it is an engine of eighty-horse power applied to a spinning-wheel. A revenue of about five millions, exclusive of the national debt, is splendidly sufficient for the real purposes of government in this small island; for Queen Elizabeth, with a revenue of half a million, derived from the crown lands, supported the grandeur of the Court, defeated the Spanish Armada, and maintained unsullied the military glory of the English nation. Let us, therefore, simplify, cheapen, and reduce our system to its ancient form; and shake off effectually, and at once, the shackles with which a sordid and arbitrary Aristocracy have so long bound to the earth the noblest people that survive upon its surface.

The following is the result of the alterations proposed :—	
Sale of the Crown lands, Corporation, and other national property, produces 232,000,000*l.*; the annual interest of which, at three and one-half per cent., is . .	£ 7,500,000
Naval expenses saved by chartering vessels, and abolition of marines, &c. &c.	5,800,000
Army reduced to 10,000 infantry,—saving thereby .	6,000,000
Customs and Excise, saving in the collection of . .	3,000,000
Stamps, do. do. . .	1,000,000
Pension List, Patent Offices, and Civil List . .	2,000,000
Board of Trade abolished,—Ordnance, Victualling Offices, and Dock-Yards reduced	1,500,000
	£26,800,000
Entire present expenditure . .	£48,500,000
Deduct therefrom	26,800,000
Clear future Revenue . . .	£21,700,000

This revenue of 21,700,000*l.*, we propose to raise by the stamps, post-office, and a property-tax; the whole system of customs, excise, assessed taxes, and miscellaneous revenues being entirely abolished :—

Stamps, the average amount of, with reduction in management	£ 7,500,000
Post-office, average produce of	1,500,000
Balance of revenue required to be raised by a property-tax	12,700,000
	£21,700,000

A tax upon real property is the most equal, just, and cheap method of providing the revenue of the State, and, in facility of collection, is much superior to our present intricate, inquisitorial, and expensive establishments. We propose, then, to levy a tax upon real property, to the amount of 12,700,000*l.*, and to graduate the amount of payment, by all ranks of proprietors, upon clear principles of natural justice. The amount of revenue now proposed to be raised by a property-tax is for the payment of the interest of the national debt: and we therefore inquire, by and for whom was this debt contracted?—The Aristocracy. Our late wars have been defensive wars, undertaken to defend the mansions, furniture, and plate of the lords and gentry; to defend Blenheim, Stow, and Lowther Castle; and not to defend the famished million. In a country possessed of aristocratic institutions, the burthens of the State ought to be borne by the upper ranks; for property accumulates and has an attraction towards title. The value of an English peerage, from the facility of rich intermarriages alone, may be estimated at the rate of two hundred thousand pounds; and a Dukedom is a magnet of power to draw millions to itself. It has been usual in all countries to levy taxation by the gradations of rank and privilege: thus, in Prussia, the lands of the church were rated at 45 per cent., whilst the lands of lay proprietors were rated at 15 per cent.; lands of the Knights of Malta and the Teutonic Order, at 20 per cent.; those by any noble tenure, at 38 per cent., and those by

base tenure much lower. The same system prevailed in France and Switzerland; for in the canton of Berne, the fine upon alienation of lands amounted to one-sixth upon lands held by noble tenure, and one-tenth only upon such as were held by base tenure. In England, the ancient poll-tax was always graduated by the degrees of rank, down to the reign of William the Third; since which period the boroughmongering aristocracy have reversed all equitable government; and the people have been, in the language of Montesquieu, brayed in a mortar. Every principle of justice, restitution, and ancient precedent, therefore, requires that a property-tax should now be assessed by the gradations of title: and we therefore propose to rate the lands of a Duke at ten shillings per acre, the lands of a Marquis at nine shillings per acre, those of other peers of the realm at eight shillings; Baronets, and Irish and Scotch peers, not having seats in the House of Lords, at seven shillings, and all the remaining landed property of the kingdom at six shillings per acre. If it be thought by the Nobility that this scale of taxation exceeds their interest and superior privileges in the State, it may be enacted that such titled persons be permitted, by laying down their hereditary titles, to sink into the mass of the people, and thus become liable only to taxation upon terms of equality with the Commoners of the kingdom. Nor would the burthens of the Aristocracy, upon the adoption of this method of taxation, be in reality much increased; for the reduced rate of all the commodities of life, upon the termination of the excise, customs, and miscellaneous taxes, would outweigh, in the establishments of the wealthy, the difference of increased taxation on land. This change would also operate most beneficially in increasing the veneration of the people for the superior orders in this country; whereas it is probable that, without such a change, the opinion of the public will soon disagree with all hereditary rank and privilege whatever; it being certain, that without a counterbalance to the accumulative tendency of our aristocratical institutions there can be no comfort, no real liberty, for the mass of the people.

BREVITIES.

A man of genius, by too much dividing his attention, becomes diamond-dust instead of remaining a diamond.

As the prickliest leaves are the driest, so the pertest fellows are generally the most barren.

Verse is to poetry, what music is to dancing.

Governments are generally about twenty years behind the intellect of their time. In legislation, they are like parents quarrelling what kind of frock the boy shall wear, who, in the meantime, grows up to manhood, and won't wear any frock at all.

There is one special reason why we should endeavour to make children as happy as possible, which is, that their early youth forms a pleasant or unpleasant background to all their after-life, and is consequently of more importance to them than any other equal portion of time.

To say that principles of exclusion, applied to particular classes, are a necessary part of a free constitution, at all times and under all circumstances, is equivalent to maintaining that the bandage which supports a man's wounded arm is a part of his nature. The bandage may have been wisely applied originally, but it is always a fair question whether it may not be safely removed; and the removal is not giving the arm a privilege, but restoring one.

WHAT YOU PLEASE.—No. I.

My Dear Marmaduke—

I send you a poem or two, under the above title, and trust that you will be pleased with them. I am not yet recovered from the ague, induced by the "cold splash" of Robert Montgomery's new poem. I can assure you that my shivering fits are quite awful. I write in great haste, and have only time to add that two or three fellows of Oriel have been pestering me during the last week, for an introduction to you, but I hesitated, being well aware of your numerous occupations. By the bye, I saw the most beautiful girl yesterday that my eyes ever beheld.—Her hair is raven-black, her eyes deep hazel, and her name is———oh! no, I shall never mention it, till next month, when you shall have certain stanzas in honour of deep-hazeled eyes, and raven-black hair.

Ever yours,

Oxford, June, 20, 1832. Algernon Sydney.

P. S.—I open my letter to say, that the tutors of Trinity and Jesus have recommended the study of the *Monthly Magazine* to their pupils, as the means by which they will most readily acquire a knowledge of a pure and elegant English style. After this, who shall presume to question the judgment and taste of our college tutors?

LINES

Written under the Picture of a Lady in the Library of the Rev. John Mitford.

I cannot guess thy name or race,
Lady, and yet I think thy face,
Thy cheek so bright, thine eye so free,
Thy red-rose lips are known to me.
But I am very young, and thou
  Belongest to the bye-gone years,
And other lips were on thy brow,
  And other voices in thine ears.
Mine eye doth wander from the book,
  To gaze upon each quiet feature;
And well it may—thy gleeful look
  Is turn'd on me, sweet unknown creature!
Thy tresses of rich summer brown,
Thy sunny cheeks are floating down,
Thy hand plays with a rose the while;
Thy heart is in some distant spot,
Of that bright rose it thinketh not,
I see love in that thoughtful smile.

I gaze upon thee o'er and o'er,
And turn aside and gaze once more,
  Enchantress of the place,
My weeping memory fain would would bear
The colour of thy cheek, thy hair,
  Thy beauty and thy grace:
For weak and dim my eyes may be,
E'er they again shall look on thee.

Yet there is one when I am gone,
  The Poet of this lov'd domain;
Ah! lady, at thy gentle call,
  He wakes his silent lyre again;
Thy faithful eye, thine angel smile
  Are with him so he fondly dreams,
His lonely wanderings to beguile,
  By distant hills and haunted streams;
At eve his twilight lamp doth glow
Beneath thy radiant brow of snow.

Thou art the lady of these bowers!
'Mid books and music thou dost dwell;
'Mid purple hues and scented flowers,
And rich delights thou lov'st so well.
Thy small white hand its rose doth bear,
Thy neck its chain of orient pearl;
A bright gem sparkles in thy hair,
Beautiful Girl!
Whoe'er thou art, a blessing be,
A Poet's blessing rest with thee.

Benhall, August 23, 1831.

When you read the title of the next poem, you will, I doubt not, thank me for my merciful consideration in making it so short, seeing that I could with perfect *ease have filled the entire magazine.*

PLEASANT THINGS.

I.

It is a pleasant thing to look
Thro' some red-rose shadowed pane,
Watching the gentle village brook
Glimmer along the lane—
Or dreaming o'er some antique book,
Of thoughts a magic chain,
To bring the shepherd with his crook,
The Hebrew shepherd back again!

II.

It is a pleasant thing to sit
Upon a mossy stile,
And hear the timid linnet flit
Among the leaves the while,—
The village annals thinking o'er,
How many fair and bright,
On that old stile have sat before
In summer's fading light!

III.

Beautiful in the green-wood straying,
As carelessly we roam,
Suddenly our feet delaying,
At the rising thought of home—
Oh, pleasant to our eyes to see
The sunlit oak beside,
Some face that memory knows will be
A glad and willing guide.

IV.

It is a pleasant thing I ween,
A golden tressed girl to see,
When on her face the purple sheen
Of summer shineth tenderly;
Perchance her glowing eyes may be
Bent o'er some pictured scene of glory,
While you stand by, and suddenly
She looketh up and asks the story.

V.

It is a pleasant thing————
* * * *

I mean it *would be* a pleasant thing to go on writing at this rate till the arrival of the Millenium. But unluckily the mail has arrived first, and if I were to essay the editing of another verse—nay, another line, I should lose it.

FRANCE, OR CAUSES OF THE LATE INSURRECTION IN FRANCE.

At the time when, a little subsequent to the acknowledgment of American independence, (in 1786,) a popular insurrection in Massachussets menaced all authorities, state and federal, with setting them topsy turvy, the reproach was generally made to the American Government, that it would not last free and united for any space. Half a century, since elapsed in freedom and union, has taken the trouble to answer the cavil. Jefferson angrily replied at the time, "that he could have no hopes of a country, that did not shew a similar spirit from time to time. The body politic," said he, "can never be healthy, unless it throws forth its malign humours."

Without exactly adopting the creed of Jefferson; on the contrary, most strongly deprecating the custom of deadly political quarrels in the thoroughfares and lanes of a capital, we must still say, that the momentary abuse of freedom by the French, fills us neither with disgust nor despair. Since 1789, they have progressed towards liberty, often overthrowing it, but never altogether destitute of what our chroniclers call, losing sight of the great aim. In submission to Napoleon, in seconding his strong arm, the French bartered their domestic liberties, indeed, but it was neither without return nor for ever. They had secured equality at home, and the new state and spirit arising from this principle, had time to grow and to mature at home, whilst the force of the country, united under one powerful head, marched to overthrow the hostile principle of feudality abroad. The French were indeed driven back within their frontiers, not, however, without having achieved their great purpose, and established the seeds of anti-feudalism, and anti-despotism, in every crevice of the European soil. These are now germing; and far more prosperous will be their national growth, than if the French still held their empire. Meantime, the French at home have not been idle. The destruction of privileges, the division of property, the shaking off religious trammels, the annals of the revolution itself, were bequests made by that great event, able of themselves to ensure freedom. Come it must, under any or all circumstances, whether Napoleon had continued to reign or not. The outbreak must have come, for the momentum was placed in the domestic institutions of the people, graven on their hearths more deeply than on their law-tables; and the only possible mode of checking it was for the ruler, whoever or whatever he might be, to put himself at the head of what has been so well denominated the *mouvement*, and thus rendering it as gradual and as rational as might be.

These and many other things we do not take into account, when we undertake to pass judgment on the French. Their revolution of July was admired here; it was outrageously provoked, and most gallantly followed up. But their restlessness since, their riots, their plots, their late revolt, are too apt to seem the fruits of mere wanton fickleness, without any cause deeper than their caprice, and consequently afford no hopes of a peaceable settlement in such a country, till it be once more under the rod of despotism.

But the fault is not in the people. History shews the French to have been the most patient people on earth, and to have borne, longer than any other, the enormous evils of a monarchy pushed to the last extreme of despotism and audacity. The English of 1642 put their shoulders to their monarchy, while it was yet in its vigour, and upset it by main force.

The French monarchy of 1790 was not upset. It fell of itself; it could not go a step farther; it foundered. The people of France never set themselves free, till political paralysis had stricken the monopoly that enthralled them. But when they did set about freedom, they did the thing more completely than we did. We began from above, pruning such branches as kept us from the sun. They began at the roots, of which they plucked up the old, planting a new and different seed altogether.

Now here is the mistake. We think, that when Buonaparte came, he merely renewed the system of the old monarchy. No such thing—he was but a temporary dictator, who stood by his own might, and made no institutions to prop himself with, except the military ones of the hour. He left the republican seed of equality in the ground, and let it grow without trampling or uprooting. Hence it was, that when the Bourbons came back, they found a florid despotism, in appearance just what suited them, but beneath that appearance was a republican people. The French were, and are, a republican people. The great revolution made them so irrevocably. We may regret it, but we must own it. We may wish to make it otherwise, but it is beyond our power; unless that which has been declared impossible, viz., that a man be born again, should become possible. The French are a republican people, republican in spirit, in social feeling, in pride, in habits of life, in the division of property, in fact, in all their private and domestic properties and relations. Yet, with all this, the form and machinery of government is monarchic. Hence the eternal combat betwixt them; and, while it lasts, the monarchic principle can never feel secure, nor the republican principle feel satisfied.

Charles the Tenth and his people must have come into collision, angry collision—for they were at issue on points, that only the sword can decide. Nevertheless, when the revolution of 1830, was completed, the chiefs, frightened at the name of a republic, associated as it was with crime, thought to make a compromise, and erect a *throne*, surrounded by *republican institutions*. Here was a mistake. It was the mingling of two principles, that never amalgamate. For the new king was no sooner king, than he took on him a king's nature, and leanings, and aspirations; and ere a little month was over, the great mistake was seen, and the republicans lamented their fault. However, instead of being angry with Louis Philippe, they ought to have accused themselves, for what in reality was their blunder, and, indeed, his misfortune.

Such has been the state of things in France.—To all outward appearance, Louis Philippe has enjoyed a species of popularity: but analyze it; 'tis, with the exception of a court-faction, such as must always exist in proportion to the civil list and place list of a monarch, but a general desire for peace and quietness. The influential majority of the French, viz. the population of great towns, are all commercial; they have made capitals; they exist and trade on credit. A riot kills at once their revenue and their capital; and hence the National Guard of any city are always ready to put down the artizans, when they rise. But is this loyalty, is this affection for Louis Philippe, and his dynasty? No. His name, indeed is, and has been, a word synonymous with order. It has stood for government. But let it be once proved and suspected, that the upholding Louis Philippe affords greater chance of troubles than tranquillity, and he instantly is left without support. A few more such riots as those of last month will be sufficient to prove this. The middle and industrious

classes will then come to perceive that incompatibility betwixt monarchical government and republican institutions, which the leaders in the Chambers have been some time aware of.

Now Louis Philippe himself seems to have become convinced of this truth, and he seeks to bring the state of things back to a monarchy. His policy shews this; especially his late bold measures. He is at length determined to try the principle of Charles X., with more sagacity. But what Charles failed in, with one fourth of the French population, the present Carlists, at his back, can Louis Philippe succeed in, with them in sworn hostility to him? It is not enough to put down the people, to quell riots, and conquer in the holding of a court of the Tuilleries. The republican seeds and institutions must be up-rooted. Can any French king introduce the *droit d'ainesse* or prevent an equal division of property betwixt children? Can he create a *noblesse*, that will command respect? Faith, the legitimate Bourbons, with the most legal Chamber of Deputies, could not do either. When Charles made a peer, that peer was obliged to turn liberal and lean on popular support, were it but to hold his place in society. Hence the peerage itself became anti-monarchic in its tendency. It was driven with the tide, and forced to go against its own nature and existence.

But there is no use in heaping argument upon argument. The French are republicans, and a republic they must form. We are monarchists and are perfectly contented with monarchic organization. Reform will render it perfectly compatible with the rights and liberty of all, and establish gradation in society, and lend that society a charm and a refinement, that a republic perhaps may not know. But although this may be our taste, we have no right to force it upon our neighbours. We might as well preach a crusade against the Americans, because they do without a court, as against the French for aiming at the same conclusion, not through theory or restlessness, but because their domestic institutions, and their prejudices, if you will, do not tolerate or harmonize with, such superstructure. They will not have a Corinthian capital on a Doric column. This is the secret of their discontent.

We think that these observations fully account for the late improvised insurrection; we say improvised, for, although there were plots and parties, there was certainly much that was portentous both in its outbreak, and in its suppression. It depended on the turn of a card once or twice, whether the National guards should take the side of, or against, the government. To many have they arrived at the point of being convinced, that the continuance of the present dynasty may be a source of as much disorder as order. For there with them lies all the question.

In fine, it is our decided conviction, that the French must, and will, try a republic. We do not applaud, nor yet deplore; we only see this necessity: a necessity that arises from the nature of the country and the habits of its population, and that will force its completion, whether insurrections be successful or put down. Indeed, the suppression of the late insurrection has rather advanced the republican cause, since, by pushing Louis Philippe from his moderate principles of rule, into the extra-legal ones of his predecessor, it has paved the way for a future re-action, for which all were not yet prepared. With the French remains the alternative of meeting the great experiment: wisely, like America, or madly, as they themselves have done before. Our part is to remain, certainly not uninterested, but uninterfering spectators of the essay.

NON SUM QUALIS ERAM.

We well remember the tone of conversation in conservative society some years ago, when the education of the poor had at last been conceded by the authorities. We had not, at that period, left the university for the world more than two years; and having been good boys at the university, and thought just as our tutors wished us to think, we had only just gained confidence enough to begin thinking a little for ourselves: we had just begun to feel uneasy under the restraints of university prescription and Toryism, but had not yet shaken off the yoke. We were therefore not a little dismayed by the moody misgivings of the *highly respectable*, indeed *elevated circle*, to which our professional employment afforded us access. The energetic amongst our Tory associates of the laity exclaimed,—"Now is the time for resisting the demands of the levellers! This system of education must not be suffered to commence; its principle is essentially vicious! Let us crush the hydra at its first hiss, ere its venomous rage be quite up, and its many heads reared in fearful unity against us." We felt at the time that these men were wise in their generation; we could not subscribe to the selfish views by which they were actuated, but granting that they were, like good dogs, bound to keep all the tripe to themselves, it was wiser to try to deter the enemy from laying hold of it at all; to step up in advance of it, and snarl and growl, than to reserve tooth and strength for a pull and haul at last, when, at all events, the good thing must be sadly mangled in the tussle, if not torn bit by bit entirely away.

Our acquaintance amongst the clerical conservatives were just as hostile, and on the same grounds, to the principle of general education, and would have rejoiced to see their lay brethren push their hostility against it to extremities. They could not help feeling that, as general knowledge became greater, the importance of *mere readers of prayers, and Scripture, and sermons*, must become less; and not relishing the prospect of an increased moral and philosophical activity, in order to preserve their importance unimpaired, they could not help heartily wishing the projected elevation of the people at the devil. Being, however, avowedly lights to lighten the nation, their objecting openly to the principle of general illumination, would have been too palpably gross to be generally tolerated; they submitted, therefore, though with an ill grace, and shifted their active hostility from the principle of the measure to its provisions, endeavouring thus to retard, as long as possible, the consequences they dreaded. We recollect an instance of clerical tactics, grounded on this view of the emergency of the case. It occurred at the period alluded to, about fifteen years ago.

After an ordination, a party of young gentlemen just manufactured into spiritual pastors and masters for the community, were invited to dine with the master manufacturer, the bishop; by whom they were, in the course of the entertainment, addressed as follows. "Let me beg of you to pay great attention to the schools in your respective parishes. Many objections have been urged against a system of general education. I am far from asserting that those objections are not founded on correct views. But *the time is past* for combatting the principle of education; it is impossible for us, if we were so inclined, to stem the current of the national feeling

on the subject. It behoves us, therefore, as we are desirous to uphold the *credit and ascendancy of our church*, to put ourselves forward in the work of education; for, if we do not, the dissenters certainly will. Whatever may be our private judgment as to the expediency of the general measure, we must yield to unavoidable circumstances, and avail ourselves of our station to preoccupy the direction of the youthful mind. Thus may we hope, by zeal and watchfulness, to check the infusion into it, under the mask of education, of principles subversive of religion, order, &c. &c. &c."

Now, does not, we ask, the fact of such having been the wary and prudential character of conservativeness fifteen years ago, tend to support the general truth, that those things which conservatives especially desire to preserve are, beyond the power of human prevention, doomed and destined to be taken from them? Does not this fact help our present argument, that *high aristocratic pretension* has well nigh numbered its days within this realm of England? That the humpty-dumpty of nobility has almost lost its balance, is about to fall from the eminence on which it has been squatting, while we simpletons have been gaping and gazing at it in senseless admiration? And that, on that lofty wall,

> "Not all the king's horses and all the king's men,
> Can set humpty-dumpty up again?"

We have lately witnessed striking examples of the admirable singleness of purpose, and dogged determination, with which conservative energies are exerted to effect their ends. Can it be supposed, that the party have not, ever since the period of the instance, as above, aye, and for ages before it, been watching to prevent, defeat, destroy? Can it be supposed that their lynx-eyed vigilance has ever missed an opportunity of mischief, that they have ever failed in promptitude to seize on an opportunity? No, no; they have all along been acting up to their true designation, *children of this world:* they have beat us out and out in mere tactics, in unity of design, and unbaffled resources of manœuvre. But the elements of truth have fought for us, and who shall stand against them? By these have their *politics* been *confounded*, their *knavish tricks frustrated*, their battle-array scattered. We deserve no credit for having defeated them. If it had not been decreed that they should not prosper, their own cunning and their own right hand would have achieved success. We have always been remiss. We have never seconded the Controller of events with the zeal and devotion which was due from us. We can, at the most, only claim the negative merit of not having shut our hearts to the dictates of an awful and inscrutable, yet beneficent Providence. We can only urge for ourselves, that we have not rebelled against the fiats of that benign dispensation, by which proud and luxurious classes of men are being gradually brought down to a due sense of their essential insignificance; through which he who runs may now read, that the ignorant, abject, and needy classes are destined to be raised to comparative competence and content.

The more we reflect upon the unquestionable sagacity, prudence, unanimity and energetic promptitude of the conservative party, the more we feel assured, that nothing short of providential necessity could have reduced them to their present state of depreciation. But we know that this is only the first grand shock of a series, which they must, for humanity's sake, be made to feel.

It is not in human nature, that a large body of men should voluntarily surrender any portion of consequence or profit, which they have once been allowed to enjoy. There is absolutely no precedent to be found for such conduct throughout the whole range of experience. No historian records an event of the kind. The wildest speculative politician never dreamt of its being possible to induce a large class of wealthy men to make *willingly* any concessions, under any circumstances, to any entreaties or demands, no matter whether reasonable or otherwise, if those concessions should involve the slightest diminution of the pomp, and parade, and profit of their existing condition. Individuals in such classes there have always been, who would gladly have borne their share in such sacrifices; but a number large enough to influence the general feeling of such classes, and direct their conduct, has never existed, does not now, and probably never will, exist.

With this conviction constantly present to us, discouraged and grievously discomforted in the inmost recesses of our anxious souls should we be, did we not confidently reckon upon the continued demonstrations of a paramount providential necessity towards a still further depreciation of upper-class consequence.

In common with all reflecting men, we know *gross ignorance* and *abject poverty* to be so obstructive of man's moral energies, that they may be said almost to destroy them. When, therefore, we look around us upon the masses of our fellow creatures, depraved and rendered miserable by such ignorance and poverty, religion, philosophy, conscience, reason, humanity, force us to wish above all things, that these prevailing sources of mischief may be, as far as possible, and as soon as possible, stopped. We cannot suffer any claims of privilege through law or custom; any regard for the mere indulgence or convenience of any men, or set of men, in the community, to deter us from wishing, that the whole catalogue of other political evils might be let loose upon society, rather than that gross ignorance and abject poverty should continue to disqualify the masses of our fellow-countrymen for the moral purposes of life, and deprive them of that degree of enjoyment in the possession of it, without which it must be deemed a curse rather than a blessing. We disdain all notions of the possibility of equalizing moral and intellectual acquirements and enjoyment of life amongst the several classes of the community: the most thorough conservative alive is not more sure than we are, that there must always be classes *comparatively* uninformed and poor. But we maintain, in vindication of the Creator's goodness, and in obedience to our own reason and observation, that *all civilized nations possess within themselves the means of averting intense and demoralizing poverty from all classes*; we know that it is owing to short-sighted, selfish man alone, wherever the means of sustaining life in adequate vigour, intelligence, and comfort, are not within the reach of the industrious members of any civilized community.

A case might be supposed, in which, owing to the pressure of external circumstances, such as war, or foreign tyranny, national resources should be so exhausted, as to leave the upper classes in an impoverished state, whilst the lower would therefore necessarily be reduced to extreme distress. This is not our case. England abounds in resources. No circumstances are operating to diminish the aggregate wealth of the nation. No cause from without is chargeable with any portion of the

distress of which we complain. Our nobility, with their upholders and abettors, have been growing richer, as the lower classes have been sinking into destitution. This is a plain proof enough, when coupled with the fact that the nobility have been our managers, that they have been the cause of the evil. Discarding the impious, untenable position that God is the author of a general extreme poverty; unable to assign it to any external cause; precluded by common sense from supposing the lower orders to have reduced themselves to destitution; what choice have we left? Blame must attach somewhere; and no where can we fix it but on that proud and pampered class of our own countrymen, whom for ages we have permitted to extract the wealth of the nation whence they pleased, to bestow it how and where they pleased. We all know that the aggregate means of maintenance have not decreased in the world in general, nor our own country in particular. The tenet of excessive population is beginning to be deemed a sign of a shallow or muddy intellect, except in a landed proprietor, in whom it is a sensible tenet enough, if any thing selfish can be sensible. A fresh creation of supply cannot be looked for, like Manna and Quails by the Israelites of old: therefore *the Community have only to look for relief to a transfer* of some portion of the good things of life, from those who are rotting in rank superfluity, to those who are pining in want. From the luxuries of one class of our countrymen must the whole retrenchment be made, which the wants of millions demand. All that is to be gained for the abject poverty of the masses of society must be deducted from the enormous, anti-social accumulation of the class. We mean not to suggest plunder to the sufferers: no lasting relief ever accrued to society through plunder. A surer means of relief has begun to dawn upon us. Reform in Parliament has made the first wide breach in the slavish subservience of our countrymen to their nobility: the principle of depreciation is now fairly set to work against them: they can no longer pass current for the sublime and potent demigods they have in the grossness of our political superstition been supposed to be: the sentiment cannot much longer prevail, as it used, that the nobility of England are distinguished from other nobility by their patriotism; that they are the models to an admiring world of an heroic magnanimity, a chivalrous disinterestedness, an exquisite refinement in morals and manners, unapproachable by other mortals.

On the general spread and prevalence of this principle of a just depreciation of nobility, we, ourselves, confidently depend for the benefits to be derived to society from Reform in Parliament. We have not met with one of any party who is not impressed with a sense of the diminished importance of our nobility, in a great degree consequent upon their ejection from the House of Commons; but chiefly owing to the disgraceful light, in which they have exhibited to the public during the question of Reform. Indeed it is beyond dispute, that more unequivocal evidence of a gross determination of heart and soul to vulgar selfishness was never exhibited in the lowest transaction of petty commerce. These we have lately had specimens of in a conservative and exclusive assembly: it cannot be denied that more palpable proofs of inherent coarseness of mind were never displayed in Billingsgate Market, than have been discernable under the flimsy gauze of a conventional phraseology, in

which these pretenders to refinement have lately clad the interchange of their extravagant and disingenuous rancour.

With the utmost energy of earnestness we beseech our fellow countrymen not to lose the impression of the unworthiness, the intrinsic meanness, and vulgarity of mere nobility, which late occurrences must have made upon their minds: let this impression produce its natural effect of rendering us less lavish of those outward signs of *profound* respect with which nobility has always been treated in society, to the frustration of the benefit of our constitutional principles of freedom. It is quite certain, that nothing will so directly tend to obviate the necessity of violence in gaining all which, within the ensuing few years, we must strive to gain from the upper classes, as the giving them to understand, by our looks and general behaviour, that we do not think so much of them as we used to do. Consideration enough for mortal man, "whose breath is in his nostrils," they will always continue to possess; for *property and distinction of all degrees never yet failed of gaining its full deserts from organized society,* But it will, henceforth, be far more disgraceful than it has been, in liberally educated Englishmen, to pamper and delude lords by an irrational, unconstitutional subservience in the intercourse of common life. We would have the respectful, chastened smile of approval of lordly commonness in speech and action discontinued. The *pas* and the *parole* should still be lordly privileges; but these should be conceded in a society of Englishmen with the calm demeanour of a consciousness of intrinsic equality. Nothing is so mortifying to lords as behaviour, in men without rank or fortune, indicating entire self-possession in their presence. We have certified ourselves, by repeated observation and experiment, that our nobility and their *clique,* virtually, exact of such associates that sort of prostration of spirit which the assumed presence of the Deity within holy precincts inflicts on the soul of an heathen. No one is so unacceptable to them as one who, without disputing their right to precedence, by the unrestrained play of his features and movement of his limbs, betrays an unconsciousness of the present deity. To coarse rudeness in a blackguard they have no objection; but to witness an easiness and self-possession like their own, within their own circle, is gall and wormwood to them. They never believe this to be natural in one of inferior rank; their self-love shuts out all suspicion that the man's manners can be genuine. But it is offensive enough to them to see themselves successfully imitated, where the imitation is not, as on the stage, confessed; so offensive, indeed, that nothing can reconcile them to the offender.

To this vulnerable point of our nobility we would then direct the covert attacks of our intelligent fellow countrymen in general. In our representatives in a reformed parliament, consists of course our main and regular force, for carrying on the war. But these will stand in need of all the support a guerilla and partizan spirit can furnish from amongst ourselves. We know that we must overcome at last; but the pride of the enemy is high still; his resources of supply for this powerful arm of his warfare are not yet materially exhausted. Let us, who are enlightened enough to know the real value and use of nobility, employ ourselves in cutting off its future supplies of pride in private life. Thus shall we expedite the labours of our public defenders, and, by mortifying and humbling the aristocratic spirit in detail, prepare it for yielding with a readier and better grace to those retrenchments of its luxury which the interests of humanity demand, and which Englishmen must and will, whatever be the consequences, obtain.

OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS.

It was on a pouring wet morning in the end of the month of March, 1827, that I sat drowsily ensconced in a "Wooburn" beside the fire in my *study*(*!*) in a front room in Upper Brook Street—for I am in easy circumstances, and rent "a suite of apartments fit for the immediate reception of an M. P. or bachelor of fashion," in the house of a "professional man of celebrity, who has no family." I had spelt through two newspapers, even to the last resource of "Rowland's Kalydor" and "Gowland's Lotion." I had read and dozed over every article in the last page of my last paper, until I caught myself reading the small-printed prices of the markets—potatoes at 8*s*. and 6*d*."

I began to feel as hunting gentlemen do during a hard frost—what is called "hard up." I had stirred my fire till it was out; and yawned until I began to fear a locked jaw. In very despair I strolled to the window, hopeless as I was of seeing any thing more amusing than overflowing gutters, half-drowned sparrows, or a drenched apothecary's boy. It was early in the morning, at least in a London morning, and I could not even anticipate the relief of a close carriage, with an oil-skin hammercloth, driving by: what then was my delight when, at one glance, as I reached the window, I descried that the bills in a large and handsome house opposite had been taken down! Now do not suppose that I love to pry into my neighbour's affairs for the sake of gossip—far from it; but what is an honest bachelor gentleman to do on a rainy morning, if he may not pick up a small matter of amusement by watching his opposite neighbours now and then?

The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all; for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visitors but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel-hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt—never went too fast or too slow—never wanted winding up—they went of themselves—their breakfast and dinner bells rang daily to a minute at half-past eight and at six o'clock—their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at two o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the outer circle. I took care to enquire into that fact. I ascertained too for certain that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef—always the thick part of the surloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as hopeless.

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favourite house now went on with great spirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day; on the second, all the windows were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over *promiscuously* to ask the maid who was washing the steps, by whom the house was taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however discovered that—the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy), and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the Park, and just as I rapped at my own door, I determined I would make no farther enquiries concerning the expected family—no, it would be infinitely more interesting to discover every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity;—it would be a nice employment for me, for I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the window lest the strangers should escape my vigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study, and here, by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my enquiries unseen by any body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days past slowly on. Muslin curtains were put up, not *blinds*, fortunately for me, (I have a mortal antipathy to blinds to any windows but my own), boxes of mignionette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's in the King's Road, filled with Persian lilacs, moss roses, and heliotropes, unladed its sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste; country people perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses in pink and green, and one or two young squires in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing very near—nearer and nearer—for a respectable looking housekeeper made her appearance one morning at the window, who had stolen a march on me; I never could make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall-door, superintending the unpacking of a grand piano-forte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax-chandlers in the Haymarket; and one from Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney-coaches with servants and coloured paper boxes—smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab shawls, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The family could not be far behind. At last, about four o'clock, the fish arrived—a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce. I can be on my oath it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I enquired; therefore that could not be for the servants; Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park Lane. It was them actually. A green travelling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud—no arms—only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. My heart beat thick, my eyes strained in my head lest any one of the inmates of the carriage should escape my vigilance. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, and the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman—Sir Charles of course—made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock coat, and dark fur travelling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode—that was the *sister*. She was thin, and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cachemere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore

one of those plaguey large coarse straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons—two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended, more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy, about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles, I observed that she was evidently about to increase her family; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The doors then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house lamb, and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony admiring and arranging the flowers. The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was impossible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen; indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had not quite left the school-room. She was rather above the middle height, very slight and graceful, bright and beautiful, with long light auburn curls, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment, carried out of the hall door for an early walk in the park.

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, and who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty-five or twenty-six years old: pale, interesting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; but Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters—the most striking, the most animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers until Sir Charles appeared to summon them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect; no more gaping over newspapers; adieu *ennui*, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymours had many visitors; a vast proportion of coronetted carriages among them; went regularly to the opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued their good taste. She went out to evening parties; I concluded therefore that she had only just *come out* and was still pursuing her education. A green britska and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine or otherwise: a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse

with black legs, and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers, and dined at eight o'clock. The beautiful baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing-room; and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman.

The Seymours occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business, and I assure you it was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. From discoveries I made, the family speedily became very interesting to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent anything; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause, even on the threshhold. I have endeavoured to bespeak their interests for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for her myself,—but,—truth must out,—it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymours, as I shall continue to designate them, I had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady Seymour. I frequently observed her, when alone, bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil,—for she drew,—was invariably thrown aside when her husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild, struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost too much for her delicate frame, and apparently weak state of health. She could not herself nurse him long together, but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room with her, and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries—by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud;—she had a beautiful child;—she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection? What could it be? I redoubled my attention: I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery.

One morning I discerned her weeping—weeping bitterly. Her bedroom was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. At first I thought she might have the toothache,—not being given as I before said to romance;—then I suspected her confinement was about to take place,—but no, that could not be. No Mr. Blagden appeared—his carriage had not even been at her door for more than a week; at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping,—I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind! I have it! thought I,—perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things,—I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting suspicion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that—how shall I speak it?—perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to banish the idea: but circumstances, lightly passed over before, returned now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my

observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that my suspicions were not only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion. Yes, she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself wrong in my opinions, yet, in this case, I would willingly have given five hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that enquirers are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited. Had it not been for me—such is the apathy of people about what does not concern them—a base husband, and an artful intriguing sister, might still have maintained a fair face to the world; but I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real extent of her injury. Honour compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash,—I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! How hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart.

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity in sitting together hours and facts enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the house. The weather grew warm, and the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. Their lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrades of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing place, evidently on the look-out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door—his well-known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing-room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minutes' *tete à-tete* frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen, before they opened the drawing room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrace, as he took his seat beside her on the sofa.

For some time I set down the *empressments* of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband, in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily, Sir Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it: but this *never* took place when Lady Seymour was in the room—mark that—no, not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair near the drawing-room window, and would, as Ellen passed him, fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door opened, and the poor wife came in, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr. Blagden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning, and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early tête-à-tête walk in the park,

from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing-room.

A very handsome man, with a viscount's coronet on his cab, was a frequent visitor in Upper Brook Street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her: otherwise why did she often leave the drawing room during his very long morning visits, and sit reading in the window of a room upstairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident; cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife; I absolutely began to hate Ellen.

At length closed bedroom shutters, hurry and bustle, cart-loads of straw, and the galloping chariot of Mr. Blagden, announced the accouchement of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing-room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment; I almost fancied I heard her exclaim, "my lady is safe, and a fine boy." So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then, in the apparent delight of her heart, shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bedside of her sister; but no—she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles before she quitted the drawing-room. At such a time too! Oh, faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together—more in love than ever. They sang together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed the new little baby in turns.

In due course of time poor Lady Seymour recovered, and resumed her station in the drawing room, and then Sir Charles was less frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centred in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter, whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm upon oath that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket telescope by which I can detect these nice points accurately. Well,—Miss Ellen came into the room;—she was alone;—she walked up to the picture, gazed on it for a long while, and—will it be believed? pressed it several times to her lips and then to her heart!—Yes, I am quite sure she pressed it to her heart; no one can deceive me in that particular. She did not indeed think or guess that any eye observed her.—But oh! Ellen, there was an eye over you that never slumbered, at least very seldom. Things had thus arrived at such a pass, that concealment on my part would have been criminal.—My duty was clear,—an instant exposure without regard to the feelings of any one. But how could it be accom-

plished without personal danger. Sir Charles was a shot. I had seen a case of pistols arrive from John Marton and Son, Dover-street; besides, he was big enough to eat me, so that putting myself forward was out of the question. I had it—I would write to the Times and the True Sun, under the signature of "a Friend to Morality." That very night I condensed these notes into three columns, as I said to the editor, not to occupy too great a space in his valuable journal; and early on the following morning I arose to dispatch my letters, when, what should greet my astonished senses, but, at the door of the Seymours, their travelling carriage with four post horses! What could it mean? I had seen no signs of packing; no trunks, or waggons! What could it mean? I stood perfectly aghast; my eyes were fixed intently upon the carriage.—Oh! I had it again, my wits never fail me—the murder was out. I need not write to the Times. Miss Ellen was discovered, and going to be sent off to school, or perhaps to "dull aunts and croaking rooks" in the country! I was glad to be spared the pain of forwarding the explanation; and yet—Good heavens! what was my surprise and profound mystification when Sir Charles appeared, handing in, first Lady Seymour, a beautiful flush on her countenance, radiant with smiles, and almost as quick and light in her movements as Ellen herself—then the old nurse with the new baby: then Ellen, smiling as usual; and last of all Sir Charles got upon the box, followed by the Viscount!! and then off they drove as fast as the horses could carry them. My eyes and mouth continued wide open long after they had turned the corner into Park Lane. I was at my wits end; at sea without a rudder. What could all this possibly portend? The little boy was left behind too! and all the servants, with the exception of one of the lady's maids, and Sir Charles's own man. Could it be that Ellen was going to be palmed off upon the poor deceived Viscount? But why then should they go out of town to be married? why had not I seen the least glimpse of a lawyer, or any preparation for a *trousseau?* and why did the new baby go with them? *that* could not be of much use at a wedding. No, that *could* not be it. Where *could* they be going? I passed a restless day, a sleepless night. The next morning I grew desperate, and was on the point of sallying forth in my cap and dressing gown, to knock at the door of the deserted mansion, and demand satisfaction of the butler, when who should I pounce upon at the door, but my old friend General Crossby. It was devilish unlucky, but I was obliged to ask him up. "I intended to call on my friends, the St. Legers, over the way, this morning," said he, "but I find they are gone to Portsmouth."

"To Portsmouth, are they? that's very curious," said I, interrupting him. "Do you know the family?" asked I, with something like agitation.

"I have known Sir Charles St. Leger all his life; he married Fanny Spenser, a daughter of Admiral Spenser."

"Good God!"

"Why are you surprised?" asked he gravely.

"Why, General, I must be candid with you; truth and honour compel me to a disclosure, which, I am sure will, as a friend of the family, cause you exceeding pain." The General was now surprised in his turn.

"Good heavens! he ejaculated, "Nothing has happened to Mrs. Murray or the child, I hope."

"I don't know who you mean by Mrs. Murray," I replied, with great seriousness. "It is of Lady St. Leger and her sister that I am about to speak." And I then told him every circumstance of guilt, with their corroborating proofs, to which I had been so unwilling a witness; I told him all without disguise; to all of which he listened, as I thought, very calmly, apathetically indeed considering he was a friend of the family; but on the conclusion of my recital, to my great dismay he arose, put on his hat, and looking at me sternly, said, "Sir, the lady whom you have thus honoured by so great a share of your attention is not the intriguante you suppose, is not the paramour of Sir Charles St. Leger, but is no other than his *wife* and my god-daughter.—I wish you, Sir, a good morning."

"Wife! God-daughter!" I repeated in a faint voice. "But, General, for God's sake, one instant, the elder lady?" "Is Lady St. Leger's elder sister, the wife of the gallant Captain Murray, whose absence on service she has been for some time lamenting? His ship has arrived at Portsmouth, and they are all gone to meet him." He had reached the door; I was in an agony; my hair stood on end;—"One word more, the Viscount?" "Is Captain Murray's elder brother. And before I take my leave, permit me to wish you a better occupation than clandestinely watching the actions of others, of misinterpreting the actions of an amiable and virtuous lady, and traducing the character of an estimable man, whose refinement of feeling you have neither mind to understand nor appreciate. Sir, I wish you again a good morning."

What would I not have given at that moment of shame to have been on my travels down the bottomless pit. Anywhere rather than on the first floor at Brook-street. I was positively at my wits end.

I hung my head, completely abashed, discomfited—I had nothing to say, absolutely not a word—and was thoroughly ashamed of myself and my ingenuity. Had I possessed a tail, I should have slunk off with it hanging down between my legs, in the manner I have seen a discomfited dog do: but I had no such expressive appendage, and I could only ejaculate to myself at intervals during the whole of the next three days—

"God bless my soul! what a false scent I have been on! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all given to invention! Yet how was I to guess that a wife could be in love with her husband? There *is* some excuse for me after all. God bless my soul!"

P. S. The St. Legers are returned—Capt. Murray is with them—French blinds are putting up all over the house, "Othello's occupation's gone," can't stand it—off to the continent.

RHYMING RUMINATIONS ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

Oh! ancient London Bridge,
And art thou done for?
To walk across thee were a privilege
That some unborn enthusiasts would run for.
I have crossed o'er thee many and many a time,
And hold my head the higher for having done it;
Considering it a prime
And rare adventure—worthy of a sonnet
Or little flight in rhyme,
A monody, an elegy, or ode,
Or whatsoever name may be bestowed
On this wild rhapsody of lawless chime—
When I have done it.

How many busy hands, and heads, and hearts—
What quantities of great and little people
As thick as shot;
Some of considerable pride and parts,
And high in their own eyes as any steeple,
Though now forgot!
How many dogs, and sheep, and pigs, and cattle,
How many trays of hot-cross-buns and tarts,
How many soldiers ready armed for battle,
How many cabs, and coaches, drags, and carts,
Bearingthe produce of a thousand marts,
How many monarchs poor, and beggars proud,
Bishops too humble to be contumacious;
How many a patriot—many a watchman loud—
Lawyers too honest, aye, and thieves too gracious:
In short, how great a number
Of busy men—
As well as thousand loads of human lumber
Have past, old fabric, o'er thee!
How can I then
But heartily deplore thee!

Milton himself thy path has walked along,
That noble, bold, and glorious politician,
That mighty prince of everlasting song!
That bard of heaven, earth, chaos, and perdition!
Poor hapless Spenser, too, that sweet musician
Of faëry land,
Has crossed thee, mourning o'er his sad condition,
And leaning upon sorrow's outstretched hand.

Oft, haply, has great Newton o'er thee stalked
So much entranced,
He knew not haply if he ran or walked,
Hopped, waddled, leaped, or danced.

Along thee, too, Johnson has sideways staggered,
With the old wolf inside of him unfed;
And Savage roamed, with visage lean and haggard,
Longing for bread.
And next in note,
Dear worthy Goldsmith with his gaudy coat,
Unheeded by the undiscerning folks;
There Garrick too has sped,
And, light of heart, he cracked his playful jokes—
Yet though he walked, on Foote he cracked them not;
And Steele, and Fielding, Butler, Swift, and Pope—
Who filled the world with laughter, joy, and hope;
And thousands, that throw sunshine on our lot,
And, though they die, can never be forgot.

These comets of their day
Have passed away,
Their dust is now to kindred dust consigned;
Down at death's knees e'en they were forced to bow,
Yet each has left an honoured name behind—
And so, old bridge, hast thou;
Thou hast outlasted many a generation;
And well nigh to the last looked well and hearty;
Thou hast seen much of civil perturbation,
And hast supported many a different party.
Yet think not I deride:
Many great characters of modern days,
(The worthy vicars of convenient Brays)
Have thought it no disgrace to change their side.
And yet how many a luckless boat,
How many a thoughtless, many a jovial crew,
How many a young apprentice of no note;
How many a maiden fair and lover true—
Have passed down thy Charybdis of a throat,
And gone, Oh! dreadful Davy Jones, to you!
The coroner for Southwark, or the City,
Calling a jury with due form and fuss,
To find a verdict, amidst signs of pity,
In phrase poetic—thus:—
"Found
Drown'd!"

OUR IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

ALGERNON SYDNEY AND VICTOR HUGO.

Algernon Sydney.

One of the most singular phenomena in the history of the modern literature of France, is the sudden, I may almost say instantaneous change which has come over the spirit of her poetic dreams within these few years. The revolution, desolating and terrible as were its immediate consequences, must notwithstanding be allowed to have proved a most powerful regenerator of French literature. The intellectual soil, if I may employ the metaphor, was well nigh exhausted, and required the cleansing of a mighty torrent to prepare it for the seed time. The course of that popular commotion was indeed as of a river of death, and many a stately building that the heart still pineth for, sank beneath its fury; but it left a richness and self-giving energy behind it, the efficacy of which was speedily discovered.

Victor Hugo.

Your remarks are for the most part dictated by a proper spirit; but of all the mental improvements visible at the commencement of the revolution, the most remarkable was certainly, eloquence. The effect produced upon the mind of men was electrical; and the visionary and romantic character which distinguished the political oratory of that day, bore an ultimate relationship to poetry both in its cause and its end. Barnatt and Mirabeau, and their companion enthusiasts, seemed suddenly to have been endowed with a totally different organization. The seventeen *lettres de cachet*—which had been launched against Mirabeau—had goaded him to a state of frenzy. I can imagine the storm of his anger and declamation to have been irresistible in the ears of an excited populace, whom the lightning of his communicative wrath had partially blinded. But I must not linger on this subject. While the land was rocking to and fro with the shock of this moral earthquake, the gentler Graces of Poetry and Music were hiding themselves in fear and trembling. Men, who in more peaceful times would have surrendered their hearts to the conduct of their fancy, were now acted upon only by the discordant passions of liberty and ambition. It was not until the downfall of Napoleon that poetry began to recover any portion of its former energy, and then it assumed the dramatic form, as the best calculated to convey the burning enthusiasm for freedom and glory, by which the public mind was still actuated. This was the commencement of the new school of poetry. The poets of France had been hitherto little more than the dependents of her princes. From the reign of Louis the Twelfth, to the death of Louis the Fourteenth, this was especially the case. Boileau and Racine were literally the servants of the monarch, compelled to write, not according to the dictates of their own imaginations, but in obedience to the commands of their master. They were, therefore, peculiarly the poets of the court, and not of the nation. As to addressing themselves to the public, *that* was altogether impossible. The court constituted the Academy, and there was no appeal from its inexorable decision.

Algernon Sydney.

It is a curious fact, that the history of French literature scarcely furnishes us with an example of a poet who has attained, like our own Bloomfield, or Ettrick Shepherd, any reputation from his own uneducated and unassisted genius.

Victor Hugo.

We have indeed one instance of a precious talent in *Le Grand Chancel*, who is reported to have written a comedy in his ninth year; and one specimen of an uneducated poet in a carpenter, named *Adam Bellant*, whose verses obtained some notoriety in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, but of neither of these men do I know anything except the name. Fortunately, no person has yet been found mad enough to exhume their remains.

Algernon Sydney.

At a more convenient season I should like to resume this conversation, but at present I am anxious to confine myself to that volume of your poems entitled *Les Orientales*. If I recollect right, they experienced a rather ungentle reception from some of the Parisian critics.

Victor Hugo.

Many of my critics objected to the nature of the subject. Upon this point, however, I cannot admit their right of decision. I cannot see what authority a critic has to object to the *subject* of a poem, any more than to inquire why the author of it has not cut down that tree, or planted that flower, or painted his library that particular colour. Is the poem good, or is it bad? This I take to be the limit of criticism. I have always set myself up against that party of mental geometricians, who would parcel out the intellectual world, and divide it into minute principalities and properties.

Algernon Sydney.

May I ask what suggested *Les Orientales* to your mind?

Victor Hugo.

You will think me very fanciful when I tell you, that they were originated by the contemplation of the setting sun. But in reality, my imagination, as you may have perceived, has always been partial to the wild and picturesque manners of oriental life. Since the death of Louis the Fourteenth, eastern literature has made rapid progress in France. To trace the various causes of its interesting promotion, would lead me into a wild field of research and disquisition. The information respecting the manners, and customs, and literature of oriental nations, which the concluding years of the eighteenth century, and the earlier part of the nineteenth, have brought to light, can only be adequately appreciated by being compared with the dim and uncertain knowledge possessed by our immediate ancestors. An increase of knowledge has been accompanied by a proportionate enlargement of respect and attention on the part of the learned. The honours formerly, I may say exclusively, conferred upon classical attainments, are now freely imparted to the Persian and Arabic student. France has at the present day a resident *Savant* in every district of the East, where an individual language is spoken from China to India. The result of this intercourse is the application, to a certain degree, of Eastern thought and imagery to European literature; and the Parisian ear now listens with pleasure to the gorgeous metaphors and hyperboles of the poet, which Voltaire and the *viri famosi* of the eighteenth century would have started from with horror.

Algernon Sydney.

I have somewhere seen a very beautiful transcript of your Confession of Faith.

Victor Hugo.

I suppose you allude to the preface to my *Orientales*. I had been arguing (as it is my wont) upon the peculiar charms of romanticism, as

opposed to the narrow and confined limits of the old classicism. Is there not something very like tyranny in erecting an image, and building a temple for its abode, and then compelling every passer by, of whatever creed or nation, to enter in and worship before it? Is beauty of so circumscribed a nature, and of so singular a constitution, as to flourish only under one sky, and to obtain the just proportions only in one particular climate? Has not Holland her poets as well as Italy, and is not the lute of Apollo heard sweetly chiming through the discord and tumult of a Russian winter? Again—are the pictures of your own Hogarth less humorous, because in some corner you behold a creature whose misery brings the tears into your eyes? or is the jealous fury of Othello rendered less sublime by the intoxication of Cassio?

And after all, why should not the work of a poet resemble one of those beautiful old towns in Spain, where you find every thing? A cool promenade among oranges, by the river's side; an open sunny ground for festivals; streets, broad, narrow, and sometimes dark, where the eye discovers a thousand houses of every form and fashion, linked and united, as it were, to each other, high and low, black and white, painted and sculptured; labyrinths of buildings side by side, palaces, hospitals, convents, taverns, all differing from each other, and all bearing their several destinations graven in their architecture. Markets full of people and fruits; burial-grounds, where the living are silent as the dead; here, the theatre with its music, its finery and its ornaments; further on the old weather-beaten gibbet, whose stone is worm-eaten, whose iron is rusted, where the skeleton is creaking to and fro in the wind. In the midst a Gothic cathedral, with its finely-wrought spires, its portals worked with bas-reliefs, its massive yet delicate pillars; and then its glittering chapels, its myriads of saints and sinners—wonderful structure, impressive in its majesty, curious in its composition, beautiful at two leagues, and beautiful at two steps! And lastly, at the opposite end of the town, concealed among the sycamores and palms, the oriental mosque, with its domes and painted gates, cool arcades, the verses of the Koran upon the portals, its radiant sanctuaries, the Mosaic of the pavement, the Mosaic of the walls;—opening its beauty to the sun like a vast flower full of perfume.

Algernon Sydney.

And to which of these would you compare your own poetry.

Victor Hugo.

To the oriental mosque.

Algernon Sydney.

With your permission, I will read one or two translations which I made from *Les Orientales*, some time ago. The following lines are extracted, you will perceive, from the poem you have entitled *Le Feued Ciel*, and founded on the fearful history in Holy Writ, of the destruction by fire of the cities of the plain. Without in any way pronouncing upon the merits of the modern theory, which seeks to account for the like miracles by natural causes, you will allow me to observe, that you have widely departed, not only from probability, but from fact, in your narrative. We are given to understand, that the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah was instantaneous, not progressive. We are told in *Genesis*, that God *rained* down fire, &c. By pourtraying the cloud of fire passing over Egypt and the tower of Babel, until it finally hangs upon the devoted cities, you have, however, produced a very picturesque effect, and I am very willing to accord you all the licence you demand.

In the extract I am about to give, I think you have very felicitously rendered the characteristics of oriental architecture, and the grotesque ornaments of Eastern temples.

Look where two cities, strangers and unknown,
Climb to the clouds from tower to tower up-thrown;
There with their Gods and people, chariots and delights,
The sisters lay amid the darkening lights;
The shadows floated round their moonlit walls,
Among that marble chaos of dim halls,
Aqueducts, and terraces, the eye might see
Pillars and capitals—cold imagery!
Hewn out of stone, along the glittering track,
Elephants bearing domes upon their back,
And giants watching, from the nooks around,
Monsters of terror leap upon the ground.
Rich hanging gardens, full of flower arcades,
Where the moon cast her light on the cascades;
Vast blocks of marble through the temple spread,
Where, never lifting up their giant heads,
The Gods of brass, their hands upon their knee,
Sat gazing in a circle solemnly!
The monsters, palaces, the colonnades,
Where forms unknown are gleaming in the shades,
Bridges, and aqueducts, and towers—the eye
Turneth in fear from that dark mystery!
And temples, with their shadows towering high,
Were seen like mountains darkening in the sky.
A veiled city! The thick gloom did fall
On golden floor and portal——over all!

Cities of Hades! in their wishes vain,
Each hour led forth some pleasure in its train,
Each moment gave some fearful mystery birth,
Till like two ulcers they diseased the earth.
Sleep over all! upon the city's brow
Glided athwart the gloom a pallid glow,
Pale lamps which shine a moment and are not,
The gleam of feasting in the streets forgot:
The walls flung out their towers with moonbeams white,
Or broke the dark, or trembled in the waters bright:
And from the valley of the singing bird,
The stifling of sweet kisses on the air was heard,
The mingling of love-breaths in every word!
The sister cities, weary of the light,
Did pant upon the bosom of delight,
While the sweet air, beneath the cool gum tree,
From Sodom to Gomorrah roameth pleasantly.
Then passed along the thunder-cloud of Fear,
And from the darkness leapt the death-cry—*It is here!*"

But in my opinion, the most powerful composition in the volume, and the one in every way most oriental, both in spirit and expression, is the *Turkish March.* The fiery and impetuous blood of an Ottoman warrior runs through the poem.

My dagger with blood from my side doth flow,
My battle-axe hangs at my saddle-bow.

I love the warrior with the eye of fire,
His turban rent upon his veiny brow;
He bows upon the beard of his old sire,
Unto his sword he makes a filial vow:
His garments pierced in many a hostile din,
Have holes more countless than the starry skin
Of tiger in the pale grass crouching low.

My dagger with blood by my side doth flow,
My battle-axe hangs at my saddle-bow.

A buckler sounds on his arm, and the light
Is red as the sun on a winter day;
The war-horse champeth its curb of foam,
A gleamy smoke winds on his way,
As he gallopeth with a wild delight
On the echoing ground—— "An Ottoman Knight,"
Turning to look, the gazers say.

Let him be calm in eye, yet quick to ire,
The victory-crown'd in every warlike play,
Laughing to scorn the wisdom of the proud,
He knoweth not when morning shall decay,
When seas shall sweep along the desert red:
Let him be brave and young, and on his head
Not wrinkles, but the scars of the affray.

My dagger with blood by my side doth flow,
My battle-axe hangs at my saddle-bow.

Behold him, chieftains gather'd from afar!
The warrior in his power! but he, whose pride
Palls at the first red sweep of Terror's car,
The last to the Ottoman camp to ride—
Who, when the war hath burst the city gate,
Makes not, with all the treasury of state,
His fill'd chariot bend from side to side.

My dagger with blood by my side doth flow,
My battle-axe hangs at my saddle-bow.

He who lingereth on a woman's sigh,
And in the feast of music and of wine,
Loves not to tell his charger's ancestry;
Who seeks save in himself a power divine,
Dreaming upon a couch of tissue rare,
A sickly student fearing sun and air,
Leaving to Christian lips the Cypress wine.

My dagger with blood by my side doth flow,
My battle-axe hangs at my saddle-bow.

He——'tis a dastard, and no warrior bold;
Not him along the battle storm the eye
Sees lifting on his steed, with trailing cloth of gold,
The sabre in his hand, upon his stirrups towering high—
Away!—let his heels goad the aching sides
Of a poor mule, and as he rides,
Murmur a priestly formulary.

My dagger with blood by my side doth flow,
My battle-axe hangs at my saddle-bow.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

COBURG TREASON.—The tasteful manager of the Coburg Theatre has nearly fallen a victim to the Tories. He advertised for representation *Tom Thumb*, with a new programme, in which, after the manner of Plutarch, he drew several parallels between *King Arthur*, his queen *Dollolollа*, *Grizzle*, *Noodle*, and *Doodle*, and several living distinguished personages. A demi-official notice was taken of the matter; and the Tories called loudly for the manager's head, as if managers, now-a-days, possessed such a superfluity. At one time the business looked somewhat gloomily; and it was promised by some of the ultras, that the offending manager would in due season suffer decapitation on Tower-hill. In order, however, to gratify that portion of the public disappointed of the sight, a drama founded on the circumstance, to be got up "with entirely new scenery, machinery, and decorations," was to be produced at the Coburg Theatre, for the benefit of the patriot's widow, which, as Mr Pepys would say, would have been "pretty to see." We understand, however, that the idea of the piece is given up, the manager having apologised to the authorities, and told them the naked truth, namely, that he had no political feeling in the pasquinade; and that, "upon his honour," he would have taken up quite the other side, had he thought he could have gained one extra half-price visitor to the gallery by so doing;—and this we verily believe to be the fact.

"BLOOD! BLOOD, IAGO!"—On the third reading of the Common Sense Bill, the Earl of Winchilsea sang, of course, a requiem to the constitution. He said, or sang, "He had lived to see the first act of the fatal and bloody tragedy!" We do not know whether the noble earl will be spared to see the whole performance, which, as he prophecies, will realize the direction given in an old play, where every body dies, and the stage appears "as bloody as it may be;" but certainly, albeit the bill has but a short time grown into a law: its effects do already bear out the seer-like apprehensions of the noble peer. At Gatton, within this last week, the sexton found the grave of every quondam elector open, and the late tenants walking, says our informant, "with an air of great distraction," about the churchyard. All business was at a stand-still, and thousands of families flying from that all populous hot-bed for orators and place-men. In Old Sarum there have been no less terrible exhibitions; the very walls of the houses have been seen to heave with spasmodic motion, and several stones rose in the street with an evident wish to make themselves felt, but failed to "catch the eye" of a speaker; all the others have forsaken the neighbourhood, and a ruinous run has commenced on asses. There are terrible accounts from East Retford; an awful storm of hail,—the stones as big and as thick as a "moderate" reformer's head,—have rendered impassable every high-way and by-way, totally covering hundreds of inhabitants: a great demand for spade labour to dig out families. An almanac-maker at Birmingham plainly discovered, at two in the morning, an unusual movement among the stars, and intently studying their evolutions, saw them at last, like so many lamps on a general illumination, distinctly form the letters "ATTWOOD." A reader of the *Political Regis-*

ter, rising early to look to his Indian corn, saw written in the clouds, in good, bold, substantial type, "William Cobbett." In Preston, "Use Hunt's Matchless," has faded as by a miracle from the walls; whilst "Try Warren's," written by no mortal hand, has appeared in its stead. Last accounts from Boroughbridge state, that every inhabitant, man, woman, and child, has committed suicide: coffin planks on the rise.

A New Crusade!—At Marlborough-street police-office, a man named Harley (not J. P. Harley of Drury Lane) was charged with having annoyed Mr Rothschild, by appearing at the front of his mansion in Piccadilly, and calling upon Midas to forego his dealings on the Stock Exchange;—that he should no longer "come snug upon the mart," and find money for arms and ammunition to cut down and shoot the loving subjects of loving potentates; but, reforming altogether, should become the *beau ideal* of a married man; we suppose a kind of *Scroope*,—all gold and milky kindness! Of course, the man was committed for his rashness. His apprehension has, however, laid open a deep conspiracy; for we learn that Harley is only one of a band of enthusiasts, secretly commissioned by the bishops to wait upon and warn "the nobility, gentry, and public in general," from their iniquitous courses. A fellow, supposed to belong to the gang, was taken up, lurking near Holderness-house: a tract called *Common Sense*, found in his possession, was deemed an unequivocal testimony of his diabolical intentions. Some loose leaves of Jemmy Taylor's *Holy Living*, have been picked up by one of the sentries near Kew Palace. There are great hopes of apprehending the miscreant who has dropped them. A great many high families have been thrown into great consternation, by their servants laying before them various parts of the decalogue, thrown down the area, or insinuated under the street door. What are the police about?

A Kind Minister.—Colonel Sibthorp rose to speak on the reform bill, when gentlemen in the ministerial benches began to cough. The gallant colonel eloquently lashed the ill manners of ministers, making, however, a high exception of Lord Althorp. He said,—"That noble lord *never coughed!* he was always kind and obliging!" The fact is, his lordship did not, as he afterwards avowed in the lobby, deserve the compliment; for with the man in Mr. Joseph Miller, he pronounced it impossible to cough and yawn at the same time!

The Munster Explanation.—A parliamentary explanation is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a profound puzzle to folks with brains of common home-spun make. A noble lord rises and accuses another noble lord of impolitic, ignorant, ungentlemanly conduct; he calls him, in "parliamentary language," an ass and a knave, and "sits down amidst cheers." The accused rises, repels the accusation, and "sits down amidst cheers" also. Upon this, the newspapers briefly tell us, that the first noble lord "explained." How he explained, or what he said, is another matter; in this instance, brevity appears the soul of satisfaction, as well as the soul of something else. Now, the explanation of the Earl of Munster, on his recent conduct, when the half-formed Wellington administration, "panting to get free its hinder parts," was about to pounce upon the people, partakes of the mystery that generally envelopes such elucidations. The

noble earl showed, however, some ingenuity; for he uttered a certain number of words, to which it was impossible to give any definite meaning: he was marvellously like *Juliet;* "he spoke, yet he said nothing."

THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.—Sir Charles Bagot has, it seems, refused the post of Ambassador to the court of Russia. He has done right. It was impossible that he could be the English Ambassador at the shambles of St. Petersburgh. Sir Charles might have been the Duke of Wellington's Ambassador—the Earl of Aberdeen's Ambassador—Croker's, Wetherell's, Sugden's Ambassador, but not the Ambassador of the people of England. The appointment was offered by Lord Palmerston to Sir Charles; an offer met by the people with a feeling of deep scorn, mingled with wonderment and regret at the indifference of Lord Grey, who could tamely suffer the great measure he had advised at home, to be "explained away" abroad, by the disaffected instruments of his own cabinet. Poland is deluged with blood: the iron hath "entered the souls of tens of thousands of her bravest children"—the most sacrilegious, barbarous acts that ever staggered a faith in human goodness, have placed Nicholas of Russia on a level with Caligula and Nero, (he will walk arm-in-arm with them down "the burning marle" of history), and we were not only to look on with eyes of stone at the progress of each new atrocity, but when the sum of villainy was accomplished, when the fire of cruelty could no further go, we were to send the nephew of the Duke of Wellington "to kiss hands" on the glorious consummation. Freedom shrieks, and—enter Sir Charles Bagot to give his judgment on the music. Poland is in ashes, and the spirit of Toryism takes a journey of pleasure to the ruins; for it would be vain to look for that business which is demanded by the feelings of Englishmen from such politicians as Sir Charles. Does it fit, that the haggard witch, exorcised from Old Sarum, should represent us in congenial Russia, there to change nods and "wreathed smiles," and banquet, and weave her web of policy ("of human entrails made") with the eldest born of blood and rapine. England expects a man at the court of St. Petersburgh to speak in accents of thunder—let not the Grey cabinet send a gentleman to pass compliments. We want tardy justice done to Poland—not a ball given by Nicholas to a Sir Charles Bagot. The English mission involves the fate of millions, it must not be made a courteous message from the Duke of Wellington.

VESTED INTERESTS.—Sir Charles Wetherell objects to the removal of the taxes for the encouragement of ignorance, on the ground that the measure would be unjust to the proprietors of the daily papers already established. We know not how Sir Charles can reconcile it to himself to travel to York by a stage-coach, seeing that that convenience was established to the utter annihilation of the interests "vested" in the waggon.

APSLEY FORTRESS.—Oliver Cromwell put himself to a deal of needless trouble, for it is recorded of him, that so suspicious was he of the designs of his enemies, that, towards the close of his career, he never slept two consecutive nights in the same chamber. Had he caught but a glimpse of modern light, he need never have changed beds. Had Mars

lifting up the laurels from Oliver's ear, whispered therein, "iron window blinds, bullet proof," the Protector might have laughed to scorn the plots of Cavaliers and the defection of Round-heads. It was, however, reserved for a more modern Cæsar to transform his palace into a fortress, and to "turn an iron lining on the mob"! Whilst in Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's body is as proof to gun-shot, as his mind in another place is proof to argument. He can now snap his fingers equally at air-guns and the Lord Chancellor. He is now as safe as though, like his prototype Achilles, he had been dipped in Styx: and if, indeed, he has one vulnerable part, its locality differs from that of the Greek. In addition, however, to the iron window blinds, the "divinities" which do "hedge" the Prince of Waterloo, we understand that the whole establishment of Apsley House (doubtless in case of a siege) has been rendered military. The butler practises daily with the broad-sword, the cook kills every thing at thirty paces, and several of the chamber-maids and kitchen-girls are already remarkably expert at platoon firing.

THE DEAD AND ALIVE.—Some few years ago, a very respectable gentleman, much loved in his immediate neighbourhood, and honoured by all the world—declined in health, and resolved to call in the doctor. In fact he was become old, and had all the outward and internal signs of age.—He had "a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly"—and in spite of all remonstrance, the doctors he would have; he took their prescriptions, and, as many of his cronies had predicted, expired. The preparations were made for his interment. Several orators made the most touching harangues over the body. The undertaker was desired to screw down the coffin lid, when, to the amazement of all, up rose the alleged deceased, and, with an admirable appetite, fell to his own funeral baked meats. Thrice within a few years had the grave been dug for this old gentleman, and thrice had he disappointed the undertaker. Within this last week or two it was given out that he had yielded up the ghost; mutes were placed at his door, and all things were ready for the funeral; when it appeared that he whom it was they wished to bury, was never in such robust health from the day of his birth. This circumstance was more fully impressed upon us by a glance at the names of some of the candidates for the new parliament. It will be remembered how many of them gave up the constitution as totally defunct, and now we see them, having hurriedly cast off their hat-bands and mourning-cloaks, having left the undertaker's wine and cake untasted, cap in hand, begging to be again considered the humble servants of this thrice-raised Lazarus! All we hope is, that the people will keep an eye on these prophets. As for the English Constitution, it must be a vulgar error that attributes its origin to the will of the barons operating on the weakness of King John,—that must be quite a mistake. No, if we may judge from events, the English Constitution is nearly the eldest born of Grimalkin, the king of the cats, its lives multiplied to a right royal number.

THE MANAGER ON HIS TRAVELS.—The *Morning Post* duly announced the departure of "A. Bunn, Esq., from Drury Lane Theatre to the continent," and, of course, various opinions were stoutly afloat as to the purpose of this movement. One party declared that the manager had

gone abroad in search of novelty for the approaching season; whilst other disputants avowed that the manager's trip was simply one of relaxation. He had been ordered travelling, and the waters of Spa to strengthen his intellectual fibre, after the extraordinary excitement attending the production *of the Lions of Mysore.* There is great likelihood in this latter statement; still we believe it to be erroneous. The fact is, a two-headed girl, equally clever in tragedy and comedy, has lately appeared at Munich, and the manager, with a patriotic disregard of his health, has departed to secure her for Drury Lane. He has been compelled to travel at an extaordinary rate, as it was whispered that Richardson had offered the lady terms for Bartholomew Fair. We have also heard something of a Unicorn tame Hippopotamus, for which a drama "is in an active state of preparation."

Constables and the Five Acts.---Some days ago, Mr. Roe, the Magistrate, ordered a man to find bail for having exhibited a board, whereon were painted two human heads under the feet of John Bull,---the said heads being *sworn to* by the constable, who apprehended the offender, as likenesses of the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Wellington, and "therefore" in the opinion of the Magistrate, "tending to bring the said personages into contempt." Thus, it would appear from Mr. Roe, that, in case of the above duties, the more striking the likeness, the more certain the contempt. We wish this Constable, who has such a fine eye for a likeness, were hired by the Royal Academy: he might be found very serviceable as an illuminator during the present exhibition.

The Bianchi and the Neri.—The celebrated Florentine faction, which, by their disastrous feuds, for so long a time desolated the fairest city of Italy, had their origin in a breach of promise of marriage. From what trivial causes spring the direst results; and how fortunate may we consider ourselves that, since the White and Red Rose war, and the subsequent disasters of the Stuarts, this country has been freed from such cruel devastations. We have had our political feuds, which have hitherto terminated amicably; would that they might still continue to do so; but, alas! this present political crisis is doomed to be the harbinger of discord, more frightful in its consequences than all the domestic warfare which has ever yet devastated the fair fields of England. That we may no longer keep our readers in such unpleasant suspense, it becomes our duty then to state that so serious a misunderstanding has arisen between two beauties of high rank and fashion, in fact,—for why should we conceal the names? between the Dutchess of St. Albans, and the Marchioness of Londonderry, that it is feared the results will not only be disastrous to this country, but eventually set all Europe in a flame. The actual cause is not yet precisely ascertained, but we understand the quarrel owes it origin to a certain surreptitious manner in which an over zealous partisan of the dutchess has obtained the pattern of a night cap, known to be in the exclusive possession of the rival beauty. The noble lords have taken part with the noble ladies, and messengers have been dispatched by the female portion of the foreign legation to their respective courts, respecting treaties of alliance. The designation of *Neri* and *Bianchi,* has been adopted by the rival parties, not from the colours of their emblems, but from the *blonde* and *brunette* complexion of the noble ladies themselves.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE MESSIAH; A POEM IN SIX BOOKS. BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY. LONDON: JOHN TURRILL. 1832.

PERHAPS, the proper method of reviewing this poem would be to decide whether the paper was good, the type clear, and the price reasonable. We look upon it as a mere pecuniary venture, put forth for the double purpose of extracting eight shillings and sixpence from the pockets of the pious, and of ingratiating its author with the clergy. If, then, we take exception to the poetry—if we even condemn it as a mass of unintelligible, nauseous, and impious truth—we may be turned round upon by the author and told,—"Well, what of that? It answers the end proposed, that of filling my pockets—and others are of a very different opinion with respect to its merits."

"Sufficient for the week is the critic thereof." *Others* know best whom it may be expedient to praise in their works—but we must, nevertheless, in opposition to any avowed admiration of this poem, assert our belief, that a more contemptible production was scarcely ever before palmed off upon the public for poetry. And let no one accuse us of severity, hypercriticism, or malignity. We confess that we do feel most indignant that an infamous system of trade criticism should have so long prevailed in this country—a system under which a Robert Montgomery may flourish—while a Wordsworth, a Coleridge, and a Shelley, are neglected and despised.

This poem is, it seems, the Four Evangelists done into blank verse, and interspersed with reflections of the author, which might as well have been left out—or, perhaps, serve as well where they are—we know not which. Certain we are, that they are never to be perused by mortal man. Or to say nothing of Mr. Montgomery's audacity;—poets of his stamp are equal to any subject, and can write with equal facility and felicity in all. But he must needs take our word for it,—he cannot manage blank verse. Much may be done, we admit, by a diligent study of this most difficult of all verse—even where there is no perception or feeling of the harmony of numbers; but it is quite clear to us—for Mr. Montgomery has practised enough—that he never will arrive at a decent mastery, even of the mechanical structure. Of the harmony of the measure he knows nothing—very few of our modern poets do; but we have a right to expect something a shade better than the monstrous cadence of such verse as this; the march, or rather the hobble of which, is accelerated occasionally by a brisk line of eight syllables—and impeded as often by the long interposition of a bruised and jointless Alexandrine. Let us give a few specimens of the former:—

> The chosen people; thus began
> Enraptured! what a brightness clad
> But, ah! her frame's convulsive heave
> Shall tremble, and the check of kings
> So mutter'd each, but mildly firm
> For judgment; should he dare condemn, &c.

with a sample of the Alexandrines, or compulsion, or verses in spite of themselves.

> The lofty and the excellent in mind adores
> Of dying hope and faded joy;—if life be lone
> Of patriarchs and prophets speak; beneath the shade
> Of desolation over king and kingdom pour'd
> Like Hagar in the wilderness, to weep and die
> He listen'd; for a leaf-fall in the charmed air.

with many others.

We must restrict ourselves to a very few specimens of the fine writing which is to be found in this poem. Speaking of some persons who put faith in nothing but what their reason constrains them to believe, our author says,—

> 'There are who deem no revelation true
> That doth not, by divine compulsion, awe
> The universal mind to grand belief.'

Describing the appearance of nature, " when Earth was young," the poet says—

> ' Though sin had wither'd with a charnel breath
> Creation's morning bloom, there still remained
> *Elysian* hues of that *Adamic* scene.'

We are dismissed, as muses, in this fine line.

> ' Go, wander by the antiquated sea,'

and a moral is deduced from Peter's want of faith, when " on the deep he walked," and " his soul hath doubted and the Apostle sinks." The lesson taught to " human frailness" is this—

> ——— ' let presumption learn
> How nature falters—when she feels sublime!'

the meaning of which, if it has any, will be best studied and laid to heart by Mr. Montgomery himself.

One more extract, and we have done. There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and our poet has taken a long stride.

> ' In rushing glory down the sky *advanc'd*
> A *giant* angel! from the tomb he roll'd
> The barrier stone, and on it sat, and BLAZ'D!
> His face was *lightning!*'

The truth must no longer be withheld from Mr. Montgomery. He is a conceited, impudent, affected young man, of very ordinary capacity, with no conception of the sublime, and with no feeling of the ridiculous. Without the possession of the former, he can never handle such subjects as " The Messiah;" with a sense of the latter, he might contrive to render them decent and respectable. At present, we consider his attempts as outrages upon the sacred feelings of the really pious; and we would hint to him that " The Messiah" ought to be looked upon with other eyes than those of a dealer and chapman. The Saviour is not allowable stock in trade.

THE MAID OF ELVAR; A POEM, BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. EDWARD MOXON, BOND STREET. 1832.

WHAT is poetry? We have heard and read a hundred definitions of that magical word, none of which have been satisfactory to a dozen people for a twelvemonth together. We know what poetry is—when we see it;—and we have a shrewd suspicion, sometimes, that all is not poetry that contrives to disguise itself in blank verse. Accordingly, we have been able to discover that Allan Cunningham's " Maid of Elvar" is poetry, and that Robert Montgomery's " Messiah" is fustian. Indeed, we never felt a more grateful relief than in turning from the latter to the former.

It has been frequently said, and true enough it is, that many poems have been published within the last twenty years which would have made the fortune of their authors sixty years ago. We say, unhesitatingly, that " The Maid of Elvar" would have brought fame, and, what some poets have considered better, fortune, to its author, had it been published at the time, for instance, that Beattie's Ministrel appeared. In power and extent of genius—in original imagery—and in vigour of description, it is greatly superior to Beattie's poem. But it possesses one great fault, it is too long. It appears to us hastily and carelessly written; and stern necessity sometimes causes rhymes to make their appearance that tell too plainly the constrained nature of their visit to the stranger. For example,—

> ' What not thy daughter or relation? So—
> Well, well, I seek not, let the ring but fit—
> So try it, maid: no!—that's a proud word, O!'

We fear indeed it is too true, that what the present age has gained in freedom it has lost in conciseness; and highly polished mediocrity stands a far better chance of applause and admiration, than the careless outbreaks and ebullitions of genius disdaining the trammels of art. We hold that the higher the genius the more inexcusable is a departure from the rules of poetry, and it would be easy to prove that our greatest poets have paid the most attention to them.

We could justify a very high opinion of Mr. Cunningham's genius by many extracts, for which we have no space; we must content ourselves, therefore, with recording a hearty admiration of his poem, which we have read with delight, and which we recommend every body to peruse likewise. Truly, Allan Cunningham's is no "stone-cutter's verse," but the authentic inspiration of the Muse herself.

Beauties of the Rev. George Crabbe. London: Effingham Wilson. 1832.

This little volume has been, we are given to understand, suppressed, and we therefore say nothing of the taste exercised in the selection of passages from the various poems of Crabbe. It was thought rather hard upon Mr. Murray that he, who has lost considerably by the purchase of the several copyrights, should be forestalled in the scanty harvest to be derived from a publication of extracts and selections from the author.

An Indian Tale, and other Poems. By B. Gough. Effingham Wilson. 1832.

Were we disposed to be merciless, or savagely playful, or think we could find materials for the gratification of our humour in this small volume, we should be not altogether inexcusable, inasmuch as there is a tolerable list of subscribers to the work, sufficient to pay the expenses of its publication; and a man has no right to expect to make money in these times. Strange to say, our ill-humour was augmented by a deprecatory passage in the preface. The author implores mercy on this plea, that, "though conscious that the work exhibits numerous faults, still it should never be forgotten, that everything of human origin is more or less liable to a similar imputation." Was ever anything more hopelessly absurd? We are bound in justice to say, that an amiable spirit pervades the poetry contained in the volume, and that some of the main pieces are not destitute of fancy, or contemptible in execution.

But we have read it all before a thousand times. Oh! for one original thought to every score volumes of *Poetry!*

Flowers of Fable, with 150 Engravings on Wood. London: Vizetelly, Branston, & Co. 1832.

This is a very admirable selection of Fables, not only from English, but from several foreign authors, now brought together for the first time, and forming an excellent and valuable present to youth. We wish however that the editor had sometimes, instead of furnishing original translations, availed himself of version ready at hand. It will be sufficient to mention one. "The Vine," by Herder, has been very elegantly rendered into prose, by Mr. William Taylor, of Norwich, and is much superior to the translation here given. The wood-cuts are exquisitely engraved, and the volume is got up with all the elegance and tact for which the publishers are so justly celebrated.

A Three Months' Tour in Switzerland and France. By the Rev. W. Liddiard. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1832.

We cannot conceive the motive which induces our reverend author to publish a Three Months' Tour in France and Switzerland, undertaken so long ago as 1827. We have seldom had the misfortune of meeting with a traveller so little fitted for the task he has undertaken. Our adventurous traveller is scarcely an hour without meeting with some of his own countrymen, and generally contrives to fix his lodgings daily at the hour of dinner. He is, moreover, perpetually whining about the misery of being "a solitary wanderer in a strange land," and stuff of this nature, for which a sentimental schoolboy would deserve an exemplary castigation.

Half of our author's volume might as easily have been written in his own study as on board a packet, or in a foreign inn; relating, as it does, in no way to the matter in hand more nearly than the digressions of Shandy. He appears also to have been singularly unfortunate, having been unable to visit many of the sublimest objects of Swiss scenery, by reason of some strange fatality—his companions not going that way, his extreme hurry, or some equally satisfactory reason

being furnished as his excuse. He however compensates his readers for their disappointment, by strongly recommending them to go and visit the same themselves.

We had hoped that the absurd Anglo-gallic mode of writing was almost out of fashion, but Mr. Liddiard does his best to perpetuate it. Every page presents most wearisome specimens of these conceits. Here is one out of a hundred. "Upon retiring early, that I might start *à la bonne heure* in the morning, to my *chambre à coucher*, I rang the bell and shouted for the *fille de chambre*, to obtain a little *l'eau chaude*," &c.

A few extracts of delectable poetry, from a volume of poems by the same author, are interspersed; which he takes care to inform us often enough, are published by Messrs. Saunders and Otley. The plates are fair—besides a chart, and deserve all praise.

Sermons by the Rev. Hobart Caunter, B. D.

Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Thanet, and Curate of St. Paul's (late Portland) Chapel, St. Marylebone. London: E. Bull, and J. G. & F. Rivington. 1832.

To write a volume of good sermons is no easy task. A fine voice, an impressive manner, and a few occasional striking passages might, from the pulpit, give effect to a sermon which, when submitted to the test of meditation in the closet, would be found wanting in every essential point. It requires then a power beyond what is generally understood by fine preaching, to convey religious instruction in a written form, so that it shall penetrate into the heart by the mere force of truth and of reason. We have been much pleased with the volume before us. There is a mild earnestness in Mr. Caunter's style, a force of conviction, with here and there a burst of dignified eloquence, which render this book a fit companion for every father of a family who would instruct his children in christian morality and the true doctrines of the gospel.

Among these sermons are some which deserve distinguished notice, not only from their merits of style and argument, but from the novel manner in which the subjects have been handled. We allude to the first on the Trinity. No. 2, Death the wages of sin; 5, On evil speaking; 7 and 8, The rich man and Lazarus; 12, Why Christ addressed the unbelieving Jews in parables; and several others.

The Democrat; A Tale.—The Hugonot; A Tale. 3 Vols. Bull.

If these tales are, as we believe them to be, a first production—and, as we still farther believe, from a female pen—they must be regarded as the fruits of a mind richly endowed and cultivated, and promising, from its maturer development, performances of no common degree of excellence.

The chief aim of the writer is to combine religious instruction with the amusement of fiction. This is not so much apparent in the tales now presented, which, we are told, were written some years ago, as in the well-written preface prefixed to them; from which we gather the writer's serious and conscientious sentiments upon the practicability and propriety of such a union; and from which, also, we infer, that the future efforts of the same pen will be devoted to the illustration of the truth of the writer's opinion, and to the amalgamation of religion and romance.

In all this there is a great, and, we think, palpable mistake—so palpable, that we need not stay to point it out. A mind so deeply imbued with earnest and devotional feeling as that of the author of these tales, will only be convinced of the fallacy into which it has fallen by a trial or two, that will simply cramp and confine its powers for a time, without accomplishing the grand object of its desire. Our author, however, is not a person to write any thing that is not well worth a perusal; and where there happens to be a failure, it will arise, not from a lack of talent or enthusiasm, but simply from the misdirection they have taken. The powers here indicated, and the ardour and sincerity which mark their application, must be undeniably acknowledged.

We have intimated, that the tales themselves have less to do with religious interests than the writer's introduction to them led us to suppose. In fact, the most profane novel-reader will not, we suspect, find their piety any particular drawback upon his pleasure. They are written, doubtless, with the best feelings, and with an earnest and elevated purpose, steadily but not too ostentatiously kept in view. Hence they have very much the air of the general romance and tale of fiction, but studded here and there with moral and religious truths, not forced violently into a vacant niche in the dialogue, or filling up a pious parenthesis; but made to grow naturally out of the occasion, and to seem a part of the decoration, while they are, in fact, the very germ and mainspring of the design. The tales are full of interest, historical and domestic; and the style in which they are related is sufficiently bold, animated, and picturesque, to give grace and vigour to far less attractive personages and stirring events, than those that engage our sympathies in these volumes. If there is any fault in the author's pictures, whether of men or manners, it is in a profusion now and then of colour, and a mistrust of the natural and never-failing effect of simplicity. The characters, allowing for the "effects of this defect" in one or two instances, are admirably sketched and wrought out; they are, at all events, far above common places, either of reality or romance.

We have no space to enter into the details of the plots, or to describe the several finely-written scenes that are scattered through these tales. We should have no difficulty in selecting two or three, remarkable for a rare degree of boldness and discrimination. Of the two, perhaps, we prefer the Democrat, with its pathetic and political interest, its pleasant contrast of feminine character, its pictures of Sicilian society and morals, and its delineation of Sicilian patriotism in the person of its hero, the Principe de Francaviglia. There is a little Tory sentiment peeping from beneath this portraiture, as if the writer would fain have us believe that most patriots are not much better than the Democrat here delineated; but we must own the cleverness, and, to a certain extent, the accuracy of the sketch. The following extract will afford a glimpse of this renowned personage, in one of his ambitious fits of musing:—

"A certain little Corsican, erecting his own greatness on the ruins which anarchy had spread wildly around him, perpetually arose before the mind's eye of the Sicilian demagogue. The conviction that a reconciliation with his own government was now impossible, while it shut out every hope from one quarter, only gave it additional force in another, by driving its energies into the only field where they could be exercised.

"'If I but succeed in repulsing these dastardly Neapolitans,' he said, 'I shall find myself at the head of the half-organised troops of my country. I it is, who can bring them to that state of discipline which will enable me to triumph, not only over my sovereign, but over all civil power. The army—the army, that is the tool. Let me lead it on to victory. Let triumph follow triumph. Let sea-girt Sicily be separated from her land-joined sister, and then let us see whether the brow of Ferdinand or of Giustino shall wear her diadem.

"'And yet 'twere pity to dissolve the fair-sounding title, "King of the *Two Sicilies.*" Custom speaks in its favour. Ay, ay, I have rated long and loud on the necessity of a national division, but if continent and island were united under a *vigorous* monarch—Well, well, secure we the portion first, the whole leave we to time and keen foresight. Yet how pitiful were even the government of *both* the countries, over which *righteous* Ferdinand now holds his tottering sceptre; how poor the sway of *two* petty nations, while yon old mummer, tricked out with keys and triple diadem, could, with the breath of a dotard, fix the northern boundaries of my circumscribed dominions. Well, well—Pius, Heaven help him, has been a traveller before now. Let him go visit the curiosities of Naples on the same terms on which he once examined those of Paris. But then, there is the imperial Grand Duke, forsooth, who will be for pouring in his troops to the aid of his dearly-beloved and well despised spiritual head. And what, a—Virgin's name! is the Grand Duke, but petty chief of a pettier state? Curse on you Austrians! *There* hangs the leaden ponderous power, that can alone trample down the bold adventurers of the south. Phlegmatic, stagnant beasts, who crush not by their energy, but by their dead weight! Yet Austria, methinks, has not of late been famous for *conquest*. To make *her* bite the dust! Oh, that were rapture," &c. &c. Such were the speculations of Don Giustino; so strangely, the impetus once given, does the *enthusiasm* of ambition bound over the barriers, not only of caution and crafty foresight, but even of common sense. Had Francaviglia succeeded, his bold schemes would have been deemed master-pieces of cool, calculating ambition; he failed, and they are regarded as the wild speculations of a visionary.'"

FITZ-GEORGE, A NOVEL. 3 Vols.

We hold the appearance of this novel to be one of the most remarkable "signs of the times." It is a fearless and encouraging commentary upon the liberal character of the age. Novels were pronounced by some of our wise fathers, and are even now considered by a few of our foolish fanatical contemporaries, to be "Devil's books." If so, never did devil tell truth more religiously than in the novel before us; never were finer and more unquestionable facts set forth in the garb of fiction—fiction that shews us the naked truth as in a mirror, stripped of its drapery and disguises. "Fitz-George" is in short, as an evening critic has observed, Fat-George; the identical "first gentleman in Europe, and friend of Holy Alliances, whose character was once so mistakenly admired, and is now so justly and universally contemned—whose despotism and dandyism were alternately lamentable and ludicrous, and whose vices and follies have proved so frightfully expensive to the nation that consented to foster them as the offspring of a "divine right."

This most profligate and selfish of all sensualists—this eclipse of Charles the Second and more than rival of Henry the Eighth, both in fat and fancy, could no thave fallen into the hands of a more honest and faithful limner than the author of the novel before us. He extenuates no excrescence, nor does he set a wrinkle down in malice. He takes the character from its historical frame, and paints a domestic and natural portrait of it; reducing the gigantic lineaments which the false light of days for ever gone by had given to it, to the size of life. In short, George the Fourth, is here for the first time freely and fairly delineated in his habit as he lived; in his private and public prodigalities—in the various phases of his folly. We see by turns the heartless libertine, the hollow friend, the waster of incredible sums of money wrung from a famished and war-exhausted country; the slave to his own passions, the tyrant over those of others—the debauchée, the despot—and in all and each of these, a man that preferred his own ease and enjoyments to all the world besides—a man that had not naturally bad passions, but whose natural understanding was too shallow to save him from the temptations with which men have agreed to surround the steps of royalty. The reader should study and criticise this character, as he will see it delineated in the novel; he will find it not pleasant, perhaps, but appalling, through the loop-holes of such a retreat, to peep at such a world of worthlessness, luxury, and degradation. The truth, thus presented in the form of a pleasant narrative (for the story has all the charms of a romance), and made attractive by the air and semblance of a fiction, cannot fail to impress him with a deep sense of the grnad mistake which society falls into, when it entrusts its destinies to the hands of a man who fancies that he is born to use them solely for his own happiness, and that the well-being of the nation is a matter for the consideration of the "fates and sisters three, and such odd branches of learning."

So much for the Hon. Augustus Fitz-George. His father and mother are sketched in a similar spirit, and the whole miserable machinery, and intriguing spirit of the court, very cleverly laid bare. Most of the characters of the time are sufficiently well drawn to render any particular paraphrase of the names unnecessary. Fox figures as Mr. Leppard, Pitt as Mr. Graves (the steward to old Lord Fitz-George), and Sheridan as Mr. Drury Borrowman. Perhaps the former part of the book is the best, as it admits of more individual touches and striking scenes —some of which are singularly happy and piquante. The whole is admirable; and we hope that it will find its way into the hands, not merely of every novel reader, but of every reader of every description in the three kingdoms. It explains the political and moral character of the last two reigns better than a hundred histories.

THE ANNUAL HISTORIAN. BY INGRAM COFFIN. LONDON: WESTLEY AND DAVIES. 1832.

As this volume appears to be the first attempt of the kind, we shall say little concerning it. We suppose that the author intends an annual edition; if so, we advise him to condense his materials—not always to rely upon the first newspaper report—to view both sides of the question—and omit a few minute particulars. For instance, why tell us the number of flags, banners, salutes, &c. on the opening of

London Bridge? It would be much more advantageous and interesting to his readers, to supply the place of such information by biographical notices of eminent men, in which the present volume is culpably deficient. Why tell his readers that Robert Hall and William Roscoe died at such an age? Such men surely demand a more ample and satisfactory notice.

Roman History for Youth. By Thomas Rose. London: Fisher, Son, and Jackson. 1832.

We cannot, in spite of silk binding, gilt-edged leaves, and seventy-six engravings, recommend this little work to our young readers. Why is not a popular abridgement made of that profoundest of all works on this subject,—Niebuhr's History? or at least a Roman History for Youth, compiled from materials therein prepared. What father now reads any other History of Rome, than Niebuhr's—why then debar our youth from applying and referring to the same spring?

Historical and Topographical Guide to the Isle of Wight. By W. C. F. G. Sheridan. Mitchell, Old Bond Street.

This is a very well arranged and an interesting little work, which fully attains the object in view, of supplying an accurate and complete Guide to one of the most fascinating and picturesque spots on the whole surface of England's dominions.

It is a work, that while serving the best purposes of a Guide, includes also objects of a higher and more valuable nature, connected with the interests of the Island, its products, and commodities, with lists, and accurate statistical tables, "not stipulated for" in the author's bond.

English Songs, and other small Poems. By Barry Cornwall. Moxon.

This little volume comes recommended to us by peculiar attractions. In the first place, it bears a name which is associated with some of our sweetest recollections of modern poetry; and in the next, it professes to be a collection of English songs—things that are scarcer in our literature than epic poems. "England," says our author, "is singularly barren of song writers. There is no English writer of any rank, in my recollection, whose songs form the distinguishing feature of his poetry." This was true enough when it was written; but is true no longer. The discoverer of the fact has falsified it by his own production. His songs may claim to be regarded as the distinguishing feature of his poetry; and as for the barrenness of our ballad-literature, his example will, we think, tend to wipe off that reproach, and to sow the seeds of many pleasant and beautiful volumes of verse, that shall emulate this, both in its moral and its music.

At present, however, this little book stands alone in the language. There is not only nothing to equal it, but there is nothing, as far as we are aware, of the same class. We have no such *English* songs as this volume brings home to our hearts. In some pleasant remarks upon song-writing, Barry Cornwall observes:—

"It may be said that a song is necessarily a trifling matter; but, if good, it is a trifle, of at least a different sort. And to make even a trifle perfect or agreeable, should satisfy a moderate ambition. It demands some talent. Where poetry is concerned, it requires even more: for it requires that this talent should be of a peculiar order, and should be exerted at a happy time. I am by no means forward to imagine that these two requisites have at *any* time concurred in my case. But I hope that I have, in a few instances, so far succeeded, as to allure other writers (having more leisure than I possess) to direct their powers to this species of verse. It has been too much disdained. Poets have in general preferred exhibiting their tediousness in long compositions, and have neglected the song. But the brevity, which is the 'soul' of song, as well as of wit, is not necessarily allied to insignificance. The battle-songs of Mr. Campbell are a triumphant proof of the contrary. So also are many of the songs and ballads of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Moore. Mr. Lockhart. Mr. Hogg, my friend Allan Cunningham, and, finally, the charming songs of Burns."

To this list may now be added the name of Barry Cornwall.

This exquisite volume is a little rainbow of verse. There are songs for all sentiments—for morning and for evening service—for sunny noons and winter nights—for joy and sorrow—for solitude and social revelry. We have seen it asserted somewhere that there is no real *gaiety* in the volume: such a critic has either limited his

researches to the pathetic songs, or he knows not what true gaiety is. Perhaps he is of opinion that there is no real merriment in a song, unless its echo swells and rolls off into a "fol-de-rol-lol." If the flow and fancy of such Bacchanalian bursts of jollity as we find here in a dozen places do not constitute gaiety, then there is no drollery, and nothing but dullness, in life. Let the reader taste for himself—the flavour, we will warrant him, is of the finest.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

'Sing!—Who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings?
Ah, who is this lady fine?
The VINE, boys, the VINE!
The mother of mighty Wine.
A roamer is she
O'er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—Who drinks
To her who blusheth and never thinks?
Ah, who is this maid of thine?
The GRAPE, boys, the GRAPE!
O, never let her escape
Until she be turned to Wine!
For better is she,
Than vine can be,
And very very good company!

Dream!—Who dreams
Of the God who governs a thousand streams?
Ah, who is this Spirit fine?
'Tis WINE, boys, tis WINE!
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
O better is he
Than grape or tree,
And the best of all good company!'

Here is a delicious contrast to the above; how exquisitely sweet and graceful.

SLEEP ON!

'Sleep on! The world is vain;
All grief, and sin, and pain:
If there be a dream of joy,
It comes in slumber, pretty boy!
So, sweet Sleep!
Hang upon his eyelids deep;
Shew him all that cannot be,
Ere thou dost flee!

Sleep on! Let no bad truth
Fall yet upon his youth:
Let him see no thing unkind,
But live a little longer blind!
O sweet Sleep!
Hang upon his eyelids deep;
Shew him Love, without his wings,
And all fair things!'

And, by way of contrast to this again, we select a verse or two from a "fine bold-faced" ballad, called the "Convict's Farewell."

'May pains and forms still fence the place
Where justice must be *bought!*
So he who's poor must hide his face,
And he who thinks—his thought!
May Might o'er Right be crowned the winner,
The head still o'er the heart,
And the saint be still so like the sinner,
You'll not know them apart!

May your traders grumble when bread is high,
And your farmers when bread is low,
And your pauper brats, scarce two feet high,
Learn more than your nobles know?
May your sick have foggy or frosty weather,
And your convicts all short throats,
And your blood-covered bankers e'er hang together,
And tempt ye with one-pound notes!

And so,—with hunger in your jaws,
And peril within your breast,
And a bar of gold, to guard your laws,
For those who *pay* the best;
Farewell to England's woe and weal!
. . For our betters, so bold and blythe,
May they never want, when they want a meal,
A Parson to take their Tithe!'

"Wine," the "Sea," the "Beggar's Song," the "Blood-Horse," and a dozen others, we should quote if we had space. We have shewn the estimation in which we hold the volume by what we have already selected. The tempting character of the songs has almost caused us to overlook the "Dramatic Fragments," with which the volume closes. There are noble things among them, worthy the golden time of English dramatic literature, and as deserving of being transferred to memory as the songs themselves, many of which will become familiar as household words, and haunt the heart, alike in its melancholy and its mirth.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

We adverted in our last Report to the everlasting and quickly succeeding reverses of this our proverbially fickle and capricious climate, rendering the occupation of a farmer, especially under our still existing burdensome and oppressive system of taxation, one of the most adventurous and uncertain in which a man can be engaged. The retrospect is ruinous, but astounding to those affected by it. During the last autumn, that most important process, committing to earth the seed wheat, was carried through under the happiest auspices, the foul state of the land considered, and perhaps the largest breadth of wheat sown ever before witnessed in this country. There was scarcely a failure to form the subject of a complaint, the young wheats springing forth from the earth, and covering it with luxuriance. So open and mild was the season, that at Christmas the grass-lands were covered with the verdure of spring, and the cattle maintained abroad, instead of being taken to winter quarters. Turnip-seed was to be purchased at the very lowest rate, and subsequently, in many instances, to be had *gratis* for the sake of clearing the lands. It was even apprehended that the stock of hay and fodder would become a drug at the end of the spring season. A sad reverse however was in embryo, and soon made its appearance. During the greater part of the four succeeding months, chilling winds, hoar frosts and unwholesome heavy fogs prevailed, changing the fine and healthy verdure of the wheat plant to a pale and sickly yellow, giving it, on poor soils especially, a rough and dingy appearance, and laying a foundation for rust and mildew, and those other too well known consequences of blight. Such a state of the weather necessarily impeded the spring tillage upon all heavy lands. On the arrival of the accustomed grass season, there was scarcely a bite for a lamb, and cattle were seen in many parts wandering over that which should have been their pasture, in a state of absolute starvation. The tone was now sadly changed, and instead of the apprehension of a surplus of fodder at the conclusion of the season, was substituted a well grounded fear that it would be in great want and demand! Our late and last reverse has been of a more auspicious character, indeed a providential one. Genial and invigorating warmth of temperature, alternating with refreshing showers, have succeeded to alternate cold rains and drought, and the corn and grass lands have received the most sudden and beneficial improvement. Finally, there is, in many parts, a remaining surplus

of hay and fodder. To anticipate, as every experienced farmer must, we have yet to encounter or escape the risks of the flowering or blooming season, when the wheat is so liable to injury from heavy rains or cold winds; and next in succession, those from the continued inundations of the notorious and dreaded St. Swithin, to be or not to be, accompanied by N.E. winds, and the latest and most fatal species of blight.

The wheats, our most important concern, have experienced a most sudden improvement in colour and healthful vigour, and are now universally promising. On cold and poor soils, of course, they are not bulky, but their promise for a crop, at present, far exceeds our late expectations: on strong and rich grounds, a risk is to be apprehended from over luxuriance, the corn being so lofty as to be liable to be beat down and laid by storms or heavy rains. The ears burst forth immediately on the favourable change of weather, and the critical season of blooming is now in course. It is not possible, but that the wheats must have received considerable damage during such a long continuance of unfavourable weather, and the rust has been generally visible on the stems; but of this we shall have more knowledge at harvest-time. Our old disgraceful theme, the weeds, is still uppermost in accounts from all parts of the country, unfortunately, with no prospect or even mention of a remedy. The spring corn, oats, barley, pulse, together with the grasses, natural and artificial, have received their full share of benefit from the late fortunate change, and are all in a most flourishing and improving state; the exceptions, in comparison, however hard upon individuals, being of small consequence in a general view. We regret to say that our late and old opinions as to *double* crops is too probable to be exemplified during the present season, to the cost of many farmers; as we have gone over many pieces of early sown barley already in a fair, or rather foul way to be over sopped and smothered by both clover and weeds. In the irregular crops, the backward portion is shooting up with great vigour, affording promise, should the weather continue favourable, of nearly an equality of ripeness at harvest. Beans are short in the haulm or straw, and on the poorest clays, not of very great promise, doubtless from the damage occasioned by the blight insect. Peas, on the contrary, are generally large in the straw, however they may ultimately prove in the grain. Both the artificial and natural grasses are very luxuriant and bulky in the gramineous districts, that is to say, in the S. Eastern and Midland, for the land of the Western Counties is not, in general, equally productive of natural grass, whether as to weight or quality. Cutting of artificial grasses, on the forwardest sorts, commenced in the first week of this month, and hay-making of all sorts will now proceed with vigour, until it reach the corn harvest, the early or late season of which must depend entirely on the state of the weather; a late harvest, however, is to be deprecated, as liable to numerous disadvantages. Clover and tares are vast crops, the latter promising an equal yield of seed. The tallest and heaviest bulk of clover that we have ever witnessed has been in this county,

Of live stock there is little novelty to report. Mutton, of course, must hold its price, until breeding shall have repaired our late losses by the rot. This year's fall of lambs, not unsuccessful, will avail us something. Sheep-shearing will soon be finished, and the animals relieved of a cumbersome burden will improve in thrift, beside the production of a new and thick coat for winter defence. The cattle markets have rather advanced of late, though the complaint of low condition in the store stock is somewhat general. The Principality alone seems not to have shared in this benefit, as the prices at the Welsh fairs and markets are still of a very low figure. In Scotland they appear to have improved. Pigs still hold their price, unless from an accidental surplus at market.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.*—Mutton, 4*s.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*—Veal, 4*s.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*—Pork, 4*s.* 4*d.*, dairy fed, to 5*s.* 8*d.*—Lamb, 5*s.* to 6*s.*—Rough fat, 2*s.* 5d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50*s.* to 75*s.*—Barley, 26*s.* to 36*s.*—Oats, 15*s.* to 28*s.*

The London 4lb. loaf, 10*d.*—Hay, 50*s.* to 105*s.*—Clover ditto, 55*s.* to 115*s.*—Straw, 38*s.* to 40*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals, in the Pool, per ton, 15*s.* 6*d.* to 21*s.* 6*d.*

Middlesex, June 25th.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV. AUGUST, 1832. No. 80.

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LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY W. LEWER, 4, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

A STORY FOR OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Stop Thief!—London Cry.

A very worthy old gentleman, a true descendant of the Bull family, lived for many years in Ave-Maria Lane (he has since removed to Wellington Street, in the Strand). We may, as having enjoyed a long acquaintance with him, be possibly deemed partial in our estimation of his many excellent qualities of heart and head, therefore, we shall not trust ourselves to dwell on his many accomplishments, native and acquired. We care not to pass eulogies on his profound views as a statesman, his boldness in telling truths, no matter how unpalatable. We shall not even adduce a single bon-mot as a sparkling evidence of the pearls and diamonds which, in his lighter moods, are wont to drop from his mouth. Not a poetic line shall we quote in proof of his sublimer aspirations. No. We shall merely confine ourselves to a notice of domestic virtues; and first, nay, and last of all, to that great virtue—great as being composed of many, great as being natural, ere stupid wars brought taxes, and taxes made selfishness almost an instinct among men—to that beautiful virtue, that glorious remnant of the golden age—Hospitality.

The gentleman we write of, lived with open doors. It was his custom, once a month, to furnish a banquet for all comers. It was his pride to have his tables spread, not only with fine substantial dishes—the huge sirloin, the buttock, and the chine—but lighter viands, with every delicacy of the season. His wishes for many feeders were amply satisfied—persons of all conditions sat at the board, at which there was no "above" or "below the salt," but all sat as they chose, and fed at their ease.

The host had an infirmity of temper, it must be owned he was at times irascible, and the colour would come into his cheeks, and he would have to bolt a rising exclamation, when he found, as he often did, an ungrateful return for all his benevolence. He was very particular in his plate; his silver spoons, forks, and tankards, were of a pattern generally much admired. On these articles were engraved his initials and crest. He certainly prized his plate; yet so free was he, that he had not the slightest objection to lend articles to any persons, who, as *Sukey Straddle* borrowed the "gentleman's repeater," might wish "to make a figure wit them." Now, we take this to be liberal of the old gentleman.

In the course of the past month—not that the shabbiness, we are about to speak of, is of so late an origin, but, perhaps, it was never before so generally adopted—the old gentleman, going about all parts of the town, dined at various ordinaries—"Ha! ha!" cried he, as he sat down to chop and peas, "one of my silver forks, I see!" He knew it at a glance—the article was certainly from his plate chest, but looking at the head, what was his surprise to find that his initials and crest were completely erased, and that, as he learned from a by-sitter, the fork was looked upon as the original property of the house. The old gentleman swallowed an oath. Well, the next day, during the hot weather, he walked into a confectioner's to take an ice. "So," he observed, "one of my spoons!" The spoon had shared the fate of the fork—the crest and the initials were scratched out. The old gentleman hurried out of the shop, exclaiming at the injustice and ingratitude of the world. On the same evening he visited a famous ale-house, and called for a draught of Burton.—"Dear me!" he cried, "I declare—my tankard!" The tankard was no better off than the fork and the spoon—its distinguishing letters and armorial bearings were gone; whilst, what rendered the injury more annoying, the ale-keeper had been greatly praised for his unique silver mug!

The old gentleman has related all his griefs to us, and begs us to print the follow notice for our contempories:—"Gentlemen are very welcome to the loan of a silver spoon, a fork, or tankard, but are requested not to scratch out the owner's name.

"N.B. this offer does not apply to those wholesale borrowers, who would make use of the whole plate chest.

☞ Sample of some Gentleman's Auto-biography.—We have had the advantage of seeing "*Some Gentleman.*" He has unexpectedly returned from Hobart Town, and promises a further sample of what has occurred to him for our next number. We took the precaution of treating with him under the protecting presence of Mr. Adolphus. He squints—but in other respects is of a most prepossessing appearance. He complains bitterly of *some other gentleman* having picked up a small matter of his private history, and called it "*An Incident in the Life of* a Rascal!" *A Rascal*, indeed!—How would *some* (or, indeed, any) *other gentleman*, he indignantly asks, like to have the particulars of his wedding, or any other event of his career, published under such a title?

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XIV.] AUGUST, 1832. [No. 80.

HINTS TO ELECTORS.

THE nation is called on to strain all her nerves, to return a popular House of Commons, were it but to satisfy the unhappy Lords and Gentlemen of the fallen party, who are ever teasing us with the question, "What good will Reform do you, now you have got it?"—We ought surely to satisfy them as soon as possible on this point. Let us do it, not by *defining*, but by the more lively and impressive method of *shewing*. It is Locke, we believe, who mentions these two ways of conveying information. Each has its advantages; but the latter seems best calculated for enlightening Tory intellects. Let us, therefore, give over telling them what we *expect* from Parliamentary Reform; and make all the despatch we can, to give them ocular and tangible evidence of what we have been enabled *to achieve* by it.

Political pwoer, delegated to the nation, is a sacred trust, which cannot be abused without a breach of moral as well as of social obligation; and that the man who either uses this power negligently or corruptly, violates two duties of the highest order; no matter how industrious he may be at his trade, or respectable in his family,—he is a borough-monger in heart, and a bishop in principle.

Let us return such a House as will not let pass the first session, without taking some decisive measures to cleanse the Augean stable of the church, and relieve the Right Reverend Bench from its legislative labours. Let us return such a House, as will at once repeal the Six Acts and the Corn Laws, and give the country cheap bread and cheap newspapers. Let us return such a House, as will abolish, the first month of its sitting, the use of torture in the army and in the colonies. Let us return a House, that will lose no time to rid the nation of the enormous burthen of supporting, by sinecure places and pension lists, the idle and insolent progeny of the wealthiest aristocracy in Europe—a House that will lose no time to inform that aristocracy, that henceforward they must condescend to bring up their offspring in the paths of honest industry, or encumber their own estates, to support them in proud uselessness; for that the days of salary without service, and reward without merit, are past for ever. Let us return a House that will do this, and we shall have but to appeal to the senses of the Tories,

to convince them of the efficacy of a Reformed Parliament. The state of their pockets will convince the most sceptical among them, Lord Eldon himself, that the Bill is no nullity for the people. A den of thieves, overpowered by constables, and divested of their booty, may deplore the ill-fortune which has arrested their ingenious career prematurely; but they will scarcely have the egregious folly to ask the owners of the stolen goods, who stand round them, each claiming his property, what they are the better for the apprehension and breaking up of their gang. So will it be with the public appropriators, politely called Tories. When they see the people re-possessed of their property, and enjoying it, they will dislike Reform, that great thief-taker, as cordially as ever; but they will hardly question its utility to the public.

The Bill must get a fair trial. If it is a good Bill, the nation must not be cheated out of its advantages by any remissness in the electoral body. If it is a bad Bill, there are two motives to exertion—first, to get as much good out of it as possible;—secondly, to enable us to determine with precision what ulterior provisions are called for. When an engine, that is vigorously worked, fails to perform a given operation—suppose the raising of a certain weight—we know it is the fault of its mechanism, and we can calculate what additional power it requires; but if it is worked feebly, we are at a loss to decide how far the blame is to be ascribed to original misconstruction, or subsequent mismanagement. In like manner, if the constituency of the country make every honest exertion to maximise the benefits derivable from the new system of representation; and if it shall appear that, after all, the great desideratum of good and cheap government is unattained, we shall merely have to consider whether our legislative machinery ought not to have its momentum increased by the ballot, or annual parliaments, or a wider extension of the right of voting: whereas, an opposite conduct on the part of the electors would embarass public opinion; prevent the country from arriving at a fair judgment upon the merits of the Bill; and possibly give rise to a groundless feeling of dissatisfaction with its provisions. Let the measure, therefore, of the Whig cabinet, be submitted to a fair experiment; let it be the object of all reformers, to make it operate so as to effect its purpose, and content the nation. That a vast deal of abuse may be removed by its instrumentality, we are sure. When we have ascertained the furthest extent to which it will go, in rooting up aristocratic corruption, and establishing popular power, it will then be time enough to propose broader and bolder measures.

Aye, Mr. Stanley! broader and bolder measures we will propose! broader and bolder measures we will have; should this Bill, which we eulogize, which we admire, which we call on the reformers of England to try fairly and patiently, should this Bill, we say, disappoint our hopes, redress our grievances too tardily, elevate the people too little—it is not a pruning-hook we want to lop the branches; but an axe to lay to the root of the tree. The "Secretary-at-war with Ireland," tells us, in his ignorance and insolence, that the Bill is final: he means that we have got all the power that we have a right to ask for, or which he will consent to grant us. This is surely ignorance, for to speak of final measures in politics, is the same folly as to speak of final improvements in mechanics: it is insolent, for it assumes, not obscurely, that the Bill is a concession of the Whig aristocracy, not a deference to the declared opinion of the people. We do not counsel Mr. Stanley to be more phi-

losophical in future in his parliamentary language—the utmost reach of his faculties is smartness in debate—but we advise him to moderate that arrogant tone which would be offensive in a man of real statesman-like abilities, but is absolutely insupportable in him. The present House may tolerate his haughty airs; but, if the Bill be good for any thing, the next will be less patient of the vanity of the patrician without the talent of the legislator. The name of this gentleman, unfortunately for Ireland, recals her to our memory. It is hard to say whether he is a severer infliction on that country, as a minister or as a law-giver. Is the Irish Reform Bill intended to be a final measure likewise? A Bill, under which there will be fewer electors than bayonets in the island? Intended as a deliberate insult, it is intelligible; intended as a concession to Toryism, it is intelligible; intended as a prop to the church establishment, it is intelligible; but as a stroke of legislation, to satisfy and pacify the Irish people, and stamp on their hearts indelibly a feeling of confidence in the wisdom and parental concern of an Impetial Parliament, what shall we say of it, than that legislative incapacity never went further even in an Irish Secretary, and a British Senate. Were the Irish people contented with their share of reform, they would deserve to be governed by Mr. Stanley: we know not any better way of expressing our contempt.

THE AUTUMN CLOUD.

Whither, whither through the sky,
Whither is thy chariot bound?
Thou, whose winged coursers fly,
Making, with golden hoofs, no sound
On Heaven's star-pavement, as they tread
The many-coloured world around.

Thy journey will be fairly sped,
Ere from day's placid forehead fall
One of the twelve bright pearls, that shed
Their lustre round her coronal;
Ere night, the gloomy and the proud,
Takes up her sceptre, and doth call

Before her throne the shadow crowd;
O yet, upon thine airy way,
One moment's little space delay,
Thou lovely autumn cloud!

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE SPANISH.

Considering the rich materials with which Spain abounds for the work of the novelist, or the skilful depicter of manners and character, it is a matter of surprize, that among our ten thousand writers, luminous, voluminous, not one should have attempted to give a portraiture of the Spanish of the present day, as they are seen in their homes, surrounded by the domestic influences of ordinary life, which in Spain alone, of all countries of modern Europe, possesses the charm of romance. In the singular, and perpetually-recurring contrasts of habits and character; in the extraordinary admixture of barbarism and civilization, the one breathing all the energy of the heroic times of Pelajo, the other as yet uninfected by the inactive and unrelieved coldness and egotism which has overspread the surface of more polished communities; the pen of a Scott, or a Cooper, might find abundant matter for its enchanting combinations. In France, Mr. Salvandy, by the publication of his ingenious and excellent novel of "Alonzo," has happily illustrated the truth of our assertion; while in Germany, Huber, his follower and competitor in the same track, has been no less successful in earning for his exertions as wide and extensive a popularity. His "Sketches in Spain," a work executed with great skill and practical ability, entitles him to a high rank as a delineator of national manners and character. He carries his reader to Spain, and makes him acquainted with the many eminent characteristic points which mainly distinguish it from other nations; he introduces him to the domestic privacy of the Spanish people; he shows them to him in the seclusion of their own homes, in society, and in active life, under the influence of fierce political excitement. In the fervour of his zeal for setting the Spanish people in a proper point of view, he pours out the vials of his wrath against French, and more particularly English travellers, for the haughty contempt and sarcastic flippancy which distinguish their accounts of his favourite people; and employs much ingenuity of argument, and warmth of eloquence, to prove that the happiness of a people may not be incompatible with the absence of certain material enjoyments which are the production of a more advanced state of civilization.

Independent of the portraiture of national character and manners, the work possesses an additional and more important claim to our attention, as it presents us with a faithful picture of the political state of Spain, during the short, but memorable struggle of Riego. The rise, progress, and melancholy termination of the attempted revolution; the feelings with which it was hailed by the different orders of men; the splitting of parties, the conflicting views and interests, the discussions, the disputes—are all displayed with great accuracy and effect. Just sufficient fictitious private details are introduced, to give a dramatic form; indeed, he states formally, that the title of his work proves that he had no intention of writing a romance, and that, in the events described, he was always a witness, most frequently an actor.

In the following passages, he introduces his dramatis personæ to the render.

"In the most comfortable place beside the fire, in the only arm-chair the inn could boast of, sat a monk of the order of St. Dominick: the expression of his

countenance was gay and serene, his forehead high, his small eyes glittered like diamonds, and there was a haughtiness in his air, notwithstanding a visible effort of constrained humility. Beside him was the Padrona, or mistress of the house, a woman rather advanced in years, but still alert, and exhibiting in her manner an energy quite masculine. She was occupied with preparing, with pious care, the supper of the holy father, and condescended, from time to time, to receive the assistance of the ventero, or innkeeper, who, like his worthy spouse, was too much occupied with the holy man, to pay the least attention to the new comers.

"At length one of the travellers, invited, no doubt, by the odour of the cookery, hazarded breaking the general silence. He was a tall man, thin and dry, about forty, but wearing his years remarkably well. His lofty forehead was shaded by curls of handsome black hair, and his open countenance was at times darkened by disquietude. He was dressed in a long, dark, travelling cloak, and wore a round hat, after the French fashion. His careless deportment indicated as well a lassitude of mind as of body; but when he drew his tall and well-proportioned figure to its full height, when his eye became animated, a sublime expression of energy suddenly succeeded those indications of depression.

"'Can we have supper soon?' said he to the hostess, in a gentle voice, somewhat marked by the sharp accent of Andalusia. 'Your supper, cavallero? What matter's it to me,' replied the inflexible matron, 'you may eat what you have brought with you: here there is nothing for you.' 'But the fowl you are roasting.' 'The fowl—O it is for the reverend father Francisco,' interrupted the host; 'would it not be unbecoming, I ask you, if lay travellers should be served before a holy servant of the church?'

"This argument was unanswerable, and the poor traveller resumed his seat among his companions.

"'Ha, ha! Don Antonio!' laughed out one of the latter, 'you have again forgotten that you are no longer in your much-boasted France. But cheer up; I, who, like you, have not had time to forget among strangers the customs of my country, I have taken care of both of us, and you will have no reason to complain of my precaution:' at the same time, he drew forth in triumph from his bag two superb wild ducks.

"The new speaker was a young man, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, whose entire manner expressed a frank gaiety, and a sort of happy confidence in the future. His black hair escaped in confused ringlets from beneath a military cap, called a cachucha; the light bluish down of his beard corrected the rather feminine delicacy of his features, and his mouth, which seemed formed for smiles, was surmounted by a pair of little black mustachios. He wore a plain, but elegant travelling dress, and a light fowling-piece was suspended from his left shoulder. 'Ho, there!' resumed he, in a burlesque tone of command, 'is there no charitable person here, to put these ducks to the fire for me?' at the same time, as if he had despaired of meeting with the desired assistance, he proceeded himself to fill the office of cook. But his culinary efforts were interrupted by a little soft voice exclaiming behind him, 'Jesus! cavallerito, how awkward you are, in spite of your white hands. Come, let it alone; I shall manage it for you.'

"'May God bless your large black eyes!' replied the youth, as, turning round, he beheld, by the flickering light of the embers, a young and pretty girl, in all the simplicity of costume of the shepherdesses of the Sierra Morena. 'Come, then, queen of my heart, be the protecting divinity of my pretty white hands, and in recompence, I swear, as a Preux chevalier, to consecrate them to your service.' Saying this, he had advanced a step towards the young girl, but she had disappeared with the lightness of a sylph.

"When supper had been finished by the customary plate of olives, the company remained at table for some time longer, discussing the goat-skin vessel of wine. Rojas took his guitar, that classical *vade mecum* of every young Spaniard; and, under a pretence of teaching the pretty daughter of mine host some new airs, made her sit down beside him, and guided her delicate fingers along the

strings of the instrument. This had lasted for some time, when, on a sign from the master of the house, the mother quickly exclaimed, 'Get thee to bed, Pepita—quick! quick!—you ought to be ashamed of yourself; but first kiss the hand of the reverend father Francisco.' The poor girl was much alarmed at this unexpected interruption; and half ashamed, half angry, hastened to obey the commands of the severe padrona. The monk held out his bony hand to her with a malicious smile; she kissed it hastily, and in an instant disappeared, not without casting a look at the young man. But Rojas was determined to revenge her. 'Wait a moment, my pretty one,' said he; 'I wish to sing you an evening hymn:' and placing himself opposite the monk, he thundered forth the revolutionary song, known by the name of "*Tragala.*" Thanks to the profound sleep which had seized on the guests around him, his imprudence had not the luckless consequences which might have been anticipated. The monk, not thinking himself the strongest, dissembled his anger; and the young madcap, suddenly appeased by his feigned moderation, rose from the table, flung himself on one of the blankets spread in different corners of the hall, wrapped himself in his cloak, and, in a moment, the silence of the inn was only interrupted by the snoring of the sleepers, and the motions of the horses and mules."

The Don Antonio of the above sketch, is the principal personage of our author's work. He is an ecclesiastic, who, after ten years of banishment for his attachment to the principles of the former revolution, returns to his country in search of tolerance and protection, under the prospects held out by this fresh struggle for independence. His high character gives him an influence with the liberal party; and the journeys and negociations which he undertakes in their service, and his restoration to his family, form the simple groundwork for the construction of his graphic details.

The attack on the convoy, which forms the subject of the fourth sketch, is peculiarly Spanish, and is drawn with liveliness and energy.

"At this moment, the leading mules had entered a narrow defile, bordered on either side by precipitous rocks covered with brushwood. In front, a small hillock rose upon the view, from the summit of which the traveller discovers, with delight, the lofty walls and antique towers of Carmona, the termination of his adventurous journey. 'Once up there,' thought Ramon, 'we are out of danger, and this hair-brained youngster, will be at liberty to joke at our expense; —but would that we were *there.*' As he ended this monologue, a horseman suddenly darted from the brushwood, and, planting himself in the centre of the road, cried out, in a voice of thunder, 'Halt!'—'We are in for it,' murmured the mayoral. 'The Lord have mercy on us!' But, without appearing the least disconcerted, he coolly called out to the new comer, 'What want you, cavalier? Can we be of service to you? 'Ramon,' replied the latter, 'spare yourselves and us a useless trouble. You have with you some dozen ounces of gold, and the value of four hundred in goods. Count us down eight ounces, and draw a check for a hundred on your house at Seville. On these conditions you may pass unmolested. And as to the gentlemen who travel with you, I am sure they will honour us with a few light presents.' This dialogue afforded leisure for examining the troublesome intruder. The symmetry of his form exhibited all the elegance of an Andalusian maijo. He was mounted on a noble horse, and his large war-saddle was covered with long housings of green cloth. A long gun glittered in his hand, and a smaller one, of that description denominated trabuco, was strapped to the pommel of his saddle. His cartuchara, or cartridge-holder, was fastened to his waist by a leathern belt, and displayed the not very gratifying spectacle of a double row of cartridges, closely packed, and carefully kept ready for use, in small tin tubes.

"Ramon did not appear much flattered by the friendly invitation of the handsome cavalier. However he replied, in the same tone, 'You are too kind, cavalier; but surely you do not pretend to stop, by your single arm, some dozen old

Castilians. I am no great lover of battles—but then we must have proof that we may surrender without disgrace. Show us that we may do so, and I promise you that, on our side, not a shot shall be fired.' He had not finished speaking, when Rojas, rendered impatient by this conference, discharged his piece at the summoner, but without effect.

" ' Curse your precipitation!' cried the mayoral; ' but, by the holy virgin of Covodanza, the die is cast. Come, my sons, let us defend ourselves as we may.'

" The cavalier wheeled about his horse, saying, in a tone of irony, ' In faith, a fine attempt:—but now, Carajo, I shall teach you to play with the seven sons of Ecija.'—He darted off at full gallop, checked his steed a hundred paces further on, and, standing in his stirrups, to take deliberate aim, discharged his long gun.

" Rojas fell, uttering a curse. The ball had broken his thigh. At the same instant several other shots were discharged, and four cavaliers darted forth from the brushwood. Two muleteers had fallen by this first discharge. The firing then commenced on both sides, but the odds were unequal. In a few minutes several muleteers were disabled, some killed, and others more or less dangerously wounded. The mules which had been struck, became a new species of embarrassment to them—rushing in confusion, and, casting off their burthens, rolling in the dust. One of the banditti then advanced anew. ' Holloa!' cried he:—' In the name of all the devils, let whoever values life throw down his arms, and lie flat upon the ground.'

" Antonio alone—whether it was that he had not comprehended the injunctions of the victor, or whether he looked upon it as a *ruse*—or whether it was that he was carried away by a warlike ardour—he alone remained upright; and seizing the gun of one of his wounded companions, discharged it at the bandit. The horse of the latter fell dead upon the spot. A cry of rage burst from the brigands, and they all rushed upon the unfortunate Antonio, who, too late, repented of his fatal folly. Already the dismounted cavalier, more furious than the rest, had levelled his piece at his breast, and was on the point of firing, when the cavalier, who had stopped the convoy, cried out, ' Give him time to say his prayers, Pedro. Don't you see he is an ecclesiastic?' At these words, the long gun of Pedro was gently inclined. ' Let him pray, then, quickly—the dog," said he. ' Carajo, he has killed the best steed that Spain has produced since the time of Cid Babieca. Were he the Pope himself, he must pay for it with his life.' "

In this critical situation, his life is saved by the interposition of one of the brigands, whom he recognizes as his cousin, and who prepares to give battle, in his defence, to the inflexible Pedro. On a sudden a shout was heard—

" ' In the name of the Constitution, and of the King, surrender!—Long live Riego!—Follow, cavalry!' "

From behind the olives, a party of horsemen debouched upon the road. The suddenness of the attack so disconcerts the brigands, that they are routed, and most of them slain. Pedro, left without his horse, takes refuge in a ruined cottage, and defends himself furiously to the last, but is slain by a sabre-blow from the young Marquis of Penaflores, the leader of the party, who had so opportunely arrived to the deliverance of the convoy. From the time in which he was surprised by the banditti, at one of his country seats, and obliged to fly, almost naked, from the burning ruins of his house, he had been the scourge of the brigands, in conformity with an oath he had taken to exterminate them.

The wildness of passion, and almost frantic energy of grief, with which the tidings of the death of Pedro, are received by the daughter of Eusebio, the smuggler, whose cortejo, or lover, he was, is no less striking, and exhibitive of the fierce flashes of daring recklessness

which, under the circumstances of great natural excitement, break from the countrywomen of the maid of Saragossa. After describing the festivities of the young of both sexes, who had assembled to celebrate the birth-day of the Luciente (or the brilliant), our author proceeds thus:—

"But at this moment a young girl rushed into the midst of the assembly, pale and dishevelled, and uttering cries of despair. Her original costume, and her graceful deportment, partaking of a kind of masculine forwardness, bespoke her at once to be a perfect specimen of the Andalusian maija. 'Where is he," cried she; 'where is the man who brought this news?' and approaching José, she demanded, with a trembling voice, but with looks of fire, 'Pitiful wretch! is it true that my Pedro has been slain?'—'It is but too true,' replied the brigand, lowering his head. She then gave way to the most violent grief, tearing her hair, disfiguring her face and breast, invoking the saints, and blaspheming them in the next breath, and calling upon death.

"'The devil has taken possession of La Luciente,' exclaimed the terrified bystanders; and each hurried to take refuge as near as possible to the crucifix placed above the door of the old smuggler, while they accompanied each blasphemy of the unfortunate mistress of Pedro with signs of the cross, and sprinklings of holy water. At length, pushing with impetuosity through the terrified crowd, she again confronted José, and said, 'Tell me, wretch, how did my Pedro meet his end?'—'In the name of the Holy Virgin of Fuensanta, do you think, young woman, that I had time to examine? I was but too lucky in escaping myself, thank God for it!'—'Thank God! and you thank God, base coward that you are!' replied La Luciente, approaching still nearer to the unhappy fugitive, while her eyes flashed fury and contempt. 'You thank God for being enabled to run away. But did Pedro Gomez fly when you were in the chapel at Ecija, when the priests had already begun to sing the prayers of the dead for you, did he then spare his life to effect your deliverance? and is it you that thank God for having had time to fly while they were slaughtering him?' She advanced a step nearer to José, and raising her clenched fist to his face, continued, 'If you were a man, would you have abandoned my Pedro in the hour of danger? if you were a man, you would know how he perished; if you were a man, would you be sitting there in the corner like an old cripple?——but why waste breath on such a being!'

"José had, by an involuntary movement, grasped his dagger; but he suddenly restrained himself, and putting aside the menacing arm of the young girl. said with a forced laugh, 'White hands wound not; but thank the Holy Virgin, muchacha (young girl), that Pedro was thy cortejo, otherwise ——'

"Two new comers here entered the court; one of them recognized José—'There he is,' cried he; 'the poor girl knows all.'—'Estaban Lara and Christoval Moreno,' exclaimed at the same time several voices.

"'Christoval Moreno! Christoval, the partner of the flight of José!' immediately resumed the frantic girl, quitting José to approach Christoval. 'And you too, doubtless, you had not time to mark how my Pedro perished! and you, too, could abandon him! You should have hid yourself in a convent, yes, in a convent of nuns, effeminate as you are!' At the same time she pushed him from her with force. The astonished Christoval gazed in pity on the unhappy girl, then disengaging her right hand from his ample cloak, he held it out to her:—'Young girl, mark you that blood? it is the blood of the murderer of Pedro Gomez!' The energetic motion of Christoval quelled the fury of the despairing Luciente. She drew back, and was silent."

The murder of the Marquis of Penaflores takes place at the fair of Mairena, which is celebrated in Spain. It is a little village, four leagues distant from Seville, which for three or four days attracts crowds of people, intent on business or pleasure, from all quarters of the kingdom. The diversity of costumes and idioms, the magnificence of the rich merchants, the simple and picturesque manners of the inhabitants of some of the more remote provinces, the numbers of the young and beautiful

of both sexes, all concur in making the fair of Mairena a scene of the greatest liveliness and animation, and are particularly worthy of observation. It is here sketched with truth and vivacity; and the grouping of well-defined figures and characters, with the different political biases by which they are actuated, exhibited in their dialogue, place the country and the people immediately before our eyes. After describing the scene of the fair, with the most prominent characteristics of the latter, the long array of mules, and of superb Andalusian horses, the paseo, frequented by crowds of the idle and the delighters in news, whose conversation is broken by the monotonous cries of the aguadores, or water-carriers, the arena for the bull-fight, where proudly stalk the torreros and matadores, our author proceeds to individualize, and presents us with the minor details with graphic felicity.

"At the end of the esplanade, in a little circular enclosure, shaded by orange-trees mingled with cactus and aloes, was erected a large and elegant tent. Beneath its light roof of straw, supported by a few slender poles of aloe, were arranged a number of small low tables, surrounded by groups busied in drinking or gaming. Some were sending round elegantly-shaped earthen vessels wreathed with flowers, containing lemonade or wine; others were sipping chocolate, the refreshing sorbet, or that iced beverage which they call arucarillo. At the upper extremity stood a long counter, laden with sweetmeats of every description, and flanked on either side by piles of little barrels, filled with different sorts of liqueurs. Close to it might be observed a kind of side-board, not as the other, furnished with eatables, but with little articles of jewellery, and silk mercery, such as rings, fans, reticules, ribands, &c. indicating that the tent served for a double purpose; and in the corners of the vast interior were heaped together numberless goat-skins consecrated to the joyous juice of the grape. But of the crowd that thronged the interior of the tavern, many seemed to have been attracted thither by other motives besides a wish to drink or to game. Several followed with their eyes a young girl, who ran from table to table with the most piquant petulance of manner. Her complexion, which was darker than the ordinary tint of Andalusia, the oriental expression of her features, her large black eyes, full of an uncommon mixture of boldness and candour, easily pointed her out as one of those Spanish gipsies, or gitanas, the original type of whom has been preserved entire through so many ages. A light gauze veil rolled about her head contrasted strongly with her almost African complexion, and a short tunic of the same colour completed her slender toilet. Her naked arms and legs were surcharged with rings and bracelets, and she glided like a fantastic sprite through the midst of the joyous parties, answering with gaiety and malicious wit, the jokes and compliments of the young men."

"The conversation was interrupted by a great movement, which took place among the groups of drinkers. Each rose from the table to run to the door. Antonio and his friends having done the same, perceived a superb horse contending with his rider, vaulting, plunging, and lashing, without in the least discomposing the gravity of the latter, who seemed to be trying him previous to purchase. Bets were exchanged for and against the chances of the cavalier's preserving his seat, but presently all doubt on the subject was removed, and the mettlesome steed, rendered humble and obedient, ceased to struggle against the skilful hand that held the reins.

"Don Bernardo Marti de Valencia! cried out at once several voices, and the eagerness seemed to redouble, each person wishing to see him closer, and giving way to him with deference, when he approached the tent.

"The object of so much attention was a tall man, with bushy eyebrows, having dismounted, features singularly marked with energy, auburn hair, and a wrinkled and sunburnt forehead. His dress partook of the city and the country. He wore a large hat of coarse spun stuff, with large flaps, and his dress consisted of a round jacket of blue velvet. His suite was composed of several Valencians, whom it was easy to recognise by their platted hair, covered with nets, their large grey hats, their short jackets, ornamented with stripes of red or blue

silk, their trowsers, which scarcely reached their knees, but so wide they might be mistaken for petticoats; in fine, by the species of stocking, which reached from the ankle a little above the calf, so as to leave the knee and the foot naked, the latter protected by the alpargatas or sandals. Each one carried on his shoulder a blanket in a leathern case, the only preservative against the inclemencies of the weather, at once a bed in the camp or bivouac, and a table-cloth at meals, the indispensable *vade mecum* of every Valencian, as the cloak is of the Castilian.

"As the new comers entered the tent, they politely saluted the company. Their chief called for the best wine, passed it round to his companions, and carelessly throwing down a piece of money, double the value of what he might owe, went out, after saluting the company with the same courtesy as at his entrance.

"'Who is this Don Bernardino Marti, who seems to exercise such an influence over the crowd?' said Antonio.

"'What! is it possible you don't know him?' exclaimed a dozen of voices at the same time; 'you must be a great stranger here.'

"'That man,' said one of the bystanders, 'is well known from Castillan de la Plana to Reuss, and justly so. He is one of the richest land-owners in the neighbourhood of Valencia, and Captain in the Queen Amelia's regiment of heavy cavalry. He is the terror of the banditti, whom he hunts like wild beasts, and he has done more in a few years towards re-establishing the tranquillity of the country than all the brigades of the Santa Hermandada for centuries. He is followed in his excursions by his own peasants, and sometimes by a small detachment of his regiment, and these expeditions are made at his own expense. This new Theseus has succeeded in purging the kingdom of Valencia of all the bands of robbers that infested it, and you may walk there now with your fists full of gold, without the least apprehension.'

"'A brave man! a noble fellow!' replied the company in chorus; and one of them, a real Castilian, added half aloud, 'What a pity he is not a Castilian, and that he should be nothing more than a Valencian, for you know the proverb —In Valencia the meat is vegetable, the vegetables water; the women are beggars, and the men nothing at all.'" * * * * * *

"But soon after, the evening bell, or *oracion*, was heard, and gave the signal for departure. At the first sound, the several groups stopped short. A religious silence succeeded the noise of conversation, and each one, uncovered and bowed, prayed silently. At this solemn moment, the same takes place all over Spain. After a few seconds of mental prayer, each one made the sign of the cross; and putting on his hat, saluted his neighbour, to the right and left, wth *buenas noches*, (good night). A great number of the pedestrians separated, and returned home, but the Paseo still continued crowded; for the night had set in, sweet, fresh, and voluptuous, as it is in those climates; and its complacent shade served as a signal for another species of promenade, which was prolonged until midnight.

The last struggles of this constitutional regime, in which most of his dramatis personæ meet with a miserable end, form the subject of our author's last sketches.

We lay down this volume with a mingled feeling of satisfaction and regret. Satisfaction derived from the contemplation of the varied and agreeable pictures which the author has exhibited to our view, in a style always easy and natural, and at times spirited and eloquent. Of regret at the deplorable termination of a struggle, in which ardent and heroic lovers of liberty and their country perished ignominiously. But this regret is not unaccompanied by a confident expectation that the spirit that is abroad, and that "hath shook monarchs from their slumbers on the throne," is repressed, but not extinguished; and that under happier auspices, and better direction, it may be ultimately successful in restoring the fallen and debased Spain to her place among European states.

Specimens of Death.

No. II.

AFTER-DINNER VARIETY:—A PLURALIST'S.

" To him Pluralists—whom he designated as sacrilegious robbers of the revenues of the church—were so odious, that his chaplains were invariably dismissed on obtaining promotion. A clergyman in his diocese once asked him, if, on the authority of St. Bernard, he might not hold two livings. 'How will you serve them both?' inquired Burnet.—'I intend to officiate by deputy in one,' was the reply. 'Will your deputy,' said the bishop, 'be damned for you too? Believe me, you may serve your cure by proxy, but you must be damned in person.'"

LIFE OF BISHOP BURNET.

DOCTOR ZEBEDEE BOTT had just dined with a few friends. By gracious dispensation he was a pluralist; the fat on his ribs stood three inches thick; and savouring as he did of the pure odour of orthodoxy, he usually dreamt—when he had not the night-mare,—of lawn-sleeves, a mitre, and milk-punch.

Doctor Zebedee Bott had just dined, and was picking his teeth. A wretched ballad-singer, with a chorus of starving children, howled a jovial song beneath the window, while the pluralist's guests—reeking with the labours of their sumptuous gorge—toasted tithes, luxuriated on the fascinations of the departed dishes, and, smacking their unctuous lips, leered at the pine-apple. The turbot had been of the true pale pinky azure tint—faintly blushing, as it was introduced, like a delicate girl; the turtle green and glorious; the punch "cold as Dian's bath;" the grouse right orthodox; the venison canonical; and the hock, divine! Like the bees of Hymettus, Dr. Bott and his friends, were full of Apollo, and hymned exultingly their praise.

The piteous tones of the mendicant, rendered doubly dismal by the song she had chosen being in praise of "rosy love, and ruby wine," were again heard.

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen," said Dr. Bott: "people complain about there being such a vast deal of bad port in the country: but I feel confident, from my own experience, that one may get a most capital article, if one only gives the price. Talk of scarcity, indeed!—Look at the butcher's shops! And then as to fish—why, the turbot which you have honoured with so many praises—cost me but a trifle above two guineas. Every thing, in fact, may be had with the slightest trouble imaginable—things are brought to the nicest degree of perfection—and yet some people are not satisfied—the grumblers don't decrease."

"To make them listen to reason is impossible," said a short, pert, rubicond, oleaginous gentleman, peeping through his glass at the bee's wing. "Why now, I, myself, although I find employment for above fourteen hundred of the rising generation in my factories, am far from popular. What do they want? the swinish herd!—Doctor, I think I'll try those grapes."

The song below had now changed; and the children, to give their forlorn mother a brief respite from her labours, were squealing, with

natural shakes on every note—for the wind blew keen, and they were nearly naked—

Father's dead, and mother's bad,
Sister Jane is raving mad,
Bible's pawned, and medal too,
Father won at Waterloo—
We are little fellows!

Dr. Bott and his party heard this: they hemmed and haaed, and tried to speak, but the words stuck in their throats; and Dr. Bott, feeling the infliction to be unpleasant, told his butler—who looked as though it was impossible that his coat could contain him above another day—to give the impostors a penny, if they'd promise to go away, and not come under his windows again.

The bloated menial—"a man of many feasts"—had scarcely waddled to the street-door, when a strange hurly-burly was heard in the passage, and a footman rushed in—his nose bedabbled with soup, hastily licked from a plate, in its transit from parlour to kitchen—and announced that a booted and begrimed countryman had felled the colossal porter, carried the hall by the rude arguments of his oak staff, and stood on the stair-case, vociferating his determination to see the doctor, in spite of the devil and all his works.

"An impudent scoundrel!" said Dr. Zebedee; "I will so appal the vagabond!—who is he?"

"He says his name is Rug, and he comes from *down-along*."

"Rug, eh?—Oh! true!—Honest Rug! an orthodox, stultified, good sort of a farmer. He owes me twenty pounds for tithes; which, if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'll just step into the next room and receive; but not without a lecture, you may depend, on the burly rogue's impertinence. With *our* money in their pockets, these fellows presume——but I'll teach him!"

Throwing one arm over the shoulder of his footman, and the other over that of his bursting butler, who had now returned, breathless, from the task of dismissing the ballad-singer, Dr. Zebedee hobbled out of the dining-room, and held the following colloquy withFarmer Rug.

"Well, Rug, what now, eh?" said he, as soon as his servants had placed him in a chair, and retired; "Come to pay up, eh? Raised the twenty pounds, eh? Sold your brood mare and foal, eh? Brought the money, of course, honest Rug, eh?"

"Noa, doctor, I han't."

"Why, scoundrel! how dare you?—Such rudeness I never witnessed!—Not brought the money!—What! d'ye think I'll sit down quietly, and see the church defrauded of her dues?—You've been reading some of the traitorous publications; and you'll be damned, as sure you're born. I'll second the designs of Providence, by ruining you, rascal, to begin with—I will, if I live."

"Hush! hush!—doantee be noisy:—bide quiet, and listen.—I've had a dream."

"D—n your dream!—I was going to say.—What do you come to me for, with a cock-and-a-bull story of a dream, and what not?—I'm in such a rage!"

"Zo I do zee, but that doa'nt daunt me. I ha' got zummut awful to

tell'ee. My missus zaid I'd better zaddle the brood mare, and come up; and here d'ye zee I be. Oh! Doctor Bott! I can't help crying, just as I did when your vriend Locust were hung—Ah!"

"What mean you, fellow, by this language? Are you mad? How dare you —"

"Zoft, zoft, Doctor; keep quiet. Vor my part, I'll zpake to 'ee in whispers. Who d'ye think I zeed last night?"

"How can I tell?"

"The ould gentleman! He below—you understand. Aye, there he were, natural as life, though 'tware but a dream. I were quite dashed like, to vind myself all ov a zudden in zuch company. 'Walk in, walk in,' zays he, quite affable,—just as you might. And there I vound un, zitting in his yelbow chair, wi' a vew vriends about un, all jolly as zand-boys. 'How goa the crops?' zays he.' 'Why, but queerly your honour,' zays I; 'wheat's a bit touched, and the fly's got into the turnips.' 'Zo I vind,' says he; 'and how's my friend the lawyer?' 'Got a bit of a bad cold,' zays I. 'Glad to hear it,' says he, grinning; 'but come, make yourself comfortable, and let me gie you zum zoup.' 'Thank your worship,' zays I, 'but I've had my zupper.' 'Then take a pipe,' says he, 'we're all vriends here.' Zo I takes up a pipe, and was just a going to zit down in a yempty chair, when he roared out 'Ztop, ztop! you mustn't do that—you'll burn your breeches if you do; *that chair is vor a vriend o'mine,* Dr. Zebedee Bott!—*I expect him here every minute.*' Zo with that I woke, and told missus, and she zeemed to think I shouldn't be doing a christian act if I didn't come and tell'ee; and in the morning I thought I'd best myzelf; vor valling azleep again, I zeed Zatan at his tricks. Behind every one o' them that was zeated at his table, hung a shovel hat just like yours, and zum o'em had got zilk aprons on: and the yempty chair what stood vor you, instead o' being o' polished zilver, az I'd thought it to be at virst, were white hot zteel; and the zoup were molten gold; and Zatan ladled it out, and made the volks zwallow it, in zpite o' their teeth; and when it got low, he tickled them in the ribs wi' the point ov his tail, and they turned guineas out o' their purses in among it, which, I zeed, zoon melted; zo that the vounder o' the veast had nothing to vind but the vire! But I zay, Doctor—Doctor Zebedee—Doctor Zebedee Bott—rouze up man! Doant'ee be downcast. You be the colour o' beet-root. Wull'ee ha' a draught o' water? Doctor! Come, doant be a vool—'twere all a dream. Why, your eyes be quite blood-shot ov a zudden. Come, come, I zay—Lord! Lord!—Doctor! Doctor Zebedee!—Doctor Zebedee Bott! As zure az I'm alive he's dead!"

Honest Rug was right. The pluralist, gross and full of meat, had, in a fit of apoplexy, gone off—

☞ L.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

MARAT'S REMARKS UPON THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE SIGNS OF DEATH.

La mort est un sommeil eternel.

This may, or may not, be true; but this is true—"*Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.*" From the time of Pliny, the naturalist, to the present hour, every body knows that men alive have been deemed dead, and as such have been buried alive. I remember a very particular case that occurred three years ago at Dijon, during the pestilential fever which raged in that town, when a friend of mine—however, it is useless entering into details—he was buried alive. After all the kicking, knocking, and every kind of noise the *pauvre diable* could make—you must not forget that he was in his coffin at the time—the lid was taken off by the sexton, whom chance had brought to the spot. The body was warm; a few pulsations were felt: but my unfortunate friend was now in a cold, damp vault, no means of resuscitation near, and they ceased for ever. In Frankfort, Ausburg, Cologne, and many other places beyond the Rhine they—I do not mean the doctors, the nurses—but the sextons (*les fossoyeurs*), are compelled, in the event of a person having died of some malady which requires immediate interment, to place the body, not in a frigid vault where other festering corpses are lying, but in a boarded, warm room; over his person, but not his face, a blanket is placed, and from the cieling are suspended various strings which touch his feet and hands; any one of which, if this prototype of Sinbad the sailor should touch, a *waker*, as you appropriately term such a class of persons, instantly comes to the ringer of the bell. This brings to my recollection the Irish wakes I have seen in London, and do not entertain a doubt but they owe their origin to the fear entertained by this sensitive people, lest their friends should be sent to the regions below before the time. The question is, at any time, and under any circumstance, should an individual pronounced dead, be interred within six or twelve hours? Certainly not. I have not time to tell you what, in my opinion, ought to be done; but you must admit that it is a subject of *vital* importance. *In pulverem reverteris.* This is a sad thought. Let me tell you what ought to be done when a person is thought to be dead; yet, before I proceed, it must be stated that I have made many observations upon dying and dead persons. My opinion is not yet quite made up; but the *springs of life** shall henceforward be my deepest study. Blood, and brain—that is, life—of the former you may take away a great deal, of the latter little, if any. A doubt exists here—yet, I shall know that, before I have done with my experiments. Blood is the oil in the lamp—a few drops remaining will cause it to glimmer; the brain is almost the very wick itself. I will now return to what I set out with, namely, the difficulty and uncertainty of depending upon what are termed the signs of death. It would be a dangerous doctrine to lay down (and therefore the German bell plan might sometimes give a false alarm), that, because a limb or other parts of the body should move, or that blood should flow after supposed death, therefore it is certain the person is alive. Have you never seen

* Les ressorts de la vie.

in a butcher's shop a bullock that has been flayed, its entrails taken out, its head separated from the body? The flesh you must have observed palpitates for half an hour afterwards: so, in some instances, it is with man, particularly if he have met with a violent death.

"The most certain indication of absolute death is a peculiar odour, resembling, in a slight degree, that which proceeds from the *mouse*,* a smell different from any other in the world, and which, from my experience, I never mistake. It is a commencement of decomposition—of putrefaction; but differing entirely from the odour arising from a gangrenous wound. Place the hand between a lighted candle and yourself; if the blood is in motion, the fingers will seem transparent; if dead, the palms assume a horny and yellowish appearance..... ...*Cetera desunt.*"

The remainder of this letter is in the possession of the translator, but he cannot, at present, find it.

A FRAGMENT FROM ONE OF BEAUMARCHAIS' LETTERS.

In the legends of our saints, we read of some very extraordinary circumstances, which are not only not true—that I care nought about—because fiction, at all events, is often more amusing than truth; but these tales are not even well invented. How superior in this respect are the turbaned writers. One of them, for instance, wishing to show what inexpressible power was given to the angel Gabriel, upon an occasion when he paid a visit to Mahomet, expresses himself thus—The heavenly messenger found the prophet in bed—he seized him by the arm, dashed out of the window, (a pretty clatter, unless, perhaps, they went like a bullet through a pane of glass,) and flew (a second edition of his Medina or Mecca affair, I forget which) away with him, to give a friendly call upon certain distinguished inhabitants of the sun, the moon, and the stars, yea, even those of the seven heavens. This interesting aërial and land voyage—I wonder which was the longer, the one by land or the one by air; I should also like to know, how many geometrical leagues that would make, and also, what fraction of a minute each league had taken in performing. Well, this interesting promenade was accomplished with such rapidity, that the bed from which he had been dragged, was quite as warm as when he left it—(a bad thing in a climate like Arabia)—but this inspired writer, fearing that his readers might think his lady had taken care that it should not remain cold during his absence, and then the miracle would be simply an every day one, takes good care to add—that a pitcher, filled with water, which Gabriel struck violently with this foot, as he was taking his departure, had not had time to fall upon the ground, and did not inundate Mahomet's bed-chamber, until he had got snugly into bed again.

Another.—A dervise who could not swim, but who daily took his ablutions, came to the side of a lake: he saw a large bird standing in it; the water did not reach higher than the half of its leg—the dervise undressed, and was about to take his bath, when a voice from Heaven cried, "Enter not, rash mortal, a carpenter let his axe fall into it six years ago, and it has not yet reached the bottom."

* Odour de souris.

MADEMOISELLE EMILIE NADAU TO MADLLE. STAPPAERTS, IN BRUSSELS.

Dated, Rasan, 10 leagues from Algiers, Dec. 4, 1763.

I SHOULD never finish, my dear cousin, if I were to relate only one half of what has happened to me since we parted. So long a time has elapsed since you heard from me, that you will have thought me, without doubt, no more of this earth. But, I must make a beginning. This first letter, my amiable friend, will only afford you a few particulars, but every time a vessel sails for Europe, (for, as you perceive by the commencement of this, that I am in Africa,) you shall receive a letter from her, whom neither time nor distance will make you forget; but I am, at least, certain of this, you shall never be forgotten by me. The last time I wrote, I informed you of the disagreeable affairs in which my father was involved, as Governor of Guadeloupe. We have now discovered the motives by which his enemies were actuated. (The writer here enters into detail, not of sufficient interest to translate.)

My brother Edward determined to depart for Guadeloupe, to clear up the conduct of my father, and to afford him consolation in his misfortunes. He was the more particularly induced to take this step, a circumstance which I only learned afterwards, in consequence of the persuasions of my eldest sister, who you must know loves and is beloved by an English officer, Captain Marshall, who commands a vessel cruising off Guadeloupe. Well, it was so arranged that we should set off immediately, and my brother, my two sisters, and myself, arrived in Brest, from which a vessel was ready to sail for the West Indies. We had only been four days at sea, when a large ship of war, belonging to a rich Jew, Ben Grami, of Algiers, attacked us, and we were taken prisoners. I cannot think of that moment without shedding tears. A hundred terrible looking men, with turbans on their heads, and swords, or pistols, in their hands, rushed into the ship. We fell upon our knees and begged for mercy. What became of the persons on board our ship I know not; myself and sisters, more dead than alive, were put into a boat and conveyed to the Jew's ship. We were treated with great respect: the captain's cabin was given to us, and no insult was offered. At length we arrived at Algiers, and I shed a torrent of tears when I was separated from my sisters, but I had no power to resist. I was put into a curiously formed carriage, in which there were no windows, only close lattice-work, through which I could see, without being observed, and taken twelve or fourteen leagues into the country, to the residence of the Jew, Ben Grami, who followed me in another carriage. It is impossible to see a more delightful dwelling; nothing had been spared to make this place a terrestial paradise. I was extremely fatigued and overpowered with the heat of the climate: but the apartments that were assigned me, were charming and as cool as those you occupy in the Rue Verte, under the ramparts. Their beauty and magnificence cannot be exceeded: the walls of my boudoir were covered with the handsomest Sevre porcelain finely painted; the ceiling is gilt, and studded with curious ornaments in mother of pearl; the carpet and sofas are Persian, of rich silk, and are truly superb. The proprietor of this enchanting place, whom I had not seen till my arrival here, was a handsome and tall man, with a large beard and black piercing eyes. After I had reposed a few hours he sent a female slave to wait upon

me, and asked permission to pay me a visit—to refuse was impossible. He had travelled in France, and was acquainted with the manners of us Parisian ladies. I am compelled to acknowledge that his manners were quite amiable, and he showed the greatest deference towards me. He behaved with so much kindness, that on this first visit I did not venture to ask him what were his intentions; but I entreated him to let me see my sisters, and hoped my poor brother would not be ill-treated. He assured me that my brother should be ransomed for a trifling sum, which he, himself would disburse, as his highness the Dey had recently made a law, whereby no Christian could be liberated unless a certain sum is paid into the treasury, and as to my sisters he regretted extremely they had been separated from me, as he had given no orders so to do. He was going, he said, on the following day to Algiers, and on his return, they should accompany him. Could any thing be more kind, considering how I was situated? Two black eunuchs, ugly beyond what you can conceive, were appointed to receive my orders, or rather, to guard me, and prevent any attempt at escape; and six lovely young girls, as beautiful as angels, three of whom are French, were to be my slaves; they cost Ben Grami 2 or 3,000 livres each. Their dress was very becoming, and extremely rich; their robes tight to their shapes, showed them to great advantage; their hair plaited in the fashion of the country, and on the top of their heads they wore wreaths of small artificial flowers. Whenever they presented me any refreshments, or perfumed water, or embroidered towels, it was always upon their knees.

Ben Grami departed, and you may suppose with what impatience I waited his return; not on his account, most certainly; but I felt an ardent desire to embrace my sisters, and console them in their misfortunes. Three days elapsed, and Ben Grami did not return. I began to feel alarmed. Alas! my presentiments were but too real. On the fourth day, Eugenie, my favourite attendant, informed me that the house was surrounded by armed moors, and that the chief, accompanied by an eunuch, wished to be introduced to me. He entered, and said that he brought orders from the Dey to conduct me to a different part of the country. I did not understand what this could signify. He then added, that I need not be apprehensive, that the greatest care should be taken of me, and that I had no reason to be sorry for the change in my condition. "You were deceived, lady," he continued, "in believing that the person who detained you here was the Jew Grami; it was he who made you a captive, but this dwelling belonged to the prime minister, who was yesterday strangled by orders of the Dey, against whose life he had been plotting for a long time." I shuddered at this horrid intelligence. The man who had given me this dreadful news was a Frenchman, and a renegado. The wretch, smiling at my tears, conveyed me to the carriage that was prepared for me, and I arrived at the place from whence I address you this letter. My subsequent adventures are extremely wonderful, but at present I am not able to write any more, as the chief eunuch has informed me that his highness the Dey will visit me in half an hour; and I also learn that a vessel sails for the coast of France to-morrow, and will bring you tidings of your beloved cousin, who embraces you a thousand times, and with all her heart.

EMILIE.

A STRAY LEAF IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NOVELIST!

" The why—the where—what *boots* it now to tell?"—CORSAIR.
" My Majesty! this is mere diversion!"—WIDOW CHESHIRE.

" CONFOUND this gout!" pettishly exclaimed Mr. Walton, as he rose from his solitary dinner.

Now, Mr. Walton was a *bon vivant*, a humourist of the first fashion, a tale-writer (it must be owned) of the first talent, and one whose society was so constantly courted, in all dinner-giving and literary circles, that a lonely meal was a most unusual and unpleasant occurrence to him.

" Well," continued he, " I must, per force, content myself with another day of sofa and Quarterly;" for Mr. Walton ranked among the most devoted adherents to the Quarterly creed of politics.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, in a tone half peevish and half resigned, when a servant handed him a letter, bearing an official seal of stupendous dimensions, and marked in the corner, " private and confidential."

Walton eagerly opened the envelope, and to his no small dismay, learned that the great man on whose smiles he lived, and to whose fortunes and party he was attached (by a snug place), required immediate information on subjects connected with our naval establishments, into the expenditure of which, the great political economist, on the *opposite* side of the house, intended to make certain inquiries in the course of a night or two. Mr. Walton was requested, not to say commanded, to see the commissioner at Portsmouth as speedily as possible, to investigate facts, and to report progress on his return. It was at the same time delicately hinted, that the expenses of this important mission, would be defrayed by the writer from that convenient and ever-open source, the public purse.

" A journey of seventy-two miles when I'd resolved upon quiet: but in the service of one's country, when it costs one nothing! Well, I must forget the gout, or lose my ———. Hang it! I can't call on the commissioner in list slippers. Travers! step up to Hoby's, and tell him to send me a pair of boots, somewhat larger than my usual fit; and take a place in the Portsmouth coach for to-morrow morning; 'tis too late to night for the mail—but d'ye hear? not in my name, as I travel incog."

Walton made the few arrangements for so short an absence from town, retired earlier than usual to bed, was horrified at the imperative necessity of rising before the sun, found himself booked by his literal servant as " Mr. Incog," had the coach to himself, and at six o'clock in the evening, alighted at the George, in High-street.

Travelling without a servant, and with so scanty an allowance of baggage, he was ushered into the coffee-room, of which he found himself the sole occupant, asked for the bill of fare, and was served with the usual delicacies of a coffee-room dinner; cold soup, stale fish, oiled butter, rancid anchovy, flabby veal-cutlet, with mildewed mush-

room sauce. Cape and brandy, doing duty for sherry, and a genuine bottle of Southampton port, so well known by the seducing appellation of "Black-strap." All these luxuries were brought him by a lout of a boy, who looked more like a *helper* than a waiter.

"Well," thought Walton, "the sooner I complete my mission the better. I could not bear this sort of thing long. How far is it to the Dock-yard, waiter?"

"I don't know; master can tell'e; its no use your going there now, the gates be shut."

"But I wish to see Sir Henry Grayhurst, the commissioner."

"He be gone to the Isle of Wight with his family, so I heerd Master say."

"Is he expected back soon?"

"Lord, Sir, how can I tell? if you ask master, he do know."

"Pleasant and intelligent youth!" sighed Walton, "I'll put him into my next sketch. Well, I've had the bore of this day's journey for nothing, since the man I came to see is absent, as if on purpose to oblige me. How extremely agreeable! I must 'ask master' then. Tell the landlord I want him."

"Master and missus be gone to the play; it's old Kelly's benefit, and they do go every year."

"The play! there's comfort in the name; any thing is preferable to this lonely, gloomy coffee-room. Send the chambermaid to me."

An old woman, with a flat tin-candlestick, led the way to a small inconvenient room up numerous flights of stairs, not evincing the slightest sympathy with the limp of our traveller, who, by the way, had nearly forgotten his gout in his annoyances. She assured him that all the best rooms were engaged.

What soothers of irritated feelings are soap and water! Walton washed his handsome face, and aristocratic hands, (novelist-ink had not spoiled them,) got rid of his dusty travelling suit, put on a capacious king's-stock with flowing black drapery, and a well-regulated and well-braided Stultz. His ready-made Hoby's he consigned to "boots," having assumed the *bas de soie* and easy pumps. Leaving word that he should require something for supper, he bent his steps to the theatre.

The acting was sufficiently bad to amuse him, and at a moment when the attention of the audience was directed to the closing scene of the tragedy, and the ladies of the Point were weeping at the distress of the lady *in* point, the door of an opposite box was opened by the identical lout who had waited on him at dinner. The lad, making his way through a box-full of over-dressed and vulgar-looking people, whispered to a man in a blue coat and powdered head, singling out Walton as though *he* was the subject of this unexpected communication. The landlord of the "George," for it was no less a personage, started up, and instantly left the house, accompanied by the females of his party.

When the curtain fell, a whisper spread from box to box, and during the farce Walton could not help perceiving that he had become a greater attraction in the eyes of the audience than the performers were.

"What the devil does all this mean?" thought he; "have they found out *what I am?*" Perhaps they never saw a live author before. Let them stare. If they like to make a lion of me, I'll humour the joke."

On rising to leave the house, Walton found that the door was

thronged with people, who, as he approached, respectfully made way for him, and he overheard sundry *sotto voce* remarks as he passed—"That's he."—"Arrived this evening."—"Incog."—"Staying at the George!"

Wondering at the extraordinary interest he had excited, congratulating himself on an evidence of fame that Sir Walter himself might have envied, and followed by a crowd, he reached the inn. Three or four spruce waiters in *their* full dress, received him at the gateway, with most obsequious homage. The landlord (his hair re-powdered for the occasion) carrying a silver branch of four wax-lights, stepped up to him with a low bow.

"This way, an' please your ——, this way. Supper is ready for your ——."

Walton, indulging his love of comic adventure, followed his guide with a dignified air into the drawing-room. The splendid chandelier threw a flood of light over a table, covered "with every delicacy of the season." His host lamented that the champagne had not been longer in ice, and was distrest at having been absent from home when his illustrious guest arrived. Waiters flew about anticipating the asking eye, and, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "all was alacrity and adulation." Walton could not help contrasting the indifference which he encountered at his afternoon meal with the courtesy which graced his evening repast. He made ample amends to his insulted appetite, and regretted that he had no friend to partake in the joke, for he began to find these mysterious attentions too vast for even his literary vanity to swallow. Remembering the purport of his visit, he inquired how soon the commissioner was expected to return?

"Sir Henry came back this evening, may it please—"

"I must see him to-morrow early: take care I am called at eight."

"A carriage shall be in attendance, your—"

"No, no; my visit is of a private nature."

"I understand, so please——and will caution my servants."

Walton, after having discussed some well-made *bishop*, and a segar or two, rang for a night-candle. The attentive landlord, like Monk Lewis's beautiful spirit, still bearing the silver branch, led the way to the best bed-room. Walton thought of the loftily-situated apartment first allotted to him, and smiled. Dismissing his officious attendant, he retired to rest.

The next morning, somewhat tired by the parade of the past night, he breakfasted in his bed-room, and was preparing for his visit to the dock-yard, when his persevering host entered, beseeching the honour of showing him the way. His offer was accepted; and finding that the champagne had renewed his gouty symptoms, Walton took advantage of his companion's supporting arm. The good man appeared overwhelmed with this condescension, and looked unutterable things, at the various acquaintance he encountered in his way. At the dock gate, Walton left his delighted cicerone, who intimated his ambition to remain there, to have the supreme felicity of showing him the way back.

Some hours rolled away, during which our traveller received the information he had sought, which appeared of so much import to the Right Honourable ———, on whose behalf he had made the inquiry, that he determined on leaving Portsmouth instantly. A footman of the

commissioner's was despatched for a chaise and four, with directions that the bill should be brought at the same time. Down rattled the chaise, and down came waiters, chambermaids, boots, and all "the militia of the inn," to the dock-yard! Walton, without looking at items, put the amount into the hands of his gratified host, distributed his favours liberally to the domestics, threw a crown-piece at the head of the lout, and stepped into his chaise, amidst huzzas from the many idlers who had joined the *Georgians*.

"Long life to the Grand ———" were the only words the noise of the wheels permitted him to hear.

He reached London, without any farther adventure, in as short a time as four horses could get over the ground. Arrived at his home, he instantly forwarded the essential documents to his patron; and having disburthened himself of the more weighty affair, fell into a series of conjectures, as to the possible motives for the reverential deference he had met with. Tired with conflicting speculations, between his fond wishes to attribute it all to his literary reputation, and his secret fears that the homage was somewhat too profound, even for a *litterateur* of his eminence to reckon upon, he kicked off *his boots!* Certain characters on the morocco lining attracted his attention. In a moment the mystery was solved. On decyphering them, he discovered no less a title than that of

"The Grand Duke Nicholas!"

for whom the Hoby's had been originally designed—for whom they had proved either too large, or too small; and *for* whom also—our literary diplomatist had been mistaken, from the moment that he consigned them to the polishing hands of the wise waiter at the George!

"Fairly *hooked*," muttered Walton, as he went grumbling up to bed, and hoping the newspapers on the other side might never get hold of the story.

THE BAGSTER CASE.

When we were a boy, (alas! many years ago,) we never could be brought, for the life of us, to acknowledge, or to subscribe to, certain dogmas launched against our most innocent predilections and amiable propensities, by our affectionate parents and venerable grandmother. Every thing that "fitted the dainty tooth" most exactly, was pronounced pernicious—every thing that the nicer taste with "spattering noise rejected" was forthwith declared wholesome and agreeable; and we were constrained to swallow and to digest the same, or to submit to revolting and odious punishment.

This mode of proceeding, far from confirming the authority of such dogmas, so sought to be established, had the directly opposite effect of rendering us sceptical upon all matters that were not conformable with our five senses, or our one reason; and we have, accordingly, grown into middle age with an obstinate misgiving on many points, upon which a great majority of the world is, we understand, perfectly agreed.

We are a plain man, and must, therefore, not be taken to task for speaking our mind freely. We are the very sagacious person, that

chanced to drop in one morning upon the living skeleton. That, at one time, most spectral individual, had, by reason of much pecuniary improvement, lined his ribs, yea, clothed his entire frame, with a garment of flesh, that altogether softened and melted away the angular proportions of his figure, into a pleasant and aldermanic rotundity; and Claude Seurat was, at the time we speak of, one who bade fair to bear away the fame of Lambert. The stolid and obtuse public were, however, delighted with, and astonished at, the phenomenon; until we, by chance, arrived. Burying our forefinger in his larded side, we exclaimed, "Call ye, good people, call ye this man a living skeleton? Monstrous misnomer! Why, the fellow's enormously fat. Is a curve a straight line? Is substance shadow? Is an elephant a cameleopard? Is a ball of cotton a skein of thread?" The pursy impostor hereupon waddled away, panting and abashed, and thenceforth the eyes of the community were opened.

Thus, you see, it will not be thought surprising, if we feel ourselves hardly disposed to coincide in the view which the intelligent jury has thought fit to take of Miss Bagster's case; upon which, indeed, it is our intention to say a word or two. Let not the reader be alarmed—we are not going into the particulars of Miss Bagster's case; we are not going to conjure up the disgusting details of filth, folly, selfishness, and grasping avarice, with which the proceedings abound. A few general remarks, suggested by the verdict pronounced in this case, are all we purpose at the present moment.

The only pretext for placing in confinement this poor young creature is, lest society should be in any degree affected by her being at large. This—the preservation of society—is the only justifiable pretext for the enactment of laws at all; and every degree of punishment, from a week's confinement in the house of correction to the penalty of death itself, unless it bear solely in view the degree of injury sustained by society, and the prevention of its recurrence, is tyrannical and unjust.

Unhappily, however, our laws are so framed and administered, as to partake the nature of moral and final judgments upon offenders; and we, accordingly, hear of the "vengeance of the law," from the mouths of those appointed to administer them; a phrase not only disgraceful to a civilized country, but an admission, that the nature and original institution of the laws are not understood, and that our judges are accustomed to look upon themselves as "God Almighty's gentlemen," deputed to afford culprits a foretaste of the last day.

The "vengeance of the law" has virtually wreaked itself upon this unfortunate young person. Here is a young woman, of a naturally weak understanding, most grossly and culpably neglected in early youth—almost designedly, as it should seem, withheld from the attainment of any one thing that might tend to strengthen her mind, and confirmed in every thing whose tendency was to perpetuate its weakness—hurried suddenly before a tribunal—catechised upon points, in which it is impossible that she should be proficient, and of which some of her examiners themselves exhibit the most wretched ignorance—her memory taxed upon trivial matters, which it were an evidence of wisdom to have forgotten—and the fact of her lunacy established, by her want of knowledge of certain mechanical calculations, which she had never been taught, and which, without teaching, the intellect of a Bacon would never apprehend.

We remember what is said by Dr. Johnson, on the confinement of the unfortunate Christopher Smart.

"I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him, and I 'd as lief pray with Kit Smart, as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen, and I have no passion for it."

There has been nothing in the evidence upon this case that would lead any reasonable man to a belief, that Miss Bagster is a whit less intelligent than one out of six young ladies, who are taught ignorance, or something worse than ignorance, at boarding-schools; and we should indeed marvel, if an understanding, like that of this young lady, having imbibed the pernicious poison of boarding-school morality, under the care of such a mother, and the superintendance of a superannuated and sanctified alderman;—we should marvel, we say, if such an understanding, or, indeed, any mind, however strong, could have withstood such a triple junction of wicked laxity, mischievous waywardness, and deplorable folly.

But the very steps adopted by the young lady, which have given rise to these proceedings, are, perhaps, the best evidence of her perfect sanity; and afford sufficient proof of her ability to manage her own affairs. Surrounded, as she was, on all sides by a herd of greedy suitors, athirst after her property—countenanced by her mother, and not restrained by a superfluous modesty—the girl acted wisely, we think, in making an election out of a choice of evils; and her marriage to Mr. Newton, we conceive, ought to have silenced the rest effectually. But no such thing. Far from resting quietly in the grave of their hopes, these perturbed spirits, summoned like the nuns in a recently celebrated opera, came dancing into court in the most fantastic manner, as witnesses, to prove that, in their opinion, the intended victim was incompetent to the management of her own money—a pretty satisfactory reason why they wished to have the handling of it themselves! These were hardly the parties to be listened to with much attention or respect. This gang of disconsolates had, of course, a vivid recollection of Miss Bagster's infirmities;—all her failings and weaknesses were

"Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,"

and recited to the court with all the "rooted malice of a friend."

We hope to see, ere long, the mode of conducting such commissions (if such there must be) altered very materially. Here are a set of people met together, to inquire whether a certain person is fit to have the care of her own money; and (as is well said by the "Examiner") conclude by leaving her without any money to take, or be taken care of! These disinterested gentry occupy about ten times as much time as there can be any earthly occasion for, in devising chinks and chasms of evidence, through which the property, just caught, may slip silently into their own pockets. Here are a counsel and a mad-doctor disputing metaphysically, at the rate of a guinea a minute, in a style, compared with which, the controversy carried on between Thaumast and Panurge, by signs and face-making, was clear and satisfactory. Surely this detestable mockery, and perversion of justice, equity, and common sense, must be forthwith put an end to.

THE BROMPTON PAPERS.—No. I.

St. Mary Axe has had its Pepys; why should not Brompton? It would seem the spot to which Plato had transported all those ingenious persons, whose lively wits he deemed too trifling for the high sobriety of his republic. Fortunately, this is not an age when men are tied down to dull, common-place rules of honesty:

> Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
> *Si vis esse aliquis!*

Impressed with the beautiful truths enshrined in the ancient amber of the satirist, we have only acted up to the spirit of the age, when we assure our readers, that we have thought it worth our while to retain the postmen, general and two-penny, of the neighbourhood of Brompton. We do not wish to bring down the rents of landlords in that new Attica, when we seriously state,—and we trust that an increased circulation will "honour our corruption"—that no letter for this past month has been, or, for many months to come, will be, delivered to any lady or gentleman "of any mark or likelihood" residing in or near Brompton, which we have not, and shall not, continue to see. We shall, of course, exercise the same privilege on every writer's communication sent from that quarter to any part of the globe. We know that we have transgressed what is called honesty;—we are aware that we have put in jeopardy the lives of the postmen;—but what is honesty—what human life—to our increased circulation? Let a man prove himself worthy of the cart's tail, and from that moment, he takes his degree in the most worshipful society. If a man has dared to steal plate, he is, of course, worthy to dine off it. From the pillory to the drawing-room there is but a step. Make a publication fit for the hands of the hangman, and it is promoted to the intimacy of the *Red Book* and *The Court Guide*. Poetry, wit, the Scotch Novels,—all have had their day. Slander is now the staple commodity. Like the Israelites of old, we look, for life and enjoyment, to the snake!

Our first letter from the hands of the postman, runs as follows:—

A Broad Grin to Putoutallthelightsky, Censor of the Russian Press, St. Petersburgh, greeting.

My dear Putoutallthelight,* I have received your letter, and cannot but feel the keenest delight, that my humble official merits should have recommended me to your august master. Little did I think that the glimmering light of George's Wain could be visible to the eyes of Ursa Major. It will afford me infinite pleasure to forward to you the results of my experience; and particularly to discuss with you the propriety of licensing the two comedies originally written by a namesake of mine;† and, as it appears, recently translated for the Russian stage. I perfectly agree with you, that they contain many very objectionable passages. In fact, their whole construction I look upon as dangerous to every well-

* A Russian diminutive of endearment.

† These comedies, it appears, are *John Bull* and *The Heir at Law;* ignorantly imagined, by the Russian, to be the writings of the dramatic licenser.

disposed and paternal government. In one of these pieces, the author attempts to awaken sympathy in his audience for the seduction of the daughter of a brazier—a mere dealer in skillets and stew-pans; whilst the seducer is not only a wealthy young man, but of excellent family. I know not how a Russian audience would bear such appeals to their vulgar passions; but certainly, I would not advise the experiment of a representation, unless the piece were very considerably modified. The scene in which the brazier insults the magistrate if lowered in its tone, may be retained—provided that the offender suffer the infliction of the knout for his abuse. This will shew the audience the necessity of respect towards the officers of government. The flogging scene might conclude the comedy, which would then bear a moral at its end. *Mary Thornberry* I would sell for a slave; and, to get rid of *Frank Rochdale*, I would appoint him to a Tartar goverment. The many oaths abounding in the pieces, are of a most horrifying character. Did the man ever go to church, who could perpetrate such immorality? He mentions "heaven" twenty times; and once—horrible to relate!—he calls a kitchen-wench "an angel in a mob-cap!" When we consider what an angel is, the comparison is awfully criminal. I am aware that different persons have different notions of the forms and essences of angels. There is, I regret to say, much vulgar error abroad on this point. I have long and deeply considered what an angel is,* its nature and dimensions; and I subjoin the result of my painful cogitations.

I do not conceive an angel to be spherical, like an orange—an opinion held by some theologists—neither do I think angels angular, as contended for by divers geometricians. That they are of one sex, is, I am convinced, most certain. Brahma, Vishna, and Siva, were, however the pundits may sophisticate the matter, females. So is Mali, the Persian angel of the moon. As for the angels of the Hebrews, who took mortal wives, and had families, there must I think be some error in the text. For the make of angels, St. Augustin (a respectable authority) declares them to be slender, probably like a chamberlain's rod. The Jews (I have been studying the Hebrew of late) call angels "flames," "sparks," "images." As I said, I have an opinion of my own.

An angel, I conceive to be a being altogether cleansed from the stains of sinful unofficial life. If you know a man who, from early youth to the middle prime, has written every kind of vulgar grossness—who has left dashes in his prurient verse, to be filled up by the dirtiest imagination—who has become "fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon"—one whose "hours were cups of sack; and minutes, capons; and clocks the tongues of bawds"—one who made broad jests for royal lengthy ears, and afterwards was rewarded with a pension for birching the loose morals of his neighbours—who, sweetening the corruptions of the dirty humourist in the preservative odour of the conventicle, took under his especial patronage all the hierarchy of heaven, the interests of kings, the souls of the old and juvenile, together with the purity of his mother-tongue—if you know such a miracle as this, be sure—that is, according to my best belief—you know an angel!

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* It is curious that the same notions of the angelic nature are entertained by the licenser—as appears by his evidence before the dramatic committee.

To return to the dramas for the Russian stage. I look on the part of *Daniel Dowlas* to be a subtle, but a most nefarious attack on the aristocracy. Make a lord from a chandler! I certainly think that in Russia—a great tallow country, be it remembered—it would be a dangerous sneer at your noble dealers in fat and hemp. *Doctor Pangloss* should not be suffered in a country proud, and justly proud, of its academic greatness. *Zekiel Homespun* is altogether a piece of false sentiment and impertinence: all his bragging and big words are made ludicrously contemptible by his plebeian dress. Virtue and worth going on hobnails!—Nonsense.

As for the piece of *The Africans*, I must honestly confess to you, I had not the patience to get beyond the first act. I don't know how it would go down in Russia, but, at this time of day, it would never do in England. To attempt to make blacks interesting!—the author was a bold man.

You are, you say, in doubt as to the propriety of licensing *Pizarro*. You speak of *Rolla*'s address about liberty. I don't know whether you might not for once let it be spoken, by way of a good joke. I think on a St. Petersburgh audience it could not fail to tell.

I beg leave to congratulate you on your being invested, by your benevolent and enlightened emperor, with the literary order of the Thumbscrew and Gagging-bar: we ought to have some distinction of the kind here. I send you, per request, the *Olney Hymns*. Many thanks for the ham and black fox-skin.

Suffer me, my dear Putoutallthelight, to subscribe myself, in the fulness of admiration, yours ever,

A Broad Grin.

SONG.

I heard, when winter's frown
  Was dark upon the sky,
Amid the forests brown,
  The wild winds sweeping by:
A dirge for summer's pride,
  Upon their wings they bore,
And to my heart I sighed,
"Even thus thy joys have died—
  "Love thou no more."

I heard on every bough,
  A song for spring's return;
And shining waters flow
  From many a pebbly urn:
Then whispered bird and bee,
  And chimed the gentle rain;
And murmured every tree,
"There's hope, O heart! for thee—
  "Love thou again."

THE BANK CHARTER.

A PAMPHLET,* in opposition to the renewal of the charter of the Bank of England, has made its appearance from the pen of that enlightened financier Sir H. Parnell. In its skilful arrangement, diligent research, and clear exposition of a subject too long enveloped in the mazes of mysterious fraud, we conceive that Sir Henry has added a most valuable contribution to our stock of knowledge upon this all-important subject, and aimed a well-directed and powerful blow at this expiring monster of monopoly.

In the first division of his pamphlet Sir Henry divides his remarks in the following order:—"Power of the Bank over the currency—over trade—over the funds—and over the government." His second chapter consists of "Its abuse of power over the currency, as exemplified in the cases of 1783, 1793, and 1797." The next, and most important, treats of the depreciation in the paper of the Bank, as in the cases of 1816, 1818, 1825. Then follows a refutation of the objections to the Scottish system of banking; and a reply, altogether unmerited, in our opinion, from a statesman of the eminence of Sir H. Parnell, to the "Historical Sketch of the Bank of England,"

We conceive that there now exists no man of ordinary capacity who has not seen, in the events of the last few fatal years, the direful consequences of the monopoly in the trade in money enjoyed by those twenty-four individuals who govern this country, under the name, style, and title of Directors of the Bank of England. It is now happily clear to the most ordinary mind, that all our sudden changes from prosperity to poverty, from security to alarm, and from comfort to misery, pauperism and crime, have been produced by the capricious, unjust, and arbitrary issues of the Bank of England. Our statesmen, indeed, the Castlereaghs, Vansittarts, and Peels, those jugglers who have too long disgraced the political stage, have usually blinked the nation with their unintelligible jargon about a transition from a state of war to a state of peace, and over-trading, over-production, and over-population, and every other cause excepting the true one—an over-production of monopolizing tyrants. Now we rejoice, however, that a better day has arrived—the spell is dissolved—men see the true source of their calamity—they perceive the hand that has laid waste the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of this country; and we trust that at the voice of public execration, the tyrannical power of the Bank of England is about to be crushed for ever. Let any man who remains doubtful that the various panics and scenes of commercial desolation which have occurred in this country since 1794, have been owing to the mismanagement of the issues of the Bank of England, peruse the statements in the pamphlet before us, of the notes in circulation and their rapid withdrawal at the various periods of distress. Thus the year 1797 was a season of distress hitherto unexampled in this country, where the power of the Bank had not yet attained to its overwhelming weight, and we find the account as follows:—

Notes in circulation, February,	1794.....	£.10,963,000
—	1795.....	13,452,000
August,	1796.....	8,888,000

* A plain statement of the power of the Bank of England, and the use it has made of it, with a refutation of the objections to the Scotch System of Banking, &c. &c. By the Right Hon. Sir H. Parnell, Bart.

Thus it appears, that without any cause apparent in the state of commerce at that period the Directors had increased their issues by about £3,000,000 in a single year; and in the following eighteen months, they, with as little cause, withdrew nearly £5,000,000, amounting almost to one-half of their entire issues but two years before. When, therefore, we know that the bulk of the notes circulating in the kingdom is at all times issued from the Bank of England,—that the issues of the country bankers are enlarged or contracted in a corresponding degree by the amount of their accumulation directly or indirectly at the Bank of England, and that therefore this withdrawal of five millions, or half the circulation of the Bank of England, led to the withdrawal of one-half the entire circulation of the kingdom, and therefore to a depreciation of fifty per cent. upon the property of every person in this country, we have a fair view of the power of these twenty-four Directors, who reign supreme upon the throne in Threadneedle-street. A similar contraction of the issues of the Bank, to the extent of twenty-three per cent., brought on the commercial distress of 1816, and the more recent and far more calamitous panic and convulsion of 1825, is clearly to be traced to the doors of the Bank of England. Thus, according to Sir Henry Parnell, the notes in circulation were as follows:—

February 15th, 1825....	£21,000,000
November 15th. 1825....	17,980,620

Here is a diminution of between three and four millions in the short space of nine months, which too clearly accounts for the causes of the panic, with the ruin of thousands of industrious merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and mechanics, with all the long train of national misfortune which for the last six dismal years has weighed this country to the earth.

So clear is this state of things, that we entertain no fear that the Committee upon the Bank Charter will report for the unconditional renewal of this monstrous tyranny. But, in the protraction of the inquiry, we see grounds for alarm that a mere accommodation will take place—that the Directors will preserve their dangerous privileges—and that the trade in money will not be effectually delivered from the dominion of the Bank. It is in vain to fence in the public with securities against this arbitrary power by any other means than the entire and final abolition of the Bank of England. The accumulation in the hands of twenty-four individuals of a capital of twenty millions will be at all times dangerous to the commerce, manufactures, and agriculture of this country, whilst the dispersion of this enormous capital into the numerous banks which will arise upon the ruins of the Bank of England, will facilitate the purposes of trade in a far more efficacious degree, and remove the danger of oppression to the lesser institutions from one overgrown and all-powerful establishment. Nor will this, or any other measure relieve the present commercial misery of the country without a repeal of that crowning tyranny—the one-pound note suppression act. When the nation had been already stabbed by the Directors of the Bank of England in 1826, then, in the following year, did our wise and provident statesmen still further drain the kingdom of the life-blood, commerce, manufactures, and agriculture—a small paper circulation? We hold that this act was founded upon tyranny, injustice, and a violation of all natural liberty; for it is not the province of governments to interfere with their subjects in the exercise of their commercial occupations;

and the trade in money, and the issuing of one pound notes, ought to be equally free with the trade in corn or coals. Upon this subject, we regret to perceive that the pamphlet of Sir Henry Parnell is by no means explicit; and we find from the pen of this great financier the following unfounded remark:—"What has been the cause of the failure of the country banks in England? The facility with which every cobbler and cheesemonger has been able to open a bank." Now, without dwelling upon the inconsistency of Sir Henry Parnell, who has previously been labouring through twenty pages to prove that the cause of the panic, and the consequent failure of the provincial bankers, was owing entirely to the unjust conduct of the Bank of England—we conceive that the assumption is without any foundation in fact; for there is no reason to fear that the public will trust such persons as cheesemongers and cobblers in the capacity of bankers, and to whatever extent the neighbourhood will voluntarily take their notes. No act of parliament can with justice restrain a cobbler, or a cheesemonger, from issuing paper more than from issuing shoes or bacon. Indeed, without a repeal of the one-pound note act, we conceive that only half the benefit will be derived from the abolition of the Bank of England: nor will commerce revive her drooping head, or comfort revisit the lower orders of this country, without an entire and unconditional emancipation from its shackles of the trade in money.

In the interim, we earnestly recommend Sir Henry's pamphlet to the serious attention of all who desire to see the industrious classes of this country in possession of that security and happiness, which the fatal Bank of England Charter has so long, and so largely contributed to deprive them of.

PASKEVITSCH AND THE POLES.

[FROM THE JOURNAL OF A RECENT TRAVELLER.]

NEARLY three years have elapsed since I first visited, on my return from St. Petersburgh, the ancient capital of Poland. Late events had prepared me for a great change, but the extent to which it has been effected, perfectly astounded me. All traces of the national features are nearly extinguished, and this once splendid capital now resembles more an Asiatic camp, than a gay and polished European city. The streets are nearly deserted. Nothing breaks on the ear through their solemn silence, save the measured tramp of the Russian patroles, and lumbering roll of their heavy guns; or the peculiar cry of the Tartar coachmen, as they urge their horses at a furious pace through the narrow streets.

In the places which, but a short time since, echoed the triumphant songs of gallant freemen, now we beheld the wild Cossack of the Don, the Circassian in his chain armour, that leads back the mind to the days of Mithridates; in juxta position with the tall grenadier, or the gorgeously attired Hulan or hussar of the guard. Russian generals, Russian aides-de-camp, their breasts covered with stars, are seen galloping in every direction, their flat Tartar countenances animated to an expression of haughty triumph. But when we reflect for what purpose these warriors have been drawn from their distant homes, we vent a curse upon the head of the ruthless tyrant who is blotting out from the tablets of civilization a whole nation.

If we may judge from the immense system of fortifications erecting by the Russians, we should infer they still apprehend that the untameable spirit of the gallant Poles will again carve out some hot work for them. They are at present, fortifying Warsaw after the manner that the Prussians have done Posen and Coblentz, by a system of forts. 1st, the Fort of Sfola has been considerably augmented; near to it a citadel will be constructed, and another that will command the city and the vicinity of the Belvidere Bridge; a third will be built upon an elevation called Jolibord, and another upon the hill of the Barracks of the Guards, that will contain 6,000 men; the expense of these fortifications is estimated at twenty millions of florins, to be defrayed by the ill-fated city they are intended to subject. In the meantime, the Russians neglect no precautions to ensure their safety. The Circassians are encamped in the Royal Gardens. The château is converted into a military hospital, and its beautiful façade marked by the wooden barracks occupied by the line. At Praga, they have thrown up a chain of batteries that mount some guns of an immense calibre; these are pointed against the city, and sufficiently proclaim the feeling of insecurity that prevails. The garrison is now solely composed of the line, and the irregular troops. All the regiments of the guards have left, they were magnificent troops; but the line are short dark men, very much resembling our Indian sepoys, or the Peruvian Indians—the utmost discipline prevails—it is rather of the officers, than the untutored soldiery, that the Poles have to complain. The officers of the guards carried off some hundred ladies of very equivocal reputation, whom they married; they also purchased, with singular avidity, all the political works that had been published during the revolution.

The morning after our arrival, we saw Paskévitsch on the parade. He is a tall, fine, handsome man, with a distinguished military air. At St. Petersburgh he was famed for his gallantry; by birth a Lithuanian, his military talents are of the highest order. It was Paskévitsch who defended the famous redoubt in the centre of the Russian position at the bloody affair of the Borodino; and who afterwards led his corps from Riga to the Rhine, by one of the most rapid marches in the annals of modern warfare. The Persian campaigns of this officer are justly celebrated. His brilliant victories at Kainly and Milli duzé, both gained by a profound strategetical movement in twenty-four hours, would have done honour to the greatest captain.

It is melancholy to think that he has since tarnished his brilliant military reputation by his conduct towards the heroic Poles. Paskévitsch executes, *à la lettre*, the cold blooded tyranny, the relentless cruelty of his ruthless and "miscreant master." The indignities which he has inflicted upon this gallant people would fill volumes, and ruin him in the eyes of posterity.

To our great astonishment, we saw announced for representation at the national theatre, "La Muette de Portici;" during Constantine's time, this piece was strictly prohibited. The house was crowded with Russian military, in fact, exclusively so.

The Polish campaign, like the fabulous shirt of Dejanira, is already spreading its venom through their ranks; the guards have already returned to Russia, tainted with liberalism—and the applause showered down during the popular movements in the market scene, may be taken as an augury for the future. In fact, what country presents such ready elements for a Massiniello as Russia?

NOTES ON AMERICA.—No. III.

MALARIA OF SOUTH CAROLINA—SLAVES AND SLAVE-OWNERS—A FARMER AND HIS FAMILY—SOUTHERN STATES—CURIOUS EXAMPLES OF THE STATE OF MORALS—SPECIMEN OF AN EMIGRATING PARTY—NIGGER CONVERSATION, &c.

THE low country of South Carolina is infested during the summer and autumn by a malaria of the most dreadful and poisonous description. It is said to arise from the clearing away of the woods, and from insufficient draining. The district in the vicinity of Charleston was formerly well wooded, and under the "Old Dominion," many very handsome and lordly mansions reared their heads in the midst of the pine forests. Some of these still remain, but present a deserted and melancholy appearance. A few negroes and a squalid overseer are often their only occupants; as even during the winter months, when a residence in the low districts would be unattended with danger, the income of the proprietors is, in general, too limited to admit of a country as well as a town establishment. The vast avenues of oak, elm, and sycamore-trees are choaked up by dirt and brambles. The leaves are all shrivelled like faded lavender, and are gathered in large quantities to be used for stuffing mattrasses, sofas, &c. Unlike the Roman malaria, the thick and watery atmosphere of this country, instead of stimulating appears to deaden vegetation. The magnolia alone grows to a great size, and with unrivalled beauty—offering a striking and delicious contrast to the heart-sickening desolation around.

The withered and blighted appearance of the trees, which has just been mentioned, is a sure indication of the prevalence of an atmosphere deleterious in the extreme; and the stranger who should venture to pass the night within the range of its influence would scarcely survive to tell the story of his travels. I am unable to give a medical description of this country fever, by which name it is distinguished from the other scourge of the Southern States,—the yellow pestilence; but, I believe it may be termed a fever and ague of the most appalling kind, accompanied by sickness and vomiting. The few who struggle through its attacks are miserably decrepid for the remnant of their days; and in personal appearance, resemble the eight or ten favoured individuals who have been lucky enough to *return* from Fernando Po.

In these low districts the slaves are not unfrequently treated with great inhumanity. Degraded as the condition of their brethren in the cities may be, yet it is in many respects very superior to that of the wretched field negroes. The greatest misfortune, perhaps, that can befal a human being, is to become the property of a small planter or shopkeeper in the interior of the Southern States, and at some distance from a town of any size. The master is generally lazy, ignorant, and tyrannical, and his slaves suffer accordingly. It is asserted on the other hand, that the slaves are stupid, insolent, and incorrigibly slothful, and this cannot be denied; for how, in the name of all that is merciful, can a willing and cheerful obedience be expected from a poor suffering wretch who "must envy every sparrow that he sees?" I recollect one night that a negro was summoned to hold a torch-light of dried pine in the stable, whilst the driver of the coach was employed in harnessing the horses. Though

repeatedly ordered to hold the torch upright, he persisted in leaning it against the wall, which might have been set on fire in three minutes. At length the driver seized him by the hair, and struck his face violently against a rough projecting log. The poor creature was instantly covered with the blood which gushed from his lacerated cheeks, but he held the light straight enough afterwards. "That's the way to manage them niggers," said the brutal driver, with exultation; and his mode of management, as far as I observed, is the one very generally adopted by those of his class in the interior of the low country.

But in those districts where the climate is tolerable, and the gentry reside upon their estates, the situation of the slave is materially improved. A South Carolinian gentleman of property and education, and there are many such, is the kind and indulgent protector, not the harsh task-master of his negroes. Proprietors of this class have adopted many excellent regulations for insuring the health and comfort of the black population on their estates. Among these I will mention one, which has been found to be of great service. A planter informed me that he presented his overseer with five dollars for each additional negro, not purchased during the year, whom he found upon his estate on Christmas day. It thus became the man's interest, as well as his duty, to provide for the well-being of all—to take especial care that the pregnant women were not over-worked, nor their infants neglected. To detail all the admirable methods by which this gentleman had succeeded in alleviating the evils of slavery, would be a long, but not unpleasing task. They were worthy of the humane and high-minded Col. Huger, well known on the continent, and in America, as the gallant and enterprising friend and deliverer of La Fayette.

The domestic life and habits of the southern gentry very much resemble those of our West Indian proprietors. But the Americans are more actively engaged in politics, field sports, and horse racing. In Virginia, especially, great attention is paid to the breed of horses, and there is scarcely a town or village of two thousand inhabitants which does not possess a well-appointed race course. The hospitality of a planter of the highest and best class to travellers of all nations, who come well introduced, knows no bounds, and his house, horses, negroes, guns, boats, &c. &c. are at your service for as long a period as you may feel disposed to remain his visitor, and you may travel far and wide without meeting with so hearty a friend or so polished a gentleman. You will find him well acquainted with the policy and literature of modern Europe, and though probably a republican from principle, he is too well bred and too liberal to annoy you with those dissertations on the abuses of kingly governments, which so often offend the ears of the admirers of monarchies during their progress through the United States.

On one subject, however, the southern planter is peculiarly sensitive. I allude, of course, to the everlasting one of slavery. How fixed and resolute he is in the determination to perpetuate this curse of his country, may be gathered from the nature of the laws which have been passed in several of the slaveholding States, for the government of the black population the last few years. Emancipation under any circumstances, is vigorously interdicted. It is a crime to teach a negro to read or write. Any free black who shall presume to enter the slave states, is liable first to be imprisoned, and then sold to pay the expences of his maintenance in jail. No exception is made in favour of the subjects of

a foreign government, and although the United States district judge, pronounced this statute to be contrary to the law of nations, and calculated to bring the Americans into collision with every other civilized people on the face of the earth, still his dictum was disregarded, and British subjects have more than once been imprisoned under this atrocious enactment. Every possible exertion is made to clear the country of free coloured people. Hence, the colonization society and the settlement of Liberia, of which so much has lately been said, are encouraged and patronized by southerners, who, doubtless feel under weighty obligations to the philanthropists of the north for their assistance in the removal of so pregnant a source of alarm and danger. Human ingenuity, indeed, could not have effected a more sagacious and effective mode than this, for rivetting the chains of oppression more firmly on those who are left behind. In the course of a few years there will not be a free black to be found in the Carolinas or in Georgia. Of course, all attempts to reason in favour of the natural and inherent rights of man, with the promoters and authors of such laws as these, must be worse than fruitless. The principle strenuously insisted and acted upon throughout the southern states is simply this. The blacks must be retained in extreme ignorance and degradation, or we cannot be safe. On other subjects you may converse with a well educated planter with pleasure and profit, but the discussion of this all-important one only produces irritation and disgust.

I am reminded in this place of an anecdote of the celebrated Mr. Randolph, of Roanoke, who is a most ardent supporter of the slave system, although he thought proper, a few years ago, when in London, to deliver a speech which would not have disgraced Mr. Wilberforce himself. At a dinner party in Philadelphia, where Mr. Randolph was present, the emancipation of the blacks was ably advocated. The inferiority of the negro intellect was denied, and their perfect right to throw off the yoke of their task-masters by any means within their reach, loudly insisted upon. Mr. Randolph observed, that his old and favourite black servant, who waited upon him at table, listened with eager delight to the conversation. When the party broke up, and he left town in his curricle, he thought it necessary to counteract the pernicious effects of what had passed upon the mind of the negro. He therefore ordered Cato to pull up, and stand in the middle of the road, while he took the whip from his hands and commenced flogging him very severely; during the operation, the following dialogue passed between them:—

Mr. R.—Oh, oh! you black rascal, you believe what these idiots have been saying, do you? You are as good a man as your master, eh? You want to cut my throat, I suppose?

Cato.—Oh! de debble, no massa—me be nutting but poor nigger—oh! massa, tink me no feelin?

Mr. R.—Then get up again you miserable devil, and thank God for such a kind master! I'll whip your notions of freedom out of you!

It would be difficult, certainly, for poor Cato to fancy himself anything but a bondsman after this practical illustration of his master's kind feeling towards him.

I believe that America is the only country in the world where the best informed, as well as the most polished men and women, are *invariably* to be found among the highest classes. *There*, however, beyond all question, such is the fact, and in the interior of the Southern States, I am

sorry to say that the *only* tolerably good society is to be met with among the aristocratical and wealthy planters, who are in the habit of frequenting the Atlantic cities. With every disposition to exhibit the American character in favourable colours whenever it can be done with truth, yet I cannot say much of the middling and lower orders in the South. They are a coarse and immoral people, often uncivil, and seldom hospitable. During a journey of upwards of 1500 miles in North and South Carolina, I was generally obliged to pay extravagantly for wretched fare, and worse attendance. This, however, was not always the case, and I recollect, on one occasion more particularly, being most hospitably entertained by one of the small farmers or planters, who had lately come into possession of a considerable sum of money, and who had stored his cabin with finery, which he was anxious to exhibit to a stranger from the Old country.

I was travelling on the road to Columbia, and had called at his house to ascertain the distance to that pretty little town. He made numerous inquiries as to my route, &c. and when I mentioned that I had that day dined with a gentleman of fortune who resided in the neighbourhood, he became so enamoured of my company, as to insist upon my spending the night at his place: so, not without the hope of amusement, I agreed to postpone my further progress till the next day.

I was soon introduced to the mistress of the house, whom I was somewhat surprised to find a delicate, pretty, and rather lady-like person. She was sitting near the fire of the principal room, which opened immediately upon the road-side, and was employed in suckling her infant, an operation which my entrance by no means interrupted. This room was floored with mud, like an Irish cabin. The walls were made of logs, and the interstices were filled up with furze and clay. Large shutters were substituted for windows, and the only piece of furniture which was not suitable to this dirty uncomfortable apartment, was a handsome mahogany cradle, well filled with linen, which appeared to be very fine and white.

My horse was ordered to the stable, and I rather offended my worthy host by insisting upon acting the part of groom myself. Four negroes were ready to perform this duty; but I was by far too experienced a traveller to trust one of the finest horses in South Carolina to their grooming. The road to the stable seemed to have been made with great ingenuity, for the express purpose of snapping off the legs of man and beast, being formed of round logs, covered with slippery mud. The stable was cold, damp, and dirty; but the Indian corn was sound, and the blades green and fresh, so that I was enabled to secure my fellow-traveller a good supper, though not a comfortable stall.

Soon after my return to the house we adjourned to the supper-room, which was a small narrow closet, the floor and walls of which were boarded. There was a handsome mahogany table, which nearly filled the room, leaving just space enough for three small benches, which served as chairs. There was no fire-place, no carpet, no curtains, nor funiture of any description, except the stools and the table above-mentioned, which latter was, however, profusely covered with hot bread, muffins, waffles, cakes of various kinds, pickles, preserves, melons, peaches, pork-stakes, broiled chicken, homony, rice, and ham. The tea and coffee pots were of silver, and the china was of the most beautiful and expensive description. The spoons were of pewter, and there were

no sugar-tongs; it was the fashion to use fingers in place thereof: the knives and forks were of common cast iron. The price of cotton, and the exploits of General Jackson, formed the principal topics of conversation: my host assured me that John Quincy Adams was not *priming* to Henry Clay,—that Rufus King talked a great deal about slavery, but knew nothing of the nature of "niggers,"—that he himself was fond of gentlemen from the Old country, but hated those "wooden nutmeg Yankee pedlars,"—and he finally offered to bet me a beaver hat, that Mr. Hugh Legaree, of Charleston, was as eloquent as Demosthen*es*, laying a drawling emphasis on the last syllable. I afterwards found that he imagined Demosthen*es* to be a member of Parliament.

The good lady was very silent while this interesting conversation was carried on, and, indeed, the only word which she pronounced distinctly during the whole evening, was a loud amen to a very long grace, which her husband chaunted forth after supper. To the performance of this ceremonial, however, he did not seem to have been actuated so much by a feeling of religious gratitude for an enormous meal, as by the notion, that it was the fashion to say the grace among the great *bugs*, by which agreeable appellation he designated the higher class of gentry in his neighbourhood. I was ushered into my sleeping apartment soon after supper. Here again, matters were strangely ill assorted. The dimensions of this chamber were nearly the same as those of the supper-room, about twelve feet by eight. A large and very handsome carved mahogany bedstead without curtains, but tolerably well furnished with linen, &c. was literally, the only piece of furniture in the room. The next morning, the whole family assembled under a shed upon the road-side to perform their ablutions. Here I found a large tub of water with a gourd for a ladle, a coarse towel, and a tin washing basin, which we all made use of in turn.

The breakfast was a repetition of the supper of the preceding night, with the addition of some whiskey and peach brandy, of which I declined to partake, although the lady set me the example by swallowing a large *cup* full. Gibbon has somewhere remarked, that the modern invention of glass is sufficient to counterbalance all the luxuries of the Roman emperors. My worthy host, whose domestic arrangements I have here rather freely exposed, had never, I presume, studied the historian of the "Decline and Fall;" as I did not observe a single bit of glass of any description throughout his premises. However, he gave me a hearty welcome, and a pressing invitation to repeat my visit, and I remember him as the most favourable specimen of his class that I have ever had the good fortune to encounter.

I will here mention one or two facts, in justification of the rather harsh opinion I have above expressed of the state of moral feeling in the interior of the Southern States.

In the year 1826, in Greenville county, South Carolina, two slaves were condemned to the stake and actually *burned*, for the murder of their master. About the same time also, a negro was burned in Georgia —what his offence was I do not at present recollect. That such enormities should be perpetrated in the 19th century, by a people professing the humane doctrines of Christianity, is almost incredible; but the facts are indisputable.

I was an accidental witness to the following outrage, which was committed at a village in Georgia. Having occasion to purchase some

trifle during my journey, I called for the purpose at one of the principal stores in the place, where I saw a young man, slightly made and short in stature, beating, with great violence, a much more powerful fellow, who was stretched on the counter. The assailant was armed with what is called a Baltimore bludgeon, or long thin cane, with a knob heavily charged with lead. The prostrate person had evidently been taken by surprise, and just as I entered was beginning to recover himself. As soon as he perceived this, the young ruffian, who had hitherto had the advantage, ran at full speed out of the shop, down the middle of the broad street, the other following him with his unsheathed dirk uplifted in his hand. He soon came up with the fugitive, and gave him a long gash in the back, and, as he said, "shelled the corn off his cob in no time." Many of the shopkeepers and others, stood at their doors or windows and saw the whole affair, but no one interfered on either side except to carry off the wounded boy. Whether he died or recovered I never ascertained, but the wound which he received was a terrific one.

A duel was fought not very long ago at Augusta, in Georgia, under the following circumstances. Two foolish boys, neither of them nineteen years of age, had a violent quarrel at Gale College, in Connecticut; and upon their return to the south, their friends insisted upon the dispute being settled by a duel. Accordingly, they both proceeded to Augusta; one attended by his guardian and uncle, the other by a friend deputed by his father. After an interval of a fortnight, which was spent in rifle-shooting at a mark, they met; and the younger combatant was killed by the first shot. The victor returned to Charleston where I have repeatedly seen him. His father was connected with one of the principal banking establishments in the city. I have always understood, that the young men were not unwilling to forget and forgive what had passed, but were urged forward by those who ought to have acted a far different part. When it is recollected that the duel was fought many weeks after the quarrel at college, and that the guardians of the boys employed this interval in stimulating their bad passions to the lust of a murderous revenge, I think the annals of duelling may be searched in vain for a record of greater atrocity than was furnished by the conduct of these old ruffians.

Although the notions and habits of the people of the southern and slaveholding states, differ in most respects from their northern brethren, there is one peculiarity of the American character which belongs equally to both. I allude to the incessant restlessness and fondness for change of abode. There seems to be a constant stream of emigrants from Virginia and the Carolinas, to the more Southern and Western States,—principally, I think, to Alabama. The amazing fertility of the cotton lands in that country, offers an irresistible temptation to the indolent planter, who has neither energy nor capital sufficient to cultivate and repair the more exhausted soil of the Atlantic States. He overlooks all the miseries attendant upon the life of a new settler, in a country of fever, swamps, vagabonds and *squatters*, in the fond anticipation of raising a large crop of cotton. Hundreds of disappointed wretches with their families, are annually swept away in that destructive climate.

I have encountered many of these emigrating parties, and upon one occasion, was indebted to their hospitality for a night's shelter. A fresh or flood had swelled a brook which crossed the road on which I was travelling, so much as to render it impassable. The village, where I

had intended to remain for the night, lay at a little distance on the opposite side, and I was somewhat puzzled how to proceed. Very soon, however, I was accosted by a planter, who with his family and negroes was delayed in his progress by the same accident. He invited me to join his party, who were preparing to camp out in the pine barren which skirted the road-side. I gladly accepted the invitation, and, as the evening was warm and pleasant, by no means disliked the prospect of a bivouac. After walking a short distance through a narrow road in the forest, we arrived at a cleared plot of ground, which had evidently been before used by travellers and carriers as a place of encampment. A little circular barricade had been formed by the baggage waggons, and in the centre, there blazed a crackling fire of dried pine wood. The negroes, of whom there were about fifteen or twenty, of all ages and both sexes, were devouring their supper of bacon and homony, in high glee. Their young ones, some of whom were scarcely a year old, were snugly seated round an iron kettle, which contained their smoking food, and looked somewhat like a blackbird pie with the upper crust removed.

Their owner was a careless looking fellow, with a hard countenance, and very fond of peach brandy. He talked continually of the price of cotton, and the delights of a plantation in Alabama, which he had lately purchased; and where he "reckoned upon raising all out of doors, of cotton and niggers." His poor wife was evidently anxious and incredulous. She told me that she was "raised" in Massachusetts, near the beautiful little village of Deerfield, and was overjoyed to find me acquainted with that part of America. "There was nothing like it," she said, "south of the Potomac. Nothing like Deerfield meadow, with its fine old elm trees!" In this opinion I cordially concurred, for, although I have seen much and travelled far, I recollect few scenes whose green and fresh beauty "sprinkled such coolness on the heart," as those lovely haunts of the old Indians on the banks of the Connecticut river.

The poor woman added, "that her husband was never content to remain for three years on the same farm—that her health, and that of her children, was ruined by a residence in the damp, though fertile Savannahs; and she had sorrowful anticipations of the result of their present expedition." Her husband paid not the slightest attention to the complaints which she was pouring into my ear. I suppose, he would have sacrificed his whole kith and kin for a few additional pounds of cotton per acre. Our supper consisted of hot bread and a decoction of coffee, which, as is usual in the interior, had not been roasted previous to boiling, and therefore, produced a very bitter beverage. Besides this, we had another dish which I will leave the reader to name, when I have mentioned the contents thereof, viz., ham, fried chicken, rice, eggs, homony, sweet potatoes, and sausages. A singular medley, certainly, but not unpalatable to one who had ridden upwards of forty miles through the woods without breaking his fast.

After supper I retired to rest under cover of one of the waggons, which served as a protection from the falling dew, where, wrapped up in my travelling cloak, I overheard the following short and characteristic conversation among the negroes.

"Scippy, wot do oo tink Dinah say?"

"Don't know, sar—*wot* Dinah say, massa Pompey?"

"Why, dat de massa be vebby dam fool, for leebing his sleek leetle place in Carleny, to go to dis Alybaamy, where dere be no raal niggars —nutting but dutty brack mulatty rascals and buckra men."

"Me tink so, too, Pompey," replied Mr. Scipio, "but eh! golly! de massa be wake—he feel for de cow-hide!"

A smart cut on the back, and an oath from the master, quieted the slaves for the remainder of the night, and by day-break, I was again on my road to the village of Lincolnton.

THE YOUNG WIDOW OF BREMEN.

THERE is a mural monumental tablet, in a common field wall, near a handsome house in the suburbs of Bremen. On one side of the lane in which it stands are the court-yards of some spacious residences, on the other is a walk, leading through some of the prettiest fields near the town.

Two travellers, in the last century, stopped to gaze on this tablet, which appeared to have been very recently erected. It was of very fine execution, and looked fitter for some old church than the place where it stood. The design represented a kneeling female figure, mourning over an urn; in her position and features remorse was mingled with grief. Her eyes were hidden by the hand which supported the weeping head. By the broken sword and entangled balance on which her feet rested, the mourner seemed to personify Justice. No inscription or other guide to the meaning appeared, and our travellers turned eagerly to see if any one were near who could explain what the monument meant, and why it was placed there.

At length an old man, of a sad, but benevolent countenance, came slowly up; and of him they inquired the meaning of this tablet. He sighed deeply, and then bade them sit down beside him on the grass.

You might look long, (said the old man, after a pause of some minutes,) on the crowded ramparts of Bremen, when all the fairest were there, ere your eye rested on a more beautiful face, or a lighter, and more graceful figure, than Mary Von Korper's. Often were her dark eyes beaming, and her little feet seen twinkling, on the favorite resorts of the fair and the gay; and if the stranger asked who she was, whose smile was brightest, and who moved along so trippingly, the answer from all or any of her townsmen would be ever the same, "'Tis the young widow of Bremen." And fair—very fair she still was; still looked she younger than many girls under twenty, though she had been the young widow of Bremen for seventeen years at least.

She had been married when a mere child; her husband died soon after the birth of his only son, and marriage seemed never to have dimmed the first freshness of her youth and beauty; so that when her son Hermann returned now and then from Jena, where he studied, and when he and his mother walked together, even her near neighbours thought rather of a brother and sister, than of a mother and her son. And he looked rather her older than younger brother, for Hermann, like his father, was of a thoughtful, deeply-channelled cast of features, whilst our widow had the light, sunny glance of a girl. So young, so handsome, and so fond of life and enjoyment, it seemed strange that

Mary had never married again. This was not for want of offers. Each suitor, however, met the same cold, civil repulse, and the same answer, in nearly the same words. She said that she could not love him. Indeed, the standing jest of her neighbours was, that Mary never looked serious save when refusing an offer.

Up to the period of our narrative, her life during her widowhood had been pure above the breath of scandal; but the same could not wholly be said of her married career. There were queer tales of a young Bavarian officer, whom her husband had found too familiar with his household on his return from a short absence, and whom he drove *an die degens spitze* out of Bremen; for Hermann Von Korper the older, was a man whom few dared to trifle with. But nothing more was ever made of this story than a mere domestic quarrel, and the early unblemished widowhood of Mary banished it from the memories of all save the very old, or the very scandalous.

Our narrative properly begins with the return of young Hermann home in the autumn. He was now eighteen—full of impetuous passions and feelings; just in this point resembling his father, though when nothing roused him, you would have thought him a quiet, melancholy, low-voiced youth.

The household of Mary Von Korper included a *Verwalter,* or land and house-steward—a sort of confidential manager, raised over all the other servants, and filling, in some sort, the place of master of her establishment. This office had long been filled by one who had entitled himself to the esteem of all the neighbours, and they all sorrowed greatly when old Muller was persuaded by his kind young mistress to better his fortune, by accepting a far higher service which she, unsolicited, procured for him. His place was filled by a wholly different sort of person, and filled so rapidly, that few knew of the change until the stranger was amongst them. Adolphe Brauer was a far younger man than his predecessor, but he was far less liked. Not because he was rude or haughty to the poor; on the contrary his manners were more than commonly courteous. But all this suavity wanted heartiness and sincerity, and he was feared rather than loved.

I knew the widow's family at this time, and with herself I was always on terms of the most friendly and confidential intercourse. Before this visit, I had been as kindly received by her son as was possible with one of his close and reserved character. Now, however, his manners were more than cold; they were absolutely repulsive.

Meanwhile, rumours began to circulate: first scattered and low-whispered—then more uniform and frequent—louder in voice and bolder in assertion, against the character of my fair neighbour. It was said that the new steward seemed high in his lady's confidence and favour; that he was admitted to many long and close private consultations with her; nay, even that *die junge Wittwe* had been seen leaning on his arm in the open street; and sorely were the antique Misses Keppelcranick, time out of mind, the best modistes in Bremen, scandalized thereat. Out of this same walk had further arisen a most remarkable rencontre which was witnessed by Peter Snick the tailor, who lay *perdu* behind a high wall over which, now and then, he could peep with fear and trembling.

Hermann, who had left his mother's house for the day, but had returned home sooner than he had expected, on turning a corner into the

Bauerstrasse, met his mother leaning on the arm of Adolphe Brauer, they separated hastily, with fearful looks, the moment they saw him. Hermann merely gave his mother one stern glance; then springing on the steward, he seized him by the throat. Adolphe quailed before his fury; indeed, the steward was rather of a crafty nature than of boiling courage; and when his young master flung him from him, and ordered him home, he obeyed without a word. Hermann then, with a proud cold air, took his mother's arm, who looked more dead than alive; and both vanished from the terrified gaze of Peter Snick.

After this the fair widow was not often seen abroad; until an event occurred which filled the whole neighbourhood with wonder and discussion. The very day when young Hermann should have returned to Jena, Adolphe Brauer vanished as completely as if the earth had gaped and swallowed him. The affrighted widow, on being asked by the servants, who waited for the steward's usual household orders, whether she knew what had become of him, merely shook her head and wept. She begged those most in her confidence to avoid mentioning the name of Brauer, for that her son had taken so deep a hatred to him, that the sound of it excited him to phrenzy. Hermann, however, soon made it known that he had sent Adolphe away, and that he would never return. He recalled the late steward, and stayed a day past the time he had intended, to welcome him home. All this time he was unusually merry; and set off for Jena in high spirits.

But a short interval had elapsed ere I remarked, with sorrow, that the widow's health and spirits grew worse from day to day. Whilst I was pondering over the propriety of writing to her son in Jena, an old man arrived suddenly in Bremen, begging to be directed to the widow Von Korper. He said he was Ludwig Brauer, the father of Adolphe her steward, and that he had come all the way from Weimar to see his son. When he heard that Adolphe had departed, some months before, no one knew whither, he displayed the greatest agitation and grief. In the end, a chapter of minute inquiries was addressed to Hermann, the only person of whom intelligence was to be sought; and until the answer could come from Jena, the restless and anxious stranger asked all the neighbours around for news of his son. But Adolphe Brauer was of a distant and reserved disposition, and had mentioned his designs to none. Yet some tidings of him were gleaned; though these were after all but scanty. Once more had Peter Snick, the tailor, been playing the listener.

None, save himself, had seen Adolphe on the day when he was suddenly missed. But at a very early hour, not long after sunrise, Peter, by some strange chance, happened to be passing the corner of this very wall here, at the back of the Widow Von Korper's residence—a lane very little frequented. Suddenly he came up to young Hermann, who stood in his morning gown and slippers. The young man was in a high fury; one hand grasped the collar of Adolphe Brauer, and the other held a stout oaken cudgel. What more passed, Peter Snick knew not. He feared being punished as an eaves-dropper, and sneaked back silently to Bremen.

Nothing would satisfy old Ludwig, but a visit to the very place where his son had been seen for the last time. Peter led him; and to the astonishment of all present, the old man, in sitting down on a stone, covered by high weeds, to rest, whilst Snick acted over his story on the very

spot, found something hidden amongst nettles and dock-weeds. It was a man's hat, crushed and broken, which, by a broad lace he wore, was remembered in a moment to have belonged to Adolphe Brauer!

Business called me to Lubec whilst these strange events were passing; and on my return some months after, I was aghast to learn that Hermann Von Korper was in prison, charged with the murder of Adolphe Brauer, and the concealment of the body. The proof rested principally on their known disagreement—the sudden disappearance of Brauer—the undenied story of Peter Snick, and the discovery of this hat on the very spot where their last quarrel was supposed to have taken place. The grand difficulty, which no inquiry threw any light upon, was to find how the body had been disposed of. To complete the chain of testimony, an expedient was resorted to which cannot be contemplated without horror. They examined the prisoner by torture! Young Hermann was laid upon a low iron bedstead, and his wrists and ancles passed through tight iron rings secured to the four posts. A heavy weight was placed upon his breast. Then the bed was drawn out of the frame by machinery, leaving his body supported by the wrists and ancles alone, and bearing this ponderous load. At first the great muscular force and symmetry of his frame endured this severe tension, and he suffered apparently but little. Soon, however, his limbs quivered violently; and huge drops started upon his forehead, and ran down in a stream to the floor.

Then the judge called aloud, asking him "Whether he would confess where he had hidden the body of Adolphe Brauer, whom he had murdered?" "You may kill me," cried Hermann, in a weak voice broken by agony, "but I die innocent, and have told you all the truth." From the strength displayed by the wretched young man, it was thought he had not suffered pain enough to break his obstinacy. Strong levers were applied to the four sides of the bed, by which his limbs were further strained. Hitherto he had suffered silently; now he scarcely stifled a shriek, and groaned heavily and incessantly. The executioner then brought a second heavy stone, and laid it over the other upon his breast. Human nature gave way: their barbarity had done its worst. He uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and trembled all over so violently, that the joints of his wrists broke. He became quite senseless. His mouth was wetted with a feather, to recal sensation, and the question repeated, but no sign of consciousness was returned. They were forced to end their horrid cruelty—and by many strong stimulants, with difficulty recalled him to life.

He was taken back to his prison, and left all night alone, barely furnished with some liquid to allay his fever, and keep his poor racked frame alive till morning. On the following day he was again brought up for examination. I was present; for I hoped to be able to bring some evidence in his favour; but I was little prepared for the cruel scene which followed. He was brought in, supported by two officers, looking so pale, so anguish-worn, that I could hardly recognize him. When he was brought near the terrible "bed of judgment," and compelled to touch it whilst he answered the questions put to him, his whole frame trembled like a leaf. He returned the same answer as before, and passionately called Heaven to witness that he was guiltless of the blood of Adolphe. The judges began to pity him, and obviously believed him innocent, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, when the counsel

for old Ludwig Brauer craved leave to examine another who had just arrived in Bremen. As soon as young Von Korper looked on this stranger, he half shouted aloud, and then turned his head away. The witness said his name was Ernest Hortsberg, son of the minister of a Lutheran church in Hamburg. He deposed that he was a fellow-student, intimate with young Hermann in Jena; that he had heard the prisoner, on receiving certain letters from Bremen, break out into the most violent and frightful imprecations against Adolphe Brauer, vowing to take his life.

Hermann prayed leave to ask this witness some few questions, when it appeared that they had been rivals for the affections of Sophia Meyer, daughter of the Greek professor at Jena, and that Hermann was the favoured lover; further, that they had fought two separate duels on this quarrel, in both of which young Hortsberg had been worsted. Though these discoveries threw some suspicion over the evidence, yet they seemed important enough to demand a second investigation, by putting "the question"—that is to say, by torture.

Who could paint the looks of young Hermann when this decision was announced, and he was once more asked "what become of Adolphe Brauer?" In a voice that went to my very heart, he called Heaven to witness that if he were torn alive joint from joint, he could not tell more than he had already revealed. They made ready again to tie him to the dreadful bed; but when they touched his swoln dislocated wrists, he fairly shrieked aloud, and earnestly called on God for the mercy which man denied. He was bound in the rack; and I had covered my eyes, and was prepared to rush out, for I could bear to see no more, when he called out wildly, that "if they would but untie him, and bring him water, he would confess all." I was thunderstruck on hearing these words, and stood fixed to the spot, looking on him in wonder. He spoke hurriedly and confusedly, and told some tale of his having had a quarrel with Brauer for supplanting his friend, old Muller. He said he made some pretext on that fatal morning for their going out early, to give him an opportunity to commit the murder; that a true account had been given by Peter Snick, soon after whose departure he struck Brauer heavily with a bludgeon, and killed him; that a pedlar happening to pass with a pack-horse, he bribed him to take away the body, and that he had never seen the man again, and did not know how he disposed of it; but finding the steward's hat left in the hurry by the pedlar, where it had fallen in the scuffle, he hid it amongst the weeds, just as the old man found it. Having signed this confession, he was taken back to prison.

For some time after he was gone I stood as one stupified; my ears tingled as if I had been hearing the dizzy sounds of a dream, or of delirium. Was young Hermann, then, really a murderer? Impossible! I had known him from a child! But his own confession! I resolved instantly to see him in prison; and though all approach of his friends was denied to him, by a heavy bribe, I obtained that very morning admission to his cell.

When I approached the stone on which he lay heavily manacled, and looked on his sickly emaciated features, I could feel only pity for him, and should have stretched out my hand to him had he been guilty of a hundred murders; but he shrank from me, and hid his face. "You are kind," said he faintly; "but I cannot bear to see you—I am not

worthy of the light." "There is forgiveness," I replied, "for all sin which is repented of; and there may have been some palliation for yours—sudden passion—an accidental blow"—he instantly sprang up to the full stretch of his shackles. "You surely *cannot* think that I killed him?" cried he. "*Your own* voice said it," I replied. He answered in low and half-choked accents, "God pardon me! What could I do? I should have died beneath their hands. The very sight of that rack maddened me. I could not bear that second torture (holding up his crushed hands). I said all they wanted, for leave to die in peace; but to stain my fair name—to be beheaded as a murderer—to die with a lie on my lips! God pardon me! My poor, poor mother!"

I now saw the whole truth; and my heart bled with indignation and sorrow. I vowed I would make his innocence appear: it was impossible his judges could be wicked enough to condemn him. He shook his head mournfully, and begged I would comfort his mother.

All my efforts—all that man could do was vain. His own hand had sealed his fate. He was convicted, and—executed.

I will hasten over what I cannot bear to think of. He died resigned and firm. Up to the very last moment he told no one of his real confession to me. But just ere his eyes were bound, he turned to the multitude, and cried loudly, "That for the sake of his father's name, and his mother, who yet lived, he would not die without raising his voice to declare before God that he died innocent of blood—that in the madness of torture and agony he had confessed to utter falsehoods merely to procure ease, for which he implored Heaven to pardon him!" Then he prayed in silence, and waited for the death-blow.

His poor mother pined daily. She could not be prevailed upon to stir into the open air; and if she had now been seen as of old, gliding along the ramparts, few would have recognized in her wasted features the young widow of Bremen.

There was another sad page in this unhappy story. She received a parcel from Jena, which contained a small box, and a letter from Franz Meyer, the Greek professor. His daughter Sophia was dead; her last care had been to make up this little pacquet—her last request that he would send it when she died, to Mary Von Korper. It contained young Hermann's portrait, and a note from poor Sophia. She said that she sent her lover's features to the only one now on earth who knew how to love them; and that she prayed with her parting breath, that Heaven might bring her to join them where his innocence would be known to all, as it was now known to them alone.

It was many years before Mary Von Korper crossed her threshold. At last I prevailed on her to walk slowly about the neighbourhood of her house. She seemed slowly sinking into the grave; and her physician told her that exercise was her only chance of life. One morning she expressed a wish to cross some fields at the back of her house, where there was a seat, in a beautiful little woodland, of which she used to be fond. We proceeded onwards; as we slowly passed the corner of this wall here, where the fatal scuffle between Hermann and young Brauer had taken place so long before, I saw an officer—standing on this very spot, his arms folded, looking towards us. Mary was then leaning on me, holding her face down; and just before she lifted her head to speak to me, I was shocked to feel how light was her emaciated frame, though I was then bearing her whole weight. As she raised and turned her

head, her eyes fell full on the stranger's features: she gave him one wild earnest look, shrieked, and sank lifeless in my arms. The stranger sprang forwards to hold her. "Lay her on the grass," said he, "she has only fainted; run to the house for water, and I will support her."

When I came back she was sitting on the grass, leaning on the stranger, whom she introduced to me as Ernest Von Harstenleit, a friend of her early days, whom she had not seen for a long—long time; the sudden meeting, she said, had been too great a shock for her weak frame. I begged her to let us take her home, that she might rest, and quiet her fevered nerves. We proceeded thither—the stranger and I supporting her between us. When we entered she appeared unable to bear up a moment longer, and called, faintingly, for water. Old Muller, who had watched her return with much anxiety, came himself to attend on her. She looked wildly but significantly at him, and then at me—pointed to the stranger, and gasped out rather than spoke—"Seize him! He is Adolphe; Adolphe, for whom my boy was murdered!" She fainted as the words left her lips, and we were running towards her, when a quick movement of the stranger warned us not to let him escape. The undefined feeling which had made me gaze so earnestly upon him was fully explained. He was, indeed, Adolphe Brauer, for whose supposed murder my poor young friend had been executed! The conspiracy to procure the death of young Hermann, by this false accusation, was clearly brought home to him, and he was executed for it; but the accomplice who had appeared as his father, escaped detection. The poor widow only survived for a few days the shock of this sudden discovery; and from his confession, and her disclosure to me, just before her death, the tissue of this strange and mournful story was made complete.

Ernest Von Harstenleit was the Bavarian officer, of whom mention was made in the beginning of my story. Mary confessed that her husband's suspicions were not groundless. During his absence her heart had been won by the stranger, and when he returned, she had forgotten her duty and was in Ernest's power. Her husband's fury drove Von Harstenleit ignominiously from the town; and he fled, no one knew whither. During his absence, it appeared by his own confession, that the wretch had employed a woman, since but too notorious throughout Germany, who entered Von Korper's service as cook, merely to poison him.

It was long ere the officer ventured again on the scene; but in his new character of steward he soon regained his ascendancy over the widow, who had no suspicion of his agency in her husband's death. Indeed, I suspect, he was the only man she ever really loved. The fury of young Hermann, who discovered their attachment, drove away the disguised steward; and the scene that ensued, happened just as poor Hermann had confessed—save in the catastrophe.

Burning with hatred, Adolphe fled wounded, and without his hat, which had been struck off in the struggle. He resumed the military dress which he had worn previous to his assuming the disguise of a steward, and Adolphe Brauer was now no more. With the malice of a fiend, Ernest devised the plot, which, by the aid of a suborned villain, brought poor Hermann to the scaffold. He would have remained undetected, had he not madly thought Mary's love would follow him through every depth of crime. No eye but hers could recognize him, and on her he relied undoubtingly.

But though the sanctuary of her affections had been polluted—though

even to the last her love remained, and the struggle killed her, Mary Von Korper shrank with horror from the assassin of her son. To clear his memory, she gave up her guilty love; but it was twined in the very heart-strings of her life, and she survived not the sacrifice.

This is the spot, (said the old man, turning to the travellers,) where the murder was alleged to have been committed; and here Mary begged me with her last breath to put up this tablet, that the stranger might learn, and the inhabitant never forget, that this history is mournfully true, and no idle legend.

CURIOSITIES OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

While the rapid physical developement of the Russian empire, has powerfully arrested the attention of our speculative statesmen, it is singular how little is known in this country of the intellectual progress of that northern nation. Her gigantic military resources, the grasping ambition and Scythian energy of her government, are subjects that have been treated *usque ad nauseam;* but of her literature we absolutely know little or nothing—and still continue to regard as barbarians a people in a state of singular, moral, and physical developement. It would be unjust to attribute this ignorance to a want of curiosity on the part of the reading public of England—it proceeds from a far different cause, from the absence of all sources of information. Our national library, whether arising from the incapacity of its presiding junta, or from the slender nature of its pecuniary resources, is lamentably deficient in the productions of foreign mind. Scarcely a work of any celebrity published on the continent, within the last fifteen or twenty years, is to be found in the collection.

The birth of Russian literature was as sudden as that of the natural day of a tropical climate. No "pale gradations" harbingered its approach.

Russian literature has had two beginnings very distant from each other. The first, which almost immediately followed the translation of the Bible into the Sclavonian tongue, she owes to the Byzantine empire, and the Norman scalds. The examples of France, of Germany, and of our own country determined the second. The interval between these two periods was marked by the Tartar conquest, an event as fatal to the intellectual progress as to the national independence of the Russian people.

The first of these eras dates from the tenth and eleventh centuries, and it is incontestable that at that period, Russia, so far from being in the rear of the other European countries, had already outstripped them in literary cultivation—and it would afford matter for much curious speculation, whether this northern empire, but for the fatal battle of Kalka, and the disastrous subjugation entailed thereby, would not at this moment occupy the highest point in the scale of European civilization.

But in order to justly appreciate the value of this first period of developement, we must await till the literary men of Russia have brought to light some of the ten thousand manuscripts that are buried, almost beyond the reach of investigation, in their convents. So

enshrouded in darkness are the earliest efforts of this ancient literature, that we with difficulty discover the name of *Boiani*, "the nightingale of the olden times." However melodious and brilliant may have been the songs of this first poet, they died with him, or rather they but faintly exist in the old traditions. The deeds of St. Vladimir and his heroes, inspired a great number of poets, and the round table of this first great Christian prince was not then less celebrated than that of our famous King Arthur. However, all the romances and ballads of that period are not entirely lost, and the exploits of Dobrina Nikititch, of *Tchourilo Plenkovitch*, and others, live yet in some heroic poems, and especially in the popular stories; conveyed from tongue to tongue through many generations, they constitute the delight of millions. Their wild and plaintive melody enlivens the steps of the traveller across the dreary steppes of the Ukrane, and forms the pastime of the peasantry through the long dreary nights of their hyperborean winter. The courage of Felipater and of Maximus, the nuptials of *Derguierva*, the rape of Stratigovna, the History of Imogrip, Tsar of the Adorians, such are the favourite subjects of the Sclavonian Troubadours, whose lyres inspired by the miracles of Paganism, could not totally divest themselves of the mythology of the Sclavi, which, in the romantic and poetical composition of its elements, rivals even that beautiful creation of the imagination that we owe to the more genial climate of Asia Minor, and ancient Greece.

A very pretty poem of the beginning of the twelfth century has happily been preserved, but the name of the author has perished. It is a discourse on the army of Igor, consecrated to the relation of the expedition which that prince undertook against the *Poloftses*, who made him prisoner and defeated the army. The Chronicle, or the Annals of Nestor, a monk of the *Petcherskii* convent of Kief (1056 a 1116) belongs to the same era; independent of its high historical importance, this chronicle possesses some literary merit—the narratives, animated by the powerful interest of the subject, assume, at times, a dramatic character, and breathe throughout a spirit of the purest benevolence and exalted piety. Silvester, Bishop of Pereisaslavl, and two other anonymous writers, continued them unto the year 1203. This is all that has been saved of the early literature of Russia, the progress of which was untimely arrested by the invasion of Tchinguis Khan, but these relics prove how extensively Byzantine erudition was spread in Russia, and lead us at the same time, to the well-founded hypothesis, that they were not its only fruits.

At the period of the Tartar invasion, letters took refuge in the cloister, where, for the space of two centuries, they remained shut up, to which we are indebted for a series of annals that leaves no hiatus in the history of Russia.

Two years after the battle of Kalka (1226) died St. Simon, Bishop of Souzdal, who left behind him some very important annals; the St. Sophia Chronicle, and the Book of Degrees (stépennaiakniga), are considerably posterior to them, and the interval between them is filled up, but by translations from the Greek into the Sclavonian, by some books of prayer and puerile stories, dignified with the name of history. Such were the dying efforts of a literature that commenced under such brilliant auspices. But in the midst of this barbarism, we still admire

the eloquence of Vassian, Archbishop of Rostof, of Photius, Metropolitan of Moscow and of some other prelates.

It was under the reign of Ivan IV., Vassilivitch, that letters again dawned on the literary horizon of Russia—the printing establishment with which he enriched Moscow, contributed but inconsiderably to it; but he founded several schools, and laid the foundation of a brilliant futurity. To the Romanofs it is, however, that this empire owes its regeneration. They commenced by some feeble attempts in the drama, such as dramatizing the history of the Bible, in order to have them represented by the young Semenarists of Kief, during their holidays. Simeon de Polotsk, hieromonaki and preceptor of Fædor Alexeievitch (1628-1680), especially distinguished himself in this style of composition, and the Princess Sophia Alexeievna caused several of them to be represented by the young nobility of the court. His Neboukadnazar and his prodigal son are much celebrated.

Poland, the very language of which it is at present the detestable policy of the Russian government to extirpate, served as a model to the Russian writers, and from this moment, we find in Russia an attempt at metre, based upon the rules of the prosody of the ancients, the translation of Molière's "Medecin Malgre Lui." Uric was a phenomenon that occurred shortly after; Sophia ordered it to be immediately represented, which was followed by an attempt to naturalize several other French pieces. In fact, it was at this period that flourished Dimitri, Metropolitan of Rostof (1651-1709), who greatly improved the Russian prose, and whose style was then considered as a model of purity and elegance.

The reign of Peter the First, marks the commencement of the second period, already remarkable in its origin; this new literature at the expiration of a century, had made the most rapid progress. The impulse proceeded from the Czar himself, he stimulated the ambition of his countrymen into a rivalry with foreigners, whose productions he widely circulated, and caused to be published a great number of Russian translations of foreign works, principally French. By simplifyng the alphabet, and encouraging the language of the vulgar at that period, even so different from the Sclavonian used by men of letters, he placed literature within the reach of a greater number of individuals, while he deprived at the same time, the clergy of their monopoly. By founding an academy and several schools, he diffused a taste for letters, while growing talent was sure to find in him a munificent protector. In these labours he was powerfully seconded by the Archbishop Theophani Procopovitch (1681-1736), who has been justly styled the Mæcenas of the reign of Peter the Great. A prose writer, and a poet, this prelate established more especially his literary reputation, by the funeral oration which he delivered at the death of the Czar, a discourse which has constituted him the father of the pulpit eloquence of his country. Three men flourished at the same period, who carried Russian literature, of which they were the first great masters, to a high degree of splendour.

Prince Antiochus Kantemir (1709-1744), the son of a hospodar of Moldavia, and himself Russian ambassador at London and Paris, was one of the most distinguished men of his age, and would, without doubt, have covered himself with glory, had not a premature death abridged his honourable career. Independently of a vast number of translations, he left behind him some odes, some fables, and particularly

some satires, that place him on an equality with Horace and Boileau. This was a brilliant prelude, but it was not from the gilded halls of the palace, that the creator of Russian poetry and prose was destined to spring; it was from beneath the humble roof of a peasant's hut. Michel Vassiliévitch Lomonassof (1711-1765) became the father of Russian literature, by bringing back the language to that purity from which it had departed, by a too servile imitation of its foreign models, by composing a grammar and a treatise on eloquence, by laying down the rules of versification, and by giving the example of a simple, correct, and elegant style, and, lastly, by offering to his countrymen a model of beautiful verses and of every species of poetry from the Epopea to the Idylle. His erudition was immense, for the period in which he flourished; his Ode to Peace, and his translation of the Psalms of David, are justly admired.

Soumaroknof (1718—1777) also attempted every species of poetry, but it is to Melpomene that he owes his reputation, and he is justly considered as the father of the Russian drama; it is true, that long anterior to his time, dramatised scriptural pieces had been represented, as well as German and Italian pieces, at the theatre of St. Petersburg; but, till he appeared, there existed not a single national comedy or tragedy. It will, therefore, be easy to conceive the sensation caused in 1750 by the first representation of Khoref, which was played at a private theatre. Fœdor Volkof (1729—1764), the son of a merchant, and director of the first company of Russian players, brought out this tragedy, and his talent as an actor powerfully contributed to its success. The Empress Elizabeth sent for Volkof and his companions to court, in order to play before her this tragedy, and so delighted was this princess with the production, that she erected a national theatre of which the poet became director, and Volkof the first actor; they brought out successively, Hamlet, Sinaf et Truvor, the pretender Dimitrii, Zemira, and other tragedies, as well as some comedies by Soumarokof, the best of which may be seen in the French translation of Papadopoulo.

Michel Matveievitch Cherashof, Necolai Nikititch Popofskiv-Petrof, and Trédiakofski succeeded him, the first (1733—1807) elicited for a long time the admiration of his contemporaries, by two epic poems, the Rossiade and Vladimor, and his tragedy of Pojarskoi; but he out-lived his reputation. Popofsky, the translator of Pope's Essay on Man, died young. Petrof (1736—1799) is celebrated for his translation of the Æneid and for his Odes. Trédeakofski rendered the most eminent services to the national literature, by his translations, and by naturalizing the Greek and Roman metres. His Telemachus, in verse, however, proved a failure.

If the reigns of Elizabeth and of Ann were illustrated by some splendid efforts of genius; if owing to their imperial patronage literature advanced from its state of infancy, it was under the reign of the great Catherine that it attained its full blown maturity. A host of great writers distinguished this period, while the Empress, ardent in the encouragement of talent of every species, saw her effort crowned by the glory of her country, which was reflected upon herself: it is under this reign that were published, the Russian histories of Prince *Khilkof* and of *Tatichtchef;* it was to please their imperial mistress, that Prince *Catcherbatof,* Boltine, and Golikof, composed theirs; in short, it was Catherine

who inspired a great number of poets, whose productions are always read with admiration.

To this reign belongs Kostrof, (1796), author of a translation of the Iliad, in Alexandrine verses, and of Ossian's poems. Hippolite Bogdanovitch, (1743—1803), celebrated by his poem, the Douchenka (Psyche); the sensation which this beautiful production excited in Russia was extraordinary; it went rapidly through several editions; in fact, it would be difficult to find a Russian who can read, that has not got by heart whole passages of the Douchenka.

Khemnister, whose fables are still read with pleasure, even since the appearance of those of Krylof-Ablessimof, author of the first national Vaudeville, "Malnick, or the Miller," a faithful delineation of the manners of the people. Denis Von Vessine, he published a series of popular tales, written in a style of peculiar elegance, and two comedies, "The Spoiled Child" and his "Brigadier," which place him far above Soumarokof.

Gabriel Derjavine, (1743—1816), the Russian poet par excellence, belongs also to the reign of the great Catherine, although he flourished also under that of Alexander; the highest offices of state were incapable of diverting him from cultivating the muses, for which nature had peculiarly fitted him, by the originality and the inexhaustible fertility of his imagination. His celebrated Ode to God (Oda Bog), breathing a high and sublime spirit, full of divine inspiration, written with a pen of fire, and glowing with the brightness of heaven, as it has been finely remarked by his translator, has been successively translated into the Japanese and Chinese languages.

But the reign of Alexander was even more brilliant—the number of writers went on increasing, and Russia at length found her bard and her historian.

Vladislof Oserof, (1770—1816), by composing his Dimitrii Donskoi, a tragedy, in five acts, and Fingal, in three acts, created new resources for the scenic art in Russia; by his side may be placed Krioukofski, whose tragedy, in verse, of Pojarskoi, is one of the most brilliant ornaments of the Russian stage. Vassili Kopineste, 1756—1823), who owed his reputation rather to the success of his comedy "Jabeda," than to his tragedy of Antigonus, and to the collection of Lyric poems that appeared at St. Petersburg in 1806: and lastly, Prince Chakhofshoi, the author of several tragedies, comedies, operas, and vaudevilles, independent of his "Rape of the Pelisse," a mock heroic poem of singular beauty.

Lyric poetry has been also cultivated with the greatest success by many poets.

Nickolai Karamzine (1756—1826) obtained, at an early age, a distinguished reputation by his lyrical compositions, but it was more particularly in the service of Clio that he immortalized himself, and that his influence on the Russian prose became decisive.

Vassili Jonkofski, born in 1783, and to whose care the education of the heir-apparent is at this moment confided, has treated with great success several national subjects. His Minstrel in the camp of the Russian Warriors, written on the eve of the battle of Taroutina, is decidedly the most popular modern production in Russia. It breathes throughout a martial ardour, a lofty patriotism, that went immediately to the hearts of the Russian soldiery. His translations of Schiller merit the highest praise.

Constantine Boliouchkof, celebrated for his Elegy on Tasso; and Alexander Voieikof, the translator of "Les Jardins de Dellile," and of the Georgics, into hexameter verse.

In epic poetry, Russia possesses, at this very moment, three writers worthy of fixing the public attention. Nicolas Gneditch, by his translation of the Iliad in hexameter verse, has thrown into the shade that of Kostrof. He has also attempted, with equal success, other styles of composition. His Idyll of the Fisherman, is particularly deserving of praise, as well as his translations of Shakspeare's King Lear, and of Voltaire's Tancred.

Ivan Koslof, the Byron of Russia—his style is marked by the most impassioned tenderness. His Monk displays extraordinary talent; which was followed by a beautiful translation of the Bride of Abydos, that preserves all the spirit and beauty of the original.

Alexander Pouchkine, the present favourite of the Russian public —this writer would rank still higher, if his brilliant imagination was ripened by reflection and study. To his epic poems he owes his greatest success. His first production was Rousslan and Loudemilla, a comic heroic poem, the subject of which is taken from the old fabulous traditions of the Court of Vladimir the Great. This poet is scarcely thirty years of age, and his independence of character is equal to his genius.

The Russians possess an extraordinary talent for a species of composition, in which Russian poetry possesses treasures more varied than that of any other nation. In Khemnister, Dimitrieif, and especially Krylof, even the delightful La Fontaine, did he live, might own rivals worthy of his emulation. But among all the writers of the present age, the palm must be adjudged to Karamzine, the second father of the Russian language. His Letters of a Russian Traveller have exercised a powerful influence on the studies of his fellow countrymen. His articles in the Mercury and other journals, have contributed to form their taste and direct their meditations. His History of the Russian Empire, which death prevented him finishing, is an immortal monument, in which the language appears to be brought to its highest pitch of perfection.

The merit of Alexander Chichkof (1750), President of the Russian Academy, and Minister of Public Instruction, may be less splendid, but it is not less real. His treatise upon the ancient and modern style, has wonderfully contributed to purify the taste and perfect the language, to the etymology of which he consecrated a valuable portion of his life. By his side we may place Thaddeus Boulgarin, the Walter Scott of the north. He was first known by some articles which he published in a journal conjointly with Gretch, a distinguished writer. An elaborate critique of the works of this author has appeared in the Foreign Quarterly; and we believe a translation of his novels has been made into English.

The clergy, who were formerly in the exclusive possession of the patrimony of letters, play at the present moment but a secondary part in Russia. There are, however, many men of this order who have highly distinguished themselves, and whose talents have increased the literary glory of their country.

Before closing this article, we shall devote a few words to the Russian language. It belongs to the great family of the Sclavonian tongues, which are spoken from the Adriatic Sea to the coasts of North America. Its origin is lost in the night of ages, but its qualities are varied and

important. It is flexible, harmonious, majestic—abundant in rhythmes, rich in compounds—possessing all the elements of poetry, and may with ease be adapted to every species of versification. In fact, it is equally fitted, by the peculiar elegance of its diction, to become the language of the court; and by its copiousness and happy construction, to be the interpreter of philosophy and belles-lettres. The Russian Academy has published two dictionaries, an etymological and an alphabetical. The latter forms six volumes.

Compared to those of other states, the intellectual resources of Russia are without doubt slender; still as an integral and essential part of the European system, co-heiress of a long experience, acquired by other nations more advanced than herself, this northern empire is much more advanced in cultivation than is generally supposed. Thus do we find at Petersburg, Moscow, Riga, and Odessa, all that science, art, industry and luxury have produced in the different countries of Europe; and even Asia offers, at the fairs of Orenbourg, Astrakan, and Nivgni Novogorod, its most costly productions.

If, however, we may say that the two capitals are on a level with the spirit of the age, it must be confessed that civilization is unequally diffused over this vast country. It is to be met with in every degree, from the elaborate cultivation of the court, to the absolute barbarism of the steppes of Tartary. Yet, when we consider the rapid progress which Russia has made in so short a time, we cannot help having better hopes, for her and for all Europe, than her present position under the sway of the "miscreant-monarch," Nicholas, might lead us to entertain. If the people were as ignorant, as depraved, and as despicable as the government, the star of Polish independence might be said to be dimmed for ever; as it is, the evil is but of a day. Liberty must grow up hand in hand with enlightenment; and Russia must go on, reaping the liberal harvest which the seeds of literature and education are gradually producing among her people.

RIFLEMEN OF THE ALPS.

The lofty, and almost inaccessible mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol, their narrow, crooked defiles, tremendous precipices, and craggy rocks, covered for the most part with the yew and the fir-tree, afford secure and favorable positions for the unerring riflemen who inhabit these wild and awful scenes. The wife, too, partaking of the fierce spirit of patriotism which animates her husband, accompanies him to the battle-field; armed, like himself, with a rifle, she charges and presents it to her husband, thus enabling him to keep up a constant and destructive fire upon the bewildered foe, equally afraid to advance or to retreat.

Before I proceed to describe the trial of skill to which I was an eye witness, it may be as well to say a few words respecting the weapon itself. The barrels, which are manufactured at St. Etienne, near Lyons, in the south of France, and also at Liege, in the north, towns long celebrated for the excellence of their fire-arms, are about three feet in length, and of great solidity, weighing each, independently of the stock and lock, about seven pounds. They are rifled with great accuracy from muzzle to breech, and carry a ball, of two-and-twenty to the Swiss pound of eighteen ounces. The stock is formed in a peculiar manner,

being much curved, and having projections of two inches in length protruding from each extremity of the shoulder-plate, which afford an additional firmness when taking aim, and steady the weapon, by sticking into the turf, &c. during the operation of charging. The lock, a detonator, is furnished with a hair trigger of a singular construction, and arranged with such nicety, that I have seen a rifleman discharge his piece by blowing upon it slightly with his lips. Though not altogether finished in the exquisite style of the best fowling-pieces of London or Paris, one of the first description, with patent breech, Damascus barrel, &c. would by most persons be esteemed a handsome weapon. They may be purchased in Switzerland as low as four louis; I saw a superb gun, with which the owner, in my presence, struck the small peg which served to fix the cord in the centre of the target, four times out of six shots, at two hundred paces, offered on the ground for 5*l.* 10*s.*, though twenty sovereigns would not have purchased a similar thing in England.

Strolling, with my fishing-rod, in the latter end of the month of May, along the banks of the Vervayse, an impetuous torrent which descends from the mountains and enters the lake of Geneva, near the picturesque little town of Vevay, I had halted for at least the twentieth time, to admire the magnificent landscape that surrounded me, when suddenly the notes of a distant bugle arrested my attention. The sounds sweetly floating on the breeze, and echoed from cliff to cliff, were in perfect harmony with a scene where nature, sometimes imposing and sublime, sometimes soft and smiling, displays herself under every captivating variety of form. The deep blue glassy surface of the lake, on which not a ripple was discernible; its enchanting shores, covered with towns, villages, and chateaus; the dark and sombre rocks of *Mellerie*, the lofty mountains of the *Valais;* the glaciers of the *Pain de Sucre;* the superb Alps, thickly studded with farms and cultivation near the base, but bare and rugged towards their summits, form an inexhaustible variety of scenery of the most exquisite beauty.

The bugle again sounded, followed by two or three shots, then by several in succession. On inquiring of a peasant, I understood a party of riflemen were shooting at the target for a prize, on the banks of the little lake of Brai. Quickening my pace, I soon arrived at the spot. It is a beautiful piece of water, about a league in circumference, and well stocked with various kinds of fish, particularly trout and perch. On the green and sunny banks, that fall with a gentle slope to the water's edge, were fixed three targets (here called *cibles*), two of them white, with black circles, the third, or middle one, entirely black, excepting the small white mark in the centre. On the opposite side of the lake, upon a green knoll, overshadowed by an enormous walnut-tree, above which floated the national standard, of white and green, were stationed about twenty marksmen, habited in the latter colour; while others, with their rifles slung upon their shoulders, were rapidly descending the neighbouring eminences, to swell the merry group. Tables ranged in the back-ground were loaded with bottles, glasses, hunting-bags, balls, powder-flasks, ramrods, and all the other necessary implements of *charging.*

Beside each target stood a marker, carelessly leaning his hand upon its outer rim, and at about three paces distant, upon the grass, sat two children. It being the first of these meetings at which I had been present, I naturally expected to see both parties retreat to a secure distance before the firing was renewed. My astonishment was not unmingled with terror, on seeing one of the party walk up to the barrier, that served

as a standing-place for the shooters, and, after placing a detonating cap on the nipple of his rifle, take aim, and fire. Several others followed. I distinctly heard each ball strike and penetrate the target, the marker coolly remaining in the same position, with the children sitting by his side! The first shot was an elderly gentleman, apparently about sixty years of age; time, however, appeared to have in nowise dimmed the keenness of his eye. After discharging his rifle, he immediately testified the highest glee, and with an accuracy for which I can by no means account, indicated the exact spot where his shot had penetrated. "*C'est dans le centre, c'est dans le centre; pas mauvais, au contraire, bien bon,*" exclaimed he, which the marker confirmed by taking off his hat, and making the veteran marksman a low bow; then falling on the ground, he lay a few moments in that position, and rising, placed his white staff upon the exact spot where the ball had entered. A peg of wood, a supply of which lay under each target, was then driven into the hole, and the firing recommenced. Three-fourths of those present shot with astonishing accuracy; none missed the target, and nearly all drove their balls directly into the centre at each discharge.

The Swiss are, in general, a very kind-hearted, hospitable people. Though a perfect stranger to the party, I received frequent invitations to share their wine, and more than one individual loaded his rifle, that I might try my skill at the mark. On the conclusion of the day's sport, I requested permission to bring away the circular piece of pasteboard painted in rings, that covered the face of the target. I have it still in my possession, and surely it presents a specimen of ball-shooting to which perhaps America alone could produce an equal.

On quitting the ground, which I did with regret, the party marched off in regular order, each with his rifle slung, the bugle-man at their head playing the Tyrolese song of liberty, which the whole body continued chaunting until they separated at the entrance of the town.

The targets, which are thickly studded over the face of this charming country, (every village having its society,) are about three feet in diameter, and eight inches in thickness, being formed of a round cut from the trunk of a large fir-tree, and covered with pasteboard. Yet, such is the amazing force with which the bullet is projected from this formidable description of fire-arms, that the mass of wood is frequently *perforated* at two hundred paces. The powder is strong, but very coarse, each grain being about the size of what is termed snipe-shot in England. They load with great accuracy, using a graduated charger, and a small piece of greased cotton or punched card for wadding.

Every peasant possesses a rifle, and is a good shot. I well recollect reading in a Liverpool newspaper, about five years since, of a man who, for a trifling recompence, allowed another to aim with a cross-bow at a drinking-glass placed upon his head, at the distance of twelve paces. The shooter broke the glass, without injuring in the slightest degree the individual who *acted target*. This feat was considered as an extraordinary instance of foolhardiness in the one, and of skill in the other. Yet marksmen are to be found in Switzerland, who, placing an individual at two hundred paces distant, with a five-franc piece held between his thumb and fore-finger, will strike it repeatedly, without the spectators testifying the smallest apprehension that the shooter may miss his mark. The Rifle Corps belonging to the *Pays de Vaud*, use for a target the painted figure of an Indian hunter, armed with a bow, and having a

monkey perched on the branch of a tree by his side. A small white mark is fixed in the centre of the Indian's face, breast, arms, and thighs; the shooter, who is placed at the distance of fifteen hundred feet, indicates the particular spot at which he proposes to aim before he discharges his piece. If, missing the man, (which rarely happens) he strikes the monkey, a small fine is levied, by way of punishment. I have seen one of these painted figures, with the whole central part of the body, about the region of the heart, completely beaten out, while every other portion of the target, especially the monkey, remained untouched.

A. H.

THE TABLE D'HÔTE.

A PAPER OF MY UNCLE'S.

Hope, Fortune's cheating lotterie,
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond archer, Hope, who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are;
Thin empty cloud, which the eye deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears!
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
By *ignus fatui* for north stars we sail.

COWLEY.—*The Mistress.*

It not unusually happens, that when men of a capricious temper are at variance with society, they believe themselves infallibly in love with solitude; and, as a repudiated or incensed lover will fly to the antipodes of previous predilection, to vex, if possible, the last divinity he worshipped—so, "the stricken deer," of human intercourse betakes himself unregretted to experiments of loneliness and isolation. It is somewhat unfortunate that we cannot reform our fellow-creatures according to the last suggestions of our will; and equally unfortunate it is, that when we see this absolute impossibility, we should not endeavour by concession, by conciliation, and other social methods, to reduce those inconveniences, which never yield to violent reproach or cynical disgust. It is a desperate expedient, truly, to forsake the manifest advantages and comfort of the sphere that we have lived in, and while affecting to chastise the world for its misusage of us, to superadd to it the poignancy of self-vexation, and to enlarge our sorrows while we render them ridiculous.

I could not refrain from these remarks, on reading an eccentric paper of my uncle's; of a personage, respecting whom I have a word to say. He has been variously misrepresented; his identity has been as variously declared; notwithstanding, it is most unlikely he will ever be distinctly known; if he *should* be so, his memory must answer for the utterance of some few hasty notions. On a late occasion, he was rated as the vilifier of a town; his fantastic rhapsody was treated as a systematic satire; aided by the conscience of the few, and the startled vanity of the many, the trivial expressions of his anger were absolutely magnified into opinions of deliberate reproach. This pained him; and, I believe, that if his "diary" conferred *one* pang, he would have heartily lamented it. His

vein might be sarcastic and capricious; precipitate and prejudiced; at times atrabilarius; but he never harboured rancour, never meditated insult, far less slanderous malignity. The censure of the minor vices and the greater follies was his object. Had he chosen his own character, he would have selected that which the fortunate diction of Mr. Hazlitt, with equal elegance and justice, gave to Gay—"He was a satirist without gall." He was candid—almost to simplicity; and looked on expiation as the most incumbent act of moral rectitude. He is now no more, and thus much certainly is due to him; the memory of such a compound should exist of no ingredients but those which formed a part of him. Little did he think that his effusions would appear in print; for had he destined them for publication, they would have been uttered with *his name*. But he "affected not the author;" though he had sufficient scholarship and reading to penetrate the gossamer disguise of those pretending scholiasts who deal in the disfigured thoughts of other people, and astonish ignorance, at times, with the pedantic mummery of their vocabulary studies. No—he was none of those degraded and unprincipled panders to abuse, who imagine that laborious fingers, an unfeeling heart, and worthless reputation, are the means and safeguard of what is called, among the scrubs, a "literary character;" he was no dabbler in the filth of anonymous detraction, of subsidized invective; none of the inferior "we;" no paid hireling, who lived but

"To laud the base, and vilify the good."

His errors were his own—they arose alike from prejudice and prepossession—a wild scattering of intermingled faults and foibles—the vigorous and perishable produce of a warm, exuberant, but unregulated heart. Among his characteristics as a youth, my uncle owned a striking versatility of talent and inconstancy of purpose; and this habit of his mind (if habit ought so changeable may be defined) have left him, at the age of forty, unsettled in pursuit as on the day when he emerged from academic discipline. His after life was one of hopes and projects, and in the numerous constructions of his *châteaux en Espagne*, he hit on the experiment of one in France; a country which, happily, is daily better known to us, and in which the natural bounty of the soil is equitably apportioned to the meritorious nature of its people. My uncle's narrative of passing facts, though ludicrous, supplies a commentary on a mind of mutability, and shows, with some effect, how many seeming evils may be banished by a little patient meditation, and how easily a state of captious disappointment may be converted into one of pure quiescence and content.

My uncle had been some time stationed in a fortified town, the resort of many English, urged to emigration by the pressure of their circumstances: furthermore, allured by the opportunities extended to a family of living in abundance on the residuary pittance of a diminished fortune, and of giving to its children that education, which would have been in England utterly unattainable under such reduction of their means. As judicious economists, they appreciated these advantages, and led a life of great decorum, quietude, and happiness; in all, conforming to the customs of their French acquaintance, and improving life by all the numerous suavities, which no people can reciprocate with more agreeable alacrity than our new associates on the other side *la Manche*. Not so the random youths, who, owning the divine attraction of cheap wines

and brandy, come to see at what diminished rate they could consume a being destined to the high prerogative of smoking, drinking, billiards, and abandoned laziness.

The *table d'hôte,* at which the looser quality of English took their daily meal, was honoured with my uncle's presence; in fact, he was *en pension;* and as he had severely suffered on various occasions from yielding to the impulse of a first impression, however repugnant to his character, the style and conduct of certain members of the mess, he resolved to try if they did not improve on more mature acquaintance.

The experiment of three good months, had left my uncle as remote as ever from the latent merits of his mess-mates; and, on the last occasion of his dining in their company, the party was composed of the ingredients now to be enumerated. Two gentlemanly, tranquil Frenchmen; an East-Indian, vulgarly denominated "a Nabob," who had gone to France in quest of culinary luxury, and on the usual experiment of persons who have lived for any time in an establishment in Asia, of finding out the cheapest methods of a gormandizing system—as usual, suspicious of every soul he met, and always thinking himself the elected object of imposition—greedy, selfish, unrefined, tenacious and imperious: his wife, the remnant of a once buxom form, whom, in despite of her inferior grade, the fiery penchant of Mr. Blunt had elevated, after strenuous endeavours at a less devout establishment, to the unenviable condition of his lawful consort.

As Mrs. Blunt, like many of her class exported to the East, had not partaken very largely of the benefits of education, and in the languor of the Asiatic clime had totally abstained from every effort at improvement, she had crowned a superficial and neglected understanding, with all the mawkish graces of a *supplicated* belle, whose animal attractions had inspired the sing-song fondness of the military idlers of the East. She had gained considerable notoriety by the multitude of her Platonic intimacies; and doubtless would have passed through her career of pscychological affection with untainted fame, if she had not unwittingly admitted to the mysteries of that persuasion an Hibernian officer, who so successfully contended for an emendation of the attic doctrine, by a slight infusion of the ethics of St. Patrick, that Mr. Blunt, on one occasion, found the vigorous philosopher, in the noon-day umbrage of a *goolistan,* in the overt triumph of his advocacy. But, he was either too much imbued with the duty of forgiveness, or of a character too sensual, to repudiate, at so great a distance from the grand emporium, the sources of his uxorious satisfaction.

The next two persons we must introduce, were "men of Oxford," whose college education had supplied them merely with certain narratives of glorious excess, in which the decency of life had been most wantonly affronted, by disgusting rows, and by potations more disgusting still; each of them had swallowed at a sitting more than four good *magnums* of Mr. Latimer's potential *black strap;* had subsequently offered a becoming insult to the proctors, and, indeed, to all that was grave and reverend in that venerable institution of former discipline and learning. Their nominal residence at Oxford had passed in rustication, as was obvious, from their conversation and address; they owned a tolerable *quantum* of slang, and smut, and mannerism (of a coachman, I should add); in short, they were a couple of revolting, stolid boobies; and nature, had she placed their habitation in a wilderness, would have con-

ferred, on the community of apes and monkies, two worthy members of the *marmoset* society. But, as they were younger branches of a noble family, and utterly unequal to the duties of an intellectual profession, they had been decorously designed as members of the church; which, such is its laudable constitution, would allow them, on the produce of a benefice, the gift of an aristocratic patron, to support the pleasures of a libertine abroad, while their important cures were arduously performed at home by some ill-paid, devout, half-starved, and conscientious clergyman.—Either of these high-bred gentlemen, confessed himself accountable for half a dozen bastards, whom he had left, with commendable spirit, to the chances *of* the world; and the inexhaustible theme of their discourse, was, on the infamy which they had severally carried into the the abodes of a dependent tenantry, and the ingenuous devises by which they had overcome the scruples of simplicity and innocence.

Another personage, who bore a part in the diurnal ceremony, was a midshipman—a youth of twenty-one—the genuine emanation of a cockpit, in its *former* day—Mr. Benbow, took a pride in being one of the *old school*—as he himself expressed it, a downright, rough, bluff, honest tar, in short, a bear. His manner was uncouth, and as for conversation, he had none. The midshipman had still resources, and as he felt the want of perfect ease in his deportment, and imagined, that if perceptible to others, it might possibly be ascribed to *mauvaise honte*, he had recourse to oaths and whistling; he disdained to place a dish, a wine-glass, or *caraffe*, with ought like gentleness upon the table; but dropped, or rather flung it from his grasp, with much the same indifference to its integrity, as if he had cast a tough ship's biscuit on his chest, in the hurry of escaping from his birth, at the omnipotent summons from the quarter deck, for reefing topsails in a squall. Besides, he drank with an insuperable air of independence; didn't care a d—n for any one, blasted all sour wines, when swallowing goblets of good *ordinaire*, and swore that there was nothing eatable in France, while *bolting* a succession of what he termed generically, "kickshaws," and compared with all the energy of national detraction to the old roast beef and good salt junk of England. Besides, the agreeable habit of speaking with his mouth full, when, according to the direction of his face, he suffused his neighbour's glass, or the *plat* immediately before him, his independent breeding taught him, that to throw his legs about, was an indisputable proof of general indifference; so that Mr. Benbow, in the plenitude of his magnificence, was wont to set the glasses on the table in a *pirouette*, at intervals, not, certainly, more distant than five minutes each.

There were also of the party, a few country squires, the heroes of the fox-chase, whose grand achievements formed an admirable counterpoise to the voluminous narrations of alligators, Tippoo Saheb, and tigers; the peculiar province of our new acquaintance, Mr. Blunt. All these gentlemen, unmounted as they were, were fruitful of their anecdotes of horsemanship; each one was a rider of unrivalled desperation, and the marvels of the preceding story were sure to be eclipsed by the wonders of its successor. Not a double fence in Leicestershire, a brook in Gloucestershire, or blind ditch in Essex, that was not the scene of some incredible performance, achieved though, not the less, by some of the neck-or-nothing Nimrod's present. Each gentleman possessed a most sonorous voice, and the "view-holloa" was occasionally given, to the

agony of every Frenchman's tympanum, when the genius of invention was relaxed, to manifest the enthusiasm provoked by the simple mention of the "sport beloved;" and all this wonderful proficiency in the art of killing a noble and an useful animal, and riding down the crops of an unfortunate husbandman, was sworn to by the horseless squires, much with the same security against reputation, as the vaunts of skaters in the Indies, where the ice has never yet stepped in to afford a footing for their contradiction.

The wit and hero of the society, was an Irish ensign, in faith, a Roman Catholic, and who had attained, in the honourable service of his country, the glorious climacteric of fifty-three good summers; though the albescent character of his hair might fairly have induced our computation, by the winters which this stationary veteran had numbered in the military calling. He knew a certain *set* of Irish lords, and, according to his own amusing statement, was the favourite *child* of twenty-seven, that had blessed the bed of his progenitors, at whose demise, *the* deer-park, and estate in general, would be divided among the extensive produce of their conjugal fidelity.

The remainder of the party consisted of an exquisitely fine person, a travelling smuggler for a house in Regent-street, with mustachios of stupendous magnitude, and a pair of spurs almost proportioned to an imaginary rider of that wooden horse, by which the city of King Priam was deceived, in the heroic ages. It is needless to remark, that this considerable person, who was a man-milliner at home, was, *pro tempore*, a captain. There were some non-descripts, good steady eaters, a grave Castilian, a Dutch burgomaster; two courteous and intelligent English gentlemen, and a young Scotch surgeon, about six feet seven in height, with a brogue, that conjured up a vision of the Luckenbooths and Cannongate; as he happened to be placed before the soup, his reiterated question to the persons present, "Surr, wull I gev you some o' these?" created so much mirth at his expence, that his lips were thenceforth sealed hermetically, and he, accordingly remained a taciturn spectator of the strange proceedings of the party.

Before we enter on a portion of the dialogue of the mélange we have described, it is requisite to state that Mr. Blunt, in the moments of his relaxation, was extremely fond of "practical jokes;" the uniform refuge of sheer stupidity, when sublimed by extraordinary causes into unusual good humour. But Mr. Blunt, unfortunately, did not reflect, that there were many points about his character which extended an allurement to any wag, who, in the self-same vein, might meditate the justice of reprisals. Mr. Blunt was exceedingly tenacious of any marked civility to Mrs. B— as he denoted his elect—the *goolistan* for ever was before him: he was an enormous glutton, painfully impatient of the slightest contradiction, and, like most persons of intrinsic insignificance, possessed a monstrous notion of his own importance. He had already suffered from the jokes of a Mr. Killjoy, a kind of serious jack-pudding, whose delight was, that of acting on the sensibility of nervous people; a purpose, for which he had qualified himself with a superficial smattering of dognostics, and what is infinitely more imposing with the ignorant and credulous, some astounding terms from various nomenclatures, with various citations from *Wecker's secrets*, which, independenly of their absurdity, had the further charm of being all in Latin. It was on the occasion of a dish of stewed mushrooms, a *plat* of Mr. Blunt's peculiar

adoration, that Mr. Killjoy had so intimidated our voracious friend, that like Sancho in his government, he played the part of Tantalus, and painfully forbore to taste the very article of all culinary blessings, which he most affected. On the occasion present, Mr. Blunt was destined to a second, and an equal disappointment. It was so concerted previously, that on the introduction of a savoury dish, to all appearance, venison hashed, the conversation should establish the presumption, that it was a preparation of boiled mutton; and the scheme was so adroitly managed by its agents, and the *garçon* too, that every atom was demolished before Mr. Blunt could urge his palate to the endurance of what he thought such flagrant heterodoxy. "I thought that that was venison," said Blunt, in a grumble. The Castilian, who was placed between the Oxford students, with a courteous smile, observed to one of them, "Todo lo que brilla no es oro." * "*No parli François, Mosshieu,*" said the student, shaking his head, and apparently revelling in his ignorance.

Though an enemy to practical jokes, my uncle relished the affliction of the *gourmand,* whose disconcerted visage and ruffled manner, formed an infallible standard of his vexation, Blunt beheld the unlearned (he imagined) in gastronomy, performing with their wonted skill, and was not the less dissatisfied at the incessant titters of the company, which savoured of a latent joke. "Well," said the leader of the prank, "I never knew such cooks! tarragon with hash! and the ground-work of boiled mutton, too! I remember when I was at college—" "You at college! hah!" was Mr. Blunt's subdued ejaculation. Continuing, "What is that by you, sir; no sir, not you; that gentleman—with the plate full—but I suppose he is too busy to—" At this moment, the individual so designated, in no wise heeding Mr. Blunt, desired his left-hand friend to fill with Burgundy, assuring him, that, save red hermitage, no wine *went* half so well with venison: and a better hash he never in his days had tasted!" The compliance and response of his neighbour, which attested the opinion just advanced, began to operate on Mr. Blunt's suspicion. "Hashed venison! what hashed venison? why, I say, *garçon, cela vennison?*" said Blunt, pointing with his trembling finger to the empty dish. "Ma foi, monsieur, il y en avoit—mais, vous voyez bien qu'il n'y en a plus—Ah! parbleu, que les Messieurs Anglais l'aiment beaucoup—cette viande là—à la folie même. Pourtant elle n'est pas mauvaise." "What does he say, sir?" said Blunt, to a gentleman opposite; "it's a most extraordinary thing, these French fellows won't speak English." The person interrogated interpreted the waiter's words, and added to them all the weight of his own individual approbation of the dish in question.—"Why, sir," said Blunt to some one, "I thought, sir, *you* said it was boiled mutton hashed."—"Oh, no! *that* was of a hash we tasted yesterday: but *this* was of a haunch from Cranbourne Chase, and better certainly was never placed before a king." The smile of the deviser of the plot was followed by a chorus of loud laughter. Blunt gave vent to his exasperation in the *novel* apophthegm of 'one fool maketh many!'—which also was received by the offending company with increased and mortifying mirth; and, to mend the matter, and, if possible, increase the eminent absurdity of Blunt's predicament, my uncle, whose staid and sober manner, united with his time of life, precluded any coarse reply, attempted to console him, by reference to his philosophy. "My good sir," said my uncle, "believe me, this is all a joke; and you have cer-

* All is not gold that glitters.

tainly philosophy enough to overlook these boyish pranks. When you and I were young, perhaps, though our memories may fail us now, we have often aided in some silly scheme like this."—There is hardly any situation more embarrassing than that of a person really incensed without sufficient cause, and anxious at the same time to support the semblance of complacency. My uncle's remark was so conciliatory, that it afforded a striking contrast to the wrath of Mr. Blunt, and placed him in a point of view still more ridiculous. "Philosophy!" said Blunt; "I know not how *your* memory may serve you, sir; but *mine* cannot transport me to the fact of having descended to the *meanness* of an ant——I would say the—puerility of passing off hashed venison for hashed mutton——the *greediness* of such a jest——The *greediness*—I say."—(Here rose a roar of laughter.)—"Here, give me *something;* garçon; est il *quelque* chose—with their d—d *French—messes!* ah! well, come; there—that will do—." And Mr. Blunt had no sooner begun to toss the remnant of a *fricadeau,* with most amusing petulance, from one side to the other of his plate, than the waiter placed before him, with the electric quickness of a flash of lightning, a reeking *plat* of venison, which had been purposely reserved for him. "Par bonheur, Monsieur, il en reste un petit peu." When Blunt perceived it, his visage gradually underwent a transmutation from the fretfulness of disappointment, to the ample glow of full-blown satisfaction—his muscles were relaxed—he was seized with an hysteric chuckle, which seemed to emanate from the anticipating recipients within him; two pellucid streams proceeded from the corners of his mouth; he heeded not the laugh of the company, but, agitated with delight, fell to—and in a moment, had an unconscious person stood behind him, from the closeness of his organ of mastication to his plate, and the alertness of the members by which the subject-matter was conveyed to it, he would have thought him some near-sighted, enthusiastic fiddler intent upon his scores, and executing, with violent rapidity, the extravagance of a *staccato* passage.

It was the custom of Mr. Blunt, when dinner was concluded, to introduce a child, which Mrs. B., by some extraordinary delay, presented to him as her first-born offering, after twenty years of marriage in the East, and just about one twelvemonth after their arrival in these northern latitudes. And now, Mr. Æneas, Hector, Achilles, (for such were the heathen tokens of the christianity of Mr. O'Sullivan, the Irish ensign), was prepared to settle an account with Mr. Blunt, by whom the former had been incessantly selected as the object of his sarcasms; and as the gallant veteran had borne them with imperturbable good-humour, he fairly concluded that he himself possessed a right, on any offered opportunity, of requiting, to the best of his ability, the shafts which Mr. Blunt had sped, with far less wit than cynicism, both on himself individually, and on the country of which he was a native. Mr. Æneas Hector Achilles O'Sullivan began accordingly:—"Is it after twenty years now, Mr. Blunt, you was honoured with that charming babe? By my soul, then, and India's a mighty odd place—to bè sure! Och! by the fist of my father, and I'll engage—in India *aven,* I would not be that long without a child—I *mane* if—". "We wish no explanations, sir, on points of that description. If you knew anything of climates, sir, you would be aware what amazing influence is ascribed to change of air."—"By the *howly* father! and to change of exercise as well, too; and upon my *sowl* too, I *belave* it—there then." "Believe it, sir! I hope you don't affect to doubt—" "Ah, bother! bother! Mr. Blunt,

now; sure, I'm not for doubting any thing that lady says—eh, me'em! am I right then, now?"—"Oh dear, sir!" said the simpering Mrs. B., who had taken a sufficiency of the Lyæan to feel the courage to rebel against a jealous and inforced authority—"I'm sure, sir, what you says—is, howsomever Mr. Blunt may take it—" "Hold your tongue, Mrs. B.," said Blunt; whose directions, like those of Mrs. Glasse, were always given in the plump imperative—"I protest, you're half an idiot—" "Ods blood, now, Mr. Blunt, remember, man and wife is one," resumed O'Sullivan; "and therefore yourself must be the other half."—"Sir!" said the uneasy spouse, "your interposition is becoming somewhat meddling—" "By this book then," said O'Sullivan, as he kissed a carving-knife, "and I never could help that, when there was ladies in the case."—"Oh the creature!" said Mrs. B., delighted with the unfaded gallantry of the elated officer.—"My dear, you're next an idiot," said Mr. Blunt, reproachfully.—"Ah! and is it that lady by your side, sir? by the powers! and I wished she was not.—Would you allow me, if that place is disagreeable, to offer you a *sate?*" And accordingly the ensign offered to transfer the charms of Mrs. Blunt from her unpleasant juxta position to her spouse, to a space unoccupied, immediately beside himself.—"A tanner on the captain!" said one of the Oxonians; which Blunt retorted with a sneer; and, turning to O'Sullivan with an important and authoritative air—"*I*, sir, am that lady's lord and master."—"Mighty bad and ugly *terrems* (terms), Mr. Blunt: is it *master*, sir, you said?—and as for lord—oh! that expression never should be used, excipt in worship.—By the vartue of your oath, me'em, are you now that same idolater that gentleman pretends?—indeed and you are not, now!"—"A tizzy on the captain!" said the other student. Mr. Blunt perceived, by the suppressed laughter of the company, and by a still more faithful index, the irritation of his temper, that he was disadvantageously engaged; and therefore, to cover his defeat, if possible, with dignity, he resolved to treat his adversary with mute contempt, and rose abruptly to depart. My uncle, feeling for his embarrassment, and desirous of aiding his escape, by way of a diversion, addressed himself to the Oxonians, who had been talking largely on the wonders and the pleasures of the chase. "I doubt not," said my uncle, "as you have so recently left college, and are so enthusiastically fond of hunting, you are well acquainted, gentlemen, with Oppian." The students stared at one another. At length, one of them said, "Oh! yes, I think I must have met him with Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds: he wore a wig, if I remember rightly, and always came to cover on a chestnut cob." My uncle thought no topic barren or repulsive, that involved the truths of science, or admitted of the illustrations of the muse; and would willingly have prosecuted the discourse of the Oxonians, had it flowed into the channels of Oppian, Grotius, or Nemesian; but, when he found the youths so eminently destitute of common learning, as to mistake the erudite Cilician of the second century, for a midland fox-hunter in England, as to endue his classic head with one of Mr. Truefitt's wigs, and mount him on a chestnut cob, in company with Sir Thomas Mostyn, in the nineteenth century, he curtly answered, that both the gentleman and the baronet to whom they had alluded, must be infinitely older than he had thought; and recoiling from such intolerable ignorance, observed, for the remainder of the day, as much retirement as good breeding would allow: though he supplied them previously with a parallel to their chro-

nology, by telling them the anecdote of Bezzant, now no more, who lived near Stratford-upon Avon, and was asked, if he had ever happened to fall in with Shakspeare? to which our well-beloved and recollected Richard answered, "that he was very little in the town, as he resided with his aunt, a mile away from it; but that it was possible he might have sometimes met him with the hounds."

The Oxonians shortly were reduced to a more flippant theme—the censure of the Roman Catholic religion, which O'Sullivan, a fiery Papist, as pertinaciously defended. The superficial and ill-levelled strictures of the students were certainly no formidable arguments; but, as they were uttered with a vehemence approaching bigotry, from which indeed they emanated, and expressed as the opinions of the *alma mater* of our country, an English gentleman, who hitherto had been a silent listener to the follies of the day, professed himself a member of the university, and begged distinctly to protest against the dictum of the youthful pair, which breathed such gross intolerance and insupportable impeachment. "I am a Protestant," observed the gentleman; "a conscientious one; but utterly averse from the proscription of the creed of others: an honest man's religion is a good one; and he is at heart the most a Christian, who has the largest fund of charity within it." The Castilian, who understood English, was pleased at the remark, and turning to his hitherto untried Oxonian neighbour, said, "Piensa sabiamente* y se explica claramente."—"*No parli Français,*" was the student's answer, with the same contented smile which had clothed the witless visage of his fellow *ignoramus*. "That gentleman is speaking *Spanish*, sir," my uncle said; and was almost tempted, so opposite it seemed, to tell the story of a countryman of ours, who, travelling in the West of England, observed upon a pane of glass, "Carl Von Schlæzer, a native of Hesse Darmstadt;" and, adding to the information given, wrote beneath, with equal taste and liberality, "a blasted *Frenchman*."

The wine and spirit had, by this time commenced its operation, and the English spoken at the table, and which was now occasionally intercepted with a loud *singultus*, vulgarly called hiccough, was about as intelligible as the French had been from the same lips, in the early stage of the festivity. The man-milliner, with the immense mustachios, was relating the battles he had been engaged in, and drinking bumpers to heroes dead and living, talking politics with vehement dictation, subverting thrones and dynasties with the foresight of Francis Moore, or Matthew Lansberg, and proving himself by different *facts*, to have been in the four quarters of the globe upon the self same day. The midshipman was snoring with his chin upon his bosom, an inch or two of pig-tail depending from his mouth, which served as a conductor for that saliva, which is wont to flow from slumbers like his own; while Mr. Killjoy was elaborately predicting his decease by apoplexy. The Irishman had taken his departure with a knowing wink, which intimated—but we *know* the pleasures of a man of Mr. O'Sullivan's constitution. The long Scotch doctor, who had remained as dumb

> "As the mute marble habitant
> Of the lone halls of Ishmonie."

had very nearly settled his *litre* of *bierre blanche;* the burgomaster was emitting clouds of smoke from his *écume de mer*, and gallantly keeping

* He thinks deeply and expresses himself clearly.

pace, in *schnaps*, with the moderate members of the party had made their congé for the evening. The Oxonians had achieved their two flasks each, and were becoming classical. "That castor's out;" said one, pointing to the empty bottle; "another shy?"—"Not if I know it," said the other, "I shall tip and toddle." "I shall cut *my* stick too, then,—how are you for a bit of clay?"—"You've said it; I'm your man, your Royal Highness." "Why, I say, Jem; some cove has rung my shallow."—"I stand a tanner then, I name the man—that thundering Scotch doctor." The inoffensive Scot, who from the darkness of the hour was hardly visible in his position, returned the imputation, by declaring both the embryo honours of the church "twa daft fallows, who had nae the manners of a flunkie." "No, blow me, here it is;" said one; "so D. I. O. Good night (with a hiccough), Mr. Propria quæ maribus"—(to my uncle, who responded)—"Good night Mr. Æs in presenti;" and the collegians, giving the door a slam that shook the house, and a loud curse to the poor-box, against which they stumbled, sallied forth, while singing in melodious unison, "May day in the morning so bright."

The evening was advanced, and the remaining members of the party, with the exception of the Scot and the Dutchman, duly took their leave. The former was desirous of consulting his Batavian comrade on a point of speculation, which had long engrossed his thoughts; and as the hoaxing portion of the mess was now withdrawn, an opportunity arose, which Mr. Duncan Craigie had patiently awaited of acquiring, as he hoped, the information requisite to shape his plan. Nothing could be more germane to Mynheer Schnapsenwater's wishes, than a second person present to wear out with him the tedium of the night; and though Craigie was, by habit temperate and early, he had a point to gain, and consequently, sacrificed his pleasure to his interest; though his interrogations were received and answered with evident repulsion by the Dutchman, who regarded conversation as a detriment to smoke and liquor, the only lawful objects of agreeable society. All that Cragie gained from him was *yes* or *no:* they sufficed, however, to confirm him in his plan, and he has since succeeded as *chirurgien* at Rotterdam, in the attainment of a wide and profitable practice; and, with a laudable nationality, has introduced into the town a colony of Scotch, who form the various links connected with the medical profession, from the druggest to the very mason who engraves a tomb-stone.

On Mr. Blunt's retirement from the *table d' hôte*, he had experienced another quittance of his practical performances; as he was an immeasurable coward, and profoundly ignorant of natural phænomena, indeed of physics, in the extended acceptation of the term; the situation of his bed-room, which was just above a spacious subterraneous cellar, supplied the means of operating on his fears. Mr. Killjoy had appalled him with some extracts from the divination of Agrippa, and taught him to expect his dissolution from the united wrath of Heaven and earth. By the agency of a full barrel and an empty one, rolled to and fro beneath his dormitory, a fearful sense of sound and motion was produced, which in conjunction with a shaken sheet of tin, imposed on Mr. Blunt with all the terrors of a thunder storm and earthquake; the lightning having been excluded by the *volans* of his chamber. He had sunk into a sleep of doleful indigestion, in which he uttered various disjointed rhapsodies; converging, in the main, to the imposture of the venison

hash, or the memorable adventure of the *goolistan*. His nasal organ constantly emitted such appaling sounds, that, as my uncle passed his dormitory, humanity induced him to explore their cause; on entering, he found that Mr. Blunt had yielded to the triple influence of terror, surfeit, and exhaustion; on his pillow, lay *The Young Man's Best Companion*, and by his bed-side a dish of strawberries and cream, in case his old antagonist, his appetite, should assail him, in a wakeful interval. While Mrs. Blunt, who was a woman of ceremonious piety, when even in her cups (which shows the force of habit), had fallen fast asleep with a jovial jorum at her elbow, holding in her hands the Bible upside down, preparatory to her reading the appointed lessons of the evening.

My uncle's kind intentions were productive of much immediate terror and ulterior confusion to Mr. Blunt; in a state of questionable wakefulness, he confessed his sins and begged for mercy; called on Mrs. Blunt and Ensign Sullivan, and pursued, as he endeavoured to raise himself, a kind of gallimaufry, in which it was hard to say, whether his afflictions proceeded more from stomach, conscience, or imagination. Eventually he sat in bed bolt upright, and rubbing his eyes, inquired, with a stare of vacancy, what all this was about? My uncle, seeing that no offices on his part were required, withdrew at the very moment the Oxonians were brought into the house in a state of violent dispute with two of their compatriots; they had been taking what they called "a lark," and their bird had been purveyed with rather an unpleasant condiment. It appeared that one of them had been offended at being called a Frenchman; an insult I should much incline to doubt, as they had so much national tenacity about them, that they invariably got drunk for the sake of contradistinction; an excellent and effectual method, when abroad, of avoiding the disgraceful suspicion of being a sober and well-behaved native of the continental soil.

On his return home, my uncle reflected on the events of the day. He had borne the same society for three round months, in hope; that hope was disappointed. This was a species of communion he could endure no longer. He felt as a high-minded Englishman should feel, that the national character was degraded by such exhibitions of ignorance, vulgarity, and outrage; and he determined on the possession of a château, which he had already seen; the particulars of which we design for a future, though not remote, occasion.

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL.

THE last, last tone hath died,
O! bid it wake once more;
Bid the glad harp again the swelling tide
Of stately music pour.
For sink we now beneath the saddening spell
Of our loved Minstrel's song that bade farewell.

We marked his kindling eye,
And there a holy fire
Shone as a day-beam, from that light on high
Which angels doth inspire;
And his cheek flushed, as his proud song flowed free,
Like to the billows of a waking sea.

And firmer grew his hand,
More passionate his lay,
He bade his guardian angels bless his land,
So dear—so far away;
Until we caught the fervour of his tone,
And our hearts' prayer made answer to his own.

Then came a softer strain
To fill the eye with tears,
And the soul's inner depths with mournful pain,
To linger there for years:
While breathless tremblings made the bosom thrill,
Lest his last music should too soon be still.

For we had loved him well,
Through many a changing day;
He was not with us as an ocean shell,
Cast up—then swept away:
But from a band of brotherhood he bore
Song, step, and smile—to bring them back no more.

And time had hastened by,
Strengthening the links which bound us;
And his bright spirit in the hour of joy,
Had evermore been round us:
Nor knew we, till that parting music died,
How sad a change must come—how dear a void!

Not sad for him—his tears
In the south land shall fail;
Where the tall cliff its vine-clad steep uprears
Above a peaceful vale:
There shall he meet his kindred—there shall tell
Of friends in distant isle who loved him well.

But eve—the bird is flown
That cheered us with its lay—
Eve hath come down to dim our hour of noon,
Our loved one passed away:
And we must grieve, as oft remembered rise
The speaking music of his melodies.

GERMANY.

From earliest infancy I had pictured Germany to myself as the region of romance. I had read somewhere that the common sounds of her cities were the loud breathings of military bands, the iron clatter of the mustering squadron, or the measured tread of stately infantry, varied at the soft hour of evening by the full deep chorus of the solemn hymn, or among the assembled youth of either sex by the soft and undulating movements of the mazy waltz. I was eager to study the character of a people who, after the revolutions of twenty centuries, still preserve many of those beautiful traits of character and manners, that, amid the corruption and desolation of Imperial Rome, so charmed by their innocence and freshness the historian Youtus.

As our britscha rapidly approached the Prussian capital, one of those pictures which the mind had so often painted in its hours of musing suddenly burst upon us. The rays of the setting sun were brightly reflected from the polished cuirasses of a regiment of heavy cavalry of the guard, that were defiling in column of Zuge at half distance beneath the arch of the Brandenburgh Gate. As I gazed on this splendid cavalry, and on the magnificent arch beneath which they were passing, the model of the Athenian Propylæum, surmounted by its chariot of victory, that rears high in the air the black eagle of Prussia, the prediction of Guibert, that has since been so singularly verified, flashed across my memory. "Si apres la mort de Frederic," said this celebrated tactician, "dont le genie seul soutient l'edifice imparfaite de sa constitution, il survient un roi faible, on verra cette puissance ephemère rentrer dans le sphere que ses moyens réels lui assignent, et peutêtre *payer cher quelquès années de gloire.*"

The external features of Berlin differ widely from those of most other capital cities in Europe. There is a grandeur and majesty about it—an aristocratic tranquillity that contrasts so singularly with the commercial and bustling activity of London and Paris. Except in the Köingstrasse, we may wander through their spacious streets, and find them untenanted, save by groups of military, lounging and twisting their moustaches with that listless air that so strikes the traveller in the garrison towns of the continent, or spending the live-long day in the caffés, at billiards, or dominos. The *vie de caffé* appears to be as much in vogue in Berlin as at Paris. Wherever they went the French have left traces of their manners, even among those by whom they were hated.

Notwithstanding the dulness of its outward aspect, no city affords to the tourist more numerous or more varied sources of amusement and instruction than Berlin. If fond of music, he has the Opera, perhaps the first, considered in its *ensemble*, in Germany; if ardent in the pursuit of science, he may, in the amphitheatres of her university, drink deeply at her fount; if an antiquarian, the magnificent gallery of antiquities, formerly in the possession of the celebrated Passalacqua, will open a wide field of interesting research. In justice to the government of Prussia, it must be said, that it leaves public instruction perfectly unfettered in its operations, and spares neither trouble or expense in unfolding to the people the sources of knowledge. There is, in Berlin alone, 120 primary schools, independent of the University and the Lycées. Every village of importance has also its schools, and it is rare indeed to meet with a Prussian peasant who cannot both read and write.

Again, those who wish to pursue their studies still farther, have an opportunity, on joining the army, in which every male, by the military constitution of the monarchy, must serve for five years, of doing so in the regimental school; for it is one of the peculiar features of the military system of Prussia, that it develops the moral as well as the physical powers of the soldier. All that is deemed worthy of the attention of the traveller I saw—the palace, the university, the arsenal, the museum, and the theatres.

Full of the recollections of the great Frederick, I rode out to Potzdam, the "*berceau*" of modern tactics: it is still what it was in his days, a vast caserne. You see on every side squads of recruits, marching, wheeling, and handling their firelocks under veteran able instructors. I walked to his tomb in the garrison chapel—a plain monument of black marble, unadorned by any inscription, marks the spot where lies the victor of a hundred battle-fields. When Frederick, at the bloody affair of Kunnensdorf, beheld his invincible battalions "*ecrasés*" by the murderous and well-directed fire of the Russians, struck with their steady gallantry and iron formations, he is said to have exclaimed—"Que l'Europe prenne pour devise, *Gare le Russes*. Ces barbares lui joueront un jour un vilain tour." His successor appears to have forgotten these remarkable words, which made such an impression upon the master mind of Napoleon.

As we were leaving the gardens, two officers crossed our path, one of whom, a tall lank figure, who with downcast eyes, the arms folded behind the back, walked a little in advance of the other, forcibly arrested my attention. The expression of his countenance was melancholy in the extreme, while the well-squared epaulettes, compressed waist, swelling chest, and the scrupulous care with which every part of his uniform was arranged, proclaimed the military dandy. It was the King Frederick William, and his aid-de-camp Baron Von S———.

I confess I was struck with the pensive and abstracted air of the monarch. "*Quel air reveur,*" I remarked to my companion, an old French general officer who had kindly taken upon himself the office of cicerone in my perambulations around Berlin. "*C'est qu'il improvise une uniform,*" he replied with a smile; "to-morrow the Gazette will convey an order to make some alteration in the '*tenue*' of the Guards." What the great Frederick did for tactics, his successor, Frederick William, nicknamed "Der Schneider König,"* has done for military costume—it has been the constant study of his life. Neither the vicissitudes of his country, the toils of the camp, nor the wiles of diplomacy, have been able to divert him from his favourite pursuit; and it is only justice to say that the dress of the Prussian army is in the best military taste, uniform throughout, and a-piece with the elaborate drilling of the men, and the science and instruction of the officers. Napoleon testified his surprise at the immense "*savoir*" of his Prussian majesty on this important point, although he complained sadly of being constantly importuned both by Frederick and the Czar Alexander with such frivolous questions as, "What quantity of padding was requisite for a hussar's jacket?" or to give an opinion on the form of a Hulan's shako. "Certes," said the Emperor one day to General Rapp, "had the French army at Jena been commanded by a tailor it would have been a second '*Rosbach.*'"

* Tailor king.

Numerous and profound are said to have been the colloquies on military uniforms between George the Fourth and Frederick William; and to the valuable hints acquired in these "*entretiens*," may be attributed the splendid appearance of some of our crack cavalry regiments. Great is also said to be the impatience of our naval dandies for the appearance of the naval uniform of Prussia (for like Austria, this power, since the arrival of the model frigate sent out by our King, is ambitious of becoming a maritime state), they look to the genius of the Prussian monarch to deliver them from the present hermaphrodite rig with which they are so disfigured and dissatisfied.

The anecdotes related of the ridiculous importance which this prince attaches to military costume would fill volumes. One of them only we shall venture to quote. Frederick, some years ago, was passing the Curzeit either at Toplitz or Carlsbad. Early one morning a Prussian estafette was observed to leave the place "*ventre a terre.*" The *corp diplomatique* was immediately *en mouvement;* up went the hopes of the war party—down went the Austrian *Metalliques*—three of the first bankers at Leipsig and Vienna stopped payment—Metternich was at fault—Rothschild in a fever—and half a dozen English honourables, *attachés* to the different legations in Germany, went into galloping consumptions from twenty-four hours hard writing—an event unexampled in their diplomatique career. At the expiration of a week, when nothing less than another seven year's war was expected by every one, the Berlin Gazette tranquillized Germany, by publishing the order of which the estafette was the bearer, and which was nothing more or less than his majesty's commands to lower the shakos of his guards, and compress their waists two inches smaller! After all, it is fortunate for Prussia that her monarch has no more expensive taste. A Pompadour, or a palace, would be much more costly hobbyhorses; for in justice to him we must say, that economy and good taste go hand in hand, and preside over all his freaks.

I tarried in Berlin till after the autumnal reviews. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of these military spectacles. If the science of war can be learnt by any thing short of actual experience in the field, it is to be done at these camps of instruction, annually formed in the north of Germany.

Warned by the sad experience of the past, and by the geographical configuration of her territory, which floats like a riband over the surface of the European continent, from the Oder to the frontiers of France, Prussia is sensible that her independence resides in the force of her army. Russia threatens her in the east, France in the west, while Austria, by debouching from Bohemia, strikes at her very heart. The anxious solicitude of the government has been directed almost exclusively to this object, and the genius of Scharnhörst has certainly produced one of the most perfect military systems the world ever saw. According to this system, every male inhabitant in Prussia, from the age of sixteen to forty-five, must bear arms, five years in the line, and the remainder of the term in the landwehr. The whole population therefore of Prussia is essentially military.

At a moment like this, when the contemporary events in Southern and Rhenish Germany, and the fierce crusade of the established governments against liberal principles, proclaim the general *mal aise* of society, and fix the attention of Europe, a few observations upon the present state of Germany and her prospects, may not be ill timed.

When the ancient and gothic edifice of the German confederation was overturned by Napoleon, he, on organising the confederation of the Rhine, mediatised eighty of the petty independent princes who had formed component parts of the ancient German constitution. On the re-organisation of the confederation in 1815, this arrangement was confirmed by the congress of Vienna; and happy would it have been for Germany had that body extended still farther the mediatising ban. But at this congress, the cradle of the Holy Alliance, the family interest of a few sovereigns were deemed by the negotiators paramount to the sacred rights and happiness of millions. The ancient edifice of the German confederation was therefore reformed upon a basis of which the following table will convey a pretty accurate idea.

TABLE OF THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

STATES.	*Capitals.*	Population of Capitals.	Superficies in square miles.	Population.	Contingent to the Diet.	Revenue.
						florins.
Austria	Vienna	238,177	12,056·0	28,209,709	94,822	162,000,000
Prussia	Berlin	178,861	5,133·77	10,224,350	79,234	65,000,000
Bavaria	Munich	65,800	1,427·00	3,525,413	35,600	20,000,000
Wurtemburg	Stuttgart	23,694	366·50	1,395,462	13,955	16,000,000
Baden	Carlsruhe	13,727	272·59	1,003,630	10,000	5,500,000
Hesse Darmstadt	Darmstadt	11,320	204·59	619,499	6,195	3,500,000
Hohenzollern	Hechinen	2,600	5·12	14,820	145	80,000
Lichenstein	Vaduz	1,800	2·45	5,546	55	19,600
Hohenzollen Sigmarengen		3,000	18·25	35,560	356	330,000
Hesse Homberg	Homberg	2,700	7·84	19,870	200	180,000
Frankfort	Frankfort	40,485	4·87	47,855	475	800,000
Kingdom of Saxony	Dresden	55,715	352·22	1,192,646	12,000	13,500,000
Saxe Gotha	Gotha	12,400	54·22	183,682	1,859	1,500,000
Saxe Coburg	Coburg	7,746	26·39	80,012	800	425.000
Saxe Meinengen	Meinengen	4,120	20·29	54,600	544	350,000
Hildburghausen		2,503	11·08	29,706	297	200,000
Palatinate of Reuss	Elder branch	6,195	6·86	22,255	223	130,000
Ditto	Junior branch.	.....	20·60	52,201	522	420,000
Hesse Cassel	Cassel	18,500	201·58	532,072	5,679	4,000,000
Luxembourgh	Luxembourg	.....	.....	.....	2,556	.....
Nassau	Wiesbaden	5,300	104·62	302,769	3,028	1,557,000
Saxe Weimar	Weimar	9,000	67·32	201,000	2,000	1,500,000
Anhalt Dessau		9,220	17·00	52,647	529	510,000
Ditto, Bemberg		4,844	16·00	37,046	370	450,000
Cœthen	Cœthen	5,074	15·00	32,454	324	230,000
Schwazbourg Sonderhausen		4,500	20·40	53,957	539	220,000
Ditto, Rudolstadt		3,922	16·50	45,127	451	275,000
Hanover	Hanover	17,522	701·29	1,305,350	13,000	9,450,000
Brunswick	Brunswick	29,934	71·74	249,527	2,496	1,800,000
Waldeck	Anslen	1,048	21·68	51,877	519	400,000
Schambourg Lippe		2,060	10·10	23,111	230	215,000
Lippe Detmold		2,369	20·50	69,062	691	466,000
Holstein		.....	.....	.....	3,600	.....
Mecklenbourg Schewerin		8,505	219·59	358,378	3,580	1,800,000
Ditto, Strelitz		4,408	35·95	71,769	718	450,000
Oldenbourg		5,222	123 06	217,760	2,170	1,200,000
Lubec		25,526	5·45	40,650	407	400,000
Bremen		37,725	2·58	48,432	485	420,000
Hamburgh		106,000	6·00	123,643	1,298	1,200,000

38 States.

On a superficial glance, this system appears faultless; for the votes are distributed in ratio to the population of the several states composing it: but on a nearer inspection, we discover in its workings the overweening preponderance of powers which are not German in point of interest, and only partially so in point of territory. In fact, it is but a clumsy and expensive machine to govern all Germany "*au bon plaisir*" of foreign states. One third of the votes, it will be remarked, belong to Austria, Prussia, England, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The smaller states, who constitute the majority, with their half, quarter, and even one-fifth part of a vote, are but mere cyphers. The whole and sole controul of the diet resides in the hands of Austria and Prussia, or, we should rather say, of Russia, since the Prussian monarchy cowers beneath the political ascendancy of this northern power. But we have yet to trace the most odious features of this system, which controuls the political independence, and even the free administration of the internal affairs of every state. No sovereign prince can give free institutions to his subjects, unless he has previously obtained the consent of these powers through the medium of the diet. Even in those states where representative governments exist, the confederation deprives them of all power in the most important of all relations, that of declaring war or making peace. And it expressly enacts, that no *constitution* shall be allowed to impede any member of the confederation in the duties which the diet may think proper to impose upon him. Thus Saxe Weimar, whose liberal institutions and free press gave such umbrage to Austria and Prussia, was finally obliged to submit to a censorship; and a similar restraint has just been imposed on the press in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Under a system like this, it is utterly impossible that liberal institutions can flourish on the soil of Germany. But its operation upon the social condition of the people is still more fatal. The congress of Carlsbad, convened for the express purpose of arranging the internal affairs of Germany, deserved, in one respect, the gratitude of the whole country, by proclaiming the most unrestricted freedom of commerce. For some time their intentions were acted upon in a spirit of great liberality, till Prussia violated them, by imposing a system of heavy tolls along her Rhenish possessions. Now as every duke, margrave or count was too proud to yield to His Königliche Majestât of Prussia, they used reprisals, and a war of tolls began. The effects of such a system on countries of limited resources, and deprived of sea-coast—taxed *a l'outrance* to keep up a standing army, and support the glittering *attirail* of a court, may be easily imagined. In the states of the nest of petty princes, who are crowded between the Thuringian forest and the foot of the Erzegeberge, the tourist, during a morning ride, will have half a dozen tolls to pay; while a bottle of Rhudesheimer, not thirty miles from the place of its growth, will cost him more than at the Clarendon, or the Caffé de Paris. Thus it is that the industry of the country is borne to the earth. It is more particularly on the agriculturist that the burthens press so heavily; and hundreds of this class are selling their properties, and emigrating to America, to seek in the inhospitable regions of the west, that liberty of opinion, and that fruit of industry denied to them in their own romantic but feudalized land.

Why these petty princes have been allowed to retain their independence, when so many others have been mediatised, we have already

mentioned. So long as they exist the country can never acquire that native union so essential to an independent state. There is a party in Germany, that for some years has been gradually acquiring strength and consistency, whose object is to strip all the foreign powers of their German dominions, (even Austria and Prussia are by them considered under this category), and mediatising all the states below the second rate, to divide their territories among the pure German powers; viz. Bavaria, Wirtemberg, in the south, Saxony and Hanover in the north.

According to this system of centralization, Germany would possess four instead of thirty-eight sovereigns, and present an imposing front that would command the respect of all Europe.

This theory has been ably exposed in a work on the nationality of the German people, and on the institutions that would harmonise with their manners and characters; but we confess that we consider the practical illustration of it almost an impossibility. Divided as the country is into petty districts, separated by jealousies and antique prejudices, and governed by princes, the tools of Austria and Prussia, the mass of resistance to be overcome is immense. The press, it is true, is everywhere laying its grasp on the human mind, a wild and fierce crusade against despotic authority has been stirred up by the events of the "three days," even the political substratum of Germany has vibrated to the shock of the mighty earthquake. But yet we must not suppose that a chastened love of civil and political liberty is generally diffused among the mass of the German people. A single glance at their past history will convince us of this truth. The personal independence of the individual German, strikes you as much as their collective indifference to political freedom. Their genius has been turned into a different channel. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise? He seldom dies the subject of the prince he was born. Distracted as has been his country, sacrificed as they have been by thousands at the shrine of foreign ambition, their love of country is rather a poetical inspiration, than a patriotic and political feeling. Again, the Germans are essentially a military people. They are fond of the shako and plume, and of the wild uncertainty of a military life, that takes away all care for the morrow;—and we have seen that, even in France, it has been the work of years to cultivate liberal institutions on the soil of military glory. Still, the star of freedom has risen upon her feudalized horison. There is, added to an intensity and earnestness in the German character, an enthusiastic singleness of purpose in the pursuit of an object, that is preparing in the distance of the future the great work of regeneration. We love the country—we love the people, and their romantic and original literature. We acknowledge their vast capabilities, and our loftiest aspirations are for their political regeneration and happiness—still we cannot close our eyes to the formidable mass of resistance to be overcome ere the country shall be centralized under one, or even four governments. That they are progressing, though slowly, towards the "Rarum temporum felicitatem ubi sentire quæ velis et quæ sentias dicere licet" of Tacitus, we freely allow; but what blood must be shed, and what years must elapse, ere this glorious consummation becomes the portion of Germany!

THE LOST JÄGER.

"I AM for the Gemsjagd this morning, Netty," said young Fritz of the Back Alp, as he swaggered over the threshold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with an air, such as became the handsomest bürsch, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot in Grindlewald, and who knew withal that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. And pretty she was—a dear little bashful drooping mountain daisy, with such hair—not black—not exactly black—but with a glossy golden brightness threading through it, like—what shall I liken it to?—like midnight braided with a sun-beam. And she looked so handsome in her Bernese bonnet with its airy Psyche-like wings; and she tripped so lightly; and I believe, to say the truth, she had the only handsome foot and ancle in the parish—and such an one!—and then she had such a neat, light, elastic, little figure. Suffice it to say, she was Fritz's liebeken, and Fritz was a passable judge of female beauty, and himself the Adonis of Grindlewald. And she was the sun of the valley, or rather the mild moon—or, in short, sun, moon, and stars; and had been so denominated in sundry clumsy German rhymes in her praise, by Hans Keller, who, with a like multiplicity of attributes, was himself the Horace—and Virgil, and Anacreon, and—schoolmaster of the neighbourhood: very clever, and very crazy. Darling Netty—many an evening, as, by a sort of accident prepense, I happened to saunter by with my pipe, and lingered to gossip away half an hour of bad German, with Fritz and his intended, and her dear, drowsy, deaf, old granmother, I have thought Fritz was a very happy man; and perhaps, to say the truth—perhaps—envied him—a little.—Heaven forgive me!

"I am for the Gemsjagd this morning," said Fritz, as he flung his arm round the blushing maiden. Old Clausen marked some half dozen of them up by the Roseulani Gletscher yesterday; and I think we shall pull down some of the gallants, before we have done with them. He promised to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and, by the shadow of the Eiger, it must be close upon the hour: so come with me luck, and by to-morrow evening at furthest, we shall be back with a couple of noble gemsen. 'Down, foolish fellow!—down, Blitz!' he said to his dog, that was yelping around him, in anticipation of the sport. "Why, he is as fond of chamois hunting as his master. Look at him, Netty."

But Netty did not look. Fritz knew well enough that she dreaded, on his account, even to terror, the perils of chamois hunting; but he was devoted to it, with an enthusiasm which is so common to those who practise that dreadful diversion. *Perhaps* this passion did not compete with his love for Netty; perhaps it did. He had never gone, it is true, without her consent; but it was as well for both, that the question had never been brought to an issue, whether he would have gone without it. Not but that he loved, really loved Netty; but he thought her fears very foolish, and laughed at them, as men are very apt to do on such occasions. Netty started when he mentioned the Gemsjagd, and bowed her head to his breast—perhaps to hide a tear—perhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in which, at that moment, she seemed to find something particularly interesting. Fritz talked on laughingly, as he thought the best way to dispel her fears was not to notice them at all: so he

talked, as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more; and then he paused.

"Fritz! my dear Fritz!" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining. "My dear Fritz!"—and then she paused too.

"Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied expostulation, "I wouldn't like to disappoint old Hans—after Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. "After Wednesday, I promised never to hunt chamois again; but I *must* go, once—just once—to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhom, to their own grim faces—and then—why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood, and be a very earth-clod of the valley, like our good neighbour Jacob Biedermann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

"I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz." "No; but you looked it, love; and I would not see a tear in those bright eyes, for all the gemsen between this and the Orteles; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes"—

"I'll try, Fritz"—

"What! with that sigh, and that doleful look?—No, no, Netty; I will send an apology to old Hans." Here Blitz, as he put a small hunting-horn in the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills, "Off, boy! to the Adelboden. And now, have you any thing to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bohren's Chalet, to see if the cream and cheese of my little old rival are as good as their wont. I shall go and saddle old Kaisar, shall I?—he has not been out these two days."

Fritz, peasant as he was, knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to her's. On the present occasion he succeeded completely.

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good-will, "you really must not disappoint Hans; he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—"let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you *will* be back to-morrow evening, will you, indeed?"

"By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gemsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my fläschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round the base of the ice-heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the

clouds were lazily creeping. It was a still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue, that marked the edge of an ice-reft. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavanges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the lebris, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless refts, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green-sward. Fritz muttered a grim dormerwetter between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them. At some parts it consisted but of a narrow ledge, slippery with frozen snow, on which even his spiked mountain-shoes could scarcely procure him footing. Sometimes the path was interrupted, and the only means of reaching its continuation, was by trusting himself to the support of some little projection in the smooth rock, where the flakes, which last winter's frost had carried away, broke off abruptly. Sometimes the twisted and gnarled roots of a stunted pine, which had wrought into the clefts, and seemed to draw their nourishment from the rock itself, offered him their support. He did not look back; he thought not of danger—perhaps not even of Netty—but merely casting an occasional glance to the sky, to calculate the chances of a clear evening, resumed his perilous journey.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favour. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitring. Cautiously he made an aperture through the drift—there they were, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently alarmed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anxiously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the

exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksman—all contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had fallen. There it was, sure enough, but how it was to be recovered presented a question of no little difficulty. In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, and on this lay the chamois, crushed by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours walk, at the foot of the Gauli Gletsher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche for his lullaby.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carabine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the Oberhasli Kirschwasser, and as he made the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus of the kuh-lied, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake, in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot. The moon, from the reflection of the snow, seemed to be shining from out a sky of ebony, so dark and so beautiful, and the little stars were peering through, with their light so clear and pure; they shine not so in the valleys. Fritz admired it, for the hearts of nature's sons are ever open to nature's beauties, and though he had not been taught to feel, and his admiration had no words, yet accustomed as he was to scenes like this, he often stopped to gaze. The kuh-lied was silent, and almost without being aware of it; the crisping of the frozen snow beneath his footsteps was painful to his ear, as something not in accordance with the scene around him—'twas a peasant's unconscious worship at the shrine of the sublime. But, to say the truth, he had no thought but one, as he approached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descending at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky platform, when the piece of crag to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his resting-place, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards to the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amid the pine-trees. With lips apart and eyes

starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which, after a long interval, rose like the voice of death, from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent—still he listened—he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed—he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalks before our glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and shapeless, yet terrible—terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape, in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die thus! and to die now! by the slow, graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense of pain, and adding acuteness to its pangs. At length, with a violent effort, he sprung upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at another moment have shrunk. His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which, at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting-place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative.

Once more he returned—once more he examined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage, once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst, but the crisis of his agony was come, and he wept like a child.

How often, when madness is burning in the brain, have tears left the soul placid and resigned, like the calm twilight melancholy of a summer's eve, when the impending thunder-cloud has dissolved into a shower. Fritz wept aloud, and long and deep were the sobs which shook every fibre of his strong frame; but they ceased, and he looked up in the face of the placid moon, *hopeless*, and yet not *in despair*, and his breathing was as even and gentle as when he gazed up towards her on yestereve, from the rustic balcony of Netty's cottage. Aye, though he thought of that eve when, her cheek reclined on his bosom, they both sat in the still consciousness of happiness, gazing on the blue glaciers, and the everlasting and unchanging snow-peaks. He had no hope—but he felt not despair—the burning fangs of the fiend no longer clutched his heart-strings. He sat and gazed over pine forest and grey crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers, and the snows of the Wetterhom, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base, was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was resigned.

The moon neared to her setting, but just before she went down a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disk. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one half of the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her, by

whose splendour they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops, and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the rugged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's desolation; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the universe were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down, small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled, they whirled, and eddied, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed with cold, exhausted with fatigue, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting edge of rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down with a violence which even the Alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch swept by in the darkness, blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

Oh, Night! Night! there is something so intensely beautiful in thee! Whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the clear, and placid, and pearly effulgence of thy moon; or when thou wrappest thy brow in its black and midnight mantle, and goest with thy tempests forth to their work of desolation—Oh, thou art beautiful! The spirit of poetry mingles its voice with the thrillings of thy wind-harp, and even in thy deep and holy silence there is a voice to which the soul listens, though the ear hears it not. On the wide sea, and on the wide moor, by the ocean strand, and on mountain lake, and dell and dingle, and corn-field and cottage, O thou art beautiful! But amid the lavange, and the icefall, and the mighty masses of everlasting snow rising up into the heavens where the clouds scarce dare, amid *their* solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty, which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration. The lofty choir—the dim and massy aisle—the deep roll of the organ—these, even these, often strike like a spell on the sealed spirit, and the well-springs of devotion gush forth fresh and free. Yet, O what are these? The deep music moaning from vault to vault to the roar of the fierce thunder; or the lofty temple, to the mighty hills, atoms though they be in the universe of God; or the studied darkness of the shrine, to the blank dullness of the tempest night, seeming, with its grim indefinite, to shadow forth immensity.

What a small portion of the poetry which the heart has felt has ever been recorded. How many wordless thoughts—how many unuttered emotions, such as shine like stars over the pages of the happy few whose lips have been unsealed, rise in the soul of the peasant hind, and are known, and enjoyed, and pass away—into the nothingness of forgotten feelings! Full, deep, and strong, flows onward, silently and perpetually, the stream of sympathy; and here and there by the river side one dips in his little pitcher, and preserves a tiny portion; while all the rest, undistinguished, passes on to the sea of wide eternity. Through the mind of the Alpine peasant, in such a night, with a hopeless sentence passed upon him, what a world of feelings must have strayed, to which

he could give but lisping and broken utterance. He prayed—with an artless and fervent eloquence, he committed himself and his spirit to the hands of his God, to whose presence he seemed more nearly to approach in his isolation from the world. He prayed, in words such as his tongue had never before uttered, and with feelings such as, till that period, his heart had never known.

The storm became gradually exhausted in its violence. The thunder grew faint, and the gusts came at longer intervals. As the immediate peril decreased, Fritz, whose senses, from the stimulus of danger, had hitherto borne up against the intense cold and his previous fatigue, began to feel creeping upon him, along with a disinclination to move, a wild confusion of thought, such as one feels when sleep is struggling with pain. There was a dim sense of peril—a thought of falling rocks and cracking glaciers—and sometimes there was a distant screaming of discordant voices—and sometimes they seemed to mumble uncouth and harsh sounds into his ear—and then again would he rally back his recollection, and even find in his known peril a relief from the undefined and ghastly horrors of his wandering thoughts. But his trance at every relapse became deeper and deeper, and his returns of recollection were more and more partial. He had still enough to make an attempt at shaking off the numbing drowsiness which was creeping upon him, and twining round his heart with the slow and noiseless coil of a serpent. He endeavoured to struggle, but every limb was palsied. He seemed to himself to make the efforts of the wildest desperation to raise himself up; but no member moved. A gush of icy coldness passed through every vein, and he felt no more.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindlewald. Poor, poor Netty. The storm had come down with a sudden violence, which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Krüger himself—even Herr Krüger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him—had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings beaming on his wrinkled brow, and thin grey locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if they had got a set in a whirlwind. The huge bowl of his meerschaum, was glowing and reeking, and the smoke was playing all sorts of antics; sometimes popping out at one side of his mouth, sometimes at the other, in a succession of rapid and jerking puffs, whose frequency soon ran up a sum total of a cloud, which enveloped his head like a napkin. He had just given me the history of the said pipe, and of its presentation to him by the Baron von ——, who, by his assistance and direction, had succeeded in bringing down a gemsbock. The motto, Wein und Liebe, was still visible on its tarnished circlet of silver, and the old man pointed out its beauties with a rapture, not inferior, perhaps, to that of the connoisseur, who falls into extacies over some bright sunspot on the canvas of Rembrandt. As the low moaning which preceeded the storm, caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe, and, as he emitted the fumes in a slow cautious stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of casements which ran along one side of the neat wainscotted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and disembarrassing himself of his mouthful, with a haste which almost

choked him, walked hastily to the window. One glance seemed enough. He closed the shutters, and returning slowly to his seat, muttered, as he habitually replaced his meerschaum in his mouth, God help the jagers to-night!

"A rough evening, Herr Krüger," said Hans, who this moment entered the room, and clapped his carabine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirschwasser.

"What, Hans! is that you? Beym kimmel! I was afraid you were going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz? you and he were to have been at the jagd together?"

"True, so we were; but, heaven be praised. Fritz called to bid good bye to pretty Netty—and—and so—old Hans had to go alone."

"And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindlewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow-wreath. There are no others out?"

"None, thank heaven," and he filled the glass which stood next him from the bottle at my elbow. "So here's your health Herr Krüger, and to you, Herr B—, good health, and good luck, and a good wife, when you get one." I was just putting my German in order, for the purpose, in after-dinner phrase, of "returning thanks," when our hostess, looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earnestness; "A word, Hans."

Hans was just in the middle of his goblet, and its bottom was gradually turning upwards to the ceiling, when he was thus interrupted. He merely rolled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated, "I'll be there immediately," and continued his draught with the good-will of one who hates mincing matters.

"Come, once more, Hans," said I, as I filled his cup to the very brim. "I have a health to give, you will drink heartily I am sure. Here's to our good friend Fritz and his little liebchen—a long life and a happy one."

"Topp! mein bester manu!" said Hans, and the second goblet disappeared as quickly as the first.

Once more the head of our hostess appeared at the door, and her previous summons was repeated.

"I'll be there immediately, my dear, pretty, agreeable, good-natured Wirthinn—there immediately—immediately;" hiccupped Hans. "I like you my young Englishman, I like you, and I like you the better for liking Fritz; and if you have any fancy for bringing down a gemsbock, there's my hand, junker! Hans Clausen knows every stone of the mountains as well as—"

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself, entered the room.

It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain. She curtsied to me as she rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting-jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, "Where is

Fritz, Hans?" and unable to await his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

Krüger laid down his pipe; no trifling symptom of emotion. Hans was thunderstruck. Every idea but that of Fritz's danger, seemed blotted from his memory. He stared and gaped for a few seconds on me and Krüger, and then, utterly forgetful of Netty's alarm, flung himself blubbering upon his knees. "Oh! for God's sake, Mädehan, do not tell me, Fritz went to the hunting to-day. Oh, ungluck-lich! ungluck-lich! lost, lost, lost! My poor Fritz; my friend, my best beloved!" and he would have continued longer the maudlin incoherence of his lamentations; but the first words of his despair were too much for Netty, and she sunk down upon the table, helpless, and breathless.

She seemed to be gone for ever, it was so long before the exertions of the hostess and her daughter could recall her to her senses. She was conveyed to bed, and left under the care of her poor old grandmother, who had followed her from the cottage. A consultation was immediately held, under the presidentship of old Krüger; and, notwithstanding the whole collective wisdom of Grindlewald was assembled in mine host's kitchen, nothing could be done. To wait till morning was the only course, and with no little impatience did many a young huntsman watch for the first break of day and the subsiding of the storm. Fritz was a universal favourite, so fearless, so handsome, such a shot, and so good-natured withal. And then, Netty! The little Venus of Grindlewald! There were none who would not willingly have risked their lives to save him.

With the first dawn of morning, half a dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and commence the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye, and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with cramps, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made, that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and the good wishes of all Grindlewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the face of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well! which way shall we turn now," said young round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-cheeked, rattle-pated, Gottfried Basler, who had blubbered like a baby the night before, and, of course, like a baby, had exhausted his grief before morning. "Which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enoug to bury Grindlewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont

Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though, heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. He muttered a half audible curse as he turned impatiently away, and walked along the cliff, endeavouring to frame an answer, and make up his mind as to the point towards which the search ought to be directed. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence.

"Gott, what a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carabine was cocked in a twinkling.

Far below them, a huge lammer-geyer was sailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwithstanding the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay Basler," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his carabine, "There is no use throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steady yet a little. How odd he does not notice us. Nearer, and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire. A hit! beym himmel!

Crack! crack! crack! went carabine after carabine, as the wounded bird fell tumbling and screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprung out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and, though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine-trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face and stretched his neck over the cliff. Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! Your spoiled their feast, Basler. But—mein Gott! is it possible! Gottfried—Heinrich—look there. Ja freilich! freilich! it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Frauz, and Jacobeher, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler.

Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes filled with tears, and he could see no more.

"Here Jacob," said he, as he once more sprung up, and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob: Heinrich—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flaschen along with you.

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little kirchwasser was administered to him—they used every measure which their mountain-skill suggested to waken him from his

trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening, Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself plyed her knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion. Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fulness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

"Now, Fritz," said she, looking earnestly up in his face, "you will never—never, go to the gemsjagd again.

"Never—never," echod Fritz.

But he broke his word, and was chamois-hunting before the end of the honey-moon.

A LOVE SONG.

I wish I were the red, red rose,
Upon thy heaving breast to lie,
On that soft sunny light that glows
About thy drooping eye.

I wish I were the merry bird
That singeth in the tree,
Among the green leaves, ever heard
At morn and eve by thee.

I wish I were the silver brook,
That talketh to each flow'ry place
Round thy dear home, for I would look
For ever in thy face!

I wish I were the summer air
Among thy ringlets sleeping,
Or thro' thy folded garments fair
Into thy perfumed bosom creeping.

But most of all I wish to be,
Beloved for myself alone;
Loved when no rose is on the tree,
When birds and summer winds are flown!

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

COOK'S PLATFORM FOR THE PRACTICE OF SEA-ORDNANCE—MURRAY'S MODE OF INSTANTANEOUS COMMUNICATION WITH STRANDED VESSELS—DAY'S ÆOLOPHON—PRODUCTION OF MAGNETIC SPARKS, BY SAXTON, FARADAY, AND RICHIE—PERKINS' NEWLY-INVENTED PROCESS FOR GENERATING STEAM.

THIS is the age of progression;—we live in an era of *e*-motion, of *com*-motion, of *counter*-motion, of *loco*-motion,—of all, indeed, but that sort of *pro*-motion in which we, ourselves, are individually interested, or we would, long ere this, have been enjoying our *otium cum dignitate* over a cool flask of hock and a genuine Havannah.

This is the age of progression!—the pauper is becoming a peasant—the labourer an artisan—the mechanic a man of scientific attainments—the artist a philosopher—the philosopher a prince!—But then comes "a sad shift o' the scene"—princes are becoming powerless—nobles decline into nothingness—and the politico-social column of long-enslaved nations, is beginning to be shorn of its Corinthian ornaments, its leafy uselessness, and to reveal to the gratified imagination a beautifully proportioned shaft, tapering upwards, it is true, but composed throughout of a uniform mass of substantial, plain, unchangeable material—the rough but honest granite of popular will,—erected by the people—based on the people—formed of the people—and about which are unwreathed their hopes of happiness, of prosperity, and of peace.

This is the age of progression!—and although we cannot in all things keep pace with time, nor trace his steps through the windings of the past, we must not always let him outstrip us. We must catch him now and then by leaps, and, turning occasionally from the wordy war of opinion—throwing aside the keen weapons of controversy, and doffing our coifs at the temple of science, endeavour to mark, as it were in dotted lines, the progress of the arts, by recording the most useful inventions and discoveries.

And first, then, what have we from the world of mechanical invention?—what have we of the joint progeny of the organs of order, imagination, and constructiveness? What have the people been doing for themselves, for their rulers, for their country, for the world?

Why, with the usual contrariety (perhaps we ought rather to say, variety) of human nature, she has, at the outset, placed before us two inventions, which appear to be directly in contravention of each other; the one being to facilitate the destruction of our species, and the other to effect the escape of "fellow man" from impending death. And yet doth the bewildering complication of society compel us to subscribe in opinion to the utility of both.

Lieut. Cook, of the Royal Navy, has constructed a platform, to which, by a mechanical arrangement, motion is given, so as to produce something like the eccentric tossing about of a vessel of war, when, as the song goes,

> "The tempest raves,
> And the angry waves
> Are driven to and fro."

Upon such mechanically-enlivened stages, it is proposed to place can-

nonades, or other pieces of sea-ordnance, with which seamen may practice the art of naval gunnery, by firing at a mark, under similar disadvantages as those they have to contend with, when attacking an enemy's vessel in heavy weather. By the way, we believe this officer to be the inventor of two life-preservers!—the one to check, at a moment, a restive or runaway horse in any description of vehicle, (and an excellent invention it is)—and the other, one of the many plans before the public, for buoying up persons who are immersed in the water, whether

> " In flowing river, lucid lake,
> Or crested ocean surge"—

so as to afford them the greatest chance of salvation from drowning. We hope that this is *the* Lieut. Cook, that he may thus be said to balance accounts with humanity.

However this may be, our pleasure will not be lessened by alluding to a mode of effecting instantaneous communication with stranded vessels; to attain which praiseworthy object, Mr. Murray, after a series of interesting experiments, has perfected an arrow—not a death-dealing, but a preserving arrow—which can be projected from a common horseman's pistol, and convey one end of a line, with sufficient elevation, a distance of upwards of one hundred yards, for the purpose of opening a communication with the unfortunately shipwrecked mariner. Fired from a musket, the projectile may be thrown twice the distance named; and an efficient apparatus, of this latter description, inclusive of ten arrows, may be completed at a cost of £5. There is no doubt of its superiority over Captain Manby's plan; and its exceeding cheapness and portability should insure its universal adoption, and the ample reward of its inventor.

But, what have we here?—the *dulce* crept into our note-book of the *utile?*—Even so; and, for the sake of our fair readers, the increase to whose number we shall—" O, happiest of pleasurable tasks"—try hard to deserve, we will give it a place. Nor need we apologise to our readers of the " sterner sex," for Day's Æolophon is mechanical, as well as musical. The Æolophon is a keyed, six-octave instrument; to all outward appearance a cabinet piano-forte, but capable of yielding " a volume of sweet sounds," such as cannot be produced with the most scientific touch, from either the piano-forte, or the organ. The music is elicited from æolian springs, which are acted upon by currents of air, whose volume and force are regulated with a nicety that appears to keep pace with conception. We have examined this beautiful combination of mechanical skill and philosophical research; for both were necessary to its perfection: we have been delighted by a demonstration of its unequalled powers of melody, under the tasteful display of a fairy-fingered lady; and we feel warranted in declaring our opinion, that the rapidity of touch, and rich variety of tone and effect, which may be produced by any player of the piano-forte or organ, after a very little practice, on the Æolophon, the notes being the same; will be sufficient recommendation for this splendid addition to the music-room, to all admirers of the enchanting art. Whilst, on the score of economy and convenience, no bad adjuncts, even to those who love the music score, it offers the novel advantages of continuing in tune under every change of climate.

Now turn we from mechanics, to the most interesting discoveries of the day. Of these, we shall mention two in the present number:—the

production of electric, or magnetic sparks, from the common magnet; and Perkins' new process for generating steam;—commencing with the most attractive.

"Palmam qui meruit ferat," has always been a favourite motto of ours; and whilst we are ready to award the highest praise to Mr. Faraday, for his assiduous, indefatigable, philosopher-like pursuit of the subtle principle and peculiarity of electricity, and of his proofs of the affinity (or identity?) between it and magnetism. And whilst we are equally prompt to bestow our meed of approbation on Dr. Ritchie, for his advancement of the same object, we must offer the palm of perfect success to Mr. Saxton, an ingenious native of Philadelphia, now residing in London, as the original demonstrator of the capability of eliciting a spark from the common magnet. To do this, we must first refer to the Minutes of the Royal Institution.

On the 11th of May, Dr. Ritchie, Professor of Natural Philosophy, stated to the institution, that he had followed in the track of Mr. Faraday, in his late brilliant discoveries, and was happy to say that he had uniformly arrived at the same conclusions. He had also succeeded in making the spark, which had been obtained by Mr. Faraday in breaking the magneto-electric circle, visible to a large assembly. This was done by placing an explosive mixture of oxygen and hydrogen in the course of the spark, which immediately produced a loud report and a flash of light. He employed a horse-shoe magnet, between the ends of which were placed a couple of tubes; a wire was introduced into each, and their connexion maintained by a conducting medium. The wires were connected to the magnet by the folds of copper ribbon. The gas was introduced by a bladder and stop-cock; the contact suddenly broken; and the spark made evident by an explosion. Dr. Ritchie declared his belief that no such spark could be elicited from any but a *temporary* magnet.

At this time Mr. Faraday came forward, and stated that he had succeeded in obtaining a spark from a *natural* magnet. Mr. Faraday had borrowed Brown's magnet from the Academy at Woolwich. A small bar of iron, about six inches long, was used in contact with the extremities of the magnet. Two connecting wires were raised from each end of this small bar, and being bent at right angles, overlapped each other. The undermost terminated in a disc, about the size of half-a-crown. By a rapid percussion of the bar against the magnet, the disc and wire broke, in contact by their electricity, and a beautiful blueish spark was produced.

Now, dates are very important to the identification of a discovery, and it is upon these, and upon concurrent testimony, that we rely in support of our conceding to Mr. Saxton the merit of the earliest demonstration of these interesting phenomena in England. It was on the *second* day of May that Mr. Saxton first produced an electric (?) spark from a common magnet, of very great power, which he was then constructing for exhibition, at the New Gallery, in Adelaide-street, Strand; and on that, or the following day, the experiment was repeated in the presence of Dr. Ritchie, who declared it to be the only one he had witnessed. After some trifling improvements had been made by Mr. Saxton, in the apparatus used for breaking the continuity of the subtle fluid, he succeeded in causing the explosion of gunpowder, a much less inflammable material than that used by Dr. Ritchie, from

ignition by the spark; which we have, since then, seen him repeatedly perform. Does Dr. Ritchie call Mr. Saxton's magnet one of the *temporary?*

We subjoin a description of the magnet constructed by Mr. Saxton. It is called a horse-shoe magnet, (very elongated,) and is formed of eight shear steel plates, twenty-eight inches in length from the poles to the centre edge, three inches wide, and forming together a thickness of two inches and a half; at the greatest width of the curvature it measures nine inches, and at the poles seven inches across; the poles have a return inwards, towards each other, and are there separated by a space of one inch and a half. The keeper, or lifter, which is made of the purest soft iron, is four inches long, one inch and a quarter wide, and one inch thick. Around the middle of the keeper, and occupying, with its lower section, the space between the poles, is a wooden winder, having about one hundred yards of common bonnet-wire, threaded, from which the two ends, composed of four lengths of the wire twisted together, are carried out, with a verticule curve of about three-fourths of a circle, one of these twisted ends passing beyond each end of the keeper, and resting upon the respective poles of the magnet. A small wooden lever is so fixed to the winder and keeper, as to admit of the whole being suddenly forced up from the magnet by a smart stroke; and a very beautiful and brilliant spark is invariably elicited, at whichever end of the wire is first separated from the magnet.

It is Mr. Saxton's intention to add several plates to his magnet, and to ascertain, by a series of experiments, the best size for the keeper—the best description of wire to be used—the easiest mode of causing an instantaneous separation of the wire from the magnet, and other interesting consequences, the result of which we shall take occasion to communicate to our readers.

Perkins' newly invented process for generating steam, is accomplished by so placing a lining within the boiler, that a thin sheet of the fluid which it contains, may be carried constantly over those portions of the side of the vessel which are in immediate contact with the heat from the fire, formed upon the discovery of the circulation of the fluid, under the operation of heat, from that part of the boiler subjected to the immediate action of the fire upwards.

It is found that, as the heat is increased, the ascending current becomes more rapid, that the agitation is more violent, and a relatively augmented proportion of steam is produced; whilst the metal, of which the boiler is composed, is preserved from that destruction to which it is subjected in the common process, wherever the fire happens to act upon it with more than ordinary violence.

A receiver is also placed in the centre of the boiler, into which, by the circulation of the heated fluid from the bottom and sides of the boiler, all dirt or other sediment is thrown; by which another cause of the destruction of the boiler is removed.

In this article we omit the mention of other inventions and discoveries, because we will not weary the reader. Our present object is to excite attention to these interesting and useful speculations of creative genius and scientific research; our future aim shall be to continue to fix that attention, and we hope to a good end.

WHAT YOU PLEASE.—No. II.

My Dear Marmaduke—

Witham Habington, one of the sweetest and least known poets, who rendered illustrious the early part of the 17th century, has very properly observed in the introduction to his "Castara," that a "Mistress is the fairest treasure the avarice of love can covet." You will be happy to learn that I found one in the fair incognita to whom I alluded in my former letter. Of course, I need not say that every thing is "quite correct." You may naturally conclude that I write nothing but amatory verses. In order to comprehend the following, no other information is required, except that the lady is magnificent, and that her name is—Emily.

You will be pleased to learn, that among the subjects given out to the candidates for the recently founded Pusey scholarships, is my poem to the lady, (which appeared in your last number) to be rendered into Hebrew and the cognate dialects. You will readily conceive the extent of the compliment.

In great haste, yours ever,

Oxford, July, 23. Algernon Sydney.

A MAY-SONG FOR EMILY.

Fair mistress of the earth, with garlands crown'd,
Rise, by a lover's charm, from the parcht ground,
And shew thy flow'ry wealth; that she, where ere
Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties there,
Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
Force thy affrighted lilies there to grow,
Thy roses in those gelid fields t' appear,—
She absent, I have all their winter here.

Habington's Castara.

May's red lips are breath'd apart
By the music of her heart
Which ever gently stealeth thro',
Like enchanted honey dew,
Falling from some odour tree
In the golden Araby;
And gladness danceth on each stream,
And singing comes in every dream,
Riches flow on bower and lea,
But I am poor in wanting thee,
Oh, beloved Emily!
Pleasant May, I love thee well,
When within my silent cell,
In the quiet shadow sitting,
Thy mild beaming eye is flitting
O'er the page of poets old,
Touching the pale scroll with gold.

I sit alone in summer eves,
Hiding my head among the leaves
Of some thick-branching laurel tree,
When the air is warm with glee,

Watching the sunlight to and fro
Upon the foliage come and go;
Or bending back, with listening ear,
Amid the glimmering silence near:
The bird along the green boughs springing,
Now hushing in the gloom, now singing;
Or, careless of sweet sounds, I fold
The beauty of my dreams about
Some gentle face beloved of old,
From time's dark shadow looking out.
And to that shady harbour green,
Where stranger face is seldom seen,
Sweet May, thy low-toned footstep cometh,
While the wild bee faintly hummeth,
In the lily's silver bell,—
Oh, then, sweet May, I love thee well!

Thou dewy-footed creature, sorrow
From thy face a light doth borrow;
The weary pilgrim sinks to sleep,
The mourner's heart forgets to weep!
Then why by thee am I forgot?
And why dost thou regard me not?
Thy love is pour'd on bower and tree,—
Then hear my pray'r, and bring with thee,
My belcved Emily!

July 14th.—I have been amusing myself for the last hour writing and translating epigrams.

The following lines are addressed to the celebrated Madame de Sevigny, while playing at blind-man's-buff. *

De toutes les façons vous avez droit de plaire,
Mais sourtout vous sçavez nous charmer en ce jour.
Voyant vos yeaux bandez, on vous prend pour l'amour,
Ses voyant decouverts, on vous prend pour sa mere.

Every art hast thou of pleasing,
But to-day beyond all other,
With blinded eyes for love, we take thee,
Uncovered, for his mother.

Take another on Mistress Dido, who is reported to have done some very strange things in the Æneid.

Pauvre Didon, on t' a reduite
De tes Maris le triste sort?
L'un en mourant cause ta fuite,
L'autre en fuiant cause ta mort.

Thy husband's wretched fate hath brought thee
Poor Dido, to a mournful plight,—
One hath caused thy flight by dying,
And one thy dying by his flight.

Charpentier, the author, took his idea from Ausonius.

Infelix Dido, nulli bene empta Marito
Hoc pereunte fugis hoc fugiente peris.

* Does the gent spell. right?—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

MIRABEAU—HIS CHARACTER AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

THE fame of the statesman, the orator, the *litterateur*, Mirabeau, has experienced a resuscitation in this country beyond what might have been anticipated. Dumont's "*Recollections*," feeble and inaccurate as many of them are, have excited a new and lively interest respecting that extraordinary man; a man that it is probable, had he not been prematurely cut off by death, would have been the means of preventing nine-tenths of the horrors of the French Revolution.

One of the consequences of Dumont's publication is, the bringing forward of two volumes of Mirabeau's Letters. The singular manner in which they fell into the hands of the translator, as far back as the year 1806, after a quiet slumber of more than twenty years amongst the archives of Paris, may be seen by turning to *The Monthly Magazine* (page 500) for May last, where will be found inserted two very remarkable letters from Marat and Beaumarchais, drawn from the same source. It appears, too, from the preface to the work now in our hands, that the translator has in preparation two other volumes of letters, written by the leading men of the Revolution. These letters of Mirabeau, written during his residence in England, during the years 1784 and 1785, are eighty-five in number, some long, some short, upon all sorts of subjects, from the gayest to the gravest. We will endeavour to indicate some of their more prominent features.

They present, in the aggregate, a complete picture of Mirabeau's multifarious literary projects, and of the better—the untainted—portion of his mind, during his short sojourn in our island. Literature and the arts, men and manners, laws and customs, were the objects of his fixed and unceasing attention. Nothing escaped his notice. His respect for the English character, his admiration of the British constitution, in its purity, his determination to avail himself of his knowledge of the latter, with the view of meliorating the state of his own country on his return thither, are every where apparent. Chatham's eloquence he seized upon as the model of his own. Trial by jury was one of the idols of his worship. Alluding to the trial of his servant, Hardy, at the Old Bailey, for robbery, (that trial in which Garrow, Park, Sylvester, and Fielding all figured as counsel,) he remarks—"This was the first time that a French culprit had appeared before an English tribunal since the peace; and each seemed to vie, one with another, to shew me 'that justice in this country is always administered to the admiration of the world, in such a way as to extort approbation even from the prisoners themselves.' " They, however, by no means shew this to the satisfaction of Mirabeau; and though he says, "I will move heaven and earth, when I return, to alter our mode of trying criminals," and that "we must also have trial by jury, according to English law," he is by no means blind to the more barbarous points of our legal system, and the horrible errors that too frequently attend the administration of justice in England.

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* Mirabeau's Letters, during his Residence in England; with Anecdotes, Maxims, &c. translated from the Original Manuscripts. To which is prefixed an Introductory Notice of the Life, Writings, Conduct, and Character of the Author. 2 vols. Wilson.

His abhorrence of the severity of our law, leads him to rejoice in the acquittal of the offender. He says—

"The trial has terminated by the acquittal of Hardy; and I am glad of it, although the man has behaved with deep ingratitude towards me. It would have pained me to the soul had he become a victim to the sanguinary laws of this country; for, had a verdict been found against him, he would, to make use of a strange phrase—for these nautical islanders are eternally reminding one that they 'rule the waves'—he would have been, as they say, '*launched into eternity.*'

We must not here pass over a note of the Editor, in connection with this trial: we cordially concur in its truth. After "a bit of suitable advice" to witnesses, when examined by insolent, vulgar-minded, brow-beating counsel—such as we could name about a dozen of—he says:—

"In cases of prosecution for libel, counsel are often heard exclaiming furiously, with stentorian lungs, making the walls of the court resound with the words—"Hirelings of the Press." "What is a hireling? Does it never occur to those gentlemen that there are honest as well as dishonest hirelings? The labourer is worthy of his hire. And are not those gentlemen themselves hirelings—hirelings, too, who receive their hire before they perform their labour! What, in particular, is a hireling of the press? He may, or he may not be—in most instances, probably he is—an honest man, honestly advocating what he believes to be a just and honest cause; and such, confessedly, is the indefinite nature of the law of libel, that the most honest, the most virtuous, the most loyal, the most patriotic writer in existance, may unintentionally—unconsciously—fall into its meshes. And, what is a hireling of the bar? It is one of the fictions of the law—and every person of common sense is aware that it is merely a fiction—that a counsel, when he goes into court, knows nothing of the cause which he has been hired to undertake, beyond what is stated in his brief. Too often, this fiction is a gross falsehood. Too often does a counsel go into court, possessing a perfect knowledge that the cause which he is about to undertake is a rotten one; that his client is a scoundrel; and that, should he, by quirk, quibble, or impudence, succeed in gaining the day, he may be the ruin of a just, honest, and honourable man. Which, then, is the viler—the more demoralized or demoralizing character of the two—the hireling of the bar, or the hireling of the press?"

Originating in a position of Plutarch's, that none but men of genius are subject to melancholy, Mirabeau devotes three admirable letters to a consideration of the constitutional melancholy of the English. His hypothesis is constructed with great and sustained with equal ingenuity: in substance it is this:—that constitutional melancholy is the source of suicide amongst the English; that the revolutions of England are traceable to the same source; that military glory, and great exploits, are the result of disease, of individual and of national melancholy; that Bayard's reputation was established during his seven years illness; that the battle of Fontenay was gained through the illness of Marshall Saxe; that ague was the great stimulant of Richard Cœur de Lion, in his conquests; that valour, suicide, and the contempt of death, are dependent upon climate, &c.

Some of Mirabeau's political strictures are excellent. "The liberty of the country," he observes, "was fixed by the Commons; it will never be preserved by the nobles; the House of Lords never ventures to show that spirit of freedom which leads to liberty; oppositions of consequence, and some of that rough violence which accompanies a free people, break out in the House of Commons; ministers are there sometimes hard pushed; but scarcely ever in the House of Lords. It would

be a monstrous fact, to see that house pretend to a freedom which they never asserted, and will never defend; that branch of the legislature is, and always will be, devoted to the Crown."

The worthlessness of pedigree is finely—beautifully treated. "One is descended from some custard-eating lord mayor—another from a sheriff—a third from a captain of banditti, under the bastard William; and, if a name have any similarity to that of some renowned Lord in Normandy, it is, by the tribe of pedigree-makers, produced as an unerring proof of the great man's descent from the savages of the north who overrun France. Go into every country in Europe, you see the same despicable origin of families; all are sprung from the Goths, Vandals, and other barbarous invaders of the Roman empire, or from sources equally despicable in the East."

On the great subject of tithes, church property, &c. Mirabeau moots the question—"Whether the clergy are to ride upon asses, or in coaches and six."

His treatise on the political reform, and emancipation of the Jews, is at once elaborate, learned, and unanswerably argumentative in favour of the natural rights and privileges of that oppressed people. At the present moment, when an act of legislative interference respecting the Jews, is in prospect, we strongly recommend this portion of the work to the attention of our parliamentary representatives—of the Jews themselves—and of the nation at large. That they may be tempted to do so, we extract a few passages from this admirable survey of the Jewish character and condition. We blush to think that what was true in the days of Mirabeau, is no less true in our own—that the blot upon humanity still remains unerased. Will it continue much longer? After a touching picture of the domestic and social state of the Jews, he remarks:—

"But the vulgar herd cannot forgive, even in favour of great talents and eminent virtues, the misfortune of being born a Jew.

"What resource, then, remains to these unfortunates—to men without a country—to men whose industry is exposed to a thousand obstacles—who are in no place allowed to acquire property, or freely to exercise their talents—in whose virtue no confidence is reposed—for whom no description of glory exists? There is nothing but retail trade:—for the small number of those who possess sufficient means to undertake a considerable commerce, several branches of which have, moreover, been prohibited to the Jews, can they be taken into calculation, when we are speaking of the whole nation? In this retail traffic, only the frequent returns of very slender profit can procure even a scanty subsistence; even the lending of money, the profit upon which is perfectly in accordance with natural equity, has become, thanks to bad laws and the prejudices they engender, the very dominion of a dishonest profession. Yet such is the principal, and almost the only means the Jews have for gaining subsistence; and, while it is tolerated, the laws evince a shameful partiality towards their debtors, thus aggravating their humiliations and their perils, and consequently increasing the cunning of a nation already so oppressed.

"What could have induced European governments so uniformly to treat the Jewish nation with barbarity? It is difficult to persuade oneself, that so many industrious men cannot prove serviceable to a state, because they have come from Asia, and because they are distinguished from others by their beard, circumcision, and a particular mode of adoring the Supreme Being. It is true, that the religion which has been transmitted to them by their forefathers, would incapacitate them from enjoying the same rights as other citizens, if it contained principles opposed to the duty we owe to government—if it withheld them from

preserving good faith—if it imposed upon them a law to hate those who are not of their creed—if it promoted fraud and immorality.

"But the religion of the Jews, established upon the law of Moses, venerated amongst Christians, who ascribe it to the immediate inspiration of the Divinity, certainly does not embrace the anti-social principles to which we have alluded. Its commandments are not in opposition to those of justice and humanity; they do not clash with good faith; they do not inculcate fraud. Far from exciting dishonesty, the Mosaic law, founded particularly upon agriculture, is even specially opposed to traffic, a profession which, of all others, most naturally leads to imposition."

"We cannot doubt, that better treatment would extirpate those religious prejudices which prevent the children of Moses from adopting habits of a more social character. The Jew is more a man than he is a Jew; and why should he not love a country in which he might be allowed to become a proprietor?—where his contributions would not be more onerous than the contributions of other citizens?—where nothing would prevent him from gaining esteem and consideration? Why should he hate men from whom he would no longer be separated by humiliating prerogatives—men in whose rights and duties he would participate? The novelty of this happiness, and the unfortunate probability, that, for a long period, his nation cannot flatter itself that it will attain it elsewhere, would augment its value in his estimation. His place of dwelling would become his country. He would regard it with the tenderness of a son, long forsaken, but re-established in his rights. These sentiments, inseparable from the human heart, would have a stronger effect than all the sophisms of the rabbins, so much exaggerated, if not calumniated."

"Do you wish the Jews to become better, more useful citizens?—

"Banish from society every degrading distinction with regard to them; open to them every means of existence, acquirement, and possession. Far from interdicting them agriculture, trades, mechanical arts—encourage them in cultivating them. Take care, without neglecting the sacred doctrine of their forefathers, that the Jews are taught nature and its author, morality and reason, the interests of mankind, of the great society of which they form a part; place the Jewish schools upon the same footing as the Christian schools, in every thing except what appertains to religion; let this people, like every other, enjoy full liberty of worship; let them establish, at their own expence, as many synagogues and rabbins as they please; let the right of exclusion be granted to the Jewish Church, as to every other, only as to religious society; but, in the limits of the society, let the decrees of the Rabbins be strengthened by the secular power. Let the Jews live and be judged according to their own laws."

Mirabeau is equally at home, though in a different vein, respecting the patronage of literature and the arts, by the great. Upon this subject we select one of the notes, by the editor—a writer who seems to have wonderfully little respect for parties.

"From the first administration of William Pitt, to that of Earl Grey, inclusive, the general system has been to silence enemies, not to encourage or reward friends. When in power, both Whigs and Tories hate honest literary men in their hearts: they hate them, because they fear them. Some, who might be named, have more than tacitly admitted this; and in private, few have hesitated to allow, that they would rather bribe a literary opponent—purchase, or reward his silence, than generously patronize an honest supporter. Where is the encouragement—where is the patronage—where are the rewards that have been conferred upon the literary men of talent, who have conscientiously devoted their lives, as it were, in advocating principles—principles and measures, rather than men?—The Tories—or, as they are now pleased to designate themselves, the Conservatives—have neither the spirit nor the integrity, the honour nor the patriotism, effectually to uphold, or honestly to reward, the principles which they profess to inherit.

"And what have the Whigs done, since their accession to power? The gratification and enrichment of family connexions is not, of course, alluded to in

this question. Emanating from an institution (the Royal Society of Literature) arose a few pensions—four, if we recollect right—of £100 a year each, to Sharon Turner, the historian, Coleridge, the poet, and some others. One of the earliest acts of the present reign, was to stop these pensions! And this, too, whilst the Pension List, with all its hideous enormities, was unblushingly staring the public in its face."

But we must hasten to a close of this somewhat hurried, and, we confess, inadequate notice.

Considering the literary, oratorical, and political celebrity of Mirabeau—considering the extraordinary events with which his career, brief as it was dazzling, abounded—it is not a little remarkable that, to the present time, no life of him (except the meagre sketches in our meagre and contemptible biographical dictionaries) should have appeared in this country. To a certain extent the *desideratum* is ably supplied by the memoir prefixed to these volumes; from the pen, as we understand, of Mr. Harral, the late editor of *La Belle Assemblée*. Evidently, however, to render ample justice to his subject, the writer required far greater space. In fact, disclaiming the details of biography, he professes his aim to be, "simply, by a few slight touches, to offer a graphic portrait of his character—to exhibit its more prominent features in a literary, moral, and political light." Mirabeau's moral character, in particular, is vividly and powerfully sketched. It is, however, no flattering likeness—if it sin, it is on the side of severity. It was the fate of Mirabeau to be cursed with a savage, remorseless scoundrel of a father. His boyish character was misunderstood, not only by that father, but by his early tutors; consequently, "throughout his life, Mirabeau had no fixed principles; he was the child of impulse; constantly vacillating; and, like a feather, subject to be wafted in any direction by the breath of the moment."——"Unfortunate, too, with respect to the gifts of mammon, he acquired vices apparently foreign to his natural character. Having felt the want of money—of money to nurture his extravagance—he became little scrupulous by what means his purse might be replenished. This was one of the numerous evils which, in his case, resulted from the absence of fixed principles of a high-toned sense of honour. His genius was all-commanding; but the glory of its fire was dimmed by sensuality—by a sordid thirst for gain. He was prodigal, but not generous. He was ambitious, but his ambition was unaccompanied by greatness—by nobleness of soul."——"Mirabeau was a vain rather than a proud man. He was vain of his person—his learning—his oratory—his acting—his fencing—his authorship—his mode of correcting proofs for the press—vain of every thing. Yet, as a *littérateur*, he was one of the most notorious and unblushing plagiarists that ever existed. As a writer, or as a speaker, he never scrupled to avail himself, to whatever extent occasion might require, of the labours of others. A *proud* man would not have thus acted."——"Mirabeau was not profound; but he possessed the art of seizing upon grand points, and making the most of them. His facility in appropriating the ideas, thoughts, and expressions of others was wonderful: with a Promethean touch he made them his own."——"Mirabeau was not 'in wit a man, simplicity a child:' he was a man of splendid genius; but his genius was not subservient to his reason. He was deplorably wanting in self-respect; he was impetuous, violent, and indiscreet—he possessed not the discretion of a child ten years of age. His shrewdness—his perspicacity—were prodi-

gious. He was profoundly skilled in the art of flattery; persuasive—capable of cajoling; yet open to flattery himself—ever liable to be cajoled and converted to the purposes of others, even by men immeasurably his inferiors in knowledge and in intellect.

"Temperate in drinking, he was the reverse in every other gratification of sense. His perceptions were nice; his conduct was gross. Ardent as a lover, he was inconstant as he was ardent: sensual—heartless—profligate."

"Had Mirabeau been virtuous, he would have been great; as he was vicious, he was only wonderful."

The translator of these letters has executed his task very ably, and very spiritedly. In one or two unimportant instances, he seems to have misunderstood the turn of a metaphysical phrase; a failure at which, bearing in mind Mirabeau's application of an expression of Scaliger's on the Basque people to metaphysicians, we are not surprised:—"It is asserted that they understand one another, but I do not believe it!"

A crowning merit of these volumes is the capital whole-length portrait of Mirabeau prefixed, with these powerful and pungent words beneath:—

"J'ai été, je suis, je serai jusqu'au tombeau l'homme de la liberté publique, l'homme de la constitution. Malheur aux ordres priviligiés! Ils finiront, mais le peuple est eternel."

MY APPRENTICESHIP.

My father was what is called an eminent attorney; for I believe that is the highest title to which the gentlemen who practise this branch of jurisprudence can arrive, since we never hear of an illustrious or a distinguished attorney. However, if not distinguished in one way, my father was so in another; for he had seven daughters, and I was the eighth son, or fifteenth child. When I was about sixteen years of age, and half educated, with little Latin and less Greek, my father said it was high time that I should do something to obtain a living; and accordingly he prevailed on his friend Mr. Grubbins, a medical practitioner, likewise eminent, in a neighbouring village on the banks of the Severn, to take me as his lawful and dutiful apprentice, to learn the art and craft of an apothecary, for the term of seven long years. I ought rather to say, the art; for the craft could hardly be acquired in a life-time. I need not relate the extent of my suffering during this period; for the fee my father paid being less than that generally given, I had to pay in person, and to perform pretty nearly the work of two apprentices. I will not tell the number of paupers I poisoned, before I learnt the art of compounding medicine. I will not say a word of mangling arms before I acquired the art of phlebotomy; neither will I confess to the number of teeth I drew by mistake, before an extensive practice taught me the art of fixing the instrument. These all belong to the secret of my profession, and must on no account be divulged. How I made love to my master's neice, when on a visit, and nearly got kicked out of the house, is not so much of a mystery; but how I repaid the relation would tire my friends; therefore I shall pass on to the grand feature of that perilous servitude—my apprenticeship.

There are few apothecaries' apprentices, I believe, who do not think more of the art of making love, than that of making physic. I recollect the name of one of my fair enchanters, which I had for some time vainly endeavoured to twist into a sonnet, so haunted me, that I wrote it by mistake on some half dozen packets of draughts, embrocations, and pills, which the boy of course conveyed to the house, and the poor girl narrowly escaped with her life. Love was the regular business of my life—not a pretty pair of eyes for miles round, that I had not eulogized in verse; and rosy cheeks, and flowing tresses, were endless subjects for my muse: but a climax was about to arrive to my tender aspirations, as well as to the term of my apprenticeship, which, as forming the principal event in this epoch of my existence, I cannot do better than recount.

There came to reside, close to our village, a German gentleman of large fortune, with an only daughter, who appeared to be a very amiable girl. She was very pretty; therefore it is needless to say that she became the object of my warmest adoration. My master, Mr. Grubbins, was the ordinary medical attendant in the family; and when he was not in the way, I occasionally visited in his place. We received one day an urgent message, to go instantly to Mr. Von Tromp's, as Miss Von Tromp had fallen from her horse. Mr. G. was, luckily for me, tied by the leg with another case. Away I started, pleased with having an opportunity of coming into more immediate intercourse with the family. The first person I met was Mr. Von Tromp himself, in his morning-gown, smoking his pipe. He addressed me in his usual dry manner. "Vel, sar, you make speed for to take dē bloode from my daughter." I found the young lady a good deal alarmed, and suffering also from a severe sprain of the ancle. I saw that there was no necessity for bleeding, but advised leeches to the sprained joint. Mr. Von Tromp flew into a German passion; swore I was not well acquainted with my profession; and that any man who knew any thing of his profession, always took blood. He then left the room, but soon returned with an instrument that is used in Germany for bleeding, which acts by means of a spring; an instrument now only used among farriers. I could not keep my countenance when he handed to me this barbarous implement, in order to procure blood from the delicate arm of a female. "Vat you laugh for?" he exclaimed, and looked very angry. During the absence of Mr. Von Tromp, I had explained to the young lady, that it was quite unncessary to bleed her; and by a little patience, we gained the victory. After remaining an hour or two, to see the effect of the leeches, I returned home, not a little pleased at the opportunity I had enjoyed, of seeing so much of the young lady; and in the evening I visited her again, to see what effect a cold lotion had produced. Mr. Von Tromp was in a better humour, and I made myself as agreeable as I could—paying particular attention to my patient. I made the most I could of the sprained ancle, and called upon my patient quite as often as was necessary, to see how she went on. She appeared pleased by my great attention to the case; and even old Von Tromp himself said I had, after all, done very well: and, as a proof of his sincerity in this opinion, he presented me with an old German tobacco-pipe, which I received with apparent gratitude.

All the world knows that ladies have a quick eye in detecting any partiality towards themselves; and I soon perceived that I had made an

impression in the proper quarter. But I was most anxious that others should not see it; and was therefore obliged to be most circumspect; for old Von Tromp was quite a devil when he became passionate, and on several occasions he had some kind of fits after these violent passions. He used to become rigid and blue in the face; and then an old German butler, who had lived with him for years, was accustomed to rub him with brandy, and put salt into his mouth; and I believe he used to swear at him in German. I was sadly afraid that my attachment to Miss Von Tromp might be betrayed; and I well knew that there would then soon be an end to the affair. My hopes would assuredly be crushed, if the fact should ever reach the ears of the old German.

I had the pleasure of overtaking Miss Von Tromp one day, riding out on her little poney, when, to my infinite delight, I discovered that I was right in my conjectures with regard to her predilection. After much interesting conversation, it was agreed that Miss Von Trump should visit and relieve the poor of the village, among whom my business principally lay. I was to send her a list of those poor persons who were ill and in distress, and I advised her to visit them after breakfast.

There was one thing I never liked during my apprenticeship. As soon as I was about eighteen years of age, my master always appointed me his deputy at funerals; and in the country it is the custom to make the medical man head the procession. Often and often have I, to my great annoyance, had to walk with solemn step, and rueful face, before the melancholy pageant, and to brave the sarcastic remarks of the village wags. Sometimes a most expressive look from some friend, and a whisper loud enough to be heard, "Aye, aye, you are taking home your work," would be darted at me from some corner. Besides, on these occasions, I used occasionally to meet Miss Von Tromp; and the situation by no means told to my advantage.

My attention to this young lady now began to be observed by several persons in the village, and, indeed, her partiality for me had not escaped observation, insomuch that I was now and then joked on the subject. At length I began to think that it was high time for me to act, for if once the affair reached the ears of the old gentleman, there would then be little chance of my being able to carry my plans into execution. Under this impression I had determined upon the very first occasion, to propose a trip to Gretna Green. I took every opportunity of seeking a personal meeting with her, but by some unlucky accident, always in vain; I, therefore, determined to write to her, and fix the manner of our departure. I found that in order that we might meet, she fancied, or, had I not better say she feigned, that she was not quite well; and Mr. Grubbins, who was at home when the message arrived, as ill-luck would have it, said he would attend himself upon the young lady. I felt assured, from several circumstances, that our attachment had become known at head-quarters, at least that there was a suspicion of such a thing, for I had noticed that the last Sunday at church, as we passed through the church-yard, the old German looked at me as black as thunder, I thought at the very time, that the great blow must be struck, before another week had passed over our heads. I, without delay, consulted with a friend of mine, and he kindly lent me that, which gives wings to love and sinews to war, so that one great end was provided for. But how was I to inform the young lady of my plans?

Miss Von Tromp, a little while before this period, had again sprained

her ancle, but, most unfortunately at this time, there was an old aunt of her mama's, on a visit with them, who was so kind that she would assist her dear niece and the doctor as she called me, to examine the foot; I sent the servant girl down stairs to boil some vinegar with some snow water, "and be sure and stir it all the while till it boils." There, thought I, we have got rid of you for five minutes; but there was the good aunt; oh, these good aunts! I said, "Now, Ma'am, I must trouble you to provide as soon as possible a flannal bandage; might I take the liberty of requesting it as soon as possible?" I felt not a little agitated to get rid of the old lady, that I might converse with my little friend. "Oh," said Miss Von T., "do, dear aunt, get it as soon as possible."—"My dear," replied she, "do you think I did not know that suck a thing would be required, and here it is," said she, putting her hand into her work-bag. Alas! thought I, you will never be my "dear aunt." I now revolved in my mind what I could next want that she in her kindness had not provided. I said, "Have you any other remedies with you, Madam?"—"No, Sir, no more." "Then, Ma'am, would you have the goodness to provide us with a little old linen to put over the ancle, for I perceive this bandage is calico, and you know calico is said to irritate the skin." The old lady set off for the linen, and, to my infinite chagrin, met the maid not two yards from the door, returning with the hot vinegar. I said, "Mary you have soon boiled the vinegar."—"Yes, Sir," said she, with a significant nod of the head, which I understood, "I soon made it boil." I had not had a moment to fix any plan with Miss Von T., and before I could devise any scheme to get rid of the maid, I heard the old lady returning. I cannot express the feelings that agitated me at this moment, and those alone who have been in similar circumstances, can have any conception of them. It was plain that this day I was not likely to have any opportunity of communicating with the young lady. After waiting as long as I well could, to take advantage of any occasion that might present itself, I was compelled at last to take my leave.

After such repeated disappointments, I plainly saw that there was no chance for me but that of sending Miss Von T. a letter, to fix the time and mode of our departure for Gretna; for Mr. Grubbins told me that the old German had requested him to attend himself in future upon Miss Von Tromp. "Now, or never," was the word, the thing must be done immediately; and down I sat and penned a letter to my fair one, informing her of the plan I had devised. Two days after this time there was going to be a large party at the old German's, and I thought this would be a favourable opportunity for the expedition. We were sending medicine almost daily to the house, both to the old gentleman and his daughter; I folded my letter and put it under the paper that covered the bottle, nicely sealed, as was our custom. I informed her in this letter, that on the night in question, a carriage that I had engaged would be at the end of the garden, that its remaining there a few minutes would not excite any suspicion, on account of the party, and that if I did not receive any answer, I should have every thing ready. I provided every thing necessary for the flight, packed up some of my clothes in a small portmanteau, and engaged a chaise. For this purpose I went to one of the inns to look after a proper post-boy, one upon whom I could depend. In these affairs every thing depends upon presence of mind and promptitude. I saw a post-boy standing at the

gate, a lad whose bruises and wounds I had often dressed after many a pugilistic contest in which he had been engaged. He was a thin, pale looking fellow, of a most determined aspect, marked by the small-pox, with a deep sunk eye in his head, and a very peculiar squint; one of those fellows upon whose foreheads rogue is written, in very legible characters; from his inveterate obstinacy in fighting, he always went by the name of "cutting Tom." I said, "Well, Tom, have you had any Gretna jobs lately?"—"No, not this long time, Sir; folks has no spirits for this here kind of jobs now a days. I wishes we had a job of that here kind. I've got a pair of rare horses now, such spankers, my eyes, give me five minutes law, and catch me if they can." It made my heart leap with joy to hear this. I felt myself bounding away at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Assuming a very serious look, I said, "Tom, can I trust you?"—"To be sure you may. Trust me? I never splits on nobody." I now told Tom to have his horses ready at ten o'clock at the appointed spot, that I would get into the chaise about fifty yards before the spot fixed on, to take up the lady. Tom's wicked eyes sparkled with joy. As a great deal depended upon Tom's address, I agreed to give him three guineas for the first stage, for he said he should go like lightning over the road; nay, he even undertook to have another chaise ready at the next stage, and for this purpose he should send a most trusty old friend, a kind of half-idiot, a man who was never known either to foreget or neglect any message he was sent upon—only tell him what to do, and that Silly Billy, as he was called, would do. He was a kind of automaton, into which you infused your will, and nothing could turn him from what he had undertaken. Well, Billy took the note to our fellow-labourer, another worthy, a friend of Tom's, who was ordered to have a chaise ready to convey us on to the next stage. Every thing appeared favourable to my views. I had heard nothing from the young lady, and therefore all was right, I thought, in that quarter. As soon as evening came, I gave Tom my portmanteau. I counted my guineas, and I counted the minutes too, from the hour that was to emancipate me from the pestle and mortar. My heart beat with anxiety and joy, as I anticipated the hour that was to give me possession of so fine a girl, and so great a fortune. Oh, what an evening! In that evening, in the brief space of a few short hours I seemed to live years; time appeared to stand still; hundreds of ideas rushed through my mind; I looked at my watch, and when I looked again, and thought the greater part of an hour was gone, I found that but a few minutes had elapsed. Those who have been engaged in similar affairs well know the truth of this. However, the hour approached, and about ten minutes before the time I walked into the old surgery to have a last look at my house of bondage—to bid a long and last farewell to pots and gallipots, to pills and potions. I slipped quietly out of the house unobserved, hurried down the lane that led to Mrs. Von Tromp's, and, after waiting a few minutes, heard a chaise driving gently down the lane. It was cutting Tom: he stopped to let me into the chaise at the appointed place, and all I could say was "Well done, Tom." We drove gently to the spot where we were to take up the young lady. I must confess that at this moment I became very much agitated; my heart beat most violently; my breathing became quick, and my hands trembled. We had not stopped half a minute when I saw the young lady gliding along the walk that led to the car-

riage. I could just discern her, though the evening was rather dark. The carriage door was open, and in a moment she was seated by my side in silence. My heart was too full, and my tongue refused to give utterance to a single word. Tom was on his horses in an instant, and we darted off more like an arrow shot from a bow than any thing else. In a few minutes I became more tranquil, and felt a greater degree of confidence.

My fair one seemed absorbed in the great step she was taking, and I from delicacy forbore to rally her. However, as she continued silent, I said, " Never mind your father; these Germans never feel deeply." Upon which, to my utmost astonishment, an astonishment that stopped the very circulation of my blood, I heard these words addressed to me— " Oh, you infernal very young scoundrel! You rob me of my dear girl, do you? No, you do not. I catch you, and take you to de prison; and then," added he, " I will take your blode, as you English say." Upon which he began to pommel me with all the ferocity of a German skipper. " Oh, sir, for God's sake," I exclaimed, " do hear reason, sir!" and then thrusting my head out of the window, I called out in the most energetic tone to Tom to stop. The moment Tom heard my voice he drove harder than ever. The old gentleman now put his head out at the other side of the carriage, and spoke to some one behind, crying, " Get down, and stop de postillion." " It is quite impossible; we are going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, sir; we dare not get down." Tom drove like lightning; there was no stopping him, nor explaining to him what had taken place. The old gentleman put his head out again, and cried out, "Stop him at de turnpike;" and as we approached it, I heard the fellows behind cry out, " Shut the gate! shut the gate!" I felt thankful that I should then get out, and make the best of my way home again. I was astonished that cutting Tom did not slacken his pace when he heard the cry of " shut the gate!" instead of that, laying the whip on his horses, he even increased his furious career, and we actually appeared to be flying. Oh, what a moment! I could just perceive, by the glimmer of the lamp at the turnpike-house, that the gate was closed. Tom dashed on with the fury of a demon. The men behind screamed in the agony of fear. I shouted, " For God's sake, stop!" The old German went into a fit, and kicked most violently. At this moment a most awful crash took place. It was terrific—the screams of the women at the gate, and the noise inside and outside the carriage! Never shall I forget it. Tom, gallant Tom, who had sworn before we started off that no earthly power should stop him, kept his word. He dashed at the gate with an impetus that nothing could resist. The barrier gave way, and was dashed into ten thousand pieces. It was only one crash, and all was over; but it was succeeded by a triumphant shout from the cutter. The old German shortly recovered from his fit; but Tom never stopped till we got to the next stage, and here we found the promised stage waiting for us. The moment we stopped the two fellows behind seized me. Cutting Tom, and Flash Jack, the post-boy of the fresh chaise, in a moment took my part. Tom floored one of the fellows in the twinkling of an eye. Jack had met with his match. I endeavoured to explain the state of affairs to Tom, who had gone up to the chaise in which the old German was,—" Now, Miss, out with you in a minute," said he. A crowd of people was soon round, and there was a cry for lights. The landlord of the inn, and ostlers, strangers, old and young, all kept con-

gregating, till there was such a noise and such an uproar, that had there been the least chance for me to escape I certainly should have done so. When the lights were brought, and Mr. Von Tromp exhibited himself, the laugh was loud. Two or three constables were now on the spot, and I was taken charge of; and Mr. Von Tromp, to the great delight of a numerous auditory, gave an account of the adventure. The letter that was intended for his daughter had fallen into his hands, through the mistakes of his footman, who had given him the packet of medicine intended for her. The people seemed highly diverted at my expense. I said no one had any right to detain me; but the old German said, "Dead or alive, I should that night go back to Mr. Grubbins's;" and as I saw his arguments, backed by two constables, were irresistable, I resigned, and they took me back to the place whence I came, much to the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. G. Mrs. G. mildly observed, "I always thought you would come to some bad end!"

There was nothing to be done: in a few days the old German and his daughter left the neighbourhood, and I was quite as anxious to take my leave also. The time of my apprenticeship was just expiring, and so, with the consent of all parties, I bade adieu to this place, and thus finished the principal adventures of my apprenticeship.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE OLD BAILEY LUCKY BAG.—Never let it be said that all lotteries are put down. No; the Recorder holds a lottery every session, in which certain persons, as luck guides them, draw blanks or prizes. There are some twenty or thirty individuals who make an audience for the tragic scene, in which the Recorder, "just like one of the harlotry players," acts the impressive and the solemn, condemning in sonorous and emphatic voice, one and all. The dock is filled, the Lord is propitiated to have "mercy on the souls" of the culprits, and Newgate becomes a scene for the damned. There is howling and gnashing of teeth—the whole place is a den of horror. Not so, (cries one experienced in the routine of our criminal laws) there is but little of these poetic terrors—it is pretty well understood, that, in nine cases out of ten, the ceremony of passing sentence of death is a mere farce—a trick of Punch in a black cap. Then why, returns common reason, enact the mockery? If the taking away of life be repugnant to the better humanity of the times, why still cling to a barbarous ceremony, which, if serious, is criminally awful—if a mere trick of law, is scarcely less odious? Are the lives of men to be played with like dice? Is human feeling to be made a thing for mere hustle-cap? The subjoined is from the daily papers:—

"On Tuesday (July 17) the Recorder made his report to his Majesty, of the prisoners in Newgate under sentence of death, convicted at the last May sessions, viz. Andrew Morgan, 52; John Dalton, 29; Thomas Fuller, 44; Elizabeth Pencock, alias Paternoster, 49; and Cornelius Driscoll, 41, for uttering a forged will; David Elliott, 26; Samuel Crowsen, alias Fisher, 27; James Crayford, 23; John Bates, 18; Elizabeth Martin, 60; Robert Jones, 23; George Robinson, 22; Henry Godfrey, 20, housebreaking; Patrick Cane, 32; Richard Brown, 25; Henry M'Namara, 22; Lucy Biddle, 23, stealing in a dwelling-house; George Jones, 34, burglary; William Dancer, 20; and John Grafton,

24, highway robbery; James Pearce, 39; and Edward Mansfield, 25, cutting and maiming; also George Athea, 20, convicted February last of stealing in a dwelling house; all of whom his Majesty was graciously pleased to respite during his royal pleasure, except Morgan and others (for forging a will), whose case is postponed for further consideration."

It will be seen, that out of the whole knot of criminals, not one has drawn a halter. All, with the exception of those whose case remains to be reconsidered, have been saved from an inhuman fate, although they have been invoked, and threatened with its infliction. We array the gallows before the eyes of the thief—we make him mount the ladder—the judge calls blessings on his soul—the cap is over his eyes—the rope round his neck—his feet, the blood in them on fire, are on the plank—and, vibrating between life and eternity, the disgusting farce concludes by dismissing the half-dead wretch to the hulks, or the colonies. The tenacity with which society holds to barbarous forms, even after it becomes half-awakened to their injurious operation, is humiliating to our hopes of enlightened legislation. The humanity of governments is, indeed, of slow growth. An old tract, dated 1652, called *A Cry against a Crying Sin*, is lying before us, written by Samuel Chidley. It comprises several petitions and memorials addressed to the Mayor and Aldermen of London, to the Common Council, to the Council of State, &c. on the inhumanity and impolicy of taking away life for mere theft. On one occasion Mr. Chidley attended in the Court, and sent a letter of remonstrance to the bench in behalf of a prisoner then arraigned at the bar for theft, who refused to plead unless the letter was read. On this, Mr. Chidley was "put out of the court, he speaking in the justification of the statutes of God to be right, and the precepts of men to be wrong, in taking away men's lives for such trivial matters." He being put out—

"They gave sentence against the prisoner at the bar, who was arraigned for stealing, and would not hold up his hand, nor plead. * * * And by the Recorder, Mr. Steele, who was their mouth, gave sentence against him, which was to this effect: that he should go thence to the place from whence he came, and be led into a dark room where there was no light, and should be stripped naked, only his privy members and his head covered, and his arms stretched forth, both on the one side and on the other, as far as they could be stretched; and that he should be laid along on his back, and have as much weight laid upon him as he was able to bear, *and more;* and, the next day, he should only have three morsels of barley-bread, without any drink; and the day following, *three draughts of the kennel water running under Newgate, as much as he could drink, and so to remain in that condition from day to day till he died!*"

Our criminal jurists, it will be seen from the above, have made but tortoise-like advances in practical humanity for nearly the past two centuries. "Why," Sir Robert Peel would exclaim, "there is no torture now in Newgate!" Is there not? Do we not, session after session, see twenties and thirties doomed to death, when scarcely more than two or three suffer? Is there no torture inflicted on those who only learn from the Report their escape from the gallows? Is there no agony of suspense—no heart-rending misery endured by relatives and friends? If there be not, if the convict feels certain of his escape, is not the law a mere formal jest? Any way, the sense of the country calls for a total abolition of these ghastly mockeries. Let the law be squared by reason, and so be rendered inevitable; as it is, the criminal plays at bo-peep with the judge.

Economy! In the Order of Council for the cleansing of all sewers, drains, &c. it is ordered that the expense be borne by the parish; that

is, if the sum do not exceed 50*l.* In the event of the nuisance being of an alarming magnitude, and consequently requiring a greater outlay for its abatement, it must, we presume, remain. Government, it would seem, has no objection to the expence of a mop, but startles at the cost of a pail!

THE DRAMATIC QUESTION.—The Committee appointed by the House of Commons, to hear evidence, preparatory to the passing a Bill for the future regulation of the theatres, have closed their labours. The inquiry was every way interesting. In addition to the importance of the question, it was curious to witness the testimony of various individuals, colored, as their opinions were, by prejudice and self-interest. The conservatives stickled lustily for their patent rights. Captain Forbes contended that he held the patent of Covent-garden theatre by as sacred a bond as that which vested Woburn Abbey in the house of Russell. One and all of the majors repelled with indignation, every question that supposed an ill-treatment of authors. Nothing, according to the managerial witnesses, could possibly be more correct, more fair, and aboveboard, than all transactions with dramatists. In evidence of the liberality with which dramatic literature is supported at Covent-garden theatre, Captain Forbes stated, that in one season the enormous sum of 1,500*l.* had been paid for new pieces. It appeared, however, that the salaries of the theatre amounted to 700*l.* per week; thus, little better than the gross salaries of two weeks were devoted to the encouragement of the drama, and out of this, no trifle is to be deducted for the authorship of pantomime and Easter spectacle. The minor theatres, having justice and reason on their side, had, of course, the best of the argument. On one hand, it was mere declamation and subtle shifting; on the other, a plain statement of obvious truths. The committee recommend a law that shall give all the drama to all the theatres, placing them all under the jurisdiction of the Chamberlain, and making it compulsory on that officer to license a new theatre in any part of London, the city, we presume, excepted, if called upon by a certain number of the inhabitants. This, though it goes not so far as we could wish, is something. The committee, however, recommend the continuance of the office of Deputy Licenser, who, by the way, during the course of evidence, very satisfactorily proved that his office was altogether useless—that his fees were a hard and unnecessary tax on the theatres under his jurisdiction—that "angels" were only of one sex, and that "heaven" was no word for the prompter's book. A reformed parliament will, we cordially trust, agree with Mr. Colman, as to the utter uselessness of his office. Unconstitutional, and in opposition to the spirit of the times, it most assuredly is. Besides, if every minor theatre is to pay a tax, in the shape of a licenser's fee, for novelty, it will be partly at the expence of the author: the manager will take care that it does not all come out of his own pocket. The committee, we are happy to say, recommend that dramatists shall receive a compensation from every establishment making use of their labours. This measure alone will work the regeneration of the stage. Mr. E. L. BULWER deserves the gratitude of the whole profession, of authors as well as actors.

BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON RAILWAY.—We regret to perceive that the Bill for this truly splendid undertaking, after passing successfully through the Commons, has been rejected by an unfavourable report of

the Committee of the House of Lords. Thus this great national work, so well calculated at this time to revive the drooping spirit of speculation, and to give employment to many thousands of our famishing labouring population, has been thrown back for an entire year, by the intrigues, prejudices, and pride of a few members of the House of Lords. Earl Brownlow, the heir-presumptive to the Countess of Bridgewater, through whose estate of Ashridge the line of the railway is intended to pass, has proved to be the most active opponent of the measure. The report of the committee announced that "the preamble of the Bill had not been proved." We the more regret this termination of the measure for the present session, as a sum of 40,000*l.*, expended in supporting the Bill, is thus virtually lost to the proprietors, and we fear that the various other railway companies will be thrown into gloom at the defeat of the great line to the iron districts of the kingdom. It is certainly a subject of deep regret, that in a country essentially commercial, measures of such decided benefit to every interest of the kingdom—mining, agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial—should thus be defeated by an inveterate hostility to all human improvement in the Lords, whose wealth is entirely founded upon that national super-eminence in trade which they despise and oppose. We console ourselves, however, in the reflection, that an ample reform in our national establishments is now inevitable, and power having been effectually transferred to the people of England, a continuance of opposition in the Lords to the wants and commercial interests of the nation will, in a very few years, bring on THE QUESTION OF AN HEREDITARY PEERAGE.

"TRICKS OF THE TORIES."—The tricks of the Tories are as manifold as their iniquities; they pervade alike the court, the camp, and the church; but in no place are they seen to greater advantage, than in the exhibition of their parliamentary logic at St. Stephen's Chapel. Here we find all sorts of tropes, figures, feints, ruse-de-guerres, with arguments *ad infinitum* of a piece with Jack Cade's, who swore he was heir to the crown by the live bricks in the chimney. But the stock in trade of all these shiftings and cantings, are to be found in a few now somewhat obsolete principles. The first of these is *legitimacy*, or the divine right to govern wrong:—authority, backed by the formidable text, "Whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and shall receive to themselves damnation." Then we have the *passive obedience* and *non-resistance*, "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; and whosoever will take away thy cloak, let him have thy coat also." To these are tacked, the *wisdom of our ancestors, wisdom of ages, venerable antiquities*—nothing is so venerable as an ancient abuse—*wisdom of old times, and of our forefathers*, which is the wisdom of the cradle, rather than that of gray hairs. Then follow the *dread of innovation*, which always implies a change for the worse, and all the spectres, which would scare white-livered men, as anarchy, revolution, and destruction of church and state. With this is connected the argument of *no precedent;* and, because our ancestors have not done this, or that, *we* have no business,—a boy has no right to be wiser than his father. When these fail, we have *procrastination*—such as in law is called a plea of abatement; by which a dishonest dependent will triumph over his injured adversary, by temporizing. Thus, in Parliament, the question of Reform was met, some thirty years ago, by *war*.—"Stop till the peace comes," was the cry.—Peace came:—then it

was wrong to disturb the *tranquillity of affairs*. To these and the like mystifications have been added the scheme of *gradual change—working by degrees*, as lawyers are said to go to heaven. And, to multiply a thing by disjointing it, then we have the system of *false consolations*—by the holding up the wretchedness of other nations with the less wretchedness of our own. Thus, the blacks are better off than the Irish—not that the Irish are bad off. Then, perhaps, the Spanish Inquisition is brought out, to reconcile us to the English hierarchy; and the manacled serfs of the Russ are dilated on, to make us content with corn-laws and high rents. Of these, and similar tricks, we need not warn the emancipated people of England to beware. We have scotched the snake—not killed it;—but we trust that the days of hereditary logic are passed away.

THE WAY TO PREFERMENT.—The advancement of a certain titled tory, from plebeian to aristocratical rank, is looked upon as somewhat miraculous by the *ton:* and how a mere scraper of trenchers and picker of bones, without talent or honesty, should get access at courts, and influence at cabinets, is somewhat puzzling to those who are not among the initiated in these matters. The links that constitute court patronage are magical; and through their means, a whole body is often moved by a slight force, exercised at the minutest and most extreme point, just as we set a skeleton in motion by a shake of the toe. In fact, the smile of a court favourite immediately raises the person who receives it, and gives value to the smile *he* may bestow. Thus the smile is transferred from one to the other, and *the great man* is the last to discount it. It is in this manner the parasite gets a lift in the way of preferment. For instance; a very low fellow has a desire for a place—to whom is he to apply?—not to the great man—for to him he hath no access. He therefore applies to *A.*, who is the creature of *B.*, who is the tool of *C.*, who is the lick-spittle of *D.*, who is the catamite of *E.*, who is the *procureur* of *F.*, who is the bully of *G.*, who is the buffoon of *H.*, who is the husband of *K.*, who is the favourite of *L.*, who is the bastard of *M.*, who is the instrument of the great man!

CHANGE OF MINISTRY.—We have often been amused by the advertisements in a godly contemporary; and our edification was increased by reading the other day, in its pages, the following advertisement; as it shows how steadily evangelical principles are advancing, and what hold vital christianity is making in the world. Every thing seems hastening towards a climax; creature comforts are more and more despised; worldly advantages are more and more contemned—for the sake of heavenly favour. Witness the following:—

"Wanted, by a young man of a *decided turn*, a place as light porter in a pious family. *Salary* of no object; the principal desire of the advertiser being to *sit under a gospel ministry.*"

Here we see the casting of the slough of worldliness, a renunciation of the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh, cut off in one word—SALARY—for the sake of a *gospel ministry*. How much ought we to rejoice at this manifestation of the power of godliness. Who can tell but that in these times of divine illumination, our placemen and sinecurists may take a hint from this pious young man, and give up their salary for a *gospel* instead of a *Whig ministry*. Upon the bare possibility of such

a thing, we should advise the immediate translation of such men as the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, of Harrow, and the Hon. and Rev. G. Noel, to the two archiepiscopal sees; this would, perhaps, prevent the contemplated reduction in the establishment: could placemen and others be prevailed upon to deem salary of no object, our political, as well as our spiritual regeneration would be certain.

An Apology for the Clergy.—We are among those who consider the clergy to be hardly used in the present day. Their accusers are *numerous*, their defenders *few*—we proudly reckon ourselves among the latter. The principal outcry raised against the body spiritual, is for their absorption of wealth, but it shows a very poor acquaintance with theology, to imagine this to be an offence either against public morals or Christian charity; for our parts, we believe it to be the very magnanimity of theological virtue. We are continually told of the damning quality of riches, is it not declared to be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to go to Heaven? that the love of money is the root of ALL evil; and that the inordinate desire of riches shall go hand in hand with *condemnation*. Considering all this, ought we not to honour the clergy for taking unto themselves eight million pounds' worth of voluntary damnation?

> "For Satan, wiser than in days of yore,
> Now tempts by making *rich*, not making *poor*."

Before the reformation, the value of a human soul was set at three marks, to take it out of limbo double that sum, to redeem it from purgatory four times that amount. Now, as it required thus much to *save* a soul when England was so thinly populated, we may reasonably infer that much less is required to *condemn* one, now that the population is so much more dense. Taking, however, the probability of damnation at about three marks, or a pound sterling, the Bishop of London, by taking one hundred thousand pounds of such "perilous stuff," out of the hands of the poor, annually, may be said to save at least one hundred thousand souls every year, being as many as are computed to die in that space of time in his diocese. In the same ratio of calculation, the income of the bishops are supposed to preserve the *soul-destroying comforts of this life*, no less than five millions per annum. So that the monstrous and unchristian complaint, that the clergy do no good, is proved a complete fallacy—the growing wealth of this country absolutely demanded that a safety-valve should be opened somewhere; but the twenty-five years wars, the rent-roll, and the pension-list, would all be insufficient, were it not for this annual self-devotion of the clergy. Their efforts to scrape together the filthy lucre, that we may not be calumniated with it, are as praiseworthy as the exertions of the benevolent individual called the quixotic scavenger, who is now perambulating the metropolis, with his satellites and their vehicle, for the purpose of removing, *gratuitously*, the causes of infection from our streets. By such means multiplying the *soul-saving fast-days* among us, without marking them down in the rubric, we find the bishops doing good by *stealth*, blushing to find it *fame*.

March of Cant.—We heard of a serious old gentleman upon his conversion to Swedenborgism, or some other schism or i-m, giving up the Times newspaper, and becoming a subscriber to the Morning Herald, because the former printed "God" in small letters, and the latter

in capitals! It appears that the progress of this feeling is by no means upon the wane, although it modifies itself according to particular circumstances. Molière says, in one of his plays, "He is an infernal villain *now*, for hark, he talks of God;" and so it is, in proportion as people lose a sense of his perfections, they babble of them. Thus, the other day, at a meeting of a society over head and ears in debt, the following pious resolution was moved, seconded, and carried *nem. con.*

"Resolved—That the thanks and gratitude of this meeting be presented, through the officiating minister, to Almighty God for his presiding care and protection of this society through unexampled trials and difficulties, and that he will be pleased to continue his protecting influence to this society."

Military Martyrdom.—At the moment we are writing, an inquiry is being instituted into the circumstances of a case, which, rich as our military records are in the details of oppression and suffering, is, we will venture to say, unparalleled in its kind. We refer, of course, to the case of the private in the Scots Greys, Sommerville. The punishment of flogging, barbarous and brutal as it is in itself, has frequently been most brutally and barbarously exercised; men have received dozens, nay, hundreds of lashes, for offences, which would have been more properly punished by the loss of a dinner or day's pay. But never before were a set of officers found, hardy, heartless, and desperate enough, to award two hundred lashes, one hundred of which were actually inflicted, for—for what? for writing a letter to a newspaper, at a crisis of universal alarm, declaratory of sentiments that ought to animate the whole army, and are, assuredly, indicative alike of his patriotism, his independence, and his intellectual superiority to the station which he filled. It is pretended, indeed, that the letter had nothing to do with the lashes—that Sommerville was punished for refusing to mount an unmanageable horse a second time, having given him a trial, and becoming convinced, that to mount him again would not only be to fail in his endeavour, but most probably, to endanger his life in the attempt. The dilemma in which Major Wynham and his myrmidons find themselves, is pretty palpable, when they are driven to defend their conduct by a confession like this—by a statement, that places them in almost as odous and awkward a light, supposing it to be the true one, as the original accusation—by an admission of a severity of punishment, for a disobedience which humanity perceives to be a natural and pardonable one, that makes us blush for humane, refined, enlightened England, who has so long beheld the savage and demoralizing working of the system; who has so long seen the lustre of her name tarnished by the existence of this relic of a brute-like barbarism; who has so long witnessed to what a state of perfect discipline other armies can be brought without it, and yet, who has hesitated to wipe out the blot upon her proud character, by universally and simultaneously demanding the unqualified and immediate abolition of the law.

It is as clear, however, as that the torture was awarded, and that one half of it was inflicted, that this disobedience was the mere pretext for punishment—that the gallant soldier was foredoomed—that he was ordered to do what could not be done—and tried, on the ground of a refusal which one of his fellows was suffered to make with impunity. The real offence was, the possession of an independent and generous spirit—superadded to which, is the power of expressing his sentiments in a style that must make his officers alarmed for the credit of their

dispatches. They must have felt, one and all, that but few of them could write and discriminate like Sommerville; and, as gentlemen born, they resolved to mark somewhat signally, the presumption of a private, he had contrived to monopolize more spirit, sense, and talent, than fell to the share of fifty ribboned officers united.

How this inquiry will terminate we venture not to guess; but there can be no possible doubt that the day of military-torture is fast drawing to a close. It is wholly incompatible with the existing spirit of the times, and must expire with the Tory tyranny, in whose code of legal horrors and inhumanities it forms so appropriate a feature. This consummation, however, is destined, like all others that are devoutly to be wished, to be brought about by the wisdom and humanity of the people. It will derive no help from the Secretary at War—the champion of the lacerated soldier, out of office—the partizan of the cold-blooded sentencer, in office; the pledged adherent of the abolition of torture on one side of the house, the polite and courteous sanctioner of it on the other. Sir John Hobhouse has caught the cant of office with surprising fervour and facility. He is so profound a Whig that one hardly knows him from a Tory; and we certainly cannot recognize in the Baronet and War Secretary, the honest English gentleman and liberal member for Westminster, from whom we have heard so many brilliant orations about popular rights, popular freedom, and other popular fallacies, as he now seems half-disposed to designate them.

A PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN.—An ingenious evasion of the laws employs one portion of the intellect of the nation to as much purpose as training them does the other. While Lord Wynford is mustering his antiquated energies to fabricate laws for wholesale transportation, a set of talented individuals are secretly undermining his lordship's labours, by seeing how they can be best evaded—how sheep-stealing can be effected in security, and how the burglar may not be scared by Botany-bay.

The police officers afford rich specimens of this description of talent; new trades are elicited, invented to supersede the old ones, which have been denounced from the worshipful bench as unlawful. Thus beggars are subjects for the tread-mill; but *askers* can insinuate their grievances into the public ear unawed by Bow-street or the new police. A case occurred the other day, which brought to light the dealings of a member of this commercial fraternity. A favourite servant having left her place to be married, returned to her mistress sometime afterwards in great distress, beseeching her kind offices on the part of her husband, who had innocently incurred the displeasure of the magistrates of Marlborough-street. The mistress kindly called on her to elicit more particularly the facts of her distress, and was surprised to find a very neat residence, in every respect superior to her situation in life. In addition to good furniture, there was no lack of silver spoons, good decanters,—not empty, moreover,—and other little moveables inconsistent with her humble station. "Why, Mary," said her mistress, before inquiring into the circumstances of her distress, "What trade is your husband?" "He is no trade, ma'am; he's by profession an asker." "An asker! what's that?" "A genteel beggar, ma'am, that dresses well, and goes about to gentlemen's houses—only they say he has stolen a silver spoon!"

We would advise housekeepers to look sharply after professional gentlemen, as they may find an application to Bow-street for the restoration of silver spoons rather an uncertain method of recovery.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—The amateur manager has found the Opera House rather an expensive plaything. The wires are not pulled for nothing, and the puppets will find their way to the treasury, though not always, it seems, with success, if we are to credit the account of some of the fair correspondents to the *Times*. However, that is no affair of ours. If Mr. Mason had realized his pompous announcement at the commencement of his career, we should have little reason to complain; but having obtained the subscriptions to the Italian opera, his whole efforts have been directed to crush it. Accordingly we see German and French operas introduced—the former with such exquisite precision of detail—the chorusses so admirably practised—the whole management so perfected by the indefatigable German artists themselves—that the Italian, independently of the claims of either to musical superiority, has been actually eclipsed by the very industry of its rivals. Had half the pains been taken with the Italian opera, there would have been no vacancy for the German or French either; but it has no chance—a very few such *Masons* as this, our amateur manager, would suffice to destroy a fabric which cost the labour of hundreds of better workmen to raise. Instead of a wreath of laurel, his exertions ought to be rewarded by one of stinging nettles, conveying, thereby, a pungent reproof to himself, and a very pretty moral to other *soi disant* managers, who, like the little boy in the story-book, touching what they do not understand, get stung for their ignorance and folly.

Drury-Lane.—The proceedings of the Drury-Lane authorities are at present involved in the deepest mystery. We have heard of nothing further than Wallack's departure for America, and Mr. Bunn's being ordered off on the recruiting service. We hope he will be able to secure a few Lions for the next season, without the aid of Monsieur Martin and the iron cage—no more "terrific combats," for heaven's sake!—unless, indeed, they can be done in good style. If the days of the gladiators could be renewed, and government be persuaded to lend us a few felons to be pitched against some of twenty of the "Zoological,"—then, indeed, Drury would have some pretensions to fame, and poor Davidge might turn his Cobourg into a conventicle. But we fear the effeminacy of the age is decidedly against all such manly recreations; for the gallant attempts of the military lessee, towards a renewal of such glorious times, by the introduction of a clawless, toothless, old, broken-backed lion, failed, last season, to interest the discerning public; and the jackalls, hyenas, and other interesting *debutantes*, lifted up their sweet voices in vain.

If the Captain wishes to direct the public taste that way, and is sufficiently unprejudiced respecting the rights of the legitimate drama, about which so much is insisted, we would advise him next season to try the effect of a little fight between two charity-boys, between the acts; which, if properly received, might enable him, before the end of the season, to get up a very pretty entertainment between all the prize-fighters and the wild beasts in the metropolis. The Captain might then play the principal part himself; and it would indeed be a consummation worthy of a "military manager"!

Covent Garden.—Laporte goes on prosperously.—He seems to un-

derstand the appetite of John Bull better than the native cooks. In this age of refinement, the sirloin no longer rules the roast. Side-dishes and *entremets,* such as never before graced the English board, are devoured with the greatest possible gusto. The shades of our departed heroes will, doubtless, mourn over the strange appropriation of this theatre of their fame. Mademoiselle Mars divides the bays with Mademoiselle Kemble; and where erst the votaries of melo-drama looked aghast at the naked sword suspended by its single hair, they are now electrified by Paganini and his single string. Many will doubtless regard these changes as little short of piratical; but we, who know what is going on behind the curtain against the approaching season, are not at all alarmed at these extraordinary symptoms of Gallomania.

Mr. Morris has, somehow, obtained for himself the reputation of being the most untractable of managers. We do not speak from experience, for we know little or nothing of the fraternity—no communication did we ever make with any,—not even to the usual demand for a free admission. But, as we said, Mr. Morris has the reputation of being the very Nero of managers—not an author, not an actor, not a critic, not an individual, from Hamlet down to the very cook,—but has some dismal catalogue of crime against him. That portion of his conduct, however, which comes under our observation, may be dispatched in a few words. The French plays and the German operas have, it seems, made sad havoc with the receipts of his treasury—and the exertions of the manager have not kept pace with the competition against him—nothing but trifles from the French have yet appeared, which have been seen by most, to better advantage in the original costume. Doubtless, there is something in the back ground to astonish us. By the way, the manager's refusal of the 'golden calf,' was not a grand stroke of managerial diplomacy. Mrs. Gore has likewise had a comedy returned.

Unless there is something better than the present *novelties* speedily forthcoming, the boxes of the Haymarket theatre will soon be converted into snug little dormitories, for the convenience of gentlemen who have taken their wine and feel dozy

New pieces have succeeded each other at the STRAND THEATRE in infinite variety; most of them, however, from the French. Mr. Jerrold's "Golden Calf," is a splendid exception, and has drawn an abundance of worshippers. For this piece, however, Mrs. Waylett is indebted to good luck, and Mr. Morris's strong family prejudices, for which combination in her favour, she ought to be duly grateful. It is a very pretty little theatre, and the exertions of Mrs. Waylett, Abbot, and Keeley, have been justly estimated by the public.

While the present law of dramatic copyright continues as it does, every one has a right to use it to his own advantage; how long it is advisable such privileges should continue is another matter. Mr. Osbaldiston has followed the example of others, and has been amusing the lieges on the other side of the water, with Mr. Sheridan Knowles's play of the "Hunchback." The way in which it is sustained speaks well for the ability of the manager. Mr. Elton has a just perception of of the character of *Master Walter,* and is moreover, one of the very best actors in the best walk of the drama.

It is likewise, due to say that Mr. Osbaldiston, since his accession to the manager's chair, has exerted himself in every possible way for the gratification of the public, and has deserved the success he has obtained.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

History of the Peninsular War. Vol. III. By Robert Southey. London: John Murray. 1832.

Mr. Southey has, at length, concluded his History of the Peninsular War. During the interval between the appearance of the second and third volumes, Colonel Napier has contrived, by publishing the chief portion of something like a faithful history of that "wicked war," as Mr. Southey calls it, to supersede the Doctor's book altogether; and although the present volume will, of course, be sold to complete the ponderous work, we apprehend that the estimation in which it is held, is not exactly of the kind to be particularly agreeable to the author—if, indeed, a trading writer like Mr. Southey can be supposed to entertain any feeling on the subject.

Mr. Southey was never the man to write a faithful history of the Peninsular War. What, indeed, was to be expected from a demagogue turned into a placeman, but the most violent abuse of his former friends and their principles; kept in countenance by the most slavish adulation of his new masters? The same spirit manifests itself in every thing Mr. Southey does—the same intolerance of every thing that will not submit itself to the dictation of his new principles, which are, in point of fact, merely the inverted shadows of his old opinions. His liberalism was only tyranny in another shape—his toryism is tyranny, sought to be perpetuated in the old form, because the other was found impracticable and without profit.

To return to Mr. Southey's book. His idol is the Duke of Wellington throughout; and he conceives that the reputation of his favourite is never so well enhanced, as when he sneers at the French marshals opposed to him during the "wicked war;" to whom he awards as little praise, on the score of military skill, as their worst enemies could desire. His hatred of the French is, however, balanced by his admiration of the Spaniards, whom he takes every opportunity of defending, justifying, and applauding—and his admiration of British valour and "all that," is of the right gallery material. The style in which the whole is written is, however, like all Mr. Southey's prose, admirably clear, elegant, and concise.

The Horse in all his Varieties and Uses. By John Laurence. London: M. Arnold. 1832.

When a subject is touched by the hand of a master, it is always in a manner so particularly his own, as to strike out beauties that must be felt and appreciated by every taste. So is it with our friend Mr. Laurence. We stake our faith upon it, that were a mathematical student to take up this book by chance, he would be constrained to desert his Euclid, till he had thoroughly perused this amusing work.

It were needless to say much in favour of Mr. Laurence's book, as it is not now for the first time before the public: suffice it to say, that it has already been highly appreciated by competent judges, and that the present edition is considerably enlarged.

Mr. Laurence was one of the first to advocate the rights of the brute creation, in a larger work on the Horse, published nearly forty years ago; and his observations on this subject in the present volume, are well worthy of attention.

On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures. By Charles Babbage, Esq., A.M. London: Charles Knight. 1832.

There is a great deal of valuable information in this book, and much speculation that may hereafter be carried into effect, to the furtherance and advantage of science. But our author occasionally, like the ingenious Bishop Williams, gives birth to theories, and propounds schemes that are more to be admired for their ingenuity, than applauded for their feasibility. For instance, his proposal,

so seriously put forth, of conveying the post " in cylindrical tin cases, suspended by wheels rolling upon a wire," which is to be connected to the steeples of churches, appears to us to be one of those wild fancies which are more applicable to Utopia than England. Would it not be equally practicable to convey postmen in the same manner? We must also express our doubts of the *wearability* of his " caterpillar lace veils." Such flimsy devices as these would, no doubt, be serviceable in concealing the charms of Queen Mab, or Titania, but would hardly suffice to shade the more material perfections of a Mrs. Tomkins.

MILITARY MEMOIRS OF FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. BY CAPTAIN MOYLE SHERER. VOL. II. BEING VOL. IX. OF DR. LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY.

THE publication of this volume has been so long delayed, that its connexion with the preceding part of the memoirs of the Duke of Wellington is, we suspect, forgotten, so far as the matter of the book is concerned, by many of our readers. The comparison would be all in favour of the volume before us, for the exuberance of style, formerly provoking much petulant criticism, has been carefully restrained. The political and religious opinions of our gallant author are well known, and may, of course, be traced through every page of these memoirs, though, perhaps, rather as influencing the tone of feeling than as disputatiously maintained. Nevertheless, some few points in dispute as to the Spanish campaign, and the final grand struggle at Waterloo, are here decided in favour of the Duke, on principles which, had we here room, we should venture to dispute. Knowing, as from Captain Sherer's works he must have known, what were our author's principles, and how earnestly and sincerely they are felt and supported, Dr. Lardner, in our opinion, committed a grave error of judgment, in requesting him to compile the memoirs now in our hands for a part of the Cabinet Library; and this fault, the disclaimer, at the end of the preface, serves to render more palpable and apparent.

These Memoirs are, as their title declares " Military" only—no allusion, unless very incidentally, being made to the political career of the Duke. Indeed, our author has obviously avoided with care disputed ground, wherever he could, and confined his work, as much as possible, to descriptions of scenes and actions, many of which are very spirited. Viewed as a British general, the Duke of Wellington will ever be an object of admiration, even to those who may differ from the various *cabinets* under which he was sent forth to conquer; and the perusal of these volumes, of the second especially, has given us that high pleasure which is always afforded by illustrations of the triumph of many of the proudest attributes of the English national character. This is the strongest recommendation claimed by these Memoirs, and here we are sure the reader will not be disappointed. Our author rejoices fully and enthusiastically in the glories of the English arms, with all the feelings of a true English soldier; and his animated descriptions recal the mingled feelings of many a long past day, on receiving news of victory. The moral, however, that treads on the heels of all these glories and victories, presents matter for other and profounder minds, than any that have been bred in a military school.

A COMPANION AND KEY TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. BY JOHN FISHER. LONDON: SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL. 1832.

WE cannot too much praise the diligence and research of the Author of this volume, as exemplified in the work before us, upon which we have bestowed much attention. It is, as its title imports, " a Companion and Key to the History of England;" obviating, in a great measure, the necessity of referring to the many almost unreadable books, which, however, must be read, before the student of English History can acquire any thing like a tolerable mastery of the subject of which these multitudinous authors so copiously treat.

We have presented to us, in the present work, not only a history of our own country, from the " earliest authenticity" to the present time, and of the British

kings who have governed it; but also of the collateral branches of the royal families of England, and of the foreign alliances into which many of them have merged. The work is also accompanied by genealogical charts of the several dynasties, and of the families that have emanated from them; and the whole of this elaborate volume is arranged and put together in the most convenient and attractive form.

We regret very much, that it is not in our power honestly to applaud the style in which some portions of this work are written. Where Mr. Fisher confines himself to the detail of historical facts, he gets on well enough; but his conclusions respecting them, and the reflections suggested to his mind by their recital, are sometimes of a nature to excite a smile, in spite of the mortification we feel at the manner in which the valuable labours of our author are marred by their introduction. For instance; describing the last illness of the Princess Amelia, the youngest daughter of George III., Mr. Fisher says,

"Through all the vicissitudes of pain and languor, the moral qualities of the Princess Amelia gleamed with splendid worth; and not one was more excited, next to submission to the trials Heaven had imposed, than her filial affection to the fond and venerable parent whom she was unconsciously doomed to hasten, from grief at her departed excellence, into that barren state of existence in which reason, unhinged, vibrated in unrestrained modulations through the chaos of imagination, never more to be restored by the great spirit that moved upon the face of the waters."

This mode of writing is calculated to excite a belief of our Author's assent to Dr. Johnson's Logic,

"Who writes of madness, should himself be mad."

We have not quoted the above passage for the purpose of turning into ridicule the labours of a diligent and deserving man; but in order to shew how sedulously some authors take pains to impair the value of their laudable exertions. We can, nevertheless, strongly recommend Mr. Fisher's book to our readers.

A Key to both Houses of Parliament. London: Longman & Co. 1832.

The present somewhat bulky volume should be in the hands of every one of our Members of Parliament, and of all such as are or may be qualified to sit under the new Bill, and of those (and they are not a few) who are curious in the acquisition of such recondite learning as ancient regulations and standing orders, and who dogmatize on such matters with portentous shakes of the head, and unanswerable declensions of chin upon the shirt-frill. To all such, we say, this work is highly necessary, deeply instructive, nay, absolutely indispensable. We can but marvel at the patience, the research, and the indomitable industry of the man who could get together so much valuable information, with so little interesting matter wherewith to lighten and to alleviate his labours.

Tales and Novels, by Maria Edgeworth. In 18 Vols. Vol. I. London: Baldwin & Co. 1832.

The first volume of the present series contains the admirable "Castle Rackrent," and the "Essay on Irish Bulls;" and the eighteen volumes are intended to comprise the whole of Miss Edgeworth's novels and tales, with the exception of her excellent juvenile tales, which it is proposed to publish in a smaller form.

This edition is well-timed, when the press is teeming with trash of the most miserable and mischievous description; and we sincerely hope, that the object of the publishers may be answered; which, however, we very much doubt. The taste of the present day is in no state to which the *wholesome* style—the genuine humour—the unaffected pathos, and the vigorous delineation of character, to be found in Miss Edgeworth. Now that her friend Sir Walter Scott is, to the intellectual world, no more—and since it is highly improbable that Miss Edgeworth will favour us with another novel—what a herd of incapables remain!—Submitted to the mercy of the shoulder-knot and silver-fork school, or the impertinence of some little drawing-room minx, who chatters her would-

be Madame de Stäelians with an air—what is to become of us? An aspiring coxcomb, now-a-days, emulous of fame, and proud

"Of the nice conduct of a clouded cane,"

comes simpering and picking his way into print, with his three volumes of exclusive anecdote, private scandal, or public notoriety; and furnishes a key to the weekly review. Young ladies rush into type incontinently, and the critic aggravates his voice to the ecstatic key-note of disinterested praise. Instead of the wit of Fielding, or the humour of Smollett, we are presented with the inanity of Lister, and the aristocratical vulgarity of Hook; and in the seat of Miss Edgeworth, behold—but we forbear to say whom.—For breathing, flesh and blood, let us have inanimate neckcloth and whiskers; and for sentiment and soul, give us absurd muslin manufactures and watery Werterites.

The age of novelists is past.—Who is to succeed Scott?—Who is to rival Miss Edgeworth?—No one. There are none to take their place. There is not a grain of wit among the whole tribe of novel writers of the present day; there is not a spark of humour in any one of their "works;" there is not a page of human nature in all that they have ever written. They are, with scarcely an exception, a miserable set, and that's the truth of it.

A Grammar of the English Language. By Richard Hiley. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1832.

Another Grammar of the English Language! Upon glancing at the title page of the present book, we were disposed to look upon it as an impertinent intrusion upon our patience—pestered, as we have been, from time to time, with Grammars of the English Language, each vying with the other in amazing inutility, or mischievous incompetency. Upon further examination, however, we found that Mr. Hiley was qualified for the task he had undertaken. We, however, say this preparatory to the expression of our wish, that he would set about presenting us in earnest with an English Grammar. Mr. Hiley may, perhaps, tell us, that the English are not yet prepared to receive such an introduction to the knowledge of their own tongue, as shall at once be a philosophical analysis, and a popular exemplification of the principles of the language;—but we are disposed to differ from him. Towards this end, we would especially recommend to him the perusal (if he can obtain a copy, which we fear he will experience some difficulty in doing) of "an Introduction to English Grammar," by the Reverend Mark Anthony Meilan, published nearly forty years ago; and the study of Grimm and Rask would be indispensable to the production of such a work as we should much desire to see, and the English public would be grateful to receive.

The present work, however, is not contemptible of its class.—We are particularly pleased with our author's admirable illustration of Rule 12th, "The subjunctive mood"—which he has handled in a masterly manner. But we protest against the hacknied illustrations of Dr. Blair, who has been too long suffered to flourish in our elementary works, to the exclusion of his betters. Upon the whole, we consider Mr. Hiley's Grammar, at least, as efficient and serviceable as any in use at the present time in our schools; and we recommend it accordingly.

The Village Poor-House. By a Country Curate. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1832.

In these dreary prose days of literature, we may well feel grateful when we meet with a small volume of poetry like the "Village Poor-House." The author, we suspect to be a young man, and we do not, therefore, think the worse of him, when we discover a few capricious irregularities and negligencies, such as he, no doubt, flatters himself will be laid to the score of the waywardness of genius. But we plain matter-of-fact-men are apt to imagine, that genius is not such a heaven-descended maid as some people imagine, or, at all events, that she requires the foreign aid of ornament, and the extrinsic graces of art, to set her off to advantage. The Village Curate will readily understand what we mean.

We beg distinctly to express our conviction, and we think a great majority of the reading world will agree with us, that if a man has poetry to write, he had far better consign it to respectable and decent versification, than commit it to the keeping of loose and irregular doggrel. That he has poetry in him, we see—that he has yet written poetry we are not quite prepared to admit. We should also caution him against the too frequent and violent contrasts which he delights to bring before the eye of the reader. There appears something very like trickery in this, which, once seen through, fails entirely of the effect intended.

We must also say a word or two on the spirit in which this little poem appears to be written. No man will go further than ourselves in the denunciation of a pernicious system of mis-government, whereby the poor have been ground down to the dust, and trampled upon by the wealthier and more fortunate. But, in order to remedy this grievance, the system must be attacked, and not individuals; except, indeed, when they are held up as examples of the system to be denounced. But to hold the rich up to obloquy because they are rich, and to represent them as the natural enemies of the poor, is, in effect, doing the very thing so violently complained of. It is encouraging the same feelings in the poor that have already been ascribed to the rich.

We could point out, if we had space, several instances of this spirit in the present poem; and not a few passages in which truth, in its philosophical sense, has been sacrificed to effect. We could wish, indeed, that poems of this nature were set about with a more serious reflection upon the end proposed by the composition of them. What is the good sought to be obtained? A remedy for the grievances of the poor by a faithful delineation of them.—Very well. How is this end accomplished? By setting their grievances in such a light, as must inevitably tend to inflame the angry and bitter feelings of those in whose power the poor are placed. These remarks, we admit, apply with more justice to the poems of a man of undoubted genius—the author of the "Corn Law Rhymes;" but are in a small degree applicable also to the present poem. Let the Village Curate, for the time to come, bear these strictures in mind, which are meant in a friendly spirit, and cease, (to use Mr. Coleridge's language) "to write always *to* the poor and never *for* them."

THE ADVENTURES OF BARNEY MAHONEY. By T. CROFTON CROKER. LONDON: FISHER, SON, AND JACKSON. 1832.

THIS volume narrates the adventures of an Irish lad, brought from the bogs to serve as a foot-boy in London. There is a breadth of humour in the description of characters whom Barney is in the habit of seeing at his several places, which is pleasant enough. We, however, think there is far too little of Barney's drollery, and too much of others who are by no means droll; indeed, there is an infinite variety of all the species of character to be found in this metropolis. But Barney himself and "the Yorkshire country cousin," will afford a rich treat to the reader.

LIVES OF BALBOA AND PIZARRO. FROM THE SPANISH OF QUINTANA. BY MRS. HODSON. EDINBURGH: BLACKWOOD. LONDON: J. CADELL. 1832.

EVERY one conversant with Spanish literature is, no doubt, familiar with the works of Quintana; remarkable, as they are, for the elegance and purity of their style. Mrs. Hodson has presented us with a translation of the lives of these celebrated men—Balboa and Pizarro. We have much pleasure in stating that Mrs. Hodson has executed her task with great elegance and fidelity.

THE TOILETTE OF HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND FASHION. LONDON: WITTENOOM AND CREVUR. 1832.

UPON receiving this little work into our hands, we determined upon becoming forthwith, the most fascinating of men, but we speedily found that a rigid compliance with the injunctions laid down would be impracticable. We discovered that, in order to preserve our hair in all its natural beauty, we must

submit to a daily tooth-ache or an eternal cold; and some extraordinary directions, did, we confess, stagger us. Ladies may, however, find some very valuable recipes and much useful information in this book.

WYLD'S GENERAL ATLAS. LONDON: WYLD. 1832.

WE have tested these maps in several instances, and have found them generally correct—they are also clearly delineated. The volume is sufficiently large for ordinary use, and portable enough for the portmanteau or the pocket.

LANDER'S EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER. FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXVIII. LONDON: JOHN MURRAY. 1832.

FROM the earliest ages to the present time, the course and termination of the River Niger have been doubted, disputed, and guessed at; and the discovery has at length been made by our enterprising countrymen, Richard and John Lander. The former, it will be recollected, accompanied the late lamented Captain Clapperton in his fatal expedition, and was perfectly well qualified, both by natural aptitude, and previous experience, to undertake the present expedition.

It is impossible to foretell, or to calculate the advantages that may accrue to this country, from a commercial intercourse with the numerous towns and villages situated on the banks of this mighty river.

The journal is written unaffectedly, but at the same time with sufficient correctness.

THE DOOMED. IN 3 VOLS. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO. 1832.

THIS is nothing more than the imaginary adventures of "The Wandering Jew," over again. We have had so many "Undying One's"—"Doomed One's," and "Wandering Jews," that a sedentary Christian is almost driven out of his senses by them. After some broken introductions, the tale opens on the shores of the Ganges, where the hero becomes the object of a Hindoo girl's affection, who, with her father, carries on the thread of the narrative for a volume. A few centuries after, he meets with Richard Cœur de Lion, whose sister falls in love with him; and a few other characters are introduced in no very entertaining manner. A short time after this (a century or two) we find him in Scotland, where he contracts a sentimental union with a Scotch girl, who dies on the disclosure made to her, that her husband will in all probability, live for ever. There is no delineation of character in this novel—but the course of the tale is sometimes broken in upon by occasional gratuitous combats, carried on and concluded without any ostensible reason. At the same time, there is a wildness and a want of connection that may, perhaps, please the incorrigible romance reader.

HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND. DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. LONDON: LONGMAN, & CO. 1832.

IT would be impossible to do justice to this work in the limits to which our notices of new books are necessarily confined. So far as we are competent to judge, the materials are compiled from the most authentic sources—historical facts are candidly and fairly stated; and the author displays throughout, a calm and philosophical spirit, ever tending to the advancement of liberty,

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POPULAR ZOOLOGY. LONDON: JOHN SHARPE. 1832.

WE trust that none of our country friends will fail, on their visit to the metropolis, to spend at least a long day at the Zoological Gardens, one of the most rational, instructive, and cheapest exhibitions ever opened to the public. To those who have personally inspected this menagerie, this work will be found interesting; and to those whose pleasure is yet to come, it will serve as a perfect guide. The descriptions are concise, yet sufficiently minute; and are enlivened throughout by characteristic anecdotes.

THE TRIALS OF CHARLES I. AND OF SOME OF THE REGICIDES. FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXXI. LONDON: JOHN MURRAY. 1832.

HOWEVER trite the observation, daily experience almost justifies the repetition of it, that treason is definable only with reference to its success. A successful Catiline would now, probably, be considered as one of the most devoted patriots: the result having been otherwise, he has been handed down to us as the leader of a sanguinary conspiracy.

In the disputes of partisans, truth ever lies deeply buried—and the historian who sits down to investigate what are even regarded as undoubted truths, will find himself in a labyrinth of doubt and difficulty before he has long passed the entrance of his task. He comes imbued too often with early and deep-rooted prejudices, which, in spite of his reason, exercise a baneful influence over his judgment of the events and persons that come under his notice.

The compiler of the above volume is of this class. He appears to be one of the thread-bare party, almost worn out with anility—a high Tory; and although the truth does occasionally, in spite of himself, flash before him, yet is he unable to suppress his party feelings. Too much reliance has been placed in the narratives of the opponents of the republicans. Admitting, for a moment, that the execution of Charles I. was a crime of the blackest dye, still his judges did not destroy him for the sake of plunder, or because they delighted in blood. They acted from a principle, although some may conceive it to have been a mistaken one, and severely did they pay the penalty of it. Those who escaped, wandered for years in foreign lands, in hourly danger of assassination by the agents of Charles II.; and to the many who suffered, little has been yet awarded but contempt. Their courage on the scaffold has been designated as obstinacy—their resignation to the divine disposer as fanaticism.

Some of the notes breathe a spirit of candour which is sometimes at variance with other parts of the work.

A few errors will at times intrude themselves into works of this nature; but in this we learn, for the first time, that the Sir John Harrington who died in the reign of James I., was an attendant on Charles I. in 1647; and, moreover, that he was the author of "Oceana,"—or, if this be not what the compiler of the book means,—that James Harrington, the real author, and celebrated republican, was knighted;—which he ought to know was not the case.

FIGARO IN LONDON. HALF-YEARLY PART. STRANGE.

THIS publication is similar in spirit to its Parisian namesake. The jocose editor affords "the lieges" much innocent pastime, by belabouring the Tories with a cat of twenty-one tail power. His lashes are keen—so are his cuts. Indeed we know not which may be said to merit the most praise—his own good *intentions*, or the patriotic *designs* of his artist. From its principles, and the pungency of its political *pasquinades*, the work certainly deserves the high popularity which it has attained.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN. JENNINGS & CHAPLIN.

THIS is a beautiful reprint of Dr. Percy's version of the old ballad, with an original preface, apparently from the pen of Mr. Hone. It is illustrated with eight wood-cuts, from capital designs by Harvey, engraved by the great Thompson; the veteran Nesbitt; the brothers, Williams; Branston, and Wright; and Jackson. They are perfect gems of the arts of wood-engraving and woodcut-printing; which, indeed, have never been carried to such perfection, as in these delightful specimens.

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE idea of this publication is good. It is intended to comprise the best stories of the best writers of the day, and to form a sort of album-gallery of embossed medallion portraits of the most eminent authors. Among other good things, one of the numbers already printed contains a capital sketch from *Three Courses and a Dessert.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE north-east winds periodically returning, and continuing a considerable length of time in this late season, producing constant vicissitudes of sharp chilling air, and dog-day solar heat, cannot fail of producing ill effects on vegetation, however mature; and more especially on the human constitution, protracting and extending that epidemic which has so long prevailed, the leading symptom of which is *cholera morbus*, and which indubitably originated in the constitutional derangement induced by sudden and repeated changes of temperature. It is probably, also, and in analogy with cases of past times, that the disease is contracted by atmospheric, not personal contagion.

Accounts of the crops are almost universally favourable, from some parts, brilliant. Indeed, on all dry and rich soils, there is promise of abundance, on some beyond an average, of both corn and grasses; so much, however, cannot be rationally expected on poor, particularly heavy, wet lands, to which the state of the weather, throughout the spring, was in an especial manner inimical. And however abundant the quantity of produce on the former, it is not possible but that the quality of the grain must, in many parts, be considerably deteriorated by the long prevalence or frequent recurrence of the blighting effects of the atmosphere. Some damage, happily to no very great extent, by beating down the corn, has been suffered from two heavy storms of wind and rain; the one in June, the other in the present month. The first caught the early blooming wheats, a period most unfortunate for them. We have very lately been over the wheats, in several parts of the country, and they seem, in general, to have stocked plentifully, and the stalks of great part appeared of the natural colour, unaffected by the weather; whilst a great part exhibited evident proofs of the affection of blight upon the stalks and chaff of the ears, which may be, fortunately, only skin-deep, not reaching the grain, so as to have any decided ill effect. Some degree of injury must nevertheless be sustained, and particularly by the straw, which being discoloured and rusted, can never be equally good food for cattle, as in its natural state. They write from Suffolk and the eastern counties, that wheat-straw is generally much spotted, and the ear also affected by blight. We saw no signs of smut, though that foul vegetable disease is announced from several quarters, and has appeared in some, during the last three or four unfriendly seasons. The harvest will not be early, which might fortunately have been the case, had there been a continuance of genial solar heat, unchecked, and unretarded by chilling and benumbing winds.

The spring crops, barley, oats, and tares, with few exceptions, are expected to produce a full average. Beans and peas, as more exposed to the effects of the seasons and the depredations of insects, are necessarily more uncertain crops; on some soils they are much injured, on others, give promise of a fair acreable produce. The crop of grasses, both natural and artificial, excepting on poor, cold, or worn-out soils, is universally great, uncommon; and a more successful hay-harvest has not been experienced during the last thirty or forty years. A complaint, however, which we never heard of before, has issued from several western counties, namely, that the sainfoin stalks were found spotted by the evil influence of the weather and the seed blighted; in consequence, its worth as cattle food must become considerably diminished; a serious loss in those districts where that grass is so generally in use and depended on. In proportion as the grass crop has been abundant, has that of turnips, Swedes and common, been the reverse, and to continue the analogy, a crop equally deficient has not been witnessed, perhaps, during the above period. Sowing and re-sowing has been practised everywhere to the third time, without success, for no sooner did the plants appear above the surface of the earth, than the blasting air devoured them. This general dilemma has set the wits of our sagacious corps of remedy-mongers to work, and all the infallible cures of past times, which never yet worked a cure within our knowledge, are periodically and occasionally re-introduced. One would suppose it must occur to these sages, after so long experience, that there can be only one remedy, which is to make interest in our favour with the prince of the air. The vast quantity of hay and the bulk of straw on the

best of our corn crops, must atone for the deficiency in that of turnips, to which we fear that of mangel wurtzel will not afford any very extraordinary aid, if we are to judge from its general early appearance; however, little or much of it will be highly acceptable in its season. The crop of hops, particularly in Kent and its vicinity, is nearly ruined, the vines are yet covered with vermin and filth. Bark is a declining trade from the proposed reduction of the duty on imports. Of fruits, our late letters are somewhat more favourable, chiefly as to the apples; but cherries are said to be very defective, though the metropolis experiences no want of them, the consumption, no doubt, having been diminished by a popular fear of the cholera.

Scotland—the Lothians, most productive in wheat, do not furnish a very promising account of that crop for the present season, but a more favourable one of the spring crops. The accounts from the northern parts, Perth in particular, are of a more favourable complexion. Fortunate Perth boasts of the prospect of a full average of all crops, and of very little damage from the wheat-fly. Turnips even, but partially injured; and of a stock of wheat in the farmers hands, adequate to the autumnal supply. From Cornwall, also, the accounts are nearly as favourable. The Scots, however, in general, are loud in their complaints of exorbitant rents. Letters from Wales are habitually filled with complaints. They seem not to entertain any very favourable expectations from their crops, and are generally dissatisfied with the prices obtained for their cattle, there being a strong Irish competition.

The prices of cattle, store and fat, have rather advanced since our last; of sheep more especially, and the purchasers of sucking lambs have given as high as a guinea each for them, taken from their dams. Pigs also have obtained an advance of price. Our farmers dislike the trouble of this breed, holding a very different opinion with those of former days, as to the profits of pig-breeding. We always found it profitable. As to horses, we can only repeat the lesson of years past—good, and especially capital ones, are so scarce in England, as to command any price.

In Suffolk and the bordering districts, they are miserably over-run with supernumerary labourers, and their poors' rates are enormous and ruinous; whilst in Cornwall, and the far western districts, all their labourers are employed. A most horrible account of long meditated INCENDIARISM has been lately published from Norfolk; the whole extensive premises destroyed, with a frightful and torturing death of animals, cows being found with their udders burnt off, and pigs and other animals with their eyes burnt out! Such a ghastly spectacle it is said, was never before witnessed. It is the general opinion that, the severe distress for money in the country, will compell the farmers to thresh and sell their wheat with all possible haste, when the price may be temporarily reduced below its fair level.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 0*d.*—Mutton, 3*s.* 8*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*—Lamb, 5*s.* 0*d.* to 5*s.* 4*d.*—Veal, 3*s.* 8*d.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*—Pork, 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* Dairy.—Rough fat, 2*s.* 6*d.*, per stone.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50*s.* to 75*s.*—Barley, 26*s.* to 36*s.*—Oats, 15*s.* to 26*s.*—London Loaf, 4lb. 10½*d.*—Hay, 55*s.* to 115*s.*—Clover, ditto, 80*s.* to 136*s.*—Straw, 36*s.* to 50*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 15*s.* 6*d.* to 22*s.* 6*d.*, per ton.

Middlesex, July 23*d.*

PRICES OF SHARES, *July* 28, *at the Office of* WOLFE, Brothers, *Stock and Share Brokers*, 23, *Change-alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, 239.—Ellesmere and Chester, 76.—Grand Junction, 232½.—Kennet and Avon, 25¾.—Leeds and Liverpool, 425.—Regent's, 17¼.—Rochdale, 81.—London Dock Stock, 64½.—St. Katharine's, 75½.—West India, 111.—Liverpool and Manchester Railway, 200.—Grand Junction Water Works, 51.—West Middlesex, 72.—Globe Insurance, 136.—Guardian, 26.—Hope, 5½.—Chartered Gas Light, 50½.—Imperial, 47¾.—Phœnix, ditto, 2½ pm.—Independent, 39½.—General United, 13 dis.—Canada Land Company, 49½.—Reversionary Interest, 110.

THE

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LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY W. LEWER, 4, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

RHYMING REVEL-ATIONS.

SURE never were seen such queer times, since the days of the wide world's creation,
Or statesmen found out that it took, *three* whole kingdoms to make us *one* nation:
Oh, Crowned Heads and Cabinet Chieftains! attend to this expostulation,
Ye HOLY ALLIES! whose decrees are "*all lies*" in the world's estimation,
Look round on the lands ye have blasted, ye despots! with dire desolation,
And take, as the righteous reward of your deeds, all mankind's execration!
Say, what—oh, ye right-divine ravagers! what is your dread consternation,
To see *your* hope of "settling all Europe" a bottle-of-smoke speculation?
The RUSSIANS may rush on to ruin, despite your curs'd confederation,
When ruthlessly dooming the POLES—land and lieges—to extermination;
Though the COUNTESS BRAZINSKI—kind soul!—in her great zeal for colonization,
Gives twelve thousand young girls to the CZAR, (says the Press) to promote population;
Though LORD DURHAM's endeavouring to lick the black bear into civilization,
Yet YOUNG NICK seems determined to rival t'other Nick in dark deeds of d——n.
That MACHIAVEL METTERNICH—matchless in diplomacy's dissimulation—
May soon find his match in the might he now destines to annihilation;
And Old FRANK, and his Diet of Donkeys—serf-sovereigns 'neath *his* domination,
Be transferred to the Diet of Worms by THE PEOPLE's inflamed indignation;
Whilst his proud PRUSSIAN puppet may prove Prussic acid, in due moderation,
Less baneful to Princes than wrath of their subjects, by vile violation
Of promises, rashly provoked:—for 'tis shewn, plain as predestination,
That when asses ass-ociate in states, their ass-aults tend to ass-ass-ination.
Bluff BILLY of NASSAU may dream of prolonging his Dutch disputation,
And his broad-bottoms bully the Belgians, and block up the Scheldt navigation;
But he'll find, if by arms he'd avert that last act of his grace—abdication,
From the Flemings a Flemish account of his armament's anticipation,
Let not LEOPOLD, lion-skinned king—absorbed in his queen's admiration—
By the marital rites be allured from the monarch's more martial vocation;
But think upon sinewy Sampson, whose strength, by perfidious prostration,
Was by Dalilah shorn from his brow—and beware of such effemination:
Beware too of dandy diplomatists—doodles too fond of dictation—
And beware, above all, of DER WEYER—who's a noodle at negociation.
As for FRANCE and her freedom, a farce is that phantasy's fine fascination,
And "the King of the French," a flushed fool—a mere scape-goat in sovereign station.
Oh, FRANCE! it requires of thy sons and thy state little consideration,
To warrant, with soothsayer's skill, this political prognostication:—
"LOUIS PHILIPPE the First, will be *last* of the Bourbonite abomination;"—
One philippic would fillip him off—bag and baggage—in expatriation.
Say SPAIN! when shall EUROPE be roused by the wrath of thy regeneration?
And the world that has witnessed thy wrongs, wond'ring, witness thy retaliation?
Say, when shall thy spirit, RIEGO! behold with sublime exultation,
The land of thy love raise her brow from the trammels of such subjugation?
And PORTUGAL! when shall the tyrant, whose heartless and foul usurpation
Seized thy sceptre, thy crown, and thy throne, and doomed thee to dread devastation;
Say, when shall the tyrant be hurled to *his* doom, 'midst the loud imprecation
Of the brave and the free?—and all earth hail with triumph thy redintegration!

PETER SCHLEMIHL.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

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THE LATE SESSION.

PARLIAMENT is at length up,—and, as we are inclined to waive the consideration of past evils, inseparable from the House of Commons, as of late composed—in the hope and assurance of coming benefit, we shall take but little space to descant on the errors, both of judgment and principle, which, to the last day of the sessions, distinguished its deliberations. The sessions has given to us the one great measure; but, with singular unity of purpose, maintained, to its closing hour, the character which had rendered the passing of that measure most imperative. The people were united for reform—the invincible front, which, on the breaking up of Earl Grey's cabinet, they opposed to the exulting faction, displayed the stern will of the country, its determination, at any risk, to obtain the means of honest government. The people received the Reform Bill; and that great achievement done, the House of Commons became, for all public benefit, null and void: the dissolution had really taken place, and we look in vain for any subsequent act in any way worthy of the spirit and purpose in which the House had assembled. It seemed as if the passing of the one great measure had exhausted all the patriotism, the great Roman virtue, directing the votes of the reformers. The majority of the House having done one good act, seemed startled at the encroachment on time-hallowed custom, and on the instant, returned to its old pleasant ways. Thus we had the ready vote for any proposition of our pence-sowing ministry—the same acquiescence and dispatch in the disposal of the public money—the same listlessness to motions for the protection of the many, against the selfish tyranny of the few, which, in the good old times of Tory ascendancy, marked and characterised their House: for, until the passing of the Reform Bill, it was in vain to call it the House of the People, but the House of the Minister—no matter of what party or complexion that minister might be. "I want not advice," Mr. Canning was used to cry; "I want tools." In the House of Commons they were to be had of every kind, and for any purpose. These times are, however, gone; and the Prime Minister of England may, in future, have a chance of uniting the functions of a politician with the purposes of an honest man: before he was but a state juggler, with knaves and fools for balls, and the people for his dupes; their eyes were dazzled, and their senses confounded, whilst the political *Nyms*, with a "short knife," cut pockets.

The King's speech was worthy of the general tenor of the sessions. It has been held, that speech was given to man, that he might hide his thoughts. The bold theory is strikingly illustrated in the parliamentary speeches of kings, and most felicitously in the late oration of his Majesty. It would be difficult to arrange so many words, with such admi-

rable independence of each other. The ingenious Mr. Thomas Brown's *Declamation of Adverbs,* is the strongest instance in our recollection of kindred excellence, though in a remote degree.

As, at the time we write, the elements of the new parliament are at work, we cannot forego the opportunity of again impressing on electors the vital necessity of exercising their privilege with a bold and determined endeavour to return men animated with the true spirit of the times; men who, looking neither to the right nor left, with no temporizing timidity, no reverence for wrong, because invested with the halo of antiquity, will go sternly to the good work. The English character is so peculiarly fitted for the task, that if the elector act but wisely and honestly in his selection—if he but arm himself with the finely-tempered weapons which will be offered for his choice—we may expect measures which, in one session, shall prove the substantial blessings of Reform; blessings that shall be felt in the dwelling of the artisan—in the cottage of the peasant. If, however, the elector shrink from his high responsibility, if he be found wanting in public virtue and in personal honesty, the Tories have lost nothing by the great measure, the Reform Bill is not a two-edged sword to hew off the hydra-heads of corruption, but a dagger of lath.

The public mind has been roused from the legarthy which it was too long the iniquitous policy of a heartless and extravagant government to cast upon it. We are on the threshold of great events, and the new Reform Parliament is either destined to be a mighty engine in the great political drama that is opening upon us, conducing by sober, yet determined means, to the amelioration of our social state; or failing to do so, a mockery and a by-word. The next Parliament must take heed how it tampers with the hopes of an expecting people. If properly elected, the members will enter on their functions with a higher purpose, a nobler aim, than has for nearly two centuries past dignified the meeting of the nation's representatives. Hitherto, the legislature has been too apt to look upon the great mass of the people as so many counters, things to be played with, objects to mark a gain or loss. The increased and increasing intelligence—for thought is now flowing through thousands and tens of thousands of arteries, from the extremest parts of the kingdom—will demand that the politician shall shake hands with the philanthropist. The people now ask—and the cry is every day getting stronger and more imperative—a legislature which shall cast away its heart of stone, and take a heart of flesh. The inequalities of fortune must no longer be rendered more irritating by a supercilious contempt of those placed "in the lowest round;" the poor man is daily becoming more strongly impressed with the moral consciousness of his natural greatness, and he will not cease to enforce a consideration and remedy of his wants, as far as they are rendered grievous by the design or apathy of the government. The legislature will either gain strength and respect, or fall into fearful contempt, in proportion as it exhibits its sympathies, or its indifference of the moral and physical condition of the great mass—the poor; who will cease to be held as insignificant as they cease to be ignorant.

The Reform Bill is now the law of the land. There are great materials abroad for the composition of a new Parliament. If fools and knaves take the place of wise and honest men, let the elector answer for the usurpation.

THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

"Non sum qualis eram."

On two former occasions we endeavoured to impress upon the readers of this publication, the outlines of what we believe to be the true theory of the prevailing dissatisfaction of the nation with its aristocracy. We endeavoured to trace the *comparative* insignificance of modern nobility, to its origin amongst the principles of abstract and universal truth: to show that the pretensions of our wealthy and titled fellow countrymen to direct the national mind, and controul the national energies are become inadmissable, not so much because of any incomptency on their part, only of late discovered; as, because, since the first institution of nobility, the relation between it and the rest of society has been continually changing its character; because this change is a necessary consequence of the progress of civilization, and, therefore, to be acquiesced in as the ordination of Providence; and because this charge has now in our country reached a crisis, at which the *old ascendancy* of a nobility is become positively and insufferably mischievous, a crisis, when we are no longer at liberty to indulge noble lords, from a sentiment of refined humanity, in the belief that they are of *vital* importance to us; but are called upon, in the discharge of our duty to humanity in general, and our own country in particular, to let them know, that we are conscious of the elevation to which time and circumstances have raised us; that we cannot, and therefore do not regard them with the same degree of respect, with which our ancestors could and did regard them.

Our chief objects, in the articles alluded to, were to vindicate the *thorough* reform party from the charge of wanton and impatient interference with existing politics, by pointing out the *purely providential incompatibility* of the old claims of one class of society, with the new acquirements of the rest of it; and to lend our little aid in recommending, in common fairness to lords themselves, the positive duty, in the middle ranks, of indicating to great men and their abettors, by a diminished subserviency in the intercourse of private life, the great truth of their diminished importance.

No doubt, one of the lordly party would consider us to have written with the sole intention of exasperating the popular party against them. From what we observe of these high and mighty persons, nothing less than downright approval and partizanship will satisfy them; their motto seems to be, "He who is not for us is against us." Least of all can they stomach the deliberate insolence of affecting to oppose them on philosophical and moral grounds, and with the method and tone of dispassionate argument. We are quite sure there are not many aristocrats, who would not rather excuse a ruffian for half fracturing their skulls with a brick-bat, merely because they were called lord, than they would forgive such as ourselves, for maintaining that other men are, now a-days, more like lords than they used to be; and that it would be better for lords, if they would open their eyes to, and candidly admit the fact.

Be this as it may, however, we certainly had no wish to add to the

popular excitement of the day against aristocratic men and measures. Deliberately attached to the reform party, and bent upon radical reform, wherever we think radical reform necessary, it does not follow, that we should be bitter haters of any set of our fellow-countrymen. We do not set ourselves to the task of preaching forbearance and moderation to the hostile parties, not because we do not love forbearance and moderation, but because we think the crisis has arrived when it would be as impossible to rectify our political errors without force and angry contention, as it would be to purge the natural atmosphere without the violent and partially destructive collision of its antagonistic elements. But we feel assured that reflecting readers will recognise a spirit of humanity in our mode of advocating the popular cause; that they will give us credit for aiming at the *suaviter in modo*, though the serious importance of the interests at stake oblige us to maintain the *fortiter in re*. For what is the chief feature in our view of the question at issue between the hostile parties? Is it not, that in great measure neither is to blame; the one being *fortified in maintaining error* by the powerful influence of custom and prescription, and factitious right; the other impelled to the acquisition of truth by the irrepressible energies of our natural constitution. We have, in fact, by referring the altered relation of the few to the many to an acknowledged law of natural truth, taken the contest, in some degree, out of the hands of the belligerents. The legitimate inference from our argument is, that neither party should resort to extreme measures of hostility, since the one, strive as it will, cannot maintain its position; while the other, if it only keep up a good look out, and unity amongst its members, must, at no very distant period, possess itself of all the advantages it could gain by the most offensive system of warfare.

We are very far, indeed, from a feeling of exultation over lords, because we know the importance of *mere* lordliness to be going, going, going, and that, if they do not take care, it will, ere many years have elapsed, be altogether gone. We speak the truth sincerely when we say, we wish we could save our noble brethren the mortification of this decline and fall, at an expense less serious to the community, including lords themselves, than must attend the maintenance of their empire in unimpaired splendour and exaltation. But we dare not swerve from our allegiance to a wise and beneficent providence, so as to move even a finger in support of that, which we feel convinced is destined to decline, if not utter extinction, ere the final stage of this world's moral progression, shall have been reached. Were it not for this paramount conviction, having no personal pique with nobles, having never been ill-treated by one of the order, but, on the contrary, well—making all allowances for the moral disadvantage under which, through circumstances, noblemen labour, our charity, we think, is almost great enough to wish that lords might be indulged in their own estimate of their inherent superiority, and the possession, to boot, of all the privileges of power and profit hitherto allowed them.

It is not because we love lords, as lords, the less, but because we love them as men the more, that we cannot forbear from feeling ourselves, and trying to make others feel so too, how baseless, how ruinous, how rapidly hastening to destined decay is the *old fabric* of nobility! We know that lords must continue to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, if lordly consequence be kept up at its present

height. We know that our titled brethren cannot become greater as men, till they have been made less as lords; and, deeming God's creation of manhood preferable to man's institution of peerage, we sum up against suffering lords to remain any longer grovelling in lordliness. In mere brotherly love we feel bound not to be deterred by the fear of seeming rude and uncharitable, from shouting aloud into the lordly ear, "Common men are now at least even with you in the race of humanity; unless you promptly shoot a-head in morals and intellect, nothing can save you from eventual degradation and contempt."

And let not lords think to shelter theselves behind the imaginary shield of what is called "The Constitution." The spirit of the Constitution, whatever its letter may here and there express to the contrary, did not contemplate the absolute co-endurance of lordliness with the soil and climate and population of England. The Constitution merely converted an institution which it found already in existence, to the seeming wants and views of the existing society. We interpret the Constitution to mean Bonum Publicum, and nothing else; and have therefore no serious fault to find with the Constitution; but, if this were not the case, why should we hesitate to set aside the Constitution, as well as any other arrangements of preceding ages? If the Constitution insisted upon our propping up, and fostering nobility, in opposition to the current experience and judgment of the day, we should be apt to sum up against the provisions of the Constitution in the words of Samuel Johnson.—"Nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little: the bramble may be placed in a hot bed, but can never be forced into an oak."

We have on a former occasion, asserted that the depreciation of nobility could not be arrested through the increase of religious sentiment resulting from enlarged popular intelligence; because it is impossible for a reader of the bible not to be impressed by the contemptuous terms in which it speaks of the grandeur and luxury of the world; of all in fact, which it is the object of nobility, as at present constituted, to foster and maintain. It may help to strengthen our present argument, if we here dwell a little upon the similar unfriendliness to nobility of our Constitutional records, when interpreted by an adequate intelligence.

The Constitutional power of the House of Lords in theory, amounts to the domination over England of a lordly family; nor do we deem it at all absurd to differ *in theory* to the wishes and opinions of such a body of wealthy and distinguished men, (we do not mean morally distinguished, but as having been marked out for honour by society) as constitutes the House of Lords. We believe that great good results to society at large from the existence of classes and offices of honour, from which none are by *caste* excluded. One of the prime blessings of life, a system of general urbanity, and respect for the *feelings*, as well as the *rights* of others, seems to us to be unattainable in the present condition of the world without such classes and offices. Thus the Constitutional privileges of the House of Lords are, when rightly interpreted, useful to us all. *They are to be considered as a political compliment conceded by those who are aiming at wealth and honour to those who have already attained them.* But the Constitutional records establish also, positively and carefully, privileges for the people; and the downright incompatibility of the two classes of

privileges with each other, render Constitutional law quite unintelligible; but through the help of some comprehensive principle of interpretation to be acquired only by a thorough intelligence of its spirit Our own thorough conviction has always been, that no one is competent to interpret our Constitutional law who does not recognise its pervading and dominant spirit to be the very same which is embodied in that modern sentiment, so unacceptable to Tory ears, "The greatest good of the greatest number." We appeal to common sense and candour, whether the following quotation from a speech of Burke's on the Regency Bill, in 1789, (we quote from the *Times* of the 29th of May last) is not in entire accordance with this our own opinion; and whether it does directly support also the argument, that *noblemen are not of half so much consequence to us as they think they are.*

"He," Mr. Burke, "severely repropated the idea of restricting the regent from creating peers, as likely to be attended with the most dangerous consequences. To shut the House of Lords," he said, "was to ruin the people. The people possessed the power of controlling the Commons by their influence over their representatives: they had also the power of controlling the crown; because, if the crown should refuse to listen to their just demands, their representatives had the means of compelling it to attend to them by refusing the supplies. The crown had the power of controlling the peers by adding to them a sufficient number of new members to break any faction they might attempt to form. Thus *the people, according to the general principles of the Constitution, possessed that controul, which they ought to possess, over the whole legislature. They could controul their own representatives in the first instance; by means of their representatives they could controul the crown, and through the crown the House of Lords;* but if the crown was deprived of the power of controlling the House of Lords, by overruling any confederacy that might be formed there, the people would no longer have any means of restraining them; for they had no voice in electing peers, as they had in electing the House of Commons, and no means of redress would remain, but an absolute dissolution of government. If, therefore, they shut up the House of Peers, so that it could not again be opened, except by their own consent, they betrayed the dearest and most valuable rights of the people." If this reasoning be just, and we do not believe it is now by any party openly gainsayed, desperate indeed must be all aristocratic hopes of recovering the old importance of nobility, through an extended popular acquaintance with the principles of the Glorious Constitution!

Since then neither the dictates of *conscience,* nor the convictions of the *understanding,* nor the sentiment of *religion,* nor the spirit of *Constitutional provisions,* inculcate on *a priori* veneration for nobility, can it, as information spreads, maintain an inch of its ground on the pretence of *abstract rights,* or *indefeasible privileges?* Has it even the support of a reed to depend upon, beyond the opinion and good will of *society of the present day* (not that of past ages), to which Paley refers the foundation and maintenance of all civil authority?*

* Book 6. chap. II. "Civil authority is founded in opinion; general opinion ought therefore always to be treated with deference, and managed with delicacy and circumspection."

We have of late heard noble lords talking high about independance of debate; one of them especially, the Earl of Carnarvon, exhibited such extreme sensitiveness on this point, as to request the minister to get him formally un-lorded, in order that he might in the other house enjoy the privilege of independent debate as a British statesman. It concerns this nobleman, and all others to know, *that absolute independence, though it may do very well to talk about, is, in our country, quite impossible.* The presumed independence conferred by an hereditary place in the legislature is only a degree removed from that conferred by election. The controlling power of the king and the commons over the lords, proves this to be the spirit of the Constitution. *Noble lords, if they would preserve for any length of time a remnant of their dignity, must consider themselves virtually, though not nominally our representatives, as truly as the Commons,* they must arouse themselves from this dreaming about inviolable independence. They must henceforth be abundantly content with the great privilege of a seat in parliament without the trouble and expence of election. The honour thus conferred by a great and intelligent nation is surely as much as mortal men, such as modern lords are especially, ought to covet, independently of personal merit. With this honour and privilege our nobles *must henceforth be satisfied;* or we warn them, with a sincere wish for their welfare, that their consequence must and will be very soon indeed abridged to smaller dimensions than we ourselves desire it to be.

Most Englishmen are now aware that national affairs *could* be carried on without lordly intervention, and not a few have been absolutely forced into the suspicion that worse political alternatives are possible than the suppression of hereditary peerage. *We* are sincerely anxious, if possible, to save our noble brethren from *degradation,* though we are quite sure their *gradual depreciation* is inevitable. We would fain render the unavoidable equalization of the popular mind to the lordly one, and the consequent discontinuance in society of admiration at lordly peculiarities, as little mortifying as possible. We know there are many good, and many more improveable fellows amongst the lords. We know that from the number of noble families, and their long standing, there must be many thousands of our worthy fellow-countrymen closely connected with lords, and warmly interested in their welfare and reputation. We feel therefore it would be inhuman, not merely wantonly to insult them and triumph over them; but not also to try and save them from getting deeper into the mire than they already are. With this feeling we have endeavoured to propagate our own views of the providential depreciation of the English Nobility.

THE SORROWS OF IGNORANCE,

(A WAKING DREAM.)

"How are the mighty fallen!"

A FEW evenings after the English Reform Bill had received the royal assent, the close of a desultory walk brought me under the park wall, which is, I believe, all the masonry of which the ever memorable borough of Gatton has for many centuries been able to boast. The bats and owls —the only materials for a constituency that have existed there within the memory of man, hovered and hooted about me, as usual, in solitary places at twilight. The former were very numerous, and I fancied there was something of a slow solemnity in the manner in which they performed their blind evolutions, as if they sympathised with the sorrows of my Lord Monson. The owl, too, from the ivy-grown and gnarled trunks of the oaks and elms, seemed to scream more piteously than she was wont: it was impossible not to imagine that she, likewise, mourned the fate of the borough, and had the reforming ministry in her eye, as she complained to the moon which was then rising,

"Of such as wandering near her sacred bower
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

It was difficult, in such a spot, to avoid falling into reflections of a political nature; and it was no less difficult, at such an hour, to preserv those reflections in any thing like a regular logical order. The thought varied and flickered like the lights and shadows of the scenery th suggested them. Although I grow tired of my vain attempts to kee them in their ranks; and, suffering them to straggle as they please followed them wherever they chose to lead me, until the state of min itself altered, and I fell into that peculiar mode of thinking, which th French call *reverie*, and Locke, "dreaming with the eyes open."

This mental trance, if such it may be called, had continued not many moments, when the loud lamentations of a female voice pierced my ear, and turning about in the direction whence the sound came, I perceived under the shadow of one of the patrician trees, and seated on a moss-grown fragment of stone, which looked as if it had in Plantagenet or Tudor times been part of some human habitation, the form, or apparition of an aged woman in mourning weeds, wailing and wringing her hands, as under the pressure of some intolerable and gigantic sorrow. Her stature was more than the ordinary height of even the tallest of her sex; and her carriage, even in the abandonment of her distress, had a certain haughty air, which would have indicated a lady of the highest aristocracy, had it been possible, even in a dream, to imagine a Duchess Dowager in such a situation, at such an hour. Her features I was unable to read with any accuracy; as far, however, as the distance, the depth of the shadow, and the sable mantle which enveloped almost her whole person in its ample folds permitted me to judge, they were noble, if not royal. On the whole, but for a certain unearthliness which characterized the figure, one might have fancied it that of a lady who had borne a Duke of Newcastle, or an Earl of Lonsdale.

Deeply as I was affected with pity at the sight of a woman stricken

with such keen anguish, yet the reverence which grief ever inspires restrained me for some time from approaching, or inquiring of the majestic mourner what was the woe that overwhelmed her. At length I did so; and ventured also, mingling the tone of compassion with that of deference, to ask how she was named who sought companionship with the owls and bats of Gatton, and made the dilapidated walls and blasted oaks the confidants of her sorrows.

She replied, without deigning a look on the person that interrogated her, that her name was Ignorance, and that she was weeping for her children.

"Gloucester!" I exclaimed; "can it be that the royal Gloucester is no more? And Cumberland? is it possible that he too is lost to his country?"

"No," replied the figure; "Gloucester and Cumberland are yet spared me."

"Then," said I, "the lights of Goulburn and Herries are gone out, and England is dark indeed."

"You hit not my sorrow," was the answer.

"Alas! noble lady!" I then rejoined; "your loss is then truly heavy. May one who pities and respects your troubles presume to ask their amount?"

Instead of replying, she burst out into an uncontrollable flood of grief: her eyes were as fountains; she beat her breasts wildly, tore her hair, and wailed so loud that the screamings of the owls were no longer audible. The accents that escaped her were seldom articulate: it was only at intervals that I could gather from her outcries that the children of which she had been bereaved were the annihilated nomination boroughs.

"Gatton!" she cried, "where art thou? where art thou, Gatton? my prop and my pride, where art thou? Old Sarum! I ask for thee in vain. Where is my child?"

"An echo answered—where?"

She proceeded in the same strain of frantic grief, and called on her sweet Callington, her beauteous Boroughbridge, and all the little innocents in turn which the Herods of parliamentary reform had massacred in their indiscriminate fury against vested interests and existing institutions. It was impossible to avoid likening her to "Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not."

When the storm of tears and lamentations had a little subsided, I ventured again to address her.

"Be calm," I said, "august lady! think of the blessings you still enjoy; you have still a fair, a flourishing, and a numerous offspring. Think of the Church Establishment; think of six and twenty mitres in England, and twenty-two in Ireland."

I but touched another chord of her distress.

"Alas!" she made answer, "my bishops like my boroughs are devoted to destruction. Already is the bow bent and the arrow pointed. I am like Niobe; my children fall every where around me: I can mourn, but cannot save them."

"Reform," I rejoined, "is an insatiate archer; and there are few better marks than a portly prelate; but be not cast down, noble madam! recollect your deans and your archdeacons, your prebendaries and your canons; count the ranks of your rectors, and be comforted."

"Sorrow upon sorrow; woe upon woe. Hear I not an outcry against the bread they eat; are not pluralities openly denounced; are not sinecurists in ill odour; is not the name of churchman a reproach; and what be those sounds that are borne to my ear upon the west wind; is it not the clamour of the rebel Irish against the sacred tithe itself?"

I reminded her that Stanley was faithful to her cause, and informed her that a large military force was under orders for Ireland.

She heard of the troops with manifest pleasure; but I was surprised that she did not receive with the same satisfaction the mention of the Irish Secretary; and I ventured to ask her had she any cause to distrust his friendship?

It was easy to discover from her answer, that she much more loved than feared him. The chief cause of offence he had given her seemed to be the mutilation of the Bible, to which shocking atrocity he was a party. On this subject Ignorance dilated with becoming indignation; but nothing fell from her that I had not already heard either from Captain Gordon in the House of Commons, or the Earl of Roden in the House of Lords, to whom she had, of course, on the first agitation of the question, fully imparted her views.

She now relapsed again into the same ecstasy of grief in which I had first observed her. I was driven therefore to open new springs of consolation; I thought of the universities.

"Madam," I said, "Oxford is steady to your interests: its representatives prove it: Goulburn reflects your genius; Inglis is the symbol of your principles. Are not Inglis and Goulburn your children?"

"My womb bare them," she replied; "my breasts suckled them."

"Then, Lady!" I proceeded, "there is the University of Dublin; she that is called the 'Silent Sister;' she is devotedly, entirely yours."

Ignorance made no answer, but maternal pride glistened in her eye; she smiled in her tears, and I felt the full beauty of that exquisite line in Virgil,

"Latonæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus."

Perceiving that I had struck upon an agreeable strain, I led the unhappy lady to dwell upon it for some time, spoke to her of Stack's oratory, and called her attention to Dr. Prior's late phillipic at the Conservative Club. She was particularly gratified to hear that he had cited Aristotle in the original Greek; and she sighed as she recalled the good times ere the divine philosophy of the Stagirite was supplanted by the Bacons and the Newtons, and the other levellers and revolutionists of the republic of letters. I then talked to her of her Boyton, and this led to a conversation upon the society above alluded to. At first she spoke of it sanguinely, and seemed to entertain a hope that by its means her dominion might yet be restored in Ireland; but that dark delightful prospect dwelt on her mental retina but for an instant; she thought of the Brunswick Clubs, and demanded of me what had they availed her in the year 1829?

I was silent in my turn for I had nought to answer.

It was now evident to me that I had undertaken a task beyond my strength, in putting myself forward as the comforter of one whose bosom was surcharged with such various and mighty griefs. The ocean of her tears seemed to have no soundings. In every point of the compass she saw danger. In politics, in literature, in the arts and sciences, no matter where she turned her eyes, she saw the signs of tokens of her expiring dynasty. From the success of Don Pedro, to that of the Penny

Magazine, in every thing at home and abroad, she read some augury of her own ruin, and the advancement of her fell enemy, Knowledge.

In the tenderness of my nature, nevertheless, I made another effort.

"The Marquis of Londonderry," I said, "is great."

Again it was visible I had touched her. With a faint smile she replied—

"I know it."

"And so," I continued, "do my Lords Brougham and Plunket. How have I not seen them wince and tremble under the lash of his eloquence!"

"But they still live," she said with a sigh that shook her entire frame, "and are Lords Chancellors."

"Aye, madam," said I, "but shorn of their beams, and their glory withered. They stand on the floor of Parliament like two blasted pines: the next thunderbolt will shiver and lay them prostrate."

"My Londonderry," she cried, "my own Londonderry! His mother's spirit is upon him."

When I first alluded to Wellington and Peel she was sad; she had deceived them, she said, on the question of parliamentary reform, imparting to them her own delusion, that the rotten boroughs would last as long as the globe itself; and she now feared that they would withdraw their confidence from her, and desert her in her extreme need.

"Most high and puissant lady!" I replied, waxing bolder than I had yet been during this strange colloquy, "your alarms are groundless; you do your children a gross wrong. Fear not that they will ever dishonour or disobey you. The sons of Ignorance they are; the sons of Ignorance they will ever be: my life upon the stake! they will never leave you nor forsake you."

I then touched upon a recent pamphlet by the Duke of Newcastle; but out of the sweet she extracted bitter:—

"Woe is me!" she exclaimed, "when the proud peers of England write pamphlets."——

She paused for a moment, and then went on——

"It was not so in the times past. I recal the day——"

Here a flood of glorious recollections rushed upon her memory. She started up, and stood dilated into stature more than human; her voice was queenlike, and the waving of her arm shewed that she was wont to wield a sceptre. I stood before her shrunk and overawed, as if all the Norman blood in England was mingled together in her veins, or as if she united in her single person the majesties of the Guelph and the Bourbon.

She recalled the day when the Barons of England left the pen to the cloistered monk, and made their way to glory with the sword. It was not ink, in that day, that dabbled the hands of Dukes, but the red blood of Frenchmen or rebels. She recalled the times of the Johns and the Henrys. The field of Runnimede rushed upon her view; and her iron-clad sons, who conquered Magna Charta with their arms, but had not learning enough to subscribe it with their names, passed before her in beatific vision.

"Bright examples," she exclaimed, "of immaculate valour! Paragons of true nobility!"

Having reached this climax, transport bereaved her of utterance. I was then sufficiently self-possessed to take up the discourse; and I did so with some warmth, defending the coronet from the charge of dege-

neracy, and asking triumphantly whether Northumberland, Winchelsea, and Kenyon, to mention but three names out of three hundred, might not vie with the best Barons of Runnimede in inscrutable ignorance and character unimpeached of letters.

She nodded assent, and to press my advantage I alluded again to Londonderry: it was unfortunate.

She suddenly recollected that Holderness House had produced a book as well as Clumber Castle; and thus was new fuel thrown on the fire that consumed her.

"But," I exclaimed, "but, madam, nothing that the noble authors have written has aught impaired their fame. Had they written like Milton, their speeches and their politics, nay, their very faces would retrieve their reputations."

It was all in vain; she was inconsolable; the sorrow was rooted too deeply in her heart to be plucked away by any topic I had to urge. She saw in the fate of the rotten boroughs, which she figuratively, yet with propriety, called her children, the sure harbinger of the ruin that hung over herself. With the instinct of approaching dissolution, she seemed to look into futurity, and anticipate the hour when she should be forced to share the exile of her Bourbons at Holyrood, or the confinement of Prince Polignac in the castle of Ham.

I became now a mute observer of the grief for which it was now clear there was no balm in Gilead. The burthen of her complaint was still Gatton and Old Sarum. She called upon them as if they had tongues to answer her ravings: the only responses she received were from the birds of night, who screamed above and around her in hoarse chorus to her lamentations. Ever and anon she took a wider range, and poured forth a miscellany of sorrow that was enough to move the knotted oaks to pity; now deploring the influence of the press, now bewailing the effects of mechanics' institutes, now venting her indignation on the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, now calling on Croker and Southey to redouble their efforts to arrest the march of the human mind. Then she would invoke the Attorney-General, and demand why slept the Six Acts on the statute book. Sometimes her hopes seemed to center in the bench of Bishops, and she designated them her forlorn hope. Blomfield and Philpots she named individually, charging them to remember their pristine virtue, and the principles of their order. She burst forth then into a thousand blessings on the heads of Wynford and Ellenborough; and flying straight to the opposite pole, she anathematised Earl Grey, and hurled a fiercer malison than Lear's at the unfortunate Lord High Chancellor. Then succeeded a tender strain, and she wept over wounded Sugden, for none of her offspring were too small to elude her eye. The next—but it is in vain to think of cataloguing her woes; I could as easily count her tears as her grievances. She bewailed even the triumphs of gas, and watered the roads of Mac Adam with salt drops.

I was about to make a last effort, and suggest the possibility of a second Gothic irruption, when the full moon broke from out a dark cloud.

The spectre vanished with a wild scream, cursing the light.

When my amazement was subsided, I approached the place where she had been seated, and found that in her precipitate flight she had dropped her leaden tablets. I opened them, and perceived that they contained extracts from Mr. Goulburn's speeches, passages from Irving's sermons, and copious selections from Milman, Croly, and Wilson.

THE PRUSSIAN KING, HIS COURT AND KITCHEN.

[LETTER FROM BERLIN.]

Berlin, July, 1832.

I CANNOT conceive why you dun me so perseveringly for sketches of what is to be seen here—of the court, you say, and its eminent personages. How can that, which is dulness itself to behold, become entertaining upon the page? And yet since you *do* set me thinking upon the subject, the dull scene and the dull beings are curious enough—curious that twelve millions of subjects should look up to such a centre of government and influence, and that such a centre should not be more worthy of the epoch and of Germany.

The King of Prussia himself, is just what you saw him at Paris and London; good, simple, honest, strict in his morals and in his ideas of honour, economical in his expenditure, and generous at times—just when and where it is required. He likes his old generals, the sufferers or the heroes of his campaigns, and none can vie with them in his favour. Frederic is the most indolent-minded, active-bodied man in the world—the character, say you, of a million of country squires—true, and a good country squire the monarch would have been. A never-failing attendant would he have been to hound and horse, for to no other excitement does he seem so much alive as to that of quick locomotion. But I was speaking of his mind. It is like the Prussian soil, bleak, barren, and little capable of cultivation, bearing little in the shape of root or fruit—nought, indeed, save here and there some sturdy fig-trees, finding the firmest root, like prejudices, in the shallowest crevice. He has few ideas, but those are fixed ones; and to these, as principles, all his acts are referred.

The routine of his day spent, is, perhaps, the best portraiture of Frederic's character. He sleeps in summer at Potsdam; in winter at Charlottenberg. I will not say, he dwells, for as the greater part of his time is spent on the road between those palaces and his capital, he lives more on the high road than any where else. Potsdam is six leagues from Berlin; Charlottenberg two. And yet he will always make two journeys in the day, from the former place twice during the day, and, perhaps, four or five from the latter. Two hours of the morning are always devoted to his ministers, who are stationary in the capital, and he never fails to come in for these two hours. Then he returns. And then comes back again to Berlin in the day, to go about the town, attend parades, reviews, inspections—and then be off again for Potsdam in the evening.

One of his singularities is, that his entire family follow him in this eternal succession of comings and goings. Princes, princesses, chamberlains all form a *queue* after him, the old dowagers and the young children not excepted. It would be the highest affront for one of the family to remain behind; and even the princesses, in an inconvenient stage of pregnancy, are not exempted. What is still more odd, the entire culinary establishment of the monarch follows himself in the day backwards and forwards. The court kitchen is on wheels; cooks and saucepans, fires and spits are whirled along in rapid accompaniment to majesty; and the king's dinner roasts in close attendance upon him. Wherever, therefore, hunger overtakes him, food is ready. At

Potsdam, Charlottenberg, or Berlin, the word dinner instantly produces it. And the plan has this advantage, that in case of war breaking out, the king's kitchen and its inhabitants are so trained, that a campaign need not derange or diminish a dish of the king's table. Frederic, himself, frequents the theatre in the evening. He stays but a very short time—never more than two hours,—without the variety of a gallop either on horseback or in caleche, it being impossible for him to spend more in one place. Yet, even whilst at the theatre, tea and cakes make their appearance in the royal box. And supper awaits him at Charlottenberg. I should say that it awaits him at the theatre door, for there stands and smokes his supper and his kitchen, enclosed in an ample *berline*, ready to accompany him back to be served on his arrival.

The Prince Royal promises better than this, notwithstanding his increasing corpulency. He has read, and is erudite, having been educated by certainly a first-rate preceptor, Ancillon. This preceptor the prince has not long since succeeded in advancing to the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs at Berlin. The prince was said to have had little influence, until this appointment came to contradict such reports. They were generated by his indolence, which may be argued more from his dress and habits, than from his mind. He admires Russia and war, it is said, and laughs at the absurdity of representative governments, and regards a monarch but in the light of a generalissimo.

There are really but two distinguished men at the Prussian court, now that Hardenberg has retired. These are Ancillon and Humboldt. The former is a Frenchman of the old school, but with the German grafted on him. Full of information and instruction, for he re-educated himself to be a preceptor, he is more of the pedant than the courtier. He has continued to set despotism to the tune of Plato, that is, establishes its necessity and virtue upon mystical and transcendental principles, and makes a religion thereof. Hence he is venerated as a prophet, or as a kind of high priest of royalty and aristocracy.

When Humboldt appears, however, Ancillon is dumb. Who, indeed, would not be dumb before Humboldt? that eternal talker, that living fountain of all tongues and all ideas, the most fluent utterer on earth? The Prussian court, silent and dull, has given him the habit of this. It drinks in his words with delight too pleasing to interrupt.

"What was your conversation after dinner, at Potsdam?" was asked of a certain frequenter of this high circle.

"Oh! a soliloquy of Monsieur De Humboldt;" was the reply.

Frederick considers Humboldt as a general officer, a hero; such glory does he reflect upon Prussia. He feels his royal self illustrated by the connection, and rendered resplendant by the halo of Humboldt's name. He has at least the merit of so much discernment. And Humboldt pays for his consideration by amusing and instructing court and king. He is their gazette, their jester—like one of Shakspeare's fools, his folly being all sheer wit. He is to Frederick's intellect what the trunk is to the elephant's head, the great feeler, conductor, masticator. Frederick, when free to converse, has taste, science, judgment, anecdote, and a stranger would say, he had *esprit*. But it is all Humboldt's.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

1.—The Speeches of the Marquis of Londonderry in the House of Lords, with a preliminary dissertation on the revival of Demosthenic oratory.

"Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne."

'Posterity will resort to this work as to a fountain of the edivinest eloquence and the soundest wisdom.'—*Morning Post.*

'We envy the editor of this collection the honour of the task he has so ably performed. An orator, a statesman, a philosopher, Lord Londonderry has a triple title to immortality.'—*Quarterly Review.*

'When the eyes of the British public shall have been opened to the intrinsic littleness and false brilliancy of such men as Brougham, Grey, and Plunket, the nobleman whose mighty efforts in rhetoric are here collected will be the idol of his country.'—*Blackwood.*

'The Marquis has a master-mind.'—*Lady's Magazine.*

2.—Consolations of a Lawyer, or, Beauties of Tidd's Practice. By Sir E. B. Sugden, M. P.

"Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo."

'Long a desideratum in our literature.'—*Law Magazine.*

'Tidd is a master of the English tongue. His style has, perhaps, never been equalled except by the author of the work before us."—*Legal Examiner.*

'We are no longer at a loss to discover the source of the peculiar gracefulness of Sir Edward's parliamentary style. He is deeply imbued with Tidd.'—*Standard.*

3.—Pleasures of Push-pin, a poem in three cantos. By a retired Tory statesman.

'A deep draught of Helicon.'—*St. James's Chronicle.*

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'Uninfluenced by party-spirit, we pronounce this to be the noblest poem in the language.'—*Age.*

'Nobody but Lord Francis Leveson Gower could have sung thus.'—*Quarterly Review.*

4.—Corderii Opera Omnia quæ Supersunt. Edited by Dr. Blomfield, Lord Bishop of London, Rector of Bishopsgate Without, &c. &c. &c.

The text is founded on an examination of at least one thousand MSS. readings. The variations of Dindorff, Schweighœuser, Cruginus, and the learned Poppo, are given at the bottom of each page; and an appendix is subjoined on the disputed semicolon in the third dialogue. The editor trusts he has succeeded to some extent in throwing light upon that vitally important and too long neglected point. If so, he will not consider the labour of many years misplaced or unrewarded.

'Who will say, after this great work, that church preferments are distributed without regard to merit?'—*Standard.*

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'The talents of Dr. Blomfield are as conspicuous in the Latin as in the Greek tongue. We think he has settled the semicolon question most satisfactorily. Long may the church be adorned with men, who, to the loftiest genius unite the rare merit of directing it to such practically useful objects.'—*British Critic.*

'Let Dr. Whately peruse this work, (if, indeed, he is capable of appreciating it,) and learn what are the pursuits which become a truly wise man and truly christian prelate.'—*Church of Ireland Magazine.*

5.—AN ESSAY ON THE MORAL DIGNITY OF MAN. By the RT. HON. J. W. CROKER, M. P.

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'The stern and lofty ethics of the writer pervade this volume. No man but Mr. Croker is intimate enough with virtue to delineate her so vividly.'—*Quarterly Review.*

6.—THE THEORY OF THE MOMENTS OF INERTIA. By a Fellow of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford. Dedicated by permission, to the RIGHT HON. HENRY GOULBURN, M. P.

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'We are no mathematicians, but we do not hesitate to pronounce the work before us to be the ablest scientific publication that has appeared since Newton.'—*Age.*

7.—MALTHUS DEMOLISHED. By M. T. SADLER, Esq. M. P. Inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle.

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'The production of one who hungers and thirsts after righteousness—a man after our own heart.'—*John Bull.*

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10.—THE HUMANITY OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS ASSERTED. By Sir R. H. INGLIS, M. P.

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11.—REMARKS ON THE MILDNESS AND SALUBRITY OF SIBERIAN WINTERS. By the same author.

'We have long been mistaken as to the climate of Siberia.'—*Morning Post.*

12.—THE HUNTSMAN'S MANUAL. By a Dignitary of the Established Church. Dedicated to the Clergy of Breakneckshire.

'We should have recognized the churchman, though the title-page had been silent.'—*Sporting Magazine.*

'Worthy of the best days of the church.'—*British Critic.*

'The revered author is a Nimrod of the first water. He is galloping hard for a mitre; but, alas, for true merit! he would do better, in these reforming days, to compose sermons.'—*Standard.*

'We blush not to say, we like a parson all the better for being the keenest sportsman in the parish.'—*Age.*

13.—DISCOURSES ON THE APOSTOLIC CHARACTER, particularly on the Virtues of Truth, Meekness, and Charity. By the LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

'The good prelate has but pourtrayed himself.'—*Standard.*

'Dr. Philpots is the Leighton of our times.'—*St. James's Chronicle.*

'We have been chiefly captivated by the mortified and self-denying spirit in which these sermons have been composed. It is a reflection from the life of the writer.'—*Age.*

'A living evidence of the truths he teaches.'—*Blackwood.*

'Dr. Philpots is a bishop indeed.'—*Dublin Christian Examiner.*

14.—IMPORTANCE OF A BIBLE EDUCATION. By ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

'In war, politics, and theology, his Grace is equally distinguished: the first captain, the ablest statesman, the best Christian of his age.'—*Morning Post.*

'So much gallantry was never before united with so much piety. Is it too late for the Duke to take holy orders?'—*Age.*

'His Grace is, we suspect, obliged to H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland for much of the evangelic spirit of this inimitable pamphlet.'—*John Bull.*

15.—O'CONNELL CONVICTED OF AGITATION. By the Right Hon. HENRY GOULBURN.

'A sagacious pamphlet.'—*Standard.*

'The Liberator is at length unmasked.'—*St. James's Chronicle.*

16.—REMARKS ON THE LAW OF TREASON. By a Peer of the Realm.

'The Lord Chancellor is said to be the author of this work; but it is more charitable, as well as correct, to ascribe it to an illustrious and gallant Duke.'—*Standard.*

'If Lord Brougham is the writer, we repent all the abuse we have for years been loading him with.'—*Morning Post.*

'Brougham is too great a man not to be a Tory.'—*Age.*

17.—THE APOSTOLIC PURITY OF THE IRISH CHURCH ASSERTED. By the Very Reverend JOHN POOR BERESFORD, Dean of Limerick; Archdeacon of Coleraine; Rector of the united parishes of Ballywhitefoot, Kilproctor, Knockconstable, and Carrickmacriot, in the diocese of Kilmore; and of Derrygates and Orangemore, in the diocese of Armagh; also Prebendary of the Cathedral of St. Mark's, Galway; Vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda; a Canon of Christ's Church, Dublin; one of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant's domestic Chaplains; Surrogate of the diocese of Cashel, &c. &c. &c.

'——— yet the people of Ireland dislike the Established Church.'—*Christian Examiner.*

'We trust the heads of the church will reward so able a writer as he deserves.'—*Church Advocate.*

'A mitre is the only recompense we can think of for the author.'—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

'Pluralities, in the odious sense, appear, from this work, to be unknown in Ireland.'—*Standard.*

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY *OWN* INKSTAND.

Dear stream, that from thy sable source
Hast rolled thy golden sands to me;
Let me retrace thy mazy course,
Since first, my friend, I sailed with thee!

Since, rapt by Little's glowing verse,
The young idea, taught to shoot,
Expanded to a second curse,
By plucking that forbidden fruit.

You taught me, when the world forsook
My softer strain, the next to try;
From Melodies to Lalla Rookh,
From smart lampoon to naked lie.

Alike on beautiful and vile,
Thy influence would itself disclose;
As oft, they say, the sunbeams smile
Alike on nightshade and on rose.

You taught my quill the language fit,
When first biography I penned;
To sneer at Richard Brinsley's wit,
With the cool candour of a friend.

To doubt, when aught demanded praise—
To damn, when frailty's voice implored—
For gold the newly dead to raise,
As delving misers seek their hoard.

You shewed the way, with glittering bait,
Murray with smiling face to draw;
Till, brooding o'er my quarto's weight,
Down fell the hapless victim's jaw.

So, into old Trophonius' cave,
Who e'er stept in with joyous feet,
Came hobbling out, with looks as grave,
As Rogers in a winding-sheet.

You give the inspiration due
For gay to-morrow's festive throng;
The ready jest I owe to you,
That slides impromptu from the tongue

You teach my lyre the various string,
For lordly or plebeian ear;
For prisoned friends you find the sting,
And fulsome spittle for the peer.

And wilt thou, as from earliest youth,
My wants, my wishes, still supply;
Make all that I assume, seem truth—
My native meanness, seem a lie?

Thou wilt;—then stand thou always here,
For we, dear friend, must never part;
Even so the salt-box, ever near,
Betrays the merry-andrew's art.

August, 1832.

MAJOR WYNDHAM AND THE CAT.

Let not our military readers alarm themselves. Let them not suppose, because our opinions may not accord with theirs, on the legal authority with which a secret council of officers are invested, to inflict a given number of stripes on the back of the soldier or sailor, (for our remarks apply equally to both services), that therefore we are averse to wholesome and strict discipline; or that we wish to introduce into our army or navy a relaxation of authority. We hold it to be a maxim, incapable of refutation, that, in any country, be the civil and political form of its government, or the method of its application, despotic or limited, there can be no effective discipline, either in army or navy, unless such a strict and well-distributed authority be maintained, as will prevent the possibility of any flagrant act of insubordination escaping the infliction of due and impartial punishment.

As regards the soldier or sailor, of Great Britain especially, he ought thoroughly to understand, when he enters the profession of arms, that, inasmuch as he from that moment becomes exempt from many of the offices and duties to which, had he continued a civilian, he would have remained liable, he at the same time takes upon himself the performance of other duties, which, although they do not by any means deprive him of the rights and privileges of a citizen, in the aggregate, are yet, when considered as those of a separate profession, subject, *quoad hoc*, to separate laws. Nor is his case a singular one: for what we say will be found equally true as to other professions and occupations. The statesman, the lawyer, the divine, the physician, when entering on the important duties of his profession, will find himself subject to a variety of conventional rules, obedience to which he will be bound to observe; while yet, if at any time the administration, the body corporate, or the college, of which he may form a member, should attempt, under cover of certain chartered or conceived privileges or immunities, to exercise over him any more than a necessary and equitable authority, he will discover that he has an appeal to the laws, of right and wrong amongst his fellow creatures, who will not fail to examine his complaint, and see that he lacketh not the application of the remedy to which, in such case, he is doubtless entitled.

Thus, although exclusive rules become the first, and the firmest bonds of union in any brotherhood, and naturally lead to various other regulations founded upon them, for the furtherance of unity, order, and energy of proceeding; yet do not such rules by any means preclude the application of those more extended principles of government, which apply to the nation at large. Conventional regulations tend, therefore, only to the support and authority of that particular body from which they emanate; which latter, in a free country like ours, must not seek to extend its rule over such a surface, or in such a degree, as must naturally awaken the jealousy of general municipal law, to the true spirit of which such regulations must ever conform. In this sense, the law military must be considered as a part and parcel of the law of the land, rather than as an obligation binding upon any particular body; inasmuch as, supposing any pressing emergency to arise, every British subject is liable to be called upon, not only in defence of the country, in the case

of invasion, but in furtherance of any military project which may be ordered by a government duly chosen by the people. But the British army must never forget, that their paramount and most sacred duties are those of *citizens;* and that no enlistment, no oath, no obligation, however solemn, can release them from the duty they owe to the civil laws. Let them but keep this truth in mind, and they may rest assured that military tyranny can never be stretched to that length which would deprive them of the original rights they possessed before they became soldiers, as the birth-right of the free-born. Nevertheless, unfortunately, the people of England, both civil and military, from ill-founded notions, have been led to suppose that the service of war takes a man out of the pale of the common law; that it frees him from civil obligations and restraint, substituting other regulations for his conduct:—that it makes him a new man;—in short, that (like the monks of old, when taking their vows) he is to be considered, when devoting himself to war, as dead to all civil purposes, and born again, as it were, by military baptism.

Herein has been the great error, against which we have hitherto knocked our unconscious heads, whenever military thoughts have been obtruded upon our commercial minds. Owing to this fallacious view of the question, (a view which has been fostered and encouraged on every possible occasion by the generality of commissioned officers,) many instances of wrong and oppression that have taken place in the army and navy, and to which the public attention has scarcely been called, have passed over without examination—nay, almost without a thought, on the part of the people—and wherein tyranny has consequently escaped obloquy and punishment: and, what is worse, wherein innocent and brave men have been branded with the stain of *mutiny*—that word of awful sound to military ears—degraded, flogged, or rather flayed, almost to death's door, and ignominiously pronounced incapable of again serving their country.

The reader is already aware, that Alexander Somerville, a private in the regiment of Scots Greys, was lately arraigned on a charge of disobedience of orders; or, in other words, for what the law military styles mutiny. He is tried by the usual regimental court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to receive a most outrageously severe puuishment.

What then are the facts of the case? Somerville is a raw recruit, and is ordered, amongst others, to take a lesson in the riding-school. He does so, when he finds himself mounted on a horse that he cannot manage. He dismounts, and is commanded by his superior to remount. He demurs, on the plea of his inability to do so without the greatest personal danger. The command is repeated, and he then absolutely refuses to obey it. We admit that this is insubordination; but we deny, according to all acknowledged notions of civilised justice, that either the character or the degree of disobedience is such as to warrant the infliction of corporeal punishment, even allowing that corporeal punishment is warranted in any case.

Within two or three hours after the act of insubordination, he is put upon his trial; and, in the midst of all the warmth of feeling, which may be supposed to have actuated a council of officers towards the offender, in a case so recently occurring, wherein the orders of a superior had been disobeyed, he is declared a fitting subject to undergo the infliction of no less than 200 lashes!

Now take this circumstance, as the court-martial and the subsequent court of inquiry would that the country should take it—viz. merely as a crime, and its punishment: is there, we ask, on record, a more flagrant instance of barbarous and ferocious tyranny? Can there be a case of besotted and brutal cruelty, which more loudly calls for the powerful, the irresistible interference of a humane and enlightened nation, like England? There can be but one answer. The nation must and will interfere, to prevent the recurrence of a barbarity, fit only to grace the annals of the fiend-like abominations of the tribes of New Zealand, or the still more accursed government of that smooth-tongued hypocrite—that modern monster—in short, that "miscreant"—the Emperor of all the Russias.

So much for what the court-martial and the court of inquiry would have us believe, in which, by their own shewing, they are guilty of an absolute enormity. But come we to the real truth, when we shall find the stain of the transaction assume a far deeper dye. Somerville, although a common soldier, is a man of no common mind. He has had, as most Scotsmen have, a decent education; and is one of those individuals, now, thank God, so numerous in Great Britain, who cannot live in a civilized country, and in an age remarkable for the tremendous import of its events, without observing, with the eye and ear of intelligence, the extraordinary tendency and probable consequences of their course. He not only reads and thinks, but he writes; and, exercising the privilege common to us all, of committing his sentiments to the press, he inserts in the *Dispatch* a letter on the vital subject of Parliamentary Reform, as connected with political unions. Is there any "offence in this?" None whatever. On the contrary, the man is to be honoured for having so done. The journal containing his letter is distributed, in the course of its circulation, at Birmingham, where his regiment is quartered. It is read at the mess-table of the officers. Great is the wrath of the commissioned in command at the audacity of the insubordinate; and it is at once agreed, that one who could express himself so freely and boldly, and perhaps so much better than they could, is a dangerous man to have in the army. He is accordingly singled out to be put into the situation of either executing a very difficult, if not dangerous duty, or undergoing the most severe torture in case of his probable refusal. We say *probable* refusal; because we have seen enough of regiments to know that whenever a man is ordered to do any duty, be it important or trivial, his character or temper is generally sufficiently known to those who give the order, to enable them to judge in what manner, or with what spirit, that order will be obeyed. In this case, the adjutant, or riding-master, or both, were not mistaken as to the sturdy northern nature of Somerville. He commenced by obeying, perhaps reluctantly; but finding that the performance of a task, at first not over agreeable, became impossible, he relinquished the attempt. Eagerly is this act of "*mutiny*" laid hold of, and the man who might perhaps have made, had he been properly treated, one of the best soldiers in the army, is accused, arraigned, tried and convicted, in the space of a few short hours, and is ultimately tied up to the halberds, and receives a punishment more violent and savage than any man has now the legal right to inflict upon the most unruly of the brute creation.

The question, as Mr. Tennyson said (on the motion upon Somerville's case), resolves itself into this: whether the man was punished, more

with regard to his political opinions, than for the offence with which he was charged? If the punishment had a political bearing, it was monstrous; and if for the alleged offence, it was far more severe than any on record for a similar delinquency.

Let us then see what are the points adduced against such a view of the affair, by the self-styled court of inquiry, or, as it is aptly styled by an evening journal the "court of concealment." In doing so, we will merely advert to a very few points, wherein it appears to us that the pith and marrow of the affair must be conceived to rest.

The petition, which was presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Hume, and which was, of course, framed upon the statement of Somerville, sets forth, among other things, that in a day or two after the appearance of the letter, "this man was picked out of the ranks, &c." The report of the Court of Inquiry denies this as follows. "Incorrect: as the newspaper was, that of the 27th, and at least only received on that day at Birmingham; and the refusal to mount at the riding school took place early on the 28th. There is no evidence that Somerville was picked out; on the contrary, it appears that he went to the riding school, as a matter of course, with the other recruits to take a lesson." Why this but adds fuel to the fire. The "Dispatch" was published on Saturday the 26th; was therefore transmitted by the mail from London on that night, and found its way, as usual, to the breakfast tables of the inhabitants of Birmingham, that of the mess or club-room of the Scot's Greys included, on the morning of Sunday the 27th, *as usual.* Surely there was time enough for Major Wyndham, then in command of the regiment, to become acquainted (as doubtless he did) with the circumstance; inasmuch as there was no concealment, the name of the writer being appended to the letter. It is therefore absurd to say that the hurried punishment on the 28th had not reference to the cause of it on the 27th! Besides, if it were necessary to do away a doubt on this point, it is admitted by the court of inquiry that Major Wyndham harangued the assembled regiment on the enormity of Somerville's having dared to write the letter; and that harangue is justified by *the report itself,* on the ground that Somerville's letter, (which it designates, wrongly, as *a libel,*) was especially improper at the time, owing to the great political excitement that then existed, when the regiment was expected to have its services called into action to quell the anticipated popular tumult.

Again, Somerville states that he was "privately subjected to a series of interrogatories;" which assertion the court of "enquiry endeavours to blink and bolster, by saying, that the adjutant and serjeant-major were present!" We will merely ask, is it possible that any soldier would be supposed to give answers to interrogatories proposed at a meeting so constituted, without feeling assured that such meeting was strictly "*regimental,*" and therefore, *private?* And, if this question does not suffice, let us ask, is any portion of that examination included in the report of the court of inquiry? The fact is, as every one must know, that such an examination must, in its nature, not only have been a private one, but the *awe* of the superior must have tended to prejudice the cause of Somerville.

The court of inquiry, having ratified the proceedings of the court martial, as legal, justifiable, and extremely proper, might, had it been composed of judicious individuals, have there stopped. But instead of

this, they go on to address Major Wyndham in what he must conceive to be, any thing but flattering terms. Although they deny that his conduct is a perversion of authority, they do not hesitate to designate him as "*inconsiderate,—injudicious,—precipitate*" and as "*deficient in that discretion and judgmeut, which the circumstances of the case required of him.*" This is pretty well for a set down; and as Major Wyndham is represented by his friends to be a man of quick and high feeling, there is enough in the censure, to make him chew "the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" for some time to come. We rejoice to think so; for the *exposé* will, though it should injure him, operate as a wholesome warning to sundry other firey young officers, who may find themselves placed in a similar predicament.

Major Wyndham himself confesses he was "very much *excited*;" which, we suppose means, that he was in a great rage; and that "when he harangued the regiment, he stated he had found out the man who had written the libel in the Dispatch, but making no allusion to the offence for which Somerville was punished! Need we go further than this to prove that Somerville would not have been punished severely, for a mere refusal to obey an order, assigning at the same time, at least, a plausible reason for such refusal, if it had not been that he was the author of a letter in a public print, with which Major Wyndham, the court-martial, and the court of inquiry, had nothing on earth to do, in considering his breach of duty.

We will not waste words to prove that the morn brings light—the spirit in which Somerville has been prosecuted is equally clear. As regards flogging, so long as the hateful law exists, the courts will be constrained *nolens volens*, to award the same meed of punishment—two hundred lashes—for any, the slightest disobedience, or else they will declare, trumpet-tongued to the world, that Somerville was punished for his political opinions, and not for his military insubordination.

And as regards Somerville, although he has been sacrificed at the shrine of political and military enormity; although he is dismissed from the service of his country, and although he may carry to his grave the marks of the degrading and accursed scourge, he also bears with him the sympathy and the admiration of the most enlightened and humane of his fellow-subjects. His discharge from the army is universally considered as the very reverse of disgraceful; and the stripes that have been inflicted on him, are estimated as honourable scars.

Although, in himself, he has been made the victim of a detestable law, we feel assured that the wrongs which he has endured will be far more instrumental in effecting a repeal of the most monstrous of military barbarisms, than all the orations of that ex-enemy of flogging, the Secretary at War. This, then, must be his consolation—that, although unjustly a sufferer, he has been, unconsciously, the benefactor of his fellow-creatures.

THE BALLAD OF THE ÆRONAUT.

'Twas in the summer of ninety-eight
The month it was July,
And the evening it was mild and bright
When I thought to take an upward flight,
Through the regions of the sky.

And a mighty throng together drew
To wonder and to stare,
Who marvelled my balloon to view,—
For then, the sight was strange and new,—
A journey through the air.

The cords are cut—and up we soar
A stately show to see—
Like the genie, whom in days of yore
The mariner found upon the shore,
From his prison door set free.

And soon the crowds which blackened earth,
As emmets I could view,
And the sounds of music and of mirth,
And the loud huzzas they shouted forth,
First faint—then silent grew.

Aloft, aloft, amid the sky,
My silken chariot soars,
Till the isles of evening cloud are nigh—
One moment—we have hurried by
Their dark and shadowy shores.

Aloft, aloft, our course we hold—
Till chilled by a numbing spell,
The lids above my eyes would fold
And, reckless of all save the bitter cold,
In a heavy trance I fell.

Methought I was on the frozen sea,
Of the farthest northern land,—
Where the earth hath neither flower nor tree,
And the waves,—up-heaped wondrously
In chrystal ice walls stand.

And forms unsightly to the eye,
In the solid frost did frown,
Like the witches' troop in days gone by
Who were punished for their blasphemy,
And stiffened into stone.

For many a visage gaunt and grim,
With freezing eyes, and bright,
And many a spare colossal limb
Was seen by that arctic twilight dim,
A heart appalling sight!

And sternly all upon me frown'd
While I shivered in my fear,
As they spoke in voice of deep, low sound,
"Have the sons of earth our dwelling found—
And come they to vex us here?"

Then one was sitting on a throne,
The demon king was he—
Made answer in a louder tone,
" For the deed of daring he has done,
Let us drown him in the sea!"

Now darker grew the firmament
When those awful words were spoken,—
And think what a pang through my bosom went
When the solid ice beneath me rent,
As though by lightning broken.

And sourly smiled those statues chill
At my terror and dismay—
I cried a cry so loud and shrill,
That its memory almost haunts me still,—
So my vision passed away.

But the scene which met my waking view,
More fearful scarce could be,
One half my hideous dream was true
Beneath—too well the sound I knew,
I heard the roaring sea!

And down I dropped, with horrid haste
To the boiling deep below—
'Twas night—and the pallid moon o'ercast
By ghostly clouds that scudded past,
And shrilly the winds did blow.

And soon across the surges dark
We flew—my car and I—
No ship was near, a sheltering ark,
Nor beacon spires uplifted spark
To guide the straining eye.

Along, along, on our stormy way
With furious speed we fled,—
And I was blinded by the spray
Which dashed across me, as I lay,
Till the sense of life was dead.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I wakened—it was noontide high,
I lay on a vessel's deck,
Whose captain viewed me with wondering eye
He had saved my life,—as his ship passed by
The torn and floating wreck.

And when I told him of my flight
He crossed his breast to hear,
For he deemed me sure, a wizard wight,
And felt, I was, no small delight
To land me on Havre pier!

H. F. C.

THE LITERARY ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

Some months ago we invited the notice of our readers, *alias* the British public, to the Political Zoological Garden: we now solicit their attention to a similar Institution, which we trust they will find equally amusing and worthy of inspection. The following notice is posted over the entrance, and we would recommend visitors to attend particularly to its directions:—

"*Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to provide themselves with nuts or gingerbread for the Contributors, else they will find them troublesome. They are also respectfully cautioned to be on their guard against one of the Reviewers, who is at present remarkably fierce and untractable.*"

On entering the Gardens, the eye is at once arrested by that magnificent bird of the swan species—the "*Cygnus Heliconius*" of Linnæus—known to English naturalists by the name of the Bard or Poet. This bird is almost as rare as the Phœnix or the Roc of Arabian romance. It has the wing of an eagle, and the voice of a nightingale, so that it is impossible to confound it with the swans of St. James's Park. The Avon in England, and the Mulla in Ireland, were famous in by-gone days as its favourite haunts; the Thames, too, the "royal-towered Thames," produced some noble specimens, particularly one in the times of the Commonwealth, which, though blind, soared "above the Aonian Mount," and as it sung,

> "would take the prisoned soul,
> And lap it in Elysium."

Opposite to the Bard, with which it is strikingly contrasted, is the Bardling, the "*Anser Magnus*" of the old ornithologists. This bird frequents fens and stagnant pools, and is found in perfection in *Montgomery*-shire. Certain writers are absurd and ignorant enough to contend that it belongs to the swan family, whereas it bears no resemblance whatever to a swan: its plumage is a dirty white, its sweetest strain a cackle; so that it is incapable of so much as "fading in music;" and its motion on the waters the most uncygnet-like conceivable. Every one who has read Mac Fleckno, the Dunciad, and the English Bards, knows that Dryden, Pope, and Byron were inveterate enemies to the Bardling, which they shot in considerable numbers, with a kind of arrow of their own construction, called the shaft of satire. The only difficulty they found in shooting them, arose from their flying so near the ground. The present specimen is the largest that was ever exhibited. It deserves to be called "Anser Maximus," for it is certainly the greatest goose in England. About two years ago it made a ridiculous attempt to fly over Oxford. It failed ridiculously; but, instead of keeping in future to the level of its native marshes, with the characteristic wisdom of its kind, it essayed a still more elevated flight, and was taken, amidst shouts of laughter from all who witnessed its folly. As a solace in its captivity, the keeper informed us that it has contracted a friendship with a neighbouring Puffin, a bird of the Pseudo-Critic genus. Their intimacy is as close as their cages will allow; they scream and cackle in concert; the Bardling takes the Puffin for a Critic, and the Puffin takes the Bardling for a Bard.

The Contributor—"*Canis Impransus*" of Linnæus—calls your

attention in the way you are led to expect from the notice we have mentioned, growling, and thrusting out his paws through the wires, until he forces you to appease him with morsels of biscuit, or pieces of gingerbread. A kind of fellow-feeling forbids us to speak harshly of this poor creature; yet truth compels us to say, that there is not a sorrier animal in the whole collection. It resembles nothing so much as a half-starved dog. Some zoologists say that it is its nature to eat little or nothing; but we are rather disposed to believe that it would eat its belly-full—if it could but get it. Its habits seem to combine those of the spaniel and lap-dog, servile and snappish by turns; to-day fawning on the Editor for his notice, to-morrow barking at the Proprietor for a bone. It has been known to bite; but displays that spirit so seldom, that it inspires very little fear; and, in nine cases out of ten, may be kicked about as you please. However, it is the safer course to be on one's guard against it, particularly when there happens to be a rise in the price of red-herrings or sheep's-trotters, for it is then apt to be rabid, and to do something more than shew its teeth.

The EDITOR, so called from "*edo*" to eat, is placed with great propriety in the next cage to the animal we have just described; care, however, is taken to keep them asunder, by means of a partition, else the former would inevitably be worried to death by his hungry and envious neighbour. It is the prerogative of eating (as the name imports) that forms the zoological characteristic of the Editor, which is therefore as fat and well-conditioned as the Contributor is lean and miserable. One would suppose, that such a difference of circumstances could not but repel them from each other; but the fact is, that in a state of nature they are always in company, the plump dog being attended by a pack of lean ones, like a bishop in a circle of curates. What the Contributor gets by dogging the Editor, naturalists are not agreed; but there is no doubt that it expects something, for it is not in canine nature, any more than in human, to content itself with the mere contemplation of another's prosperity, without feeling a desire to share it.

The REVIEWERS are amongst the most remarkable beasts in this exhibition. They are the bears of literary zoology, and there are three species of them; the Ursa Unicolor, the Ursa Bicolor, and the Ursa Tricolor. The two former are denominated from the colours of their skins, that of the former being of a uniform dull yellow, that of the latter being deep blue, with the exception of a bright yellow stripe along its back. The third differs very little in the colour of its fur from the first; but anatomists having discovered that revolutionary combination of tints—red, white, and blue—in the animal's heart, they gave it the name of Ursa Tricolor, from so remarkable a circumstance. It is the Unicolor which is at present so ferocious, that it is necessary to warn visitors against approaching too near its cage. The keeper informed us that it first began to be dangerous about the month of July, 1830; but that it did not become so outrageous as to be altogether unmanageable until the day when the royal assent was given to the Reform Bill. "From that day forth," said the fellow, "he went so wild, that one would have sworn he was a boroughmonger instead of a bear." We never saw a more furious creature. It paces incessantly up and down its cell, growling savagely, and glaring fiercely at every one who stops to observe it, or else at its tricoloured neighbour, towards whom its feelings appear to be particularly acrimonious. The Tricolor, however,

is not in the least irritated at this truly bearish conduct; and returns a look of commiseration to each fierce glance he receives. Of the three, this is the bear most to our taste; although "an independent beast," he is by no means a "bloody" one; and therefore is not of the species described in the "Hind and Panther." On inquiring whether he had always been so gentle as he is at present, we were informed of the curious fact, that his temper had uniformly grown milder and milder, as that of Unicolor waxed more irascible. Occasionally, however, he shews that he does not want fire. We would not advise a bishop or a dean to presume too much on his good humour. He has enough of Dryden's bear about him, to give a churchman a closer hug than might prove agreeable. The oldest of these remarkable animals is the Ursa Bicolor. Although not so large as it was some years ago, it is still a fine specimen of its kind. The keeper pointed out a scar over one of its eyes, which he informed us it had received formerly in a conflict with a fine young bird of the "Cygnus Heliconius" species.

The PENNY-A-LINE-MAN, or "*Hire-undo Literarius*" of Linnæus, is a species of swallow; it lives upon flies and other small insects, and never does more than skim the surface of any subject. It has been observed all over the Globe; and its wing is so aspiring, that it mounts to the Sun itself. That it never dies is certain, for it is seen in every Age, and in all Times. It generally builds in the corner of some magazine, or amongst the columns of a newspaper. Ornithologists say that it has the same attachment to men of letters, that the robin has to men in general; not that it is a literary bird, any more than the other is a philanthropic bird; but the former, like the latter, thinks only of picking up crumbs. It migrates much more frequently than the Hirundo Communis, or common swallow: the same bird which this week takes up its quarters under the eaves of a Tory journal, shall be observed the next working the mud for his nest under the windows of some Whig or Radical editor, and twittering to attract his notice and pity.

The UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR belongs to the "*Ignavum Pecus*" of the old naturalists: it is the Sloth of modern zoology. It abounds at Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, particularly in the latter city, where the largest specimens have been observed. It lives on commons, and is a remarkably gluttonous creature, displaying, while engaged in eating, an activity foreign to its nature at other times. It is a solemn-looking animal, like the ass, which anatomists say it resembles also in the texture and paucity of its brains. In general it maintains a profound silence, which is the only agreeable peculiarity it possesses: sometimes, however, it *lectures*, and then the noise it emits is so offensive, that persons of taste are to be seen flying in all directions, to get out of its hearing, just as they do in the House, when Sir Charles Wetherell or Ex-Serjeant Lefroy rises to speak. It is scarcely credible, but it is true, that the nation goes to a great expence to maintain a number of these useless and repulsive animals in the public enclosures above mentioned; we trust, however, that as soon as the Radical sportsmen shall have sufficiently thinned the herd of churchmen, they will get up early some fine October morning, and beat up the quarters of the University Professors on the banks of the Cam, the Isis, and the Liffey.

THE STATE TRIAL.

THE last government farce at Abingdon has gone off with very questionable *éclat*. Dennis Collins, in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance, that hedge a traitor, with the additional glory of "a new wooden leg, made *for the occasion*—the old one, as well as the clothes he wore when he committed the assault, having been purchased by a French lady, who, for the sake of possessing these relics, gave Collins new clothes for old ones"—has been doomed to be drawn upon a hurdle, to be hanged, decapitated, and cut into quarters, to appease the insulted *Zamiels*, who, like their great prototype, clothed all in red, with mystic syllables, horrid visages, and saucer eyes, stalk as the body-guard of modern loyalty. However, whilst we write, Dennis Collins yet lives, an iniquitous ex-pensioner, his majesty having defrauded Temple-bar of the prisoner's head, and some of his loyal cities of the wretch's quarters. The *Times* says, "we have the best reason to believe that this act of mercy was done at the express desire of the king, and it is, we confess, no more than we expected from the manly and generous spirit of his majesty." This is all very fine, but why was the miscreant tried? why was there arrayed against him such a dread power of wigs and silk gowns? why did the judges meet, "a terrible show," only like solemn big boys, to play at trials? We speak advisedly, when we state it as our fixed opinion, that the exercise of the "manly and generous spirit of his majesty" is not only very ill-timed, but will be productive of great disappointment to very many of his living subjects. Had Collins been sent to gaol as a rogue and vagabond, why his case would have perished in that obscurity which enshrouds the nocturnal ravages of breakers of lamps or bell-wires; but when he became a state-prisoner, when he was enrolled with the Russells and the Sidneys, when the flint which he threw, instead of sharing the vulgar fate of a pebble hurled at a parish square of glass, became, at least to the lawyers, the philosopher's stone, expectation was naturally set on tip-toe, and in anticipation stretched its loyal neck, and opened its affectionate eyes, to watch the ceremony which should cause Dennis Collins to die the death of a traitor. As seven cities contended for the birth of Homer, so have seven cities quarrelled—though they ordered matters very quietly—for the quarters of Dennis Collins. The mail that should have conveyed, ticketed and franked by the royal seal, "to the right-trusty mayor and Corporation of York," a quarter of Collins, for the especial decoration of the city-gates, would also have conveyed a great moral lesson, in which the wisdom of the whig schoolmaster would have most conspicuously shone. York has much to complain of, but the disappointment of its authorities will not be fully sympathized with; it is only those individuals who, with connexions in a sporting county, may have reasonably expected a haunch of venison from a friend, and have found that friend and the venison wanting, can judge of the poignant annoyance inflicted on the corporations of York, Bristol, Canterbury &c., by the, we repeat it, ill-timed compassion of his majesty. We had hoped that *Dennis Collins* was to be carved as a dish for mayors and aldermen—he is to be put aside with living foot-pads, pick-pockets, and petty larceny knaves. Really he is a most expensive piece of furniture for the hulks; it would

send up the navy estimates a hundred fold to man a fleet at the like cost per disabled seaman. The stone, however, flung at Ascot, has not yet done all its mischief; we suspect that it will be found to self-generate, and, taken in connexion with the fact of the wooden leg and the old clothes of Collins being purchased by "a French lady," we should not be surprized, if in a short time, numerous stones were found to rise up, in various parts of the continent, against legitimate and crowned heads. It is rumoured that the coat and breeches of Collins were bought by the *femme-de-chambre* of the Duchess de Berri, have been smuggled into Paris, and, as there is no less magic in the cut, than in the "web" of the *habit et culottes* of the English traitor, various suits, on their exact model, have been clandestinely distributed among several ill-affected members of the Parisian Hospital of Invalids. It was in contemplation to send the shirt of Collins to the Duchess de Berri, to unfurl as an auspicious Bourbon banner, but, luckily it was in time discovered that the shirt was a striped shirt, and consequently, instead of the white flag of Henry the Fifth, might have been mistaken for the standard of the United States. Great hopes are founded on the wooden leg. As *Ariel* was enclosed in a pine, so, such is the superstition of desperate people, it is imagined that the demon of civil discord is "pegged up" in the cast-off member of the ex-pensioner (we wish there were hundreds of ex-pensioners). The only difficulty is to evoke the fiend; this, however, may be managed by the sanctity at Holyrood. Since we have written the above, we learn that the cabinet are disunited as to the punishment to be inflicted on the traitor, Collins. It is with due deference that we offer our advice in the matter. We remember a very ingenious piece of biography, written, we believe, by Mr. Leitch Ritchie, of a man who, like Collins, had a wooden leg. This leg, however, was internally fitted up by some subtle workman, who owed a spite to the cripple, with such exquisite mechanical powers, that when once joined to the stump of the wearer, it commenced its terrible action, and whether the lame man would or not, carried him with unimaginable velocity through town and country, bog and brake; he could not pause an instant, no man could stay him. Now we propose that this leg, or some such leg, be screwed on to the disabled member of Dennis Collins, who thus, throughout the whole country, would furnish a terrible peripatetic example of the enormity of high treason. Only fancy a Greenwich pensioner darting like a swallow across our path—now passing stage-coaches—now distancing rail-road passengers—sweeping down Pall Mall in a twinkling—making but three steps of Piccadilly! His haggard look—the quid rolling fitfully in his cheek—whilst the wooden member should fall "stump, stump, stump," upon the ear; a laconic, yet terrible warning to all stony-hearted ex-pensioners. We do not anticipate any objections to our plan, unless conservative watchfulness should dissent, on the ground of its trenching on the vested interests of the wandering jew. In good earnest, the matter of Collins has been made ridiculously important; its effects have been most absurdly magnified. Ireland is at this moment famishing, yet what has Ireland to complain of, if its miseries be compared to ours? Starvation is bad enough, but, if we may believe our ministers, all England has for these months past been suffering agonies from the stone.

THE HEIGHTS OF PHALERE.

In the early part of the year 1827, the Greek government deemed it advisable to take some measures for the relief of Athens. The Acropolis had been for some months strictly invested by the Turks, and although the gallant Colonel Fabvier had succeeded in reinforcing the garrison with 500 men; yet there was little hope of their holding out much longer, against the privations and incessant fatigue they had to endure.

The allowance of water had for some time been limited to half an occa (little better than a pint) to each individual daily, eggs were sold at two dollars a piece, and though barley was abundant, yet fuel there was none. All buildings containing wood, had long since been pulled down for the sake of that, then precious, material. Frequent sorties had been made, and many lives lost in the attempt to procure a few faggots from the olive trees in the plain, and the garrison were now reduced to the necessity of contributing a portion of their barley rations, to burn in the ovens, in order that the rest might be partially baked. Added to this the endemic disease of the country was amongst them, to perfect the work that famine and fatigue had begun. At this crisis letters were received by the government, stating that the fortress would be surrendered to Kioutahi Pacha, the commander-in-chief of the besieging army, at the end of three weeks, if nothing could be done for its relief.

An army of six or seven thousand men was immediately recruited, and the command entrusted to a European officer well known for his generous advocacy of the Greek cause. The head-quarters were established at Metochi, a small farm near Megara, opposite the convent of Faneromeni, in the Island of Salamis.

Having come to a determination to join the expedition, I left Napoli for Piada, beginning my journey with the sun, having a ride of eight hours to perform. The road from Napoli to Piada winds between a double range of hills, whose grey and barren summits are beautifully contrasted with the luxuriant productions of the valleys. The oleander, the arbutus, the myrtle, and the rhododendron, are here indigenous, and the air is richly impregnated with the odours of wild thyme, and other aromatic herbs, which form the pasturage on the slopes of the hills. As the war has never penetrated into this part of the Argolide, the mountains are still covered with numerous flocks of sheep and goats; cultivation there is none, except in the vicinity of Ligurio, the only village on the road. As there are no inns the traveller is under the necessity of carrying his larder with him. After a four hours ride under a burning sun, I alighted at a spot inviting at once to rest and refection—a few trees capable of giving shade, and a cold crystal mountain rivulet were the attractions. Bread, olives, and a skin of wine were spread before me by the hands of my trusty palikar, who set me an example, by commencing an attack upon them in the patriarchal style; knives, forks, cups, and other the like varieties being held in utter contempt by the unsophisticated Greeks. After a short siesta to allow the mid-day heat to pass away, I resumed my journey, and about an hour before sunset reached Piada, now a miserable village, about a mile and a half from the sea-shore. My palikar, who prided himself upon his English, assured me, that Piada was a place "as is vas before (his invariable mode of expressing the past) call Epidaurus." This ingenious torturer of tongues—for he served French and Italian in the

same way—had been taken to England by Captain Blaquiere* on his return from his first visit, and had passed two years in an English seminary, where he had been placed by a society of Philellene quakers, in order to qualify him, "to teach the young idea how to shoot," in his native country. Being furnished with proper credentials, on his landing in Napoli, he attired himself in his best Frank suit, and waited upon the Greek government to request their co-operation in the establishment of an academy; but as they were in no lack of devices for frittering away money, his very reasonable demand was not acceeded to, and the next step was to offer his services to me in the mixed capacity of body servant and *interpreter*, "God help the mark," for a stipend of two dollars monthly, a proposition with which I immediately closed; and it is impossible to conceive a being who would have made a worse schoolmaster, or a better and more amusing servant. He would sometimes describe to me his early conflicts with the Turks, in some such language as the following:—"Dat taime when as is vas beefore come Tark, I'se go faive times in de baattles. De Tarks is go down stairs, pick it up plenty stones make him de howse. I take plenty Greeks, go up stairs, bang! bang! Ah, yes, Sar, you please! dat taime is kill too much Turks;" all which means that the Turks having entered a defile, were fired down upon from the hills and killed, while vainly attempting to construct a tambouri for their defence—but "something too much of this,"—I immediately left Piada, "as is vas before call Epidaurus," and descended to the sea in search of a barque to transport me across the Saronic Gulph to Salamis, "as is bye and bye call Colouri."

The path lay through a quadrangular glen, inclosed on three sides by stupendous rocks, the fourth open to the sea and terminated by a firm and beautiful sand. In this spot flourished the olive, the almond, the fig-tree and the vine, cotton, and an infinite variety of esculents.

By the time I reached the shore, the sun had gone down, and the young moon was shedding her mild radiance "o'er hill and dale and dark blue water." On the beach were a party of boatmen assembled round a blazing fire, preparing their evening repast. Their half-naked muscular forms, their dark mustachioed faces, their uncouth, though picturesque, garments, their long knives, which they never lay aside, their independent, not to say uncivil carriage, the solitude of the place, all conspired to give them the appearance of a lawless banditti rather than peaceful mariners; and as one of them approached, I involuntarily loosened my pistols in my belt, nor was it without some misgivings, that I agreed to pass the evening in their company, upon learning that the wind would not be favourable till midnight. I concluded a bargain with one of the men, and went on board his barque to sleep, and was only disturbed on the following morning by the grating of the keel on the shores of Salamis. At Colouri I learned that the army was already on its march; one division under the command of Bourbaki—a Greek who had obtained the rank of colonel in France—being destined to attack the Turks from the land side, while the other, then at Ambelachi,

* This worthy and disinterested man was the bearer of that portion of the Greek loan, which the knaves connected with that affair permitted to be applied to the purpose for which it was raised. His remuneration was the bare payment of his expences. Captain Blaquiere left Falmouth about two years back, in the cause of Donna Maria, in the Fly, which has never since been heard of; and as she was pronounced not sea-worthy, there is every reason to believe that all hands have perished.—Ed.

on the other side of the island, were to embark the same evening, in order to take possession of the Heights of Phalère, which command the Piræus, and are only separated from it by the port and peninsula of Munichium. I lost no time in crossing to Ambelachi, and having visited the traditionary tomb of Ajax Telamon, I embarked with the regulars on board the Karterea, a steam-boat, or as the Greeks call it, a "pompori," under the command of the brave Captain Hastings, who afterwards died in consequence of a wound received while storming Vasiladi, one of the defences of Missilonghi. At night we weighed anchor, in company with seven or eight other vessels, freighted with soldiers, peasants and pick-axes, gabions, fascines, and all the materiel of war.

We reached our destination about midnight, and after an exchange of some fifty or sixty shots, with two or three dozen Turks, "up stairs," as Nicolaki would have it, we effected our landing at the expence of a few broken shins owing to the ruggedness of the place and the bustle of debarkation. A few minutes toil put us in possession of the heights of Phalère, and then forming a circle, we fired a few rounds of musquetry to inform our comrades in the Acropolis, about a league and a half distant, that the succour was at hand. This was followed up by a loud yuriah, the charging cry of the Greeks, and in a few seconds the answering guns of the Acropolis showed us that our signal had been heard and understood. The Greeks immediately set to work to fortify the place, which was done by surrounding the position with a wall breast high, hastily constructed of loose stones of which there are abundance on every hill in Greece. The Turks, who seemed to have been stunned into apathy by our arrival, now thought proper to make a demonstration of their numerical strength, perhaps with a view of giving us a panic at once. On a sudden the whole plain from the hills of Caritzena and the Piræus, to the town of Athens itself, seemed filled with millions of "*ignes fatui*," nor is it possible to imagine a more beautiful sight. This fusillade "*pour nous encourager*," was followed by a sortie from the Acropolis, and never shall I forget the deep feeling of interest which absorbed my every faculty as I watched the progress of our friends. We could trace their fire down the side of the hill till it was partially concealed from us by the thick olive groves into which they had penetrated, and then again on their return to their strong hold, when driven back by the overwhelming numbers of the Turks. All this while, the hill of Philopapas, upon which the Turks had established a mortar battery, was belching forth its destructive fires against the devoted citadel. Altogether, the sight was one of great beauty and intense interest, and when quiet was restored, a deep gasp from the breasts of all present, told of the compressed feeling which had engrossed them. The night passed without further interruption, and the two or three following days were taken up with disembarking and dragging up the guns—iron twenty-fours—and when it is considered that they had to be hauled up the face of a rugged steep seven or eight hundred feet high, it will be seen that the task was one of severe toil. The Turks, in the mean time, amused themselves by watching our operations, and occasionally throwing at us a few shells from the convent on the Piræus, of which they still kept possession in spite of some attempts made to dislodge them.

On the third day, a heavy cannonade was heard from Menethi, and large bodies of the Turks were marched off in that direction. This was the attack of the gallant but ill-fated Bourbaki. A "*feu de joie*" from the

Turkish host at night announced to us the failure of his expedition, and our melancholy anticipations were confirmed on the following day by the arrival of one of the fugitives. Bourbaki was taken prisoner, and some few who had advanced with him into the plain, had been cut to pieces by the Delhis, the invariable fate of Greek infantry when opposed on level ground to Turkish horse. Among the slain were a few Franks—a gigantic Swiss, of the name of Du Gask, who was reported to have killed eleven Turks with his sabre before he was disabled: a certain Mr. Le Bon, the surgeon-major, who told me that his enthusiasm in the cause of liberty had made him abandon a lucrative situation with a "pharmacien" in Paris, where his "appointments" were of the full yearly value of 500 francs. He had registered a vow in heaven not to shave till the end of the campaign, but the inexorable Turks cut short his vow and his campaign together, by taking off his head, upon which one of his countrymen facetiously observed, "*il a été joliement razé.*"

Thus, one half the expedition routed, there was no longer question of relieving Athens, but rather, whether we should not ourselves be driven into the sea by a sudden assault, or, at the best, be blockaded by the Seraskier. Our only supply of fresh water was derived from a well situated in the plain midway between the heights of Phalère and the convent of San Spiridion. This was a constant source of contention, in as much as it was equally necessary to the Turks as to ourselves, and for several days it was alternately in the possession of either party. There is a strange custom prevalent among the Albanians, of whom the army of the Seraskier was chiefly composed. It is, that of making a temporary truce with their enemies for the purpose of holding with them a little conversation. Two or three of them will advance in the night within earshot of the outposts, and call out "Bessa, bessa," which means in the Albanese dialect, faith for faith. The Greeks, who never neglect an opportunity of exhibiting their conversational talents, reply in the same words, each party deposit their arms, they advance to meet each other and the compact is complete, and, I believe, there is no instance on record of a treaty thus unceremoniously made ever having been violated. It would naturally be supposed that these nocturnal colloquies would have some relation to subjects of mutual interest which necessarily exist between nations hitherto so intimately connected as the Greeks and Albanians; such as the fate of prisoners and so forth, but such is not the fact. The disputed well was frequently the scene of these meetings wherein the Greeks were wont to exercise their ready wit with great effect upon the more obtuse Albanians. They generally begin by threatening each other with annihilation on the morrow, and then tax their invention for proofs of their power to carry their threats into execution. They call each other dogs, infidels, "keratades," that is to say, cuckolds, which is the *ne plus ultra* of Greek wrath, and after having used and received all the terms and abuse with which their language supplies them, they return to their posts, sometimes though, not without carrying with them valuable information, which, in their mutual indiscretion has been suffered to escape. It was in this way that we learnt the intention of the Turks to attack us on the sunrise of the Sunday following the defeat of Bourbaki. The Greeks had taken down with them a particularly white loaf, which they had procured for the purpose: this they presented to the Albanian Turks at the well, telling them that there was plenty more of it on the height, and inviting them to come and help themselves. This the Turks promised to do, and at

last let out, that the Seraskier would make his appearance before them on Sunday morning with 11,000 men. The Greeks replied, by saying, that if the Pacha came they would make such a use of his beard, as, I believe, beard was never put to yet, and they separated. That loaf fell into the hands of the Pacha, and was afterwards sent by him in a sack to Constantinople together with poor Bourkaki's head, and one of the steamboat's sixty-eight pound shot, symbolically showing to the Sultan the difficulties he had to contend with, and what he had already done towards overcoming them.

As the Albanians had promised us, down came the Roumelie Valisee on the Sunday morning with all the power he could spare from before Athens; but we were prepared, and although we had no opportunity of performing the threatened vengeance on his beard, yet we gave him and his Delhis so warm a reception, that before nightfall he was glad to decamp, leaving, however, a considerable force on the opposite hill of Caritzena, which being just within range, we diverted ourselves by observing the alacrity of their motions when we occasionally sent them a messenger, in the shape of a six pound shot, which was done with great glee and wonderful precision by a Piedmontese carbonaro, named Rockavilla.

The Greeks being somewhat inspirited by the negative success of not being driven into the ocean, at last bethought them, that they had come to Phalère for the purpose of relieving Athens; and that, in order to effect this, it would be necessary to shorten the distance between them and the city. With this view, a tambouri was constructed in the plain, defended on one side by a morass, and behind by the sea; the only side on which the Turks could approach it, being flanked at half range by a battery of four six, and two eighteen pounders, on the extreme right of one position. A tambouri is a field fortification; the value of which is fully understood by both Turk and Greek. It is, as its name implies, a drum, or circle; the area of which is proportioned to the number of its defenders, inclosed by a wall of loose stones, breast high, having loop-holes just above the level of the ground, and a ditch on the *inside,* in which the defenders lie. An hour or two at most suffices for the construction of this simple defence; and unless cannon be brought against it, it is adequate to protect its garrison against twenty times their number—that is, of Turks:—not that I mean to impugn their courage, but their system of attack. The tambouri was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty Cretans, commanded by Demetrius Kalergi, a young Greek of good family, no less remarkable on account of his personal bravery, than for his numerous escapes from the most perilous situations into which his adventurous, chivalrous spirit was perpetually leading him. The Cretans are men fit to be commanded by such a leader; brave, athletic, active as the antelopes of their own hills; inured to war, and better armed than either their compatriots or their enemies. Instead of the weak, badly-mounted guns, only valued on account of the richness of their ornaments, common to the Turks and Greeks, they carry the long deadly barrel of the Spanish mountaineers: and such is their dexterity in the use of this weapon, that they kill, with almost unvarying certainty, the smallest birds on the wing; and that with a single ball, and at a considerable distance, The Pacha was too good a general not to be aware of the advantages this post might give us; and it was scarcely established, before he sent against it a force, which he, no doubt,

thought sufficient to take it by a *coup de main*—but he was mistaken. After an hour or two wasted in unsuccessful attacks, the Seraskier did us the honour to make his appearance in person, attended by two or three thousand infantry, and five or six hundred horse; and, from his gesticulations, easily observed by the telescope, we judged him to be in no very good humour.

It is curious to observe the way in which the Turks attack a tambouri. The bairakdars, or banner-men, taking advantage of the slightest rising ground between them and the object of attack, throw themselves on their bellies, their standards in their hands, and their ataglians in their mouths, to be ready in case of a sortie; wriggle along till they get perhaps within a few feet of the tambouri, then suddenly erecting their flags, they plant them firmly in the ground, still keeping their bodies under cover; so that you find yourselves on a sudden, by magic, as it were, surrounded by a forest of the enemy's colours, set up by invisible hands. The main body then sends forward small detachments, as if to try the temper of the besieged. They advance with loud shouts of "Allah! Allah ackbar! Alillullah!"—and nervous people might be excused for feeling some little alarm, at their discordant yells. Fortunately, however, for the defenders of tambouria, the fall of a few of the foremost discourages the rest, and they return to the main body. The attack is renewed in the same way; and so the affair is kept up for hours, and frequently without the loss of a single man on the side of the attacked; whereas, a tolerably determined charge of the whole force would prove immediately successful; as the wall, being uncemented, would instantly give way to the foot, or the butt of a gun. But, as the Turks say, when any suggestion is thrown out to them, "Inshallah, Buckallem," which means "Please God, we shall see,"—words ever in the mouth of a mussulman:—and while they are waiting till it please God for them to see, the opportunity of availing themselves of an offered advantage, it is already gone by. On this occasion, neither the presence of the Pacha of many titles and three tails, nor his "Ana sena sickdems," and "Pesivencklerris," (favourite Moslem oaths; in the first of which, the abuse is levelled, not against the individual addressed, but against his mother), produced the desired effect. The little tambouri held its own; and many a bold Albanian was sent to behold the beard of the Prophet, (on which, by the bye, is eternal oil of roses;—that is, if the creed be true), by the fatal fire of the men of Crete. Five or six hours passed in these desultory attacks, when, during one of their most formidable charges, an individual was observed to snatch a standard from the ground, and run towards the tambouri, shouting, "Eimai Romaios! Eimai Romaios!"—"I am a Greek! I am a Greek!" He cleared the wall of the tambouri at a bound, and alighted unhurt, amidst the astonished Cretans, although he had been exposed, during the whole of his run, to a double fire. We were for some time too much occupied, to pay much attention to our new visitor, as the Delhi's now rode forward to the attack, followed by a dense body of foot. At this crisis, the little battery on our left showered its grape amongst the red caps with such effect, that, after leaving a hundred or two of their best and bravest men on the ground, the whole body, horse and foot, Bairackdars and all, made their way back to their master, with all the speed they could; and we had the satisfaction to see the Seraskier clap spurs to his steed, and gallop off in the direction of Athens. The Cretans spread themselves

over the field of battle, and in a short time every vestige of clothing had disappeared from the slain, horses and all—and from these last, even their skins. In the mean time, the hero of the standard was relating, to such an audience as he could collect, (Franks only, of course,) the history of his adventure. He had been one of the garrison of the Acropolis, and had volunteered, with a companion, to carry letters from the commandant to the Greek government. Having, on the previous evening, descended from the fortress into the town, which was in the possession of the enemy, he there found himself so situated, that he could not escape, without alarming the guard: his companion lost heart, and returned to the citadel. Not knowing what better to do, he lay down in the street, and (at least so he said) slept till he was disturbed, on the following morning, by the passing of one of the detachments going to the attack of the tambouri. Being a Bulgarian by birth, and his native language Turkish, he immediately conceived the idea of joining the detachment—passing himself off for a Turk—and afterwards trusting to accident for his escape. All went on well till the hour of prayer, when he was obliged to imitate, as well as he could, the gesticulations of the Turkish ceremonial. He was a clever fellow, but his awkwardness was remarked; and upon being questioned, he accounted for it, by saying he had been wounded in the arm. All went well, and he contrived to join in every charge, keeping in the rear, and amusing himself, by his own account, by shooting his comrades, *pro tem*, through the head, from behind; till at last, in what he believed to be the final charge, he seized the standard, and succeeded in joining his friends in the tambouri. He accompanied the whole of his recital with appropriate gestures, suiting the action to the word, and the word to the action; and after being liberally rewarded by the commanders, he went his way to Ægina, to lay before the government his letters.

The establishment of the tambouri led to no beneficial results; and three months afterwards, the iron twenty-fours, to the great annoyance of those who had blistered their hands in dragging them up, were dismounted, and thrown into on old dry well. Athens was left to its fate, and the Greeks abandoned the Heights of Phalère.

MY SWEET WHITE ROSE.

My sweet white rose, my sweet white rose,
O might I wear thee on my breast—
The dark day cometh,—let me fold
Thy beauty from the rain and cold,
O come and be my guest!

My sweet white rose, my sweet white rose,
Thy cheek is very pale and fair!
Alas! thou art a tender tree,
My fearful heart doth sigh for thee,
Meek nursling of the summer air!

My sweet white rose, my sweet white rose,
All full of silver dew thou art;
The fresh bloom laughs on every leaf,
Oh, ere thy joy is touched by grief,
Let me bind thee on my heart!

MODERN INVENTIONS.—No. II.

HOLDSWORTH'S REVOLVING RUDDER—IRON STEAM-BOATS—HANCOCK'S BOILER—PERKINS' OBLIQUE WHEEL—STEVENS' PADDLES—PERRING'S ANCHOR—BOTHWAY'S BLOCKS—AN IMPROVED CHAIN CABLE—DONLAN'S PHORMIUM TENAX, OR NEW ZEALAND FLAX—WATSON'S SAFETY TUBES—HARRIS'S LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS, &c.

On, on, on!—The art of governing, after the varied practice of centuries, may still remain a matter of pure speculation—an endless argument for unborn ages,—fashion may turn back upon herself, and renew the long discarded attire of abused antiquities,—medicine and quackery may continue at fisty-cuffs, whilst suffering humanity is drooping to despair,—theology may be torn into tatters by unreasonable sceptics and bigotted disputants, and every shred become the standard of a new sect,—all else may vary, wind, retrograde, eccentricise, fly off at a tangent, or be like Milton's wife's ghost, "evanished;" but the advance of invention, and the progress of discovery, must still speed on! Again, gentle reader, we are embarked with you on our monthly voyage; but how shall we shape the course of our selections? *Hexreusement*—though at sea in thought, we are not wholly without a guide, for ready at hand is

Holdsworth's Revolving Rudder, with which we can advance or retire without the necessity of going "about ship." Such, indeed, is the chief excellence of this rudder; which, instead of being confined in its operations to less than the limits of a semi-circle, of which the sternpost of the vessel would constitute the centre of motion, is fixed on an axis at a sufficient distance from the sternpost, and can perform a full circular revolution—can turn completely round upon its pivot; and, when it is necessary that the vessel should have stern-way, or should go stern-foremost, the rudder may be allowed to present its heel towards the stern of the vessel, and still possess the necessary power of guidance; the simple difference being, in such cases, that the vessel may be said to be astern of the rudder, instead of being in the contrary or usual position. For steam vessels, and for canal boats, this is an admirable and indisputable improvement; for sailing vessels some doubts may be admitted, until experience shall have given her approval. Mr. Holdsworth is one of the members for Dartmouth; we have nothing to do with that gentleman's politics, when discussing the merits of his invention; whilst it is pleasant to reflect, that among our senators may be found not only many distinguished patrons of mechanical genius, but some who are directly actuated by its influence.

Chance, mere wayward chance, has caused us to commence this notice with the description of a rudder; there is certainly some relationship between chance and fancy. One of our olden and much loved rhymsters says—

> "There ever will be
> An identity
> In the medley of chance,
> And the frolicsome dance
> Of fantasy!"

What then if we place fancy at the helm, and essay to describe such a vessel as she can at once conjure up for us, and whose build and material shall be compounded of the recent improvements in nautical structure?

The child of the four elements—the latest combination of the powers of earth and water, of fire and air, is already floating upon the waters of imagination, and we are safely on board! Can we believe the evidence of our senses? are we indeed embarked in a

STEAM BOAT BUILT OF IRON? Aye, truly, and a bonny, buoyant boat it is! constructed by the descendants of a man whose splendid manufacturing machinery, and highly finished workmanship, obtained for him the title of "the Prince of Engineers." We have borrowed for our descriptive vision, the first vessel formed of iron plates, by Maudsley and Co., for navigating the Indian rivers. Without detracting from their merit in this the most recent proof of their skill, we must not permit it to be supposed that the same idea had not been previously acted upon by Fairbairn and Lillie, of Manchester, and by other eminent followers of the mysteries of Tubal-Cain, who have built many iron boats of great capacity for inland navigation, and proved them to combine the advantages of greater stowage, strength, and buoyancy, than those built of whatever description of timber. Maudsley's boat is fitting up with condensing engines; but our fancy-figured barque is burthened with no such wonderful combination of seemingly volitive machinery—no Brobdignag clock-work—but with those simple and yet perfectly effective engines which, from their having been first applied to the impulsion of steam-carriages, have obtained the appellation of "loco-motives." Now, by using these, and by availing ourselves of the excel-lent, economical, and safe steam-producer, called

HANCOCK'S BOILER, we are enabled to apportion a much more extensive space, or cabin-room, to the accommodation of our friends—the readers of the "Monthly"—and *our* "water-skimmer" will speed still more lightly over the wondering waves than either of those heavier laden vessels, which, under the scientific guidance of Captain Johnson, are destined to carry commerce and civilization into the fertile bosom of the wealthy Ind. It has already been evinced by long-continued expe-riments, that Hancock's boiler is capable of resisting more wear and tear than any other that has yet been used for steam-carriage purposes; and we may take occasion to observe, that in the general details of con-structing loco-motive vehicles, he bids fair to outrun all competition, and very shortly to realize the well-founded expectations of practical men: but we intend to make our fellow-passengers fully acquainted with all that is peculiar in our equipment, and must inform them that his boilers consist of hollow, square, or other conveniently formed tables or chambers, which are manufactured of the best charcoal iron; these tables are placed edgewise, in an upright position; are connected and secured by nutted bars; and have their contents—whether of water or steam—communicated to each other, throughout the whole arrange-ment, by two or more tubes, the fire being permitted to pass between and around each compartment or table in such a manner that all their surface is exposed to the action of heat. The accidental fracture of part of the boiler—should any failure occur by the remotest chance—cannot affect the strength or durability of the remainder; nor create the slightest risk to those who might be near.

Now, then, we have our boilers and engines on board, and it is time

to fix on some mode of propulsion. The cumbrous, noisy, spray-dashing, wave-raising, wallowing paddle-wheel, we at once discard, and will substitute

PERKINS' OBLIQUE WHEEL, and STEVENS' PADDLES, and, laudably, give them a chance of fair competition. Perkins' wheel is a very ingenious contrivance for causing the paddle-boards, or fans, to enter and leave the water edgewise, and only to apply their surfaces fully or flatly against the fluid when they have arrived at a vertical position, or, in other words, are passing a line which we may imagine to be drawn perpendicularly down from the axis of the wheel. To effect this, the wheel is constructed on the principle of the fan of the smoke-jack, or like a common ventilator; only that each section is turned so as to approach a little nearer to a parallel with the shaft or pivot; and instead of the shaft being caused to work at right angles from the side of the vessel, and in a direct line with the engine shaft by which it is made to revolve, it is placed obliquely, with an inclination towards the head of the vessel.

Stevens' paddles are a simple mechanical imitation of the manner in which an Indian propels his canoe. Three of these paddles are placed abreast, on the side of the vessel, occupying about the same space that would be required for the common wheel; and they have these novelties in their operation—that, although following each other rapidly and regularly in the water, they work in separate paths; make a longer and deeper stroke than can be attained by the float-boards on a wheel of much greater comparative size; afford the facility of being immersed and drawn out at any angles that may best agree with the speed of the vessel; cause no tremulous motion; make no disturbance or agitation of the water; and may be easily unshipped and replaced.

We attach these inventions to our engine shaft, on opposite sides of the vessel; and if we should happen to find that the power afforded to us by the engines is better applied in the propulsion of the vessel by one mode than by the other, we will make up the difference to the weaker party, by giving a corresponding advantage in steering.

The fire is lit, the steam is up, we are all smiling, in joyous anticipation of a pleasant, merry trip; and our gaily-freighted barque, herself, seemingly instinct with life, and unable to restrain the vapoury breathings of her leviathan lungs, appears to evince a corresponding anxiety to be released from her bonds, and away! "Ready!" is the word—the moorings are cast off in an instant, and like a meet and willing messenger from the fire-king to some favourite sylphid of the deep, sweeping on in the consciousness of power—in the fulness of pride—she bears us rapidly along; whilst our sentimental commander is pacing the deck, and humming, almost unheard, this appropriate effort of his muse:—

Swift o'er the foaming sea
Our gallant vessel glides,
While the sportive waves rush wantonly
To kiss her reeking sides.

But still she hurries on,
Nor ocean's ripple heeds;
So beauty, when love's faith is gone,
From fawning falsehood speeds.

But we must not forget the object of her voyage: walk forward, then, and let us examine—

PERRING'S IMPROVED ANCHOR.— The improvements in this important nautical machine, introduced by Mr. Perring, consist in an alteration of the form, by which a greater certainty of taking and retaining its hold in the ground is insured; and by a most decided and scientific improvement in the mode of manufacture. The change of form brings the proportions and bearing of the several parts of the anchor more within the outline of mathematical accuracy; which can only be understood by a comparison between the anchor hitherto in use, and that constructed by Mr. Perring. The improvement in forging this, in some cases, immense mass of iron, will be understood readily from the following description. Instead of being formed of bars of iron, welded and beaten together, by which those bars, or rather the outer surface of those bars that form the external circle, receive the whole force of the hammering, whilst the others, and particularly those in the centre, are but partially compressed, the required quantity of metal is prepared in thin flat sections, which have an exceeding hardness, and increased durability given to them, by the lusty strokes of our modern Vulcans; and these plates, so prepared, are then welded together, and form an anchor of the most approved shape, whilst they present themselves edgewise, at all points of resistance; so that every section of the anchor sustains its proportion of the enormous strain to which this most useful of all naval instruments—this beautiful type of mortal reliance—can be ever subjected in the terrible turmoil of the deep—the mad contention of the warring elements.

Spirit of the first "worker in metals"—immortal Tubal-Cain!—behold how emulous is the present race to subjugate every thing in art to thy purposes! Stretched out in the inert laziness of its strength is the anchor we have endeavoured to describe, and pendant to the cat-head is its necessary adjunct, the help-mate of the anchor—the creaking cat-block—one of

BOTHWAY'S METALLIC BLOCKS—another of thy triumphs, Tubal! Besides the advantages of incomparable durability, and lightness, these blocks have a swivel hook, by which less labour is required in getting the anchor "on board," and less risk is run by the hardy tar who must take his chance, whilst on that sometimes dangerous duty, of getting "canted" off the anchor-stock, and being sent down to explore the unavailable stores of "Davy Jones' locker."

To complete this metallic arrangement, we have produced, for the occasion—

AN IMPROVED CHAIN CABLE, composed of links, after the approved form of the far-famed iron cables introduced by Acraman, of Bristol. Having ascertained, by a series of careful experiments, that a link of an oval shape, with a bar dividing it laterally into equal parts, would sustain a greater strain than links of any other form, Mr. Acraman took out a patent for the exclusive right of his discovery, and has been amply rewarded, by the most extensive patronage, foreign as well as British. The strain on each link being always in the direction of its length, the insertion of a bar, or stay, to keep the sides of the links from collapsing, was an improvement that seemed to be all that was necessary to induce the exclusive usage of iron cables for the mooring of vessels, instead of those of hemp; but as it has been recently shewn, that if zinc and iron be kept in contact, the former will prevent the oxidation of the latter,

we have had the stays in our cables composed of zinc, and the links of iron, and boldly adventure the experiment.

You will notice something peculiar in our sails, small as is their number and size; for we have availed ourselves of a chemical discovery, and had them made of canvass that is manufactured from

DONLAN'S PHORMIUM TENAX, or New Zealand Flax, prepared by a process which renders it stronger than Russia hemp or flax, and effectually prevents its being injured by mildew or rottenness in any climate, or under any alternations of weather. This process is entirely chemical, and leaves the fibre improved, rather than injured, as it must be by any mechanical operation. May the most extensive encouragement be given to a discovery, that can not only render us independent of the imperial Autocrat, but give an extraordinary increase of employment to our British shipping!

We have detained you a long time on deck, and will now call your attention below. Observe these seeming mouldings beside the beams, and around the cabins—these are

WATSON'S SAFETY TUBES, made of very thin copper; which, being hermetically sealed, and so formed as to resist external pressure, would prevent our vessel from sinking, by their buoyancy, even if she were to spring an unconquerable leak!

Besides this security, we have HARRIS'S LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS, and LIFE BUOYS, and a LIFE BOAT; so fear not gentle dames and gallant swains, no ill can happen to us. Let us then fall to, and do justice to the *dejeuné à la fourchette* which the steward, with his usual alertness, has provided for us.

A SENTIMENTALISM.

L'Aurore a chassé les Orages,
D'un voile de purple et d'azur,
Elle pare un ciel sans nuages;
L'onde roule un cristal plus pur.

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

The morn hath chased the clouds away,
And on the purple heaven she throws
A purer azure, and the stream
With brighter beauty flows.

Upon the dewy fragrant green,
Uncovering its modest head
The rose in joyful haste doth paint
Its soft cheek with a richer red.

A softer breeze doth kiss the flowers,
The bird a sweeter lay doth sing;
The vine unto the giant elm
With a fonder love doth cling.

The wood-bird in its pleasant lay,
The wild-bee in its humming,
The streams, the flowers, seem to say—
"Thy Lady-fair is coming."

NOTES ON AMERICA.—No. IV.

European travellers in the United States, usually complain of the want of those historical and romantic associations, which, in the old world, so often confer an interest on the most barren plains, and lend a charm to the least picturesque of ruins. And an Englishman feels this deficiency more, perhaps, than the stranger of any other nation; because it so happens, that the few celebrated spots which may be pointed out to him during his progress through the country, are precisely those, the contemplation of which awakens any but delightful sensations in his mind. For my own part, at least, I must confess, that I have no pleasure in surveying the heights of Bunker's Hill, or the plains of Saratoga. The contest which terminated in the establishment of American independence was discreditable to us as a nation, both in its origin, and in the mode in which it was conducted; and, though I certainly "wish all men to be free, from mobs and kings, from you and me;" still, I have too much prejudiced English blood in my veins, to view with satisfaction those scenes, where even liberty triumphed at the expense of English honour.

But, although we meet with no monuments of classic fame, no record of the chivalric deeds of the warlike monarchs, and barons bold of the middle ages; and, although the recent glories of the American revolution may not be such as we love to dwell upon, still there can be no greater error, than to suppose that a journey through the interior of the Atlantic States is a dull, plodding, and uninteresting occupation. We may disapprove of the political institutions of the country, and the manners of the inhabitants may not be to our taste, but the most furious aristocrat under heaven, must acknowledge the grandeur and beauty of much of the natural scenery. Every thing in America is on a magnificent scale; mountains, rivers, lakes, plains, swamps, and forests, of vast extent diversify the face of this immense continent.

> "These are miracles which man,
> Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
> Can scarcely dream of, which his eye must see,
> To know how beautiful this world can be."

These lines often occurred to my recollection during a journey which I performed on horseback in the interior of the Southern States. There are few means of human enjoyment more delightful, more conducive to mental and bodily health, than such a tour—provided always, that the traveller is indifferent to personal accommodation, and possesses a stout heart and a strong horse.

This latter is indispensable, and the greatest care in his mode of management is also requisite. The plan which I was advised to adopt, and which proved to be an excellent one, is briefly as follows. He must be fed only once per diem, about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, or an hour after his work is over, when he has been well groomed, and is perfectly cool. This the traveller must attend to himself, as a negro hostler will never perform his duty even in the presence of his master. The provender consists invariably of Indian corn sprinkled with salt, and the blades or leaves of the corn plant, with plenty of water. This,

his only meal, should be a very abundant one. While on the road, he must on no account be permitted to take any food, as in that case, he will inevitably founder. Under this mode of treatment, a good horse will travel in excellent spirits from forty to sixty miles a day, for eight or ten weeks. I suspect there are few roadsters in England, who could perform as much.

That the courage and coolness of both horse and rider may be sometimes put rather severely to the proof, will appear from the following little incident. Upon arriving at the banks of a river in North Carolina, I discovered that the wooden bridge had been removed to a more convenient station, about five miles up the river, but was informed by a countryman, that there was a good ford at hand, by means of which I might pass in safety to the opposite bank. The stream was much swollen and rolled rapidly over the ford, or raised pathway, making a considerable fall on the other side. Had I not been assured that there was a way underneath, I should have supposed it to be nothing more than a dam in a mill-stream. I was debating in my mind as to the prudence of attempting this ugly passage, when another traveller arrived. He was mounted upon a very fine horse, and determined at once to cross the river, as he had repeatedly done before, when the water, however, was not so deep or so rapid. Accordingly he plunged in, and I followed, though my steed was extremely reluctant to do so. We found the pathway not more than three feet wide, and the water rolled over it breast high like a torrent. It appeared to me to be the most dangerous business I had ever been engaged in, but it was impossible to turn round or back out. When we had proceeded about half way across, I suddenly lost sight of my companion; but almost immediately saw him emerge from a deep hole into which his horse had fallen—the large stones which formed the path, having in this place been swept away by the stream. The strength and prowess of his good steed had saved him. My horse snorted and shuddered, turned his head to the right and to the left, and then stood perfectly motionless. I at once released my feet from the stirrup irons, threw the bridle on his neck, and seized a firm hold on the mane. The poor fellow absolutely groaned, and then with immense exertion, cleared the hole by a prodigious leap. I reached the opposite bank in safety, but the adventure made me cautious of fording American rivers ever after.

Next to having no path at all, the most perplexing thing to a traveller is, to find too many. For when he inquires his route through the woods, the direction almost invariably given, is, "go right straight along till the road *forks*, and then take the plain waggon path to the right," (or left, as it may happen.) Nothing, apparently, could be more intelligible or satisfactory than this; but the misfortune is, that the fork of the road has so many *prongs*, that the stranger is completely at a loss which to select. His pocket compass is then his only resource, and if he succeeds in reaching his place of destination at the expense of fifteen or twenty miles of devious riding, he may congratulate himself on his sagacity and good fortune.

In the mean time, however, he may chance to meet with some scores of wild deer, a few rattle-snakes, sleeping Indians, and run-away negroes. And if he should happen to encounter a thunder storm in the forest, he will be amply recompensed for any extra fatigue or perplexity, to which the want of a turnpike-road may have subjected him. I have

repeatedly witnessed storms at sea, and was once lashed to the mizen mast, that I might enjoy one in perfection: but the effect which I saw produced by a hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning, in a forest of pines, far exceeded in terrific grandeur any thing I ever beheld on the ocean. The distant howling of the tempest came fearfully upon the ear for some time before it reached the spot, where, with my arm on my horse's neck, I stood in awful expectation of its approach; presently afterwards came the crashing of the trees, which were struck by the lightning or uprooted by the fury of the wind. One of the loftiest of the pines fell across the road about three yards in front of me. My horse remained perfectly quiet till all was over, and the storm rushing past us, pursued its terrific course in our rear. The whole scene, which I have attempted thus briefly to describe, was so strikingly grand, and the rage of the elements was so soon succeeded by a complete calm, that all sense of personal danger was deadened, till the cause of it had ceased to exist—and I recommenced threading my way through the woods in thoughtful silence.

In the interior of Georgia and the Carolinas, the methodists are the most prevailing sect, but the neglect of religious observances is palpable throughout a great part of the southern states. In many populous towns and districts, no consecrated place of worship can be found, though the court-house, or town-hall, is occasionally converted into a chapel, where the most revolting nonsense is delivered by some itinerant pretender to the priestly office. I have sometimes, with a view to ascertain what description of persons composed the congregation, attended these meetings; and have more than once discovered that the preacher and myself were the only male persons present; though the more gallant of the gentlemen have waited outside the door to escort their wives and daughters home. In this respect, the southerners come into very disadvantageous contrast with their fellow-citizens of the northern and eastern States, where every hamlet possesses a sincere, though it may be narrow-minded pastor. The sabbath, however, is generally so far observed in the interior of the southern States, that the stores are closed, and the field negroes are released from their labours. But the taverns are filled during the whole of the day by a set of noisy and intemperate wretched beings, who pass their time in drinking, smoking, playing at *chequers*, or draughts, and talking furiously democratic politics. In fact, a traveller is fortunate if he avoids insult and injury from these desperadoes, and can contrive to escape in peace and safety to the dreary plains, and far spreading forests, with wild deer and Indians for his companions and guides.

The unfavourable character which I have given above, of the villages in the slave-holding states, was suggested more particularly by the remembrance of a brief sojourn at a little place called Chester, in South Carolina, the *desagrémens* of which were rendered more striking and offensive, by the contrast afforded soon after, in the accommodation I received at a solitary cottage in the woods, where I stopped to learn my route, and to procure refreshment. I arrived in the evening, and found the family, consisting of the owner of the place, his daughter, and two negroes, at their devotions. I was struck with the quiet and dignified exterior of the master, and still more by his reserve and silence. He was evidently an Englishman; and the florid complexion and laughing eyes of the young lady, proved, beyond doubt, that she had only lately

become a resident among woods and swamps. I noticed, also, a beautiful Italian greyhound, which appeared to be a great favourite—and the flute and guitar, which lay upon one of the benches under the piazza, had evidently been recently in requisition. The cottage was built in a superior style, having the roof projecting beyond the walls, till it nearly reached the ground:—it resembled those pretty little farm-houses, so comfortable and picturesque, which charm the eye of the traveller in Switzerland, in the cantons of Lucerne and Soleure.

Soon after I arrived, the Fayetteville stage-coach was driven up to the door, with a single passenger, who was the mail contractor, and evidently acquainted with the inmates of the cottage. He invited me to dine with him; and I was confirmed in my suspicion of the English origin of my host, by the mode in which our dinner was served—so different from the profuse and ill-managed economy of an American inn table. We had only one dish of roasted venison, with some sweet potatoes; but the forks, salt-cellars, spoons, and drinking-cups, were of silver—the crest on which appeared to have been purposely disfigured, and was nearly obliterated. During dinner, I endeavoured to learn, from my companion, the name and quality of my fellow countryman—but he only laughed, and advised me to ask the gentleman himself, as he was not at liberty to answer any questions respecting him. A negro waited upon us, and I said nothing of the master or his daughter, till I was mounting my horse to depart. I kissed my hand to the young lady, who smiled gaily—made a low bow to the father, who returned it like a courtier,—and, not without many "a longing, lingering look behind," pursued my solitary way through the woods, to the village where I intended to pass the night. I wished, with all my heart, that another hurricane would afford me a decent excuse to return.

South Carolina appears to have been the favourite resort of emigrants from Ireland. Several of the most wealthy and respectable merchants and planters belong to that nation; and I remember sailing from Philadelphia, in company with fifty or sixty fellow passengers, all residents in Charlestown, of whom three-fourths were Irish, or of Irish extraction. In the interior, also, you meet with them at every village. It is said, that during the last war, they formed a considerable proportion of the crews of privateers, and the smaller government vessels. They were all furnished, of course, with regular certificates of American birth and citizenship, to be produced in case of capture by the enemy; but the British officers had an amusing and rather ingenious method of discovering their real place of nativity—which the following short dialogue will explain.

British Officer. Where were you born?

Irish Sailor. In Pennsylvania State, your honor.

British Officer. You are an Irishman; I can tell by your brogue.

Irish Sailor. Brogue is it, your honor? Sure I've no brogue at all, at all—but spake good English like a raal Amirican.

British Officer. Then say *peas.*

Irish Sailor. Is it *paase,* your honour?

British Officer. Take that fellow down below.

I have often remarked, that Irishmen in America will submit cheerfully to the most degrading drudgery, and endure with great composure, the grossest personal abuse; but he must be a very bold, or a very ignorant man, who ventures to speak disrespectfully of the Emerald Isle

itself, in the presence of one of her sons. I recollect, one fine summer's evening, a large party of Americans, and foreigners of all nations, were collected together on the deck of a steam-boat, enjoying a sail in the bay to and from Sullivan's Island. In the course of conversation, an ill-bred American made use of some contemptuous and insulting expressions, when speaking of the Irish—calling them a "a beggarly set of bog-trotters," or something of that sort. Upon turning round, to see how this speech would be taken by the by-standers, I beheld the unhappy republican laid at full length on the deck, by a blow from an old Irish soldier, who had knocked him down before the words were well uttered.

There have been many elaborate works published on the marriage ceremonies of various nations, both savage and civilized. I do not, however, remember to have read of any, so brief and unceremonious as the following, which I had the opportunity of witnessing, when on a visit to a gentleman in Carolina. A fine looking negro, and the handsomest mulatto, or yellow girl, I have ever seen, were the parties who desired to be made one for life. The matter was thus arranged:—In the course of our evening walk, my friend, the planter, was sheepishly addressed by the slave, in these words, "Please, massa, me want to marry Riddiky;"—(this is the "nigger" for Eurydice.) "Does Riddiky want to marry you?" "Yes, massa." "If you marry her, I won't allow you to run after the other girls on the plantation—you shall live like a decent fellow with your wife." "Massa, me lub her so, dat me don't care one dam for de oder gals." "Marry her then, and be d——d." "Yes, massa." Washington then gave Riddiky a kiss; and from that day they became man and wife:—no other form, than that of permission from their owner, thus graciously accorded, being considered necessary to legalise their union.

I fear that the arts of painting and sculpture are not much cultivated in the south, though I have seen some good pictures by the old masters, in Charlestown; and I ought not to omit mentioning a remarkably fine statue of Washington, by Canova, which has been erected at Raleigh, in North Carolina. The execution appears to me to be absolutely perfect; but, unfortunately, the sculptor does not seem to have made the slightest attempt to present a likeness of the American hero. This is, I think, an unpardonable defect. Chantrey has succeeded much better; and indeed was, I am informed, unusually solicitous to procure such portraits, as would enable him to execute, not merely a fine work of art, but to produce an actual resemblance of Washington. The Bostonians are fortunate enough to possess this statue.

I may here mention a circumstance, which was related to me by Colonel T——, who was a fellow soldier of Washington, and, latterly, the first historical painter in the United States. I remarked to him, that, in his picture of "the Resignation," painted by order of Congress I saw nothing of the pull, or turn of the mouth, which is observable in every other portrait of the principal figure. Colonel T—— replied, that he had delineated the countenance of his friend, as he recollected it in his best days, before *a set of false teeth*, which he had procured after he became President, had distorted his features, and produced that peculiar and rather disagreeable expression about the mouth, which we have all observed in the more recent portraits of Washington.

Before taking leave of the South, there are two subjects of grave import, which I wish to notice very concisely—viz. the probability of a

dissolution of the federal union, by a separation of the free from the slave-holding states, and the malignant influence which the slave system must inevitably continue to exercise on the future destinies of the republic.

Many causes conspire to produce a great degree of irritation in the southern provinces, towards their brethren of the north; the principal of which are, in the first place, the unmeasured and acrimonious attacks which, in Congress, and in the state legislatures, are made upon their laws, for the coercion of the black population: and secondly, the iniquitous provisions of the new tariff, which press heavily upon the growers of rice, cotton, and tobacco.

The southern planter addresses the northern politician in such language as this:—"You know perfectly well that we did not originate the slave system; that we lament its existence most deeply; are the principal sufferers, from the evils which it occasions; and would adopt any feasible plan for its abolition. But, instead of producing some well digested and rational scheme for our relief, you only expose your own ignorance, and endanger our lives and property, by the most absurd and impracticable projects, which serve to stir up insurrections among the negroes, and compel us to adopt measures of security for their suppression, which are as abhorrent to the feelings of a grower, as a manufacturer of cotton. Then again, you pass laws for the regulation of our foreign commerce, which have a direct tendency to destroy it. Your tariff obliges us to purchase domestic goods (of inferior quality to those we have hitherto procured from Europe) at a much greater cost; while, at the same time, it necessitates the foreign manufacturer to reduce, as much as possible, the price of the raw material, which affords us our only means of support. Thus, you treat us more as conquered provinces, than as sister states; and we have the same grounds now for dissolving our connection with *you*, which justified our fathers in throwing off the domination of England: for by the very same bill which taxes us for your exclusive benefit, you deprive us, in a great measure, of our only resource for discharging the iniquitous duties thus imposed."

Such was the style of language prevalent in the country south of the Potomac, when I resided there. I have heard frequent attempts made to answer the allegations which are here detailed; but they always appeared to me to be very futile. To the threat of a separation, however, the inhabitants of the free states were always provided with a reply, brief, insulting, and conclusive,—"Do if you dare." And this leads me to the consideration of the second topic mentioned above—viz. the future prospects of the Southern States, viewed in connection with slavery: for it is the weakness engendered by this prolific source of crime and misery, which enables the North thus to tyrannise over the South.

The entire population of the four principal slave-holding states, which border on the Atlantic, namely, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, amounts to about three millions; of which, one million three hundred thousand, that is, nearly half, are slaves. If the population of the two castes continues to increase in the same relative proportion as during the last thirty years, it is evident that the negroes will, at no great distance of time, possess a numerical majority. That, however, would be of comparatively small importance, provided it were possible to retain them in their present degraded state. And if there

were no admixture of foreign blood among the negroes; if, in other words, the race of mulattoes could be extinguished, I suppose that the whites would have little to fear: because, during a residence of nine years among them, I became entirely satisfied of the truth of the two following propositions. In the first place, full-blooded negroes, whether born free, or emancipated, or slaves, are of very inferior natural ability, not only to white men, but to American Indians, Lascars, Chinese, or any other race with which I am acquainted. Secondly, the infusion of white blood, immediately produces a decided intellectual improvement. This is the case almost invariably, though exceptions will occur to this rule, as to every other. In St. Domingo, the President, Boyer, is a mulatto; and, though numerically superior, the blacks in that island succumb to those of his caste. In the United States, the leaders in almost every attempt to procure the emancipation of the slaves, have been of the same mixed blood. From the efforts of this class then, which has increased, is increasing, and which no means have hitherto been taken to diminish, must the principal danger to the continuance of white supremacy be apprehended. The inhabitants, therefore, of the Southern States, are, in many respects, similarly situated to our West Indian fellow-subjects. Their estates are mortgaged, and their commerce crippled; and a separation from the Northern Provinces would in a few years place them nearly as much at the mercy of *their* slave population, as the sudden withdrawal of British garrisons would leave *our* colonies at the present moment. In such circumstances, the threat of a separation is equally ridiculous on the part of both.

But if we view dispassionately the situation of the Brazils, the West Islands, and the slave states of North America, which border upon the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, and analyse the materials of which their discordant population is composed, we shall be driven to the conclusion, that the time must arrive when a struggle between the two castes will terminate in the expulsion or subjugation of the whites. This is, indeed, a melancholy prospect; but we have sown the wind, and we must reap the whirlwind. In the emphatic words of Mr. Jefferson, "the Deity has no attribute which can take part with us in such a contest; and when I think that God is just, I tremble for my country."

From a private letter which we have received from the intelligent and impartial writer of these "Notes," we make the following extract.—[Ed. M. M.]

"I observe that a writer in the *Globe* has charged me with some inaccuracies, into which, he says, I have fallen, in my last number. It would be no difficult matter to shew that *I* am right, and my reviewer mistaken.

"He asks, for instance, 'Why is not the pine-tree mentioned?' It *is* mentioned—at least three times—and once in the very first paragraph.

"Again, he asserts that 'the country fever is no worse than a common head-ache,' &c. Now, I have seen persons dead and dying from it. It is a most terrible malady, as distressing as any generated by the Pontine marshes. I assert, that my account of the duel is the correct one. I had every opportunity of knowing the truth.

"His remark upon the anecdote of old Randolph, is quite absurd. I gave the story as it was told in the best society in America. From the character of the man, it is extremely probable—and at all events, I was not to be prevented from telling it, because I was not an eye-witness of the flogging."

WHAT YOU PLEASE.—No. III.

THE STRAIT OF KING ETHELRED!

King Ethelred sat in his room alone,
Alone and sad sat he;
And the night-wind broke with a plaintive moan
Around that ancient tower of stone,
And it howled right drearily.
The castle clock hath cried aloud
That the midnight hour was past,
But the monarch sat with his forehead bow'd,
And his face grew pale as a moonlit shroud,
When he heard the rushing blast.

The castle clock hath spoken again,
With a voice so loud and shrill;
And you bend your ear and listen in vain,
For echoing step or minstrel's strain,
For all within is still!

King Ethelred sat in his lonely room,
With the dying embers' fiery gloom,
And his face bow'd down in thought as before,
And his hand his forehead passing o'er,
And soon the dreary wind did moan,
And King Ethelred felt himself *alone*.
But suddenly broke on his startled ears
A shouting of men, a ringing of spears,
And a leaping of voices into the sky,
In a mighty storm of harmony.
For a moment King Ethelred paused in doubt—
Should he stay in, or should he go out,
To gaze on the scene of terror and fright?
He called to his trusty page for a light,
But no answer was made to the prince's call,
Save the moan of the old ancestral hall,
And the ashes mouldering on the hearth—
Can kings be so left alone on earth?

Steadily, steadily, steadily tread
That mouldering stair, King Ethelred!
The King grew pale, for a sound he heard,
As if the graves of the sea were stirr'd;
And a voice came from the forest deep,
Like a rushing of wings in the time of sleep,
And a storm of pallid and ghastly light
Was scatter'd like foam on the darken'd night,
Making the spectre trees look white!
And anon there bursts a lurid glare
From ten thousand banners upon the air,
And the frighted sky seemed rent asunder
By the mingling storm of fire and thunder!

The heaven was black and now it is red,
What aileth the great King Ethelred.
That with lifted arm and straining eye
He stretched his face unto the sky?

What doth he see by yon blasted tree?
A gallant knight armed cap-a-piè—
Jesu Maria! how fiercely he rides,
And the foam rolls down from his charger's sides.
* * * * * * * *

The storm is gone like April rain,
The sunshine and calm are come again;
But the storm is not gone, the clouds are not fled,
That darken'd the brow of King Ethelred.
It is a mournful thing to trace
A tear upon our sister's face,
Or keep watch by the weak and old,
And feel their warm hands growing cold;
These are bitter griefs which throw
A shadow on the bosom's glow;
Thoughts of fire and pain which roll
A burning tunic on the soul;

And such I ween were passing thro'
The monarch's breast, as he sat beside
The couch where his dying daughter lay.
While the shadow of the twilight gray
Upon her face did glide.

And here I am compelled to break off abruptly. The foregoing poem I ought to have premised, is translated from a singular black-letter manuscript, in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and must be considered a treasure, as an example of a very peculiar species of poetry which was cultivated with much success by our Saxon ancestors. Probably, you will notice the resemblance of the metre and manner of my version to Mr. Coleridge's *Christabel*, a circumstance readily accounted for, if we remember that the style of that poem is framed upon the ancient ballad. Next month, I propose continuing my translation, and by way of establishing the authenticity of the manuscript, I will, if you like, furnish you with some verses of the original Saxon.

I conclude with a little imitation from the sweet Spanish of Garcilasso de la Vega.

TO A LADY GATHERING FLOWERS.

While the spirit of sweet youth
About thy head its garland wreatheth,
And the music of thy heart
Through those lips of perfume breatheth:

While the wind of summer time
Thy raven tresses shaketh,
And not a thought of grief or care
With thine opening eyes awaketh:

Gather in thy harvest, Lady,
Before the autumn rain doth flow;
Ere the winter storm doth cover
Thy tree of life with snow.

The myrtle blossoms shall decay,
The pale moss in its place shall be;
Lady, time is hastening on,
And it waiteth not for thee.

SWAMP HALL;

OR, THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

The Pennys lived at Richmond. They were of that happy class denominated the respectable, but made themselves continually miserable, in their anxiety to be fine. Happiness was very well,—but then, fashion was something. They had a snug house—a beautiful garden, sloping down to the Thames,—two "fair daughters," and three promising sons. Add to this, ten thousand pounds in the 3 per cents., with the best of health, and you have a brief summing up of the possessions and advantages of the family of the Pennys. No, we have forgotten one treasure —they had a family friend. He was the oracle of the house, by virtue of his threescore years, a broken constitution, and an estate called Swamp Hall, in not the most fertile part of Lincolnshire. Mr. Solon—such was our "friend's" name—gave the law to the Pennys; although we cannot disguise the fact, that his dicta were, at times, not uncomplainedly allowed by Mr. Penny himself, who, animated by some extraordinary prejudice, wished sometimes to guide the interests of his own family. It needed all the arguments of Mrs. Penny, to contend against this wrong-headedness of the father of her children.

"My dear Mr. Penny," Mrs. P. would exclaim, when desirous of effectually silencing any rebellious scruples of her husband, "I should not persist in my opinion, were it not, as I have told you before, the opinion of Mr. Solon."

"Nor, my dear," would reply Mr. Penny, in the mildest of tones, "should I, were I not certain that when Mr. Solon heard my arguments—"

They had one morning pursued thus far, when Mrs. Penny, with more than usual energy, retorted—"Nonsense!—Mr. Solon never hears arguments; 'tis enough that he advises. Is he not—" And here Mrs. Penny called up one of those looks which we are apt to assume, when we would knock down opposition with a self-evident truth,—"Is he not the family friend?"

What could Mr. Penny do?—what could he say to this? Why, nothing but press his hands gently together, raise them nearly to his chin, incline his head, slightly elevate his shoulders, and reply—"Unquestionably."

Mrs. Penny felt her vantage ground, and followed up the attack with merciless vehemence. We do not think she had ever read Aristotle—though, by the way, she had received her education at the best boarding-school in Kensington—and yet she knew the full force of argument by interrogation. Thus, when Mr. Penny had allowed her premises, that Mr. Solon *was* the family friend, she continued, with a growing air of triumph—"Can any thing be done without him?"

The question went to Mr. Penny's heart. Nevertheless, he replied—"Certainly not."

"Have we a secret from him?—Does he not read the confidential letters of our dearest friends?"

Something of the most delicate tint of a blush rose to Mr. Penny's cheek, as he satisfied the query—"Every line."

"Has he not stood for the three last children?"

"Every one of them."—To which Mr. Penny might have added,

" and given them names, most of them borne by the now dead and buried members of the family of the Solons."

" Do we not allow him to pay for the education of Jemima and Petrarch? Was he not once horsewhipped, in mistake for yourself? And did he not take your place in a duel—you remember how I scolded him for it—with a murdering ensign, from the north of Ireland?"

Mr. Penny hesitated to answer this latter question. Mrs. Penny, however, thought ingratitude a heinous sin, and again enforced it.

Mr. Penny still shrunk from the thrust. He could only return to his wife's first interrogatory—" As you say, Mr. Solon is the friend of the family."

" Say!—I know him to be so.—Well then, is Mary to be married off, before Mr. Solon makes his decision?"

" Decision!"—For once Mr. Penny ventured to ask, " Am I not her father?"

" Father!—What of that?—Isn't Mr. Solon the family friend?"

Mr. Penny ventured to lower his brow.—" Humph!—It's a pity so much friendship is wasted on strangers. I wish he'd a family of his own."

" Then it seems you forget Mr. Solon's Lincolnshire estate—(that Mecca of Mrs. Penny's hopes)—" you forget Swamp Hall,—that fertile and fashionable retreat."

This was a subject on which, spite of the frowns of his wife, Mr. Penny would, at times, venture a jest.—" Fertile and fashionable!—why, nothing grows there but rushes—and no one ventures there but geese—and they, only as visitors."

" Rushes and geese!" retorted Mrs. Penny, with a contemptuous glance. " I vow, I have heard Mr. Solon declare that his grounds produced for the London tradesmen."

" Yes—for London chair-menders, and London poulterers.—I forgot.—in seasons of great plenty, he has an acre or two of wild watercresses."

" This, Mr. Penny, is all idle. You know that he has willed his estate to our boy. We must n't neglect the dear child's interest. I'm sure—" (here Mrs. Penny cast a look of consolation at her husband)—" Mr. Solon can't live long. Doesn't he break every winter?"

" Yes—but, hang it! he mends every spring."

" Mr. Penny, look at his face."

" Haven't I watched the coming of every wrinkle into it? Had I studied the stars, as I have studied his features, I had got more money by almanack making, than ever I shall gain by Swamp Hall."

Mrs. Penny was shocked.—" This of the friend of the family!—One who gives his advice—"

" Faith, he ought to give it," quickly retorted Mr. Penny, " else 'twould often be dear indeed.—Didn't he make me speculate, and lose in hops, when I wanted to invest in camphor?—Didn't he foretell a hard winter—" (It was now Mr. Penny's turn to act the querist.)—" I suppose the geese were early at Swamp Hall—and make me buy up bear-skins, when the currant-trees conspired to bud in January?—I always lost by his advice—but once."

Here was a straw of comfort for Mrs. Penny, and her drowning hand snatched at it.—" Well, I am glad you own so much. Once, then, his advice did serve you?"

"Yes—he counselled one way, and I took exactly the contrary.—To say the truth, I am almost tired of Mr. Solon."

"Husband—be reasonable:—you know he must die soon."

"Die!—I tell you what, wife—I have long suspected it, but now I am sure of the fact. People who promise to will away estates, *never* die. If ever they fall sick, it's only to teaze us, by getting well again."

"The man can't live," replied Mrs. Penny, with great emphasis,—"I tell you—"

We know not what consolatory proofs of Mr. Solon's early dissolution would have been advanced, had not a shuffling at the door, and the shrill voice of Becky, the servant, suddenly snapped the chain of Mrs. Penny's evidence.

"Well, Mr. Solon, I'll give your name," cried the girl, backing into the room, and vainly endeavouring to delay the entrance of an old gentleman, who flung himself into the middle of the parlour, and stood with his hat perched on the very summit of his head—one arm flung behind the tail of his coat, the other extended forth—and, with the eye of "death-darting cockatrice," looking now at the girl, and now at her master and mistress, as, with a voice spasmodic with surprise, he cried out—

"Name, name!—Mr. Penny—Mrs. Penny!"—The friend of the family stood gasping with astonishment—Mrs. Penny brought a chair, and in the softest manner possible, chid Mr. Solon for venturing out so early. "The dews were yet upon the ground."

Mr. Solon, shaking his forefinger at Becky the maid, inquired of Mr. Penny,—"who is this?—asked my name—barred me at the door!"—his voice rose as he enumerated each new indignity—"Me!"—He literally crowed out the monosyllable.

As they say in Parliament, Mrs. Penny explained. "It was the new servant."

"She's better than the last, I hope?" observed the family friend, scarcely permitting himself to be mollified: then to Becky, most impressively—

"Young woman! behave yourself, or I shall discharge you."

Becky muttered something about "two masters." Mrs. Penny caught the sound of discontent—"What's that, Becky?—Remember, in this house, Mr. Solon is the same as Mr. Penny."

Betty caught the eye of her master, and with a significant "Oh!" vanished from the parlour.

"I hope, sir," enquired the master of the mansion of the family friend "you remain in excellent health?"

"You do hope, eh?—I thought you didn't—you didn't speak before. Perhaps, I'm troublesome?"

"Now, my dear Mr. Solon," exclaimed Mrs. Penny in the greatest concern.

"I can go to Lincolnshire," cried Mr. Solon.

"I wish you would," thought Mr. Penny.

"In fact I ought to go—I *will* go."—Mrs. Penny said nothing, but smiled beseechingly at the friend of the family, who, by degrees, let his anger subside in his paternal care for Miss Mary Penny, whose choice, or rather, whose reception of a husband was at this time, the grand household question. There were two aspirants for the young lady's hand, linked as it was with three hundred per annum by the will of her

grandfather. Mr. Edmund Wilkins, the junior partner of a respectable house in the city, had, for some two years past, been received by the Pennys, was by no means indifferent to Mary, and what was, indeed, a still greater recommendation, was not decidedly objected to by Mr. Solon. Unhappily, however, the friend of the family, was "the fortunate holder" of a somewhat irascible bull-terrier, that on a very slight provocation, laid bare the shin-bone of Edmund Wilkins, who, in his agony, unmindful of the sacrilege—for the terrier bull was sacred as the *lares* at the fire-side of the Pennys—returned the assault with so vigorous a kick, that a fractured rib was the lot of (in Mrs. Penny's words) "the dear dumb animal." This, in the emphatic language of Mr. Solon, "ruffian-like assault" on the part of Edmund Wilkins, was construed into an open declaration of war by the friend of the family, and thus the lover had at once to contend, against the fancied horrors of hydrophobia, and the powerful interest of the owner of Swamp Hall. Besides this, Mr. Solon had formed a street acquaintance with the Honourable Frederick Rustington—a gentleman, who had gallantly delivered the family friend from a knot of pick-pockets on a levee day—who was connected with the first families, whose dress was the very flower of the mode, and whose mustachios were as black as Erebus. Of course, the Honourable Frederick Rustington had been made at home with the Pennys: too much attention could not be paid to the preserver of the family friend. At any time, Edmund Wilkins would have willing dispensed with the presence of the visitor, but coming as he did, pat on the attack of the bull-terrier, introduced and patronized by the vindictive Solon, he was a rival not to be despised. Edmund Wilkins could see that Mrs. Penny began to look coldly upon him—that Mr. Penny seemed half afraid, to venture as he was wont, a cordial shake of the hand—that Mary would sit for half an hour, with her pretty blue eyes, contemplating the pattern of the carpet—and, worse than all, that Mr. Solon would cast a supercilious look of triumph from the junior partner, to the mustachios of the Honourable Frederick Rustington. All this, had Edmund Wilkins to endure, together with a wound in his shin, and a nervous excitement at the thoughts of water.

"I have made up my mind," said Mr. Solon, when induced by the attentions of Mr. Penny, to descend from his wrath to the affairs of the family. "I am determined—Mary must marry the Honourable Mr Rustington." Mr. Penny was about to remonstrate, but was summarily checked by the friend of the family. "Marry him directly, and the young couple can go and spend the honeymoon at Swamp Hall—Swamp Hall!" Had the tongue of Demosthenes enriched the mouth of Mr. Penny, it would have been paralyzed with the syllables—"Swamp Hall'—he was dumb,—and the matter, at least, in the opinion of Mr. Solon, was finally arranged.

Enter Becky with letters. They were scarcely glanced at by Mr. Penny, ere they were in the hands of the friend of the family.—"A plague on the impudence of this world," cried Mr. Penny, "here is that fellow Rogers, sending to me for the loan of a hundred pounds! The brazen rascal!"

"Why, Mr. Penny, you forget—Mr. Rogers—a man of honour—a man of substance."

"Substance! My dear sir, he has been going to pieces this twelvemonth!"

"Have a care, Mr. Penny—defamation, sir—Mr. Rogers is, I repeat, an honourable man; and, not that I would desire my wishes to weigh with you—in fact, I have no right—none whatever—yet, Mr. Penny, allow me to say, that you will best support your character as a liberal man, by obliging Mr. Rogers with"—

"But my dear sir?"

"I don't wish to persuade you—as I said, I have no claim to any influence—how should I have—none!"

Mr. Penny had no remedy: Mrs. Penny ably advocated the character of "their old friend Rogers." Mr. Solon, with wounded dignity, took "a more removed ground"—and, to be brief, Mr. Penny wrote the cheque, and enclosing it in a letter despatched it by a special messenger to London. "Hem," cried Mr. Solon—and as the missive was borne away, he repeated with a college air, "*Bis dat, qui cito dat.*" At this moment, little master Nicodemus Solon Penny was ushered into the apartment with the nursery maid, previous to his departure on a visit to his grandmother, at Hackney, Mr. Solon having promised the old lady the long-expected treat. "Just like the head of the old philosophers," cried Mr. Solon, as, rubbing up the stubbly hair of Nicodemus, he looked with uncommon sagacity in the child's face; "Come, master Nicodemus," cried the girl, "or we shall lose the coach!" "Coach!" exclaimed Mr. Solon, "I thought I desired the child should go in the steam-boat? To be sure—I have no right to interfere, but I thought I said the steam-boat!"

A look of anxiety overspread Mrs. Penny's face, as she endeavoured to smile, and indistinctly, urged something about "the machinery!"

"That's it! look at the child's head—has a genius for mechanics—nothing like early cultivation; Sally, go in the steam-boat—but mind, not too near the boiler. You hear, Sally—the steam-boat!"

Mr. and Mrs. Penny looked at each other—kissed the child, who, enriched with a shilling from the purse of Mr. Solon, started for his voyage down the Thames. Scarcely had little Nicodemus departed, when Frankenstein Penny, (for the sake of Mr. P. we must repeat the names of his younger branches were the arbitrary taste of Mr. Solon), at home for the vacation from a preparatory school, bounced into the room, but having apologized for his violence by a particularly humble bow to the friend of the family, was graciously received by Mr. Solon, who, as was usual with his fortunate god-children, began to expatiate on the extraordinary capacity of Frankenstein. "I tried him last night," cried Mr. Penny, "he can read any thing!"

"No doubt. I'll be sworn he can with such a head as that." The mother had placed the "*Times*" in the hands of the young scholar, for the display of his precocity. Master Frankenstein, holding the leading journal of Europe crumpled in his little fists, with his eyes and mouth widely opened, stared at Mr. Solon for the word. "Any where, my dear—read any thing—the first thing you see," cried the godfather, who with a significant glance at Mr. Penny, raised his hand above the child's head in admiration of its extraordinary development. "Any thing, my dear!"

The child, after a little stammering, literally astounded his hearers with his reading, for he began in a loud voice.

"Bankrupts.—Jonathan Rogers, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, hop-merchant."

Mr. Penny gave a deep groan—Mrs. Penny uttered a slight hysteric shriek—the friend of the family looked as if his face was suddenly frost-bitten—and Master Frankenstein Penny, with the sweet unconsciousness of childhood, proceeded to read the days of meeting, and the names of the bankrupt's attornies. After the first shock, Mr. Penny looked at "his old friend Rogers' letter," which, according to the date, should have come to hand three days before. Some men, not wholly bigots to ceremony, would have kicked their adviser into the street. Not so, Mr. Penny; for though he looked as if his neckcloth was doing the work of a bow-string, all he said was—but the words came writhing through his teeth—"I knew I was right——I—" and he dashed down a chair, with a vigour that, to the friend of the family, appeared something like a liberty. Mr. Penny continued to grumble:—"friends!—humph!—friends!"—with other significant syllables, broke from him; and we know not to what extent his abuse—for that was the term given it by Mr. Solon—would have gone, had not the cause of this violence at once asserted his dignity, and offered consolation to the enraged, but still polite, Mr. Penny.—"There was no doubt that the dividend would be very handsome—very handsome."—(Mr. Penny ventured a "pish!")—"However, such was the reward of friendship:"—and Mr. Solon rose, and positively prepared to put on his gloves.—"If, however, the dividend came short of the debt, he thanked his stars, he yet had property—and where people shewed such ingratitude, he would again and again sell Swamp Hall." The string was struck—Mrs. Penny again put on one of her imploring looks—even Mr. Penny felt he had gone too far; and as the husband and wife lowered in their tone and manner, of course Mr. Solon rose in his injuries; until, at length, it was the friend of the family who had been wronged—whose property had been sacrificed:—it was he who had been swindled by the "old friend" Rogers. However, after much exertion, on the part of man and wife, the proprietor of Swamp Hall took off his gloves, and was again seated in the easy chair. He had ceased to reproach, and was now gathered up in calm dignity. Luncheon was spoken of—the tray was brought up—and once more Mr. Solon was the friend of the family. The approaching marriage of Mary was talked of—Mr. Solon declaring, that the firm in which Edmund Wilkins was junior partner, was built on sand; that, in fact, he was little better than a sharper, with an eye to the "poor girl's money;"—whereas, the Hon. Frederick Rustington was a man of birth and rank, with great connexions in the colonies; a circumstance not to be lost sight of by the father of three intelligent boys. Mrs. Penny bridled up at this, and Mr. Penny listened somewhat more complacently, when Edmund Wilkins was again stigmatised as an adventurer and a sharper. Thus went on the time, and Mr. Solon had raised a glass of champagne to his lips, when a shriek, a loud shrill shriek, pierced through the house, and Becky rushed in, wringing her hands; and with her eyes starting from her head, and her round face as ghastly as death, half screamed, and half sobbed—"Master!—the child—Nic—Nic—". At last, with a convulsive throe, she delivered herself of the word—"drowned!"

Mrs. Penny screamed, and went off in a fit; Becky ran to her assistance, and chafed her hands and temples. The friend of the family, with his mouth open, his face the colour of a new slate, aghast—his knees knocking

each other, and his eyes averted from Mr. Penny—sat in the easy chair, the picture of ghastly imbecility;—whilst the father of the drowned child—(he was in the act of cutting a corner crust, as Becky rushed in) —with a case-knife griped in his hand, sprang to his feet, and, approaching Mr. Solon—the paternal feeling overbearing all recollections of Swamp Hall, all "trivial fond records" of the friendship of its owner—exclaimed, in a voice rendered painfully piercing by emotion, at the same time unconsciously shaking the glittering steel within a hand's breadth of Mr. Solon's neckcloth—"Wretch!—monster!—busybody!—a curse to my house!—Begone, murderer!—fly my roof!—My —my poor boy!"—and here the tears rolled down the father's cheeks—his voice was stifled in his throat—the knife fell from his hand—and, powerless, he sank sobbing into a chair, when his grief was diverted by a sudden rush into the room, and he felt a wet mass literally heaved into his lap. The load was Master Nicodemus—not, as the newspapers say, with "the vital spark totally extinct,"—old father Thames having contented himself with sousing a beautiful suit of sky-blue, leaving undimmed the Promethean principle of the embryo Archimedes.

The story was soon told.—Master Nicodemus, whilst in the wherry, making for the steamer, had amused himself by trailing in the water the thong of his toy whip, which, somehow or other escaping from his hand, he made a lounge after it—the nursery-maid made a grasp at his frock—the boat gave a lurch—and Master Nicodemus, rolling over the gunwale, was kicking in an element foreign to his youthful habits. He was, after due shrieking on the part of Sally, recovered by the waterman—hurried on shore—carried, all dripping as he was, to his home—Sally uttered the word "drowned"—Becky saw the water streaming from the child, and, without a thought, rushed to the parlour with her version of the tragedy. Master Nicodemus was despatched to hot blankets—"the natural ruby" returned to Mrs. Penny's cheek—Mr. Penny gulped down two or three glasses of wine, after having, with a somewhat embarrassed air, picked up the case-knife, so lately held at the throat of the friend of the family. Great had been the outrage committed on Mr. Solon: however, on the present occasion, he displayed unusual magnanimity. Simply glancing at the case-knife, he let fall the undeniable truth, that "murder was a serious matter—passion was a bad thing!" Mr. Penny was less assiduous than usual, in his apologies, and even Mrs. Penny, with feminine penetration, remarked, "If Nicodemus had gone by the coach, he would not have run the risk of being drowned." The accident was, however, to Mr. Solon, productive of a new illustration of the nascent will and energy of his god-child; for he subsequently obtained, from Sally and the waterman, the most concurrent testimony, that, when in the Thames, Nicodemus suddenly displayed an evident endeavour to swim:—had he been left alone, there was no knowing what might have happened.

Mr. Penny (for we must give a few more illustrations of the active zeal of the friend of the family) was the enlightened member of a literary club in Richmond. Now Mrs. Penny hated clubs, and cared but little for letters. This indifference was scarcely weakened by the frequent visits of Mr. Penny to Mrs. Bluesoul, wife of a respectable neighbour, and who was, moreover, one of the few lady members of the illuminated coterie. Mrs. Penny complained of these visits, to the friend

of the family, who promised to remonstrate with Mr. P. He, however, as will appear in the sequel, took a more certain mode of eradicating (for such was his word) the "abuse."

Mrs. Penny was doatingly fond of flowers. A Chiswick fête was, to her, "an opening scene of Paradise." Mr. Bearsfoot was a great amateur florist, and, besides, was a near neighbour of the Pennys. Two or three times—Mr. Penny insisted on eight—but certainly they were not more than five—Mr. Bearsfoot had walked with Mrs. Penny in the gardens at Kew. Now, as Mrs. Penny could not disguise her wonder that her husband should always wish to compare opinions with Mrs. Bluesoul on the appearance of every new novel, so neither could Mr. Penny repress his astonishment, that his wife could not enjoy auriculas, or a newly-blown aloe, without oral illustrations of their beauties by Mr. Bearsfoot. Mr. Solon, as the friend of the family, promised to remedy this second "abuse."

The Hon. Frederick Rustington continued to come among the Pennys, and poor Mary continued to grow paler and paler. Edmund Wilkins no longer visited the family; but, in his daily rides to and from town, would, checking his horse to a snail's pace, gaze at the windows and walls of the house; and then, as his steed bore him on, watch the smoke curling above the garden elms. Mary's doom was sealed—she was inevitably to become Mrs. Rustington:—her wedding-dress was made—the day arrived. The Hon. Mr. Rustington—and his mustachios were never more exuberant—was in attendance—and, in short, poor Mary, pale as a ghost, the redness of her lips transferred to her eyes, received the congratulations of her friends, as the Hon. Mrs. Rustington. A post-chaise and four was at the door, and the "happy couple" were about to start, to spend the honeymoon at the Lakes.

Some people have a vindictive pleasure in shattering the happiness of their neighbours:—they have, besides, a malicious instinct, as to fitness of time for their attack:—else how, above all other days, all other hours, could Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot, almost simultaneously, rush into the family circle of the Pennys, just as it had received the "crowning rose" to its domestic wreath, in the shape of a son-in-law—an "honourable!" However, there they were—both hot—"hissing hot" with jealousy; the monster looking greenly from their eyes, and storming in their tongues. When the company had somewhat recovered themselves from the first surprise, they learned, and, all of them respectable persons, were dreadfully shocked at the insinuations, that Mr. and Mrs. Penny had severally caused the most fatal dissensions at the fire-sides of the Bluesouls and the Bearsfoots. The literary visits and the walks in Kew Gardens were touched upon by Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot in no measured phrase—and, in evidence of the gross imprudence (to use a lighter term than was adopted) of Mr. and Mrs. Penny, each party held forth a letter, warning them of the intimacy of either helpmate, and predicting, unless an end were put to the intercourse, the most fatal results. Mr. and Mrs. Penny were thunderstruck. That such an imputation should be made, was dreadful—but at such a time, when her daughter had just undertaken the delicate, yet arduous duties of a wife—to be suspected, vilified—"who—who could be the slanderer?" This question was loudly put, both by husband and wife, and more loudly echoed by every visitor. On this, Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot placed the letters in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Penny.—The mys-

tery was solved—the calumniator was discovered—the writer was "the friend of the family!"

Mr. Penny was a pacific man; but, certainly, the vague thought of kicking Mr. Solon, darkened the sereneness of his mind. He involuntarily lifted his foot, but his eye caught the bridal favours of his daughter—and, with the exception of a terrible look cast at Mr. Solon, he was passive. Mrs. Penny bit her lips, and, bursting into tears, looked as if she could fall tooth and nail on the friend of the family. She turned and fell upon the neck of her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Rustington. Mr. Solon owned himself the author, at the same time expressed himself almost disgusted at the ingratitude of Mr. and Mrs. Penny. "He had done every thing for the best:—if he had highly coloured the danger, it was only that it might be more promptly avoided. He, however, had no wish to interfere with people's domestic affairs—he didn't wish to intrude—he could go to Swamp Hall!"

The charm of the day was broken:—the hymeneal sun was obscured with clouds. The bride was dissolved in tears—the bride's father and mother looked gloomily at one another—the bridegroom twisted his mustachios—the guests were silent—Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot looked injured virtue—and the friend of the family looked at his nails. Matters were at this point, when the door was burst open, and in rushed three men,—they—(but the solemnity of their mission demands the consequence of a new paragraph).

Three men, of the most coarse and vulgar appearance, rushed in—and, looking neither to the right nor left, they made straight up to the Hon. Mr. Rustington, whom—shudder, ye nuptial loves! and Hymen drop an extinguisher on your flaming torch—they took in custody, on a charge of "forgery and swindling." Mrs. Rustington fainted—the guests exclaimed—Mr. Penny, who had lost all patience, clenched his fist in the friend of the family's face.—

"Did you not—answer me—meddler, villain that you are—did you not say that you knew that man? did you not say, he had connexions in the colonies?"

"Lord love you, sir," replied one of the officers, "and so he has: for his brother and two uncles were transported last sessions!"

"Transported!" shrieked Mrs. Penny, "and has my dear Mary, married a convict?"

"Married your daughter, ma'am," answered the same functionary, "why then we may clap to forgery and swindling, bigamy; for Charlotte Bunce, his lawful wife, an honest woman—takes in washing at Horsleydown!"

"Are you sure—tell me, are you sure," cried poor Mr. Penny, whose face was now as white as the wedding riband.

"Certain of it; you shall see her certificate 'afore you sleep."

The prisoner was removed. The guests, with the exception of two or three intimate acquaintances of the family, departed; and the Pennys remained in indescribable suspense for the return of the officer, that they might learn their fate. At length they heard a carriage dash up to the door, and in a moment Edward Wilkins rushed into the room—thrust a slip of paper into the hands of Mr. Penny, and snatching Mary from the neck of her mother, folded her in his arms, and kissed her, as though she had been restored to him from the dead.

The voice of Mr. Penny faltered, and the tears came to his eyes, as he

read the certificate of marriage solemnized at Whitechapel church, between "Nicholas Bunce, bachelor, and Charlotte White, spinster." Added to this, was another witness in Mrs. Bunce herself, snatched from her washing-tub by the impatient Edmund Wilkins, and brought at full gallop to identify the Honourable Frederick Rustington, forger, swindler, and bigamist. If the reader ask, how it was that Mr. Wilkins should know so quickly of the intrusion of the police, with the existence and habitation of Mrs. Bunce, our only clue to the mystery is afforded in the belief that he was a great favourite with Miss Mary Penny's maid, who sympathized with the unwilling bride, and heartily hated the Honourable Mr. Rustington.

All now was happiness, when the friend of the family ventured to enter on some explanation. Mr. Penny, with a sudden change of character, sometimes remarkable in greater persons than himself, "rose up like a pillar." He never had the look of a Socrates; but on the present occasion, there was a certain air of resolution, a strong significancy of purpose in his face "that was not there before." The friend of the family began to stammer, when Mr. Penny, without uttering a word, made an eloquent reply, by pointing with his forefinger to the door. The friend of the family again essayed; Mr. Penny continued to point. Once more the friend wished to explain—Mr. Penny directed his finger inexorably to the door. "But one word," cried the friend of the family. —Mr. Penny moved not his finger. The friend of the family walked out, and took the coach for Lincolnshire.

Three days after this Mary became Mrs. Wilkins. Some ten years afterwards, Mr. Penny read in the *Times*, the death of Nicodemus Solon, esq. of Swamp Hall, Lincolnshire! The estate, mortgaged to treble its worth, descended as a disappointment to the money-lenders.

Again and again has Mr. Penny congratulated himself on the energy which made him cultivate and enjoy the substantial domain of his own home, and not sacrifice that real land of milk and honey to the visionary chance of the reversion of a Swamp Hall.

J.

SONNET.

We dwell in darkness, where thou art not, love!
O shine upon us queen of man's desire!
Breathe thy fond voice above the silent wire,
And bid it quiver into music:—move
The parched eye to tears—we vainly strove
To escape thy power,—we turn us,—we implore
Thy pardon;—we would learn thy blessed lore
Like children at the knees of age!—O dove
Of peace!—O nightingale of song! return!
And we will thank thee with our hearts and lyres,
And, as of old, bid flower-drest altars burn
To thy sweet name;—and, round their odorous fires,
Dance in ecstatic joy beneath the moon:—
We weary for thy smile;—O hold not back the boon!

H. F. C.

EGYPT AND HER PASHA.

Early on the eleventh morning of our departure from the harbour of La Valetta, we made the low land of Syria. As the sun rose above the chain of mountains in the east, we discovered the Egyptian fleet in the offing, composed of two three-deckers, four frigates, and several smaller vessels and fire-ships. The low point of land on which the town of Acre is built next became visible, in the increasing light, and beyond it, stretching across the plain, the camp of the besieging army of Egypt. Scarcely a breath of air ruffled the surface of the wave, not a sound broke on the delicious stillness of the morning. The flag of Abdallah Pasha, on the walls of the battered citadel, no longer displayed its ample folds, there was no breeze to waft it into life. The beautiful cupola of the principal mosque, surmounted by its lofty minaret, stood out in strong and picturesque relief from the clear blue sky—the scene was altogether novel and interesting.

In the afternoon we boarded one of the line of battle ships. She was a magnificent vessel, commanded by a Frenchman of the name of Besson; and considering the materials of which the crew were composed, in tolerable order. From the moment of our arrival at the seat of hostilities, it was our natural wish to become acquainted with the capabilities of at least one side of the belligerents; I therefore took an early opportunity of riding out with the chaplain and a party of our youngsters, to the head-quarters of Ibrahim Pasha. Nothing could be more varied and more picturesque than the appearance of the Egyptian camp. The splendid tents of the Pasha and his officers, the variety, both of physiognomy and costume, of its inmates, the occurrence of objects calculated to lead back the memory to the days of the remotest antiquity, appealed most powerfully to the imagination.

Accompanied by one of their new French military instructors, we walked through the camp. The force of the Pasha before Acre he estimated as follows: 24,000 disciplined Egyptian Arab infantry, with a brigade of guns and battering train. The remainder was composed of irregulars, with 200 camels for the materiel of the army, making a total of about 40,000 men.

We witnessed the morning parade of the tacticoes, or newly disciplined infantry; they manœuvred rapidly, and handled their firelocks with singular dexterity, but their marching was loose and unsteady, and, to a military eye, their dress painfully unmartial. It consisted of a short jacket, in colour approaching to brickdust, ample trowsers, in hue and material similar to the jacket, and confined at the knee. The head of the soldier was covered by a red skull-cap, for what purpose designed it would be difficult to say, and his feet by the awkward Turkish papooshes, or slippers. In the East, where the shape of a turban, or the colour of a slipper, proclaim the rank and caste of the wearer, it is singular that neither the Sultan nor the Pasha of Egypt, in their career of military reform, should not have tried to turn to their advantage that marked passion in their subjects for splendid costume; a more becoming dress would certainly have made the tactico service more popular with the Turks. Among the irregular troops, there were two regiments of Nubian cavalry that powerfully arrested our attention. They came

from a distance beyond the cataracts. The men were all tall, athletic fellows, with skins as black as ebony, and their hair plaited in the manner now seen on the heads of the sphinxes and female figures of the ancient Egyptian statues. Their dress was strikingly picturesque; a close jacket of white cotton, with trowsers of the same material, open at the knees; a broad crimson girdle, and a turban of bright red, which harmonized richly with the sable complexions of the wearers. They were armed with a lance of uncommon length, which they wielded with great dexterity, and a Turkish scimitar. Such was the appearance of the Nubian cavalry of the Pasha of Egypt, the fac-similes, perhaps, of the warriors who surrounded the war-chariot of the great Sesostris, when, through the hundred gates of Thebes, he led the swarthy host to conquest. None of the Egyptian cavalry have yet been trained to European tactics; they have, from the first, obstinately refused to relinquish their own. The riding and the training of the horses of these Nubians was exquisite; they gave those "demi voltes" in the air which none but the children of the desert can give.

Delighted with our ramble, we now retired to the tents of our French acquaintance, to make preparation for the more important feature in our day's adventure—an introduction to Ibrahim himself. Our youngsters revelled in the idea of smoking a pipe with a Pasha.

Passing the Albanian guard, we were ushered into a large and splendid tent, at one of the extremities of which, on a low divan, sat the redoubted Ibrahim, surrounded by his officers. Immediately behind the Pasha stood an officer in the Mameluke costume, near to him a French colonel, in the tactico uniform, on whose breast glittered the star of the Legion of Honour; in the foreground, the swarthy Arab stood contrasted with the fair Albanian, and the beautiful features of the Greek, with the flat, broad physiognomy of the Nubian. The rich and varied dresses, the court-like air of the attendants, the proud superiority of the chief, round whom the assembled officers appeared, produced an *ensemble* which it would be difficult to forget.

When I first saw Ibrahim Pasha on his divan, it struck me that his appearance was typical of the present condition of his father's dominions—a strange mixture of European civilization with Turkish barbarism. He wore a blue surtout coat, richly embroidered, while the remainder of his costume was strictly Turkish. Ibrahim appeared to be a man verging on fifty; in person, short and ungraceful; and his countenance distinguished by a peculiarly ferocious expression, causing the spectator almost to shudder. His reception, however, of our party, was dignified and affable. He conversed briefly with our chaplain, after which the usual formalities of coffee and pipes were introduced. Shortly after, we took our leave, and returned on board, highly delighted with the day's excursion. Our interview might not have passed off so well; for our chaplain, who liked nothing better than to hear himself preach, took upon himself, previous to the introduction, to lecture us on the manner we were to conduct ourselves in the presence of Ibrahim. When introduced, the visage of the parson assumed such a ridiculous air of gravity and importance, that one or two of the youngsters were obliged to screen themselves with their cocked hats, in order to conceal the effects on their risible muscles.

About a week afterwards, at five in the morning, the final assault, which added Acre to the dominions of Mohammed Ali, took place. The

Turkish Pasha, Abdallah, like a tiger at bay, disputed every inch of ground. Three times, with terrific slaughter, were the assailants repulsed, and as often brought back by the exertions and gallantry of the Egyptian officers. Two regiments of the Candiote tacticoes fought like devils, and deserved the palm of honour. Not so the Arab guards, one of old Ibrahim's crack corps. They would not advance, and it was not till he had sabred five or six of them with his own hand, that they would enter the breach. Ibrahim's generous conduct to the Pasha Abdallah made a most favourable impression on the Turkish population of Acre, who have been hitherto accustomed to witness defeat on the field followed by the horrors of the bow-string. For several days after the capture of the town, salutes were fired four times a-day. The Pasha held a levee, which was numerously attended, both by the Turks and Franks, to congratulate him on his success. A wily Italian, who keeps a large café, had it most brilliantly illuminated. Ibrahim was highly flattered by the compliment; he passed and repassed several times before the door, and at last gave orders that all comers should be regaled at his expense. The scene that ensued baffles description. In spite of Mahomet and the Alcoran, both Turk and Arab drank deeply of rakee, and in a short time Acre presented the novel scene of crowds of the faithful lying intoxicated in her streets. Some of our own fellows envied the state of the faithful, and would fain have drunk the Pasha's health in his own rakee; but as some disturbance would certainly have been the consequence, the lieutenant ordered all hands on board.

Acre contains nothing remarkable; it is irregularly and meanly built, though most of the houses are of stone. But as a military point it is the key of Syria, and will enable Mohamet Ali to render himself master of the whole pashalic. Two days after the assault, Ibrahim gave an extensive order for ordnance to one of the English houses, and the engineers were actively employed in repairing the ancient fortifications, and in tracing out new ones. The Porte will have some trouble to drive the Egyptian from his strong-hold at Acre.

But at this moment Egypt presents the splendid spectacle of a country reascending, after ages of barbarism, the scale of humanity, and making a noble effort at regeneration. It is by considering the difficulties he had to overcome, rather than by measuring what he has already done, that we must estimate the career of Mohammed Ali. His history, though romantic, is not singular in the turbulent regions of the East. A native of Thrace, he rose from the ranks to the grade of Bin Bashee, and formed part of the Turkish army sent into Egypt to co-operate with the British. Endowed with great natural talents, a profound politician, and complete master of dissimulation,—even in the widest Turkish acceptation—cool and designing, he found himself in a country presenting a wide field for his ambition, and little to oppose his views of aggrandizement. Appointed to command the troops destined to act against the Mameluke; on his return from the expedition, being joined by the troops sent against him, he revolted. He then marched upon Cairo, which the Pasha, after a short defence, surrendered; and in virtue of a treaty, he was allowed to depart with his treasures and his wives, an example of generosity on the part of the conqueror perfectly new in Turkish warfare.

Now it was that the reforming schemes of Ali began to develope themselves. Impressed by his late contact with the armies of England and France, of the advantage of military discipline and organization, he

commenced with the army. European officers, chiefly French, were invited by the Pasha to organize his troops; and when we consider they had to begin their labours in a country in which there did not exist a single principle of military organization, to say nothing of the prejudices of the people, the present condition of the Egyptian army, certainly reflects the highest credit upon its masters.

His first step was to reform the internal administration of the country, and to create a navy, in both of which the Pasha has been eminently successful. When we were at Alexandria, the Egyptian navy consisted of three first rate line of battle-ships, eight frigates, fifteen corvettes, six fire-ships, and two steamers. The greatest activity prevailed in the arsenal to complete a three decker on the stocks, the command of which was destined for a young Egyptian officer, who had attained the rank of Lieutenant de Vaisseau in the French service. There is an Egyptian gentleman, Ali Effendi, who was sent with three others by the Pasha, to this country, who was placed in His Majesty's ship Shannon, and went out in her to the West Indies as a supernumerary lieutenant. He messed in the gun-room, wore the uniform, and was subject in every respect to the discipline of the ship. Not satisfied with sending several of his subjects to the different countries of Europe to acquire a knowledge of their arts and sciences, he has established in Egypt, a school of navigation, and for the army, an "*école de l'etât major.*" One of his greatest objects and cares has been, to establish safe and easy communications between the most distant points of his dominions. A telegraphic communication is carried on between Cairo and Alexandria,—and between the latter city and Acre, there is a dromedary "*estafette.*" Travellers can now proceed even in the European costume to the Senaar, without fear of molestation.

Compared with that of the Sultan Mohammed, the reforming career of Mohammed Ali has certainly been more successful; but it must be recollected, that the latter had more plastic materials to work upon. We hope, for the common cause of humanity, that this truly great man will live to complete those labours, which have commenced so auspiciously, for it would be difficult to find a successor possessing to a similar extent, his liberal and enlightened views of policy.

SONG.

Forget the loves of former years
And let thy heart go free to-night,
Where young and beckoning beauty wears,
Her full enchantments brave and bright;
And bid thy mournful memory close,
Her book of tear-stained leaves awhile;—
The wise will never scorn a rose,
Though rarer flowers have ceased to smile.

What though the stars that used to blaze,
In shade and gloom have all gone by,
Be sure 'tis idly wasting days
To mourn, while others deck the sky.
Then smile—nor thus with brow of scorn
A shade across our fragrance cast;
The bard can love the sunny morn,
Though dream-land's brighter shows have passed.

H. F. C.

THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

In the great, we should rather say, universal, interest which exists at the present time in this country upon the question of the removal of the Charter of the Bank of England, and when mankind have at last clearly discerned the fatal consequences to the commerce of the world—of the restrictions so long endured upon the trade in money—it has been with uncommon satisfaction that we have recently received the decision of the President of the United States relative to the expiring charter of the Bank of the United States.

It is not our present intention to enlarge upon the injurious consequences of the existence of the Bank of the United States to the commerce of that country, nor to follow the powerful reasoning of General Jackson upon the inexpediency, injustice, and danger of all monopolies whatever; and still more, of a monopoly of the trade in money, which in this country has so fatally bound the merchants, provincial bankers, and even the government of Great Britain in slavery to the twenty-four Directors of the Bank of England, intending in the following remarks solely to exhibit the unsoundness, weakness, and liability to the common accidents of insolvency, of that wretched compound of swindling and intrigue which passes under the name of the Bank of the United States.

To this we are the more moved by the knowledge of the fact, that more than 8,000,000 dollars, or a quarter of the entire stock of the Bank of the United States, is held by foreigners, of whom the principal proportion consists of English capitalists, who little understand, as we fear, the true nature of this institution. Indeed, in glancing over the recent returns ordered by Congress of the number and names of the holders of Bank stock, we find, amongst others, the following extraordinary personages:—the Marquis of Hertford, possessing 800 shares; Sir James Kempt, 700 shares; and many other distinguished capitalists 300 shares each.

Premising, then, that we have resided for a length of time in the United States, and have paid some attention to the financial politics of that country, we proceed to throw a little light upon the machinery, capital, and prospects of the Bank of the United States, intending to prove to the Marquis of Hertford, that he is probably mistaken in supposing that after endeavouring to defeat reform in England, he can then take a run across the Atlantic, and find himself at the worst in possession of a few comfortable thousands, and a villa in the *simple style.*

For the Marquis of Hertford, and the other speculators, have clearly never reflected upon the difference between the stock of the Bank of the United States and the public funds of that country, composed of the various descriptions of stock, comprised in the national debt of the United States. The Bank of the United States is a common joint-stock company, of which the capital is 35,000,000 dollars, and the only connexion of the government with this institution consists of an investment of 8,000,000 dollars in Bank stock; a speculation entered into with the public money, upon the same footing with the Marquis of Hertford, or any other individual speculator, in the hope of a profitable return. Thus the Government is a partner in the Bank only to the extent of

8,000,000 dollars, which amounts to less than a quarter of the entire stock of 35,000,000, and upon the principle of joint-stock companies, by which individuals are only responsible for the amount of their respective shares; the real security thus had upon the government consists of less than a quarter of a dollar in the dollar. Nor is there any law to restrain the government from selling out even this amount of 8,000,000 dollars; and we perceive indeed that the sale of the government shares in the Bank is already proposed by Mr. Secretary M'Lean, to take place in the present year, for the purpose of raising the means for the final extinction of the national debt. Even this slight security will then cease to exist; the remaining proprietors will consist of indiscriminate merchants, citizens, and traders; the security being equally precarious with that of any other crowd of speculators; it being apparent that, excepting in the transitory manner described, this is an institution with which the people, government, and revenue of the United States have in reality no connexion whatsoever.

Having thus divested this Bank of its supposed connexion with the government of the United States, we proceed to examine it upon its real foundations as a common joint-stock company. Considered then in this its true light, the Bank of the United States merely stands upon a level with all the other banking institutions of that country, and its success or failure must depend upon its successful management of discounts, loans, issues of papers, and the other operations of the trade in money. Judging then of the tree by its fruit, we find in the report of Mr. Gallatin that the Bank, since its establishment, has not paid the shareholders an average dividend of three and a half per cent., although in the United States the scarcity of capital renders money at all times easy to be invested in solid property at the rate of five and a half and six per cent. It appears also that much mismanagement has occurred in the numerous, distant, and unwieldy branches of the Bank; and that in addition to the losses peculiar to bankers in dishonoured bills, forgeries, and common defalcations, the President of the Branch Bank at Baltimore, in the year 1819, became a defaulter to the amount of 1,300,000 dollars. Moreover, the expenses of the institution in patronage, extravagant salaries, and the other corruptions incident to all incorporated bodies, have been very extensive; and the Directors of the mother Bank at Philadelphia, though paying a dividend of only three and a half per cent., and though always liable to the non-renewal of the charter, have yet built a magnificent bank in that city of pure and solid marble. The buildings of the Branch Banks in the various states of the Union, are also of a similarly expensive construction, and upon the expiration of the charter will not produce a twentieth part of the value at which they are rated in the assets of the Bankers. Moreover, a very extensive portion of the deposits in the Bank are invested in canals, of which the value is about to be annihilated by the railways which are spreading over every part of the United States. Thus, after all the efforts of the Directors, and the great sums expended in corrupting the press in favour of the renewal of the charter, and the preservation of their own enormous salaries and patronage, we fear that General Jackson has caused the bubble to explode, and that the Bank of the United States will now make a lame and impotent conclusion.

English speculators do not sufficiently perceive the relative disadvantages of the Bank of the United States as compared to the Bank of

England; for the Bank of England, though in reality a common joint-stock company, yet possesses the management, at a commission, of the entire revenue of the British empire. Every shilling of the receipts and expenditure of the excise, customs, post-office, and naval and military establishments of the country, passes through the Bank of England. The commission for the management of the national debt amounts to the sum of 260,000*l.* per annum, and the entire profits of the Bank, derived from its exclusive enjoyment of the business of the revenue, is believed to exceed the sum of a million per annum, whilst the loss of its notes by fire and other accidents by the public is known to cover the expenses of the whole establishment. But the Bank of the United States possesses none of the immense though iniquitous advantages of the Bank of England, and though the Bank has undoubtedly possessed the management of the comparatively smaller debt of the United States, even that source of profit is about to be terminated now, since the whole of the national debt will be extinguished in a single year.

Thus have we proved the hollowness and insecurity of this institution, which has swindlingly assumed the name of the United States; and most conscientiously do we believe, that should he continue to hold his shares until the final winding up of the concern, the Marquis of Hertford will not from his 800 shares receive a sum sufficient for the purchase of a tar-barrel, with which to entertain his friends, at his villa in the Regent's Park.

It is certainly true that the stock of the Bank of the United States is nominally at a premium in the various cities of the Union, notwithstanding a miserable dividend of about three and a half per cent. But this is owing to the universal delusion which exists with regard to its stability, and the belief universally entertained that the Bank belongs to, and is of equal strength with the government; for persons will content themselves with a very small dividend, under the false impression that the capital is actually vested with the government.

Therefore there is nothing disrespectful in these remarks to the *government* of the United States, for the 35,000,000 dollars of Bank stock, if virtually secured upon the revenue of the country, would be a most unimportant sum; and in the general crash of European governments, that of the United States is now the most solid governmental security remaining in the world. Our object is to dispel the delusion created by the *name* of the Bank of the United States; and most sincerely do we rejoice that all the intrigues of the Directors have not been able to move the firm, enlightened, and patriotic ruler who now presides over the great republic, and who at a single blow has levelled to the earth this sink of mischief and monopoly.

Here we think it indispensable to notice a circumstance which, though occurring in England, has produced most injurious consequences in the American Union, by giving an undue credit to the Bank of the United States. We allude to the evidence upon this subject before the East India Committee of the House of Commons, of Mr. Joshua Bates, a partner in the house of Baring, Brothers, and Co., agents in England for the Bank of the United States. It was stated by this person before the Committee, "that bills of the Bank of the United States were regularly preferred at Canton to any English bills, as a remittance to England." As this evidence of Mr. Bates was extensively circulated in America by the agents of the Bank as a proof of its stability and utility

to the foreign commerce of the States, and as the statement was known to exercise a powerful influence upon the question of the renewal of the charter, and has never yet been controverted, we proceed to examine this most singular assertion.

First, then, we deny that bills or money of any kind ever can be remitted from Canton to England. It is well known that the balance of trade is regularly against this country with the Celestial Empire; and Lord Ellenborough, the late President of the Board of Controul, has proved that in the last eighteen years the sum of 45,000,000*l.* sterling has been sent in gold alone from England to China. It is, therefore, a gross misstatement that bills of the Bank of the United States, or of any bank whatever, can be wanted for regular transmission to England, when it is proved that a sum exceeding 2,500,000*l.* goes annually in the other direction. It is certainly probable that a few such instances may have occurred, as the East India Company has recently imported half a million of dollars from Bengal, which is universally believed to be a juggle resorted to by the Company to enable it to be said that no mismanagement of the trade exists, the return of the money being intended to prove that cargoes cannot be already obtained, and no extension of the trade is in consequence required. Moreover, if bills of any description were required for remittance from Canton to England, there is no reason why bills of the Bank of the United States should be *preferred* to bills upon the Bank of England, or upon the thousand other banks in London and other parts of England itself. The bills of the Bank of the United States being those of a strange bank, are useless in England until accepted by the Barings; and unless it be allowed that bills accepted by these Barings are better than bills accepted by any other English banker, we must continue to suppose that Mr. Josuah Bates has made a most stupid and impudent assertion.

Still this absurd evidence had an extraordinary effect in the United States. It was triumphantly quoted in every newspaper from Philadelphia to the Gulf of Mexico; in steam-boats, at taverns, and on the road, the traveller was told of the acknowledged superiority of the Bank of the United States, as proved by the assertion of "a partner in the great house of Baring." The chances were previously most adverse to the renewal of the charter, but this circumstance reconciled all parties to the measure. A very powerful speech, which had been recently delivered by that first of financiers, Mr. Benton, Senator from the State of Missouri, was entirely nullified by the evidence of Mr. Bates; and we, with our knowledge of the true operations of the banking system in both countries, saw with regret the workings of this mischievous folly.

It did not occur to our transatlantic brethren that the Barings are the sole agents in England for the Bank of the United States; the commission for this agency far exceeding a profit of 100,000*l.* per annum; that Mr. Gallatin has proved that a sum of two millions and a half of dollars is obliged to be regularly kept in advance with these Barings; that, in consequence, without trusting the Bank a single dollar, they yet derived a most princely revenue from the commission upon its immense tranactions; and that the Bank of the United States, an institution so opposite to the spirit of a democratic government, appears to have been founded, in the admirable words of General Jackson, "to make the rich, richer:" the only persons who derive any profit from it being the Directors and their friends at home, and the Barings in England, one

of whom, since its establishment has invested a million of money in land, paying also 1,200*l.* per annum for the ground-rent of his house alone—deep in the system of boroughmongering, and the most purse-proud of all the enemies of the liberties of England.

But the fate of the Bank is sealed; mystery, bribery, and falsehood have not prevailed, and in General Jackson his country has a host for the vanquishment of the powers of darkness. From our inmost souls we offer him our admiration of his energy and recondite wisdom, believing that the whole world should thank the ruler of a mighty nation, whose determination has effected so valuable a lesson to the people of other countries, no longer to endure the mysterious financial chains by which the few have so long contrived to defraud and enslave the many.

THE IGNIS FATUUS.

—— "Thou speak'st right,
I am the merry wanderer of the night."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

WHENCE didst thou come, most gamesome fairy?—say
If thou wast cradled on some fleecy cloud,
Fed by soft rains, rocked by the breezes loud,
Ripened to beauty by the sunbeams gay?
Come forth and show thyself to mortal eye,
Nor ever thus delude th' unwary passer by.

Or didst thou sleep upon some lonely lake,
On smoothest water-lily leaf reclining,
Till the round moon upon thy slumber shining,
Dissolved its dreamy spell, and bade thee wake?
And lent she then a sparkle of her light,
To thy deceitful lamp—thou syren of the night?

Or was thy home beside some rushy spring,
Girt in by many a moss-embroidered stone,
Some small and quiet fountain, hardly known,
Save to the summer flies, that came to wing
Their droning flight around its tangled edge
Of waving willow stems, and green and speary sedge.

Oh! were I but a wandering sprite like thee,
I would not in such lonesome places tread;
But when the east with morning clouds was red,
Wing forth to pastime with the early bee;
And stay my flight o'er shaded flowery dells,
To gather drops of dew from leaves and lily-bells.

Or, if my lamp were seen to mortals' ken,
It should not shine to lead their feet astray;
For I would light the weary on his way
Through treacherous swamp or bough-entangled glen;
And only vanish where, in shelter lone,
A bright and cheerful blaze through cottage window shone.

And in such fantasies, all gay and wild,
My life, a happy summer-day, should fly,
Though I might weep for mortal woe, and sigh
To see how man in fruitless labour toiled:
And when old Care drew near, in mantle gray,
My silken wings should spread, to bear me far away.——H. F. C.

EUROPE AND HER DESPOTS.—No. I.

——Ich liebe dich mein Vaterland.

As the season was already so far advanced when I left Berlin, I resolved to push on to Vienna without halting. The last rays of the sun were tinging the lofty spire of the ancient münster, as we approached Prague; this city is classic ground to the soldier, and though fatigued by a hard day's travelling, I walked round her formidable line of fortifications. At the evening "*Table d'Hôte*" of the hotel at which I alighted, I met the son of the unfortunate Gustavus, the ex king of Sweden. My attention was forcibly attracted to this personage, by a recollection of the following anecdote which I heard a few months before at the Hague. The prince had led his wandering steps to the court of Holland, where his handsome person made a deep impression on the heart of the princess Marianne, the daughter of the king. Suddenly, the prince was gazetted a major-general in the Dutch service, and the constant attendant of the princess both in public and in private; he was by the whole court regarded as her husband elect—in fact, it is well known, that his Dutch majesty was no ways averse to the alliance. The court of Stockholm, who watched with extreme anxiety all the movements of the ex-royal family, and who are constantly apprehensive, that should they form a matrimonial connexion with any of the reigning families of Europe, they would, from the same principle that induced Napoleon in 1813, to reject the services of the ex-king Gustavus, conceive themselves bound in honour to make some movement in his favour, directed its ambassador at the Hague, to protest diplomatically against the title assumed by the prince, alleging, that there was no other prince of Sweden, than his highness, prince Oscar, who had been formally recognized as such by every court in Europe. But the *soi disant prince, de Suede, "etait bel homme, et la princesse amoureuse on n'y peut plus," the protest of l'ambassadeur,* was, therefore, scarcely listened to. In this conjuncture, Bernadotte, like a skilful tactician, changed his plan of attack, and unmasked a formidable battery that he held in reserve; he communicated to the princess Marianne, that her intended was not only married, but the father of two blooming boys! the despair of the princess, the indignation of the king may be easily conceived. Still, for the honour of the house of Nassau, it was deemed prudent to hush up the affair. Monsieur le prince de Suede, was, in consequence, secretly advised to send in his resignation to spare the king the pain of dismissing him, and as the advice was accompanied by a handsome sum of money, the prince took the hint and quitted Holland "*a la sourdine.*" When I met him at Prague, he was living on the fruit of his adventure in a style which the previous state of his exchequer would not have enabled him to do.

The approach to the Austrian capital from Moravia is truly magnificent. On the right, the superb Schoenbrun is discovered. On the left, the mighty Danube displays its broad and impetuous bosom; while before the traveller, surrounded by its ramparts and its immense faux-bourg, lies the imperial city itself, from the midst of which, rises the venerable and Moorish spire of St. Stephen's, rearing on high the proud

spread eagle of Austria. A tall Hungarian grenadier received our passports at the lines. Proceeding onwards, through a dark narrow street, we passed one of the alleys that extend at the distance of 600 yards from the suburbs to the gates, by one of which we entered the city.

The Prater is the feature *par excellence* of Vienna. No other capital possesses such a promenade for natural beauties, for extent, for the variety, and in some instances, even for the splendour of the equipages. The far-famed Corso at Milan, the Parisian *Champs Elysées*, and even our own Hyde Park must yield the palm to it. We drove to the church of St. Stephen in order to take our place in the cavalcade; from this point, one uninterrupted line of vehicles extends for upwards of three miles across the park. The *pêle mêle* system appeared to be the order of the place. Berlins, bristchas, drowskis, phætons, carts, and light waggons of every description, were crowded together in picturesque confusion. First, you beheld the dashing phæton of some Hungarian or Bohemian noble, with their mustachioed hieduc, or jager, in their splendid liveries, followed, perhaps, by the neat stanhope, and blood horse of some young *attaché* to the British embassy, whose glass, with the listless air of a Hyde Park exclusive, was directed towards a low drowski, drawn by two beautiful small Ukraine horses, of a Polish countess, whose beauty "*fit fureur*" at the time at Vienna. Next followed the stately equipage of the Empress, to which succeeded a clumsy eisel-waggon, filled with Croatian peasants, laughing aloud, heedless of the near vicinity of their imperial mistress.

While the eye dwelt delighted on this novel and animated scene, my friend directed my attention towards a caleche, containing two persons, that was advancing towards us. It was the Emperor Francis and his chamberlain. The appearance of the monarch is remarkable; a figure of the middle size, but thin and lank as the hero of La Mancha, surmounted by a long narrow head with two large blue eyes, the thick Austrian lip, and long hollow cheeks. Such is the portrait of the present descendant of nineteen emperors. The first impression which a casual glance on his countenance leaves, is that of openness—of downright German *bonhommie*. But a closer gaze will detect the sinister expression, more in accordance with his actions, leaving the spectator to the conclusion, that under an assumed simplicity and apparent frankness, there lurks despotic *hauteur*—the deepest cunning, and the most heartless selfishness.

The treasures of art which Vienna contains, are varied and immense. I visited the Schoenbrun, the residence of young Napoleon, now no more! its halls are spacious, its apartments regal, but to me, the object of attraction was the little cabinet in which Napoleon spent hours in writing, and where he first beheld the portrait of the young arch-duchess, Maria Louisa. The rank which this princess will occupy in the page of history will neither be that of an Andromache nor a Penelope. Her total insensibility to her husband's misfortunes—the apathetic indifference with which she received the account of his death on the barren rock of St. Helena—her utter forgetfulness of her high station, and of the duties of a wife and mother, in the arms of her chamberlain count, are notorious facts, which will not exalt her in the eyes of posterity.

The view is magnificent from the spire of the venerable cathedral of St. Stephens. The Styrian mountains, and the distant Moravia, the Danube, and the imperial city, with its palaces and churches, burst

suddenly on the enraptured gaze. How singular has been the fate of Vienna. In its beginning, the head-quarters of a Roman legion—in after times, the residence of petty German courts. At present, the capital of a monarchy, and the head of the German confederation; and yet, little more than a century ago, the turbaned Turk pranced proudly before her walls, thirsting for her destruction; and the Arabian dromedary grazed in the valleys of the Danube, while the Tartar and Saphis were skirmishing on the plains around, bounded by the circle of mountains on the south bank of the Danube. I pictured in my imagination the camp of the Turkish host. The splendid pavilions of Kara Mustapha—his Pacha's—the horse tails waving in the wind—and all the glorious pomp and circumstances of Eastern war. Methought I heard the shrill cry of the Turkoman, the "Allah hu" of the haughty Janissaries, as they beheld Sobieski and the chivalry of Poland, shouting the war cry, "God for Poland," descending the mountain side like a torrent, scattering before them the fierce and fantastic barbarian, and carrying death and destruction through the Ottoman ranks. I almost fancied I saw the Vizier, frantic with rage, displaying to the chosen Janissaries, the standard of the prophet, and striving, by a desperate charge, to restore the fortune of the day. On that eventful day, the destinies of the christian world rested on the point of the Polish lances. But for the brave hearts that shed their blood in that conflict, the proud Vienna, now the arbitress of nations, by whose dastardly consent, in later times, the liberties, nay the very existence of her benefactors, have been annihilated, would herself have been a degraded tributary—her children slaves!

Poland, in thy hour of need, ill has Europe discharged the sacred debt she owed thee! That gallant, gallant race, that has always stood foremost in the ranks of Christendom, whose best blood has poured like rain whenever honour or duty called, how hast thou been requited! Deserted in danger, and despoiled in adversity, thy bravery a reproach, when not put forth for others—that indomitable spirit which once saved Europe, now made a plea for thy own destruction! Poland has fallen—but her brave sons are not yet exterminated, they may yet revenge themselves on their oppressors!

A few days after my arrival, the garrison was reviewed by the Archduke Charles, which afforded me an opportunity of observing the Austrian troops *en masse*. The Archduke came on the ground attended by a numerous staff; the troops manœuvred with the utmost precision and celerity. The marching of the Hungarian grenadiers, was, to a military eye, almost godlike. They presented a combination of gigantic stature, manly beauty, and martial character, that I have never seen surpassed. Their white uniform, and pantaloon of pale blue, is both soldier-like and becoming. The cuirassiers were superbly mounted, and their appointments were in a style of corresponding excellence; for a matchless union of size, strength, and activity, this heavy cavalry, with the exception of our household troops, are unrivalled. The appearance of the Hungarian hussars disappointed me—their appointments were shabby and in bad order, but the men rode beautifully, and looked fierce, and ready for the *melée*. I did not see the Hungarian gardes-du-corps, which I was told were the most brilliant in Europe. The Archduke Charles is a fine military-looking man; he has the thick, haughty lip that distinguishes the House of Hapsburg, and the bivouac had left its

marks upon his weather-beaten countenance. By his side, in a splendid hussar uniform, and mounted on a beautiful Arabian charger, which he sat with gallant grace, rode the young Duke de Reichstadt,

"The young Astyanax of modern Troy."

An inexpressible tint of melancholy and thought was imprinted on his pale and interesting countenance; but as the troops defiled past him, his look grew animated, and his bright blue eye sparkled with martial ardour. Perhaps a vein of his sire's ambition, or the recollection of his military glory, which the objects around him were so fitted to recal, brightened the poor boy's saddened brow, and suffused with conscious pride his pale cheek; for on the selfsame ground on which he rode, Napoleon, reeking with the spoils of Eckmuhl and Wagram, had twenty years before renewed his victorious guard, and seen the Austrian empire prostrate at his feet. By virtue of an imperial decree, this Prince enjoyed the estates of the Grand Duke of Toscano, in Bohemia, producing an annual revenue of about 20,000*l.* sterling. Were these vast domains bestowed on him in mockery? We think so: the same cruel and diabolical policy which murdered, "*à coup d'epingles,*" the father, on the rock of his exile, was acted upon with equal rigour towards his unfortunate son, on the more genial banks of the Danube. When the first symptoms of his pulmonary complaint manifested themselves, his medical attendants ordered change of air and scene; but this did not accord with the policy of Chancellor Metternich, who had all along denied the poor boy the exercise and the innocent amusements so congenial to his age, till his state of isolation and solitude preyed upon his spirits, and laid the foundation of the fatal disease that has consigned him, in the full bloom of youth, to the silent tomb. The game Metternich has been playing is a deep one;—it was not the possibility of this youth's ever reigning over the land of his birth that troubled the repose of this wily minister; he was too well aware that he had no political party in France, where, in spite of the admiration of Napoleon's genius, and the recollection of his fame, the aspirations of the rising generation are directed rather into the channel of constitutional liberty than military glory; but while his chance in France was an absolute nullity, by a singular inconsistency, fate was preparing for him a bright destiny in Austria. Metternich discovered that there existed among the Hungarian noblesse a plot to violate the Pragmatic Sanction, and to declare, at the death of the present Emperor, the young Napoleon his successor, to the exclusion of his uncle, the King of Hungary, whose mental imbecility renders him incapable of reigning. This is the secret of Metternich's policy with regard to young Napoleon. He was but too sensible that such a plan would be the death-blow of his influence.

After all, things are nothing in themselves, but in the ideas we associate with them. The Viennese family illustrate this philosophical axiom. Of a representative government they as yet know nothing—"*pour aimer la liberté il faut la connaitre.*" If this holds good, we cannot blame the stout burghers of Vienna for their indifference to institutions with which they are totally unacquainted. But they are fond of *bonne chere;* there is more wine and animal food, say the statisticians, consumed in Vienna, than in any other city on the continent.

Odious as must appear, to every liberal mind, the present policy of the Austrian government, we must not forget that it was to her inter-

vention, in 1313, that the overthrow of Napoleon is mainly to be attributed. Profiting by her geographical position, which enabled her to act on the flanks and on the rear of the French armies, she threw 300,000 men into the scale, and decided the contest. On the reconstruction of the federative policy of Europe on a new basis, this power, in exchange for her former tesselated territory, acquired a compact arrondissement of kingdoms and provinces, with a population of thirty millions. This territorial aggrandisement she owes to Metternich. As a diplomatist, this minister possesses undoubtedly talents of the highest order. A fascinating polish of exterior—an irresistible suavity of manner—a mellifluous intonation of voice—a happy tact of diving into the most hidden recesses of the human heart—a fertility of invention—a ready choice of expedients—an unblushing disregard for truth—a jesuitical craft—a command of countenance *à toute epreuve*—a cold-blooded heartlessness, that enables him to pursue, with Machiavelian skill and unwearied pertinacity, the object he has in view, totally heedless of the means by which he accomplishes it—such is Metternich: a man, whose name is in universal execration from one end of the continent to the other.

But it is in vain that the Emperor Francis and his brother despots, oppose the march of European regeneration; it is, to use the prophetic words of Napoleon—"La roche de Syziphe qu'ils tiennent au dessus de leurs têtes." An active principle of amelioration and reform is at work in every country; a principle that advances spirally, and gains, even while it appears to recede. Still we are not insensible to the power of the formidable coalition that is already deploying their columns of attack. They have carried freedom's first bulwark, Poland; they are now advancing against her second line in Germany. The roll of the distant thunder that pealed along the banks of the Vistula, is approaching the valley of the Rhine. Does the government of France slumber? Why sits she inactive, when Europe is resounding with the din of arms from one end to the other? Is she paralysed by the magnitude of the torrent that is rolling westward? Is she blind to the experience of the past? Has she forgotten, that from 1793 to 1813, the preparations of every hostile attack against her were made under the shadow of diplomatic negotiations? Can she not see that the acts of the Diet, the protocols of the Conferences, the notes of diplomacy, have but one object, to root up the revolutionary principles of July? Let her therefore arm for the approaching struggle, for sooner or later, war, a war of principles, is inevitable—and let her, to the arrogant threats of the coalesced despots, reply, in the eloquent language of the patriot Isnard to the German Diet at Ratisbon—"Disons à l'Europe que le peuple Français s'il tire l'epée, en jettera le fourreau; qu'il n'ira le chercher que couronné des lauriers de la victoire que si des cabinets engagent les rois dans une guerre contre les peuples. Nous engagerons les peuples dans une guerre contre les rois." These daring words have been already once verified, and may be so again.

GIBRALTAR:—ITS ADVANTAGES TO ENGLAND.

In these days of reform, when an extensive reduction of our military establishments is inevitable, in the ensuing session of parliament, it is desirable to examine and elucidate the comparative expense, utility, and necessity, of the many warlike dependencies of this country, in various quarters of the globe.

With this view, we propose to bring under the impartial consideration of our readers, the present immense expense of maintaining that glorious, but most unprofitable dependency of the crown of England, the fortress of Gibraltar; intending to prove, that the abandonment of this celebrated rock, is now the more profitable policy of this country.

Gibraltar was originally taken from the Spaniards in the reign of Queen Anne, by Sir George Rooke; and at the period of its thus devolving to the crown of England, so little importance was attached to its possession, that the parliament of the day refused its thanks to the commander and troops who had been engaged in the very dangerous service of seizing the fortifications. Public opinion has, however, been long reversed, with regard to the utility and value of this conquest; and for many years we have been accustomed, without reflection, to consider Gibraltar as the key of the Mediterranean, and the modern Herculean pillar, upon which is inscribed the *ne plus ultra* of our military power. Still, to a mind accustomed to look beyond the outside of mere proverbial expressions, it is not to be comprehended in what light Gibraltar can form the key of the Mediterranean; for the Straits of Gibraltar, in the narrowest part, are seventeen miles wide; the opposite fortress of Ceuta is not subject to our power; and it is absurd to suppose, that the guns of the fortifications can reach a vessel in mid-channel, or effectually obstruct the navigation. Shipping, too, may pass the position in the night; and it is quite apparent that the key of the Mediterranean is an unmeaning expression, as applied to Gibraltar, since no fortification can command a strait seventeen miles wide, and the ships of war which we additionally keep there, form the real keys of this lock of the Mediterranean. If the Straits of Gibraltar, like the Sound of Elsineur, were not more than a mile and a half wide, then the key of the Mediterranean would appear a term of greater probability; but, in the actual width of the channel, it would not be less preposterous to affirm, that the guns of Dover Castle command the Straits of Calais.

It is the immense and wasteful expense of holding this barren and unproductive possession, that renders Gibraltar worthy to be first selected for reduction in the present depressed condition of the country at home. Unlike our other colonial dependencies, Gibraltar possesses neither revenue, trade, nor agricultural productions. Cut off from the territories of Spain, even its provisions are conveyed, at an immense expense, from England. It is an isolated and solitary prison for our troops, where native employment never varies for years the gloomy monotony of confinement; and, for the false, empty, and unsubstantial

honour of commanding the Mediterranean, we needlessly maintain this hot abode of sterility and the plague. Foreign conquests are alone justifiable in an enlightened age, by the advantages conferred upon the conquered; for our laws, arts, and civilization, follow in the rear of our victorious armies, to free the enslaved and benighted nations of the world; but Gibraltar is peopled by our own centinels alone, and the fruits of victory are sown upon a rock. In times of the most profound peace, the garrison is never maintained at less than five thousand men; the entire cost of supporting the troops, dock-yards, and civil establishments, is estimated at more than a million per annum; and since our first possession of Gibraltar, this useless fortress has added above a hundred millions to the *national debt!* For this immense expenditure, no return whatever appears—commerce or revenue there being none, from a place, jealously guarded from connexion with the interior of the country, and possessing no intercourse with Spain, beyond the drawbridge of the moat. Since the opening of the free port of Cadiz, even the trifling trade formerly forced into Gibraltar, by the senseless commercial policy of Spain, has almost entirely disappeared; and the Mediterranean passes, always an unjust impost, levied at Gibraltar since the accession of his present Majesty, have been abolished altogether. Therefore, to a commercial nation, depending upon fertile and productive colonial possession for its revenue, commerce, and prosperity, there is nothing beyond the empty prejudices of military glory to justify our retention of the expensive fortress of Gibraltar.

It is also well to be considered that we are now at peace with Spain, and, however contemptible the government of that country, our retention of Gibraltar has long been considered a most galling insult by that proud people; and considerations of national honour alone have prompted their stupendous efforts to regain it. It would, therefore, be now in the highest degree conciliatory and productive of great commercial advantages to England, to yield up possession of a fortress, the retention of which is useless and injurious to ourselves, and productive of feelings of humiliation and enmity to all true Spaniards, at the sight of a foreign flag floating in victory over a soil where nature never meant us to encroach. It is unworthy of a magnanimous nation, needlessly to continue our insulting possession of this strong hold in a foreign country—and that the evil consequences of the retention of the fortress of Gibraltar by the government of this country are not exaggered here, we turn to the opinion upon this subject of the author of the Wealth of Nations. Speaking of the then recent conquests of Gibraltar and Minorca, that illustrious writer thus expresses himself. "There never was the slightest pretext for the occupation of those two most expensive garrisons, the retention of which, has served more than all other causes, to cement the friendship and alliance against this country of the Kings of France and Spain." This opinion, though opposed to the prejudices of the day, appears, indeed, to be founded in very clear truth. Would the people of England ever rest, whilst the Spaniards, having by surprise obtained possession of Dover Castle for a century, should persist in holding it from motives of mere insulting defiance?

By the abandonment of this unprofitable fortress, not only should we thus effect a reduction of five thousand men in our standing army, but a valuable indemnification may undoubtedly be obtained from Spain.

For, to regain the integrity of her territory, and to banish the hateful spectacle of a foreign flag triumphant on her soil, that country would probably cede the rich, and, as lying in the range of her other West Indian possessions, to England, the invaluable island of Cuba. The depression of our sugar islands, and the advantages enjoyed by Cuba in a virtual though felonious continuation of the African traffic in slaves, renders its possession to the crown of England of paramount importance. The five thousand troops now in garrison at Gibraltar, would more than suffice for the military occupation of the entire island of Cuba; and being supported by the island itself, or indirectly by the vast addition of commerce and revenue resulting from so fertile a possession, there remains no comparison between the sum of advantage derived from this addition to our West Indian empire, and the retention of the barren and useless fortress of Gibraltar.

And though Gibraltar should return to the dominion of Spain, it has been shown, that in the width of the straits, our vessels of war or commerce may at all times enter the Mediterranean without danger from the forts; and by retaining possession of the island of Malta, we enjoy a position for our squadrons to rendezvous, water, and refit, at a spot more central in the Mediterranean, and nearer to the shores of Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and the other great trading countries of Africa and Southern Europe. When the government of the United States, without possessing a single harbour or an acre of territory in the Mediterranean, yet maintain a powerful display of vessels of war in that sea, it is apparent that an extensive reduction of our military establishments in that quarter of the world, may be made without injury to our commerce.

The Ionian Islands are also a dead weight to this country. These islands may be very advantageously sold to the government of the United States; for the people of that country have long been solicitous to obtain some permanent possession in the Mediterranean; and where the service of watching the piratical powers of Africa and Greece, can thus be effectually performed by the Americans, it is highly expedient that Great Britain should co-operate in an object mutually advantageous to all civilized nations. Jealousy of our transatlantic brethren is now happily disappearing, and identity of interests is daily becoming more apparent, and we should certainly rejoice to see the Ionian Islands, useless to ourselves, pass into the dominion of the United States.

At a time when extensive changes are forthcoming in the policy of this country, these remarks, though opposed to the prejudices of the day, may be found to be worthy of impartial consideration.

THE SPECTRE.

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned."—SHAKSPEARE.

AMONGST the millions of human beings whose little interests and passions agitate the surface of this our world, none comes in for a greater share of good-natured ridicule than the unhappy believer in ghosts. His most sapient and serious speculations are derided by youth and age. The grey-headed seer, and the young "devil-may-care" fellow, who has never thought at all, feel themselves equally excused in sporting with a subject, enveloped as it is in all the mystery and shadowy solemnity befitting that world of spirits, which, as Milton says,

"Haunt the earth and sky when we sleep and dream."

In the course of my reflections upon this all-important subject, I have discovered that the ghosts which are so frequently the objects of astonishment or terror in the "bank-note world," are divided into two kinds. The one is that species which go by the name of fairies and sylphs, such as we may suppose would hover around the form of some beautiful woman, to protect her from too rude a gale, and strew in her way the stolen perfumes of roses. They bring no terror in their path, nor haunt you in the gloomy hour of night; but they seem to wanton in the bright sunshine; to speak to you in the melody of music; or touch you in the soft air that fans your cheek. They are the companions of the poet, waving their rustling wings round his head, and delighting his soul with gaiety and hope!

The others are of a different nature—the terror of dark church-yards and village barns. They stalk in shadowy solemnity over the fair face of nature, and revel in the storm. There is nothing airy or elegant about *them*. They are silent, mysterious, and sublime. It is such as these that frighten hinds and country maidens; that stride through the scenes of some secluded village, take possession of some comfortable mansion of "date antique," living in the luxury of perfect freedom, paying neither rent nor taxes, and leaving behind them, through all their gambols, a strong odour of fire and brimstone.

That there are such things, there can scarcely be a doubt; it is attested by so many persons of veracity. There was Mrs. ——, but I won't mention names—sitting late one night, or rather early one morning, reading Maturin's Melmoth, with all the doors locked, when suddenly the wax candles burned awfully blue, and upon the Brussels carpet there stood a dark deformed figure, with the countenance of a frightful demon, glaring at her with a most hideous obliquity of vision. It came not through the doors, nor through the windows, nor through the wall, nor even through the key-hole, as some might innocently suppose; no, it came down the chimney, making at the same time a most infernal clatter, and bringing with it a strong smell of—soot! Many other instances of an equally awful nature have been related, but very few exceed the dreadful adventures to which I was almost a martyr during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1818, at Charleston, South Carolina.

I had been confined to a sick chamber for a period of six weeks,

when my doctor advised me to remove from the enervating influence of a pent-up city. By the assistance of a purer air I had nearly recovered, and was living happily amidst fresh breezes and shady woods. Some friends had passed the day with me, and I had indulged for the first time since my illness with a glass or two of wine. After they left, however, my spirits began to flag; a lonely feeling came over me. I seated myself at the window for some time, and could not help being almost awfully impressed with the gloomy appearance which every thing seemed to bear around me. I saw no human being, save here and there some huge negro stealing his way from nightly marauding, to his loghank on the plantation. A large black cloud came across the heavens, and cast its dark shadows far and wide over the lofty pines, and rendered objects still more obscure. All seemed hushed in a death-like silence, as though nature had lost her principle of life, and lay slumbering in frightful lethargy. There was not a breeze to stir the motionless leaf. The atmosphere seemed stagnant, and infected with disease; gradually it grew darker still.

During these few moments my spirits became singularly depressed; some heavy misfortune seemed to weigh on my heart; an indescribable terror of every thing around me; a dread of some hidden danger—I know not what. At times I felt chilled, and my teeth chattered, and again a hot feverish glow came over me. I thought of my own dear country—of my family—of her, the remembrance of whose beauty was wont to cheer my wanderings, when the clock struck, as I thought, in deep and sepulchral tones—they died away in succession, till I counted, *twelve*—the hour when the sheeted dead walk the earth!

The protracted howl of some famishing dog, and the dismal monotony of the *whip-poor-will*, sounded in unison with my feelings. The voice of any *human* being would have broken the horrid spell; but my ear listened for it in vain. At that moment something appeared to move before my window, when a sudden gust of air extinguished my light. I heard a long drawn sigh, almost at my ear!

There was something absolutely terrible in my situation—I was not within call of any humau being—my eyes and ears were strained to catch either sight or sound, when I distinctly heard the breathing of some one in my room. Immediately the idea that robbers had concealed themselves crossed my mind, and that, doubtless, murder was their object. In an agony of apprehension I felt for my sword, when, oh! horror! a cold damp hand was clenched around the handle! I sprung from my seat I knew not whither; but a dark form arose before me, and held me in its dreadful embrace!

The thought that I was in a mortal grasp aroused the energy of my nature; a superior feeling shook off the debasing, paralizing influence of fear; and with an almost Herculean strength I seized my enemy, and hurled him violently to the floor. What was my astonishment, when my ears were greeted with the following dreadful exclamation:—"Oh, ki, massa! massa! ow dam ard ou squeedge! Pompey just bring ou him potecary phisick, when him dam air puff out him dam candle. I nebor was sarbe so before—Oh, ki! oh, ki!"

THE LOVE TOKEN.—A Tale.

"This is your handkerchief, Emma, is it not?"

"Yes," said Lady Mauden, as she turned her eyes from her harpsichord to the inquirer.

"Well, Emma, you cannot refuse me this handkerchief—not as a memorial—for I need not that—but as a gift—as a token of—friendship—"

"No, George, that cannot be—indeed it cannot—"

"Why?—but no matter:—and yet this is a trifling request.—Emma, Emma, you have but little feeling for me—I know it;—but when we part this evening, you may be relieved for ever from my presence."

"For ever, George!" said Lady Mauden, surprised into a tone of anxiety—"for ever!"

"And what have I to do here?—Is it not enough, that I am thus guilty, without increasing that guilt by a longer stay—without adding to my distractedness, and rushing—oh, Emma! even tell me that you do not hate me, and it will be some solace to me."

"Mr. Leslie," said Lady Mauden, in a severe voice, "if I have been the cause of any uneasiness to you, at least give me credit for regret, —we had, indeed, better part.—Give me the handkerchief." Her ladyship rose from the harpsichord, as she spoke.

"'Tis all I ask, Emma. Leave it to me, and I quit you instantly, and for ever."

"The hankerchief, George—I must have the handkerchief." Lady Mauden extended her hand towards the still unwilling Leslie—but at that instant the drawing-room door opened, and Lord Mauden entered.

"Why, Leslie, what's the matter? I have just been to the stables, and Hennecy tells me, you have ordered your horses. Where are you going at this late hour?"

"My lord, I must leave you to night."

"Leave us!—Well, of course as you please; but I hope nothing has happened in my house, to make your stay unpleasant."

"Nothing, I assure you; but in a few days you shall hear the reason of this abrupt departure."

"Make no strangers of us, Leslie; do as you please; and remember this is your home, whenever it suits your pleasure or convenience."

"This distracts me," muttered the young man; but Lord Mauden heard him not; for the approach of the horses to the hall door attracted his attention to the window. Lady Mauden had turned to a music-stand; but, to any one who observed her, it was plain she thought little of the leaves, which she rapidly turned over. George Leslie observed her: he was still in possession of the handkerchief; and now, as he stood by himself near a centre table, he silently folded it, and put it in his bosom. An unheard and unperceived step brought him to her side; but her thoughts were too busy to notice it.

"You will have a beautiful evening for your ride. I suppose you face towards home?" said Lord Mauden, his eyes still directed to the window.

"Lady Mauden," said George Leslie. She started as if from a dream, and looked him full in the face. "Lady Mauden, fare you well." This

he said aloud; but in a whisper, "*farewell for ever!*" He took her hand—it trembled—a tear fell upon his own, and she turned hastily to the music-stand again, to hide or stifle her emotion, and with difficulty could collect strength enough to speed him on his journey.

Leslie had consideration enough to leave her at once. He mounted his horse in silence, and rode down the avenue, followed by his servants, and it was not for some time that he recollected that he had not taken leave of his kind host and friend Lord Mauden.

"Strange!" said his lordship, as he followed Leslie with his eyes down the lawn.

Lady Mauden, after a vain attempt at the harpsichord, complained of illness, and retired to her chamber.

Alas! what a world is ours! where half its fancied pleasures are sin. Lady Mauden was most unhappy. The commands of a father, and the prayers of a mother, had prevailed with her to give her hand to Lord Mauden. The only man she had ever loved, besides that father, had just parted from her side. He had told her, he had quitted her for ever. She was glad—and yet, "for ever"—Lady Mauden was a woman, young and sensitive; and could she, in her heart of hearts, rejoice never more to see the man upon whom her first and best affections were unchangeably fixed? Reason is deceitful, duty is blind, and determination is weak. Alas! that passion should be the only true, clear-sighted, and strong principle of our nature!

Not very far from Mauden House, there is a wild and heathery mountain, broken here and there by deep and winding hollows, through one of which passes the public road; and this, as well as the rest, had, since the days of King William's conquest, been noted as a resort of robbers and outlaws. The attacks on coaches, the plunder of individual travellers, and some frightful and most revolting murders committed there, had made it a fearful place to all the country; while the nature of the situation, and of the scenery itself, lent an additional horror and dark interest to all that rumour could tell. The bleak mountain collected about its head an almost perpetual covering of clouds; and the screams of a few wild birds, that, from time to time, hovered over the thin patches of cultivation, gave life indeed to the scene; but it was such life as Virgil or Dante could have given to the bleakness of an infernal plain.

It was half-past twelve at night when Leslie was riding on this road, followed at a short distance by his favourite Hennecy. The master was silent; the servant now and then broke into a whistle, or stave, of some Irish song, but would instantly cease on recollection of the presence of his master. He evidently longed to speak, and would have given a great deal for the usual condescending communicativeness of "Sir George," to arrest the loneliness of their way; but Hennecy was not in the slightest degree afraid. Many a night before he would not have passed here in silence, for the universe, nor have trusted himself on this mountain, except perhaps with a strong party of "hearty boys," returning from a fair or wake; but, to-night, Hennecy knew his master's errand, and felt that his silence and seriousness was, to-night, most natural. They had just arrived to the summit of a hill, over which the road led, and from thence on the top of another, which also was crossed by the road; figures were seen relieved against the hazy and half moon-lit clouds behind. Distant whistlings were heard, and, in a few moments, Leslie could observe, on the far-off hill, as it retired from the road,

increasing groups of men, and some stragglers here and there, running in different directions. Neither of our travellers, however, seemed alarmed; and the only remark made was by Hennecy—"I think, sir, we had best turn off by the *boireen* at the foot of the hill. We'll come up wid the boys in betther nor ten minutes from that." Leslie nodded; and, on arriving at the bottom of the glen, between the two fore-mentioned hills, he turned to the right of the *boireen*, or narrow passage, of which Hennecy spoke. About three or four hundred yards brought them to a loose and unfastened gate; and as Hennecy advanced, and was endeavouring to push it back without dismounting in the mud, a man stepped up from behind a ditch, and resting the muzzle of a gun on the top bar, said, in a tone of lagged but calm determination, "Ye don't pass here, gintlemen."

"We don't pass here!" repeated George Leslie, while he laid his hand on one of his pistols. "By what right, my good man, do you prevent us?"

"Oh, 'tis all the same as to that," answered the apparent sentinel; "and ye may put up your pistol—ye can't pass here, gintlemen."

George Leslie was naturally impetuous, and was about to push his horse at the gate, notwithstanding the cry of the man, "I tell ye to keep back," when Hennecy interfered, and having respectfully said to his master, "Lave him to me, sir; he knows me when the moon will look at my face.—Era, Tom Cauty, don't you know me, man? Don't be talking here, but let us go by in pace. We're going to the captain."

"Eh, then, Nick Hennecy, is that yourself? Of coorse I'll lave *you* pass, but I don't know the other man."

"But I knows him, Tom: he's my master, and a good warrant to be so—he is too. Come, make haste, open the gate, man."

"I cannot, Nick; I cannot; 'tis my orders."

"Era, don't I know your orders? Be quiet now, Tom, and pacibly let us go by." As Hennecy spoke, he pushed the gate, and beckoning to Leslie, said, "Come along, sir."

"I tell you, Nick, 'tis no use for you. I'll lave no one pass here to-night that I don't know."

"But I tell you, you'll let Mr. Leslie pass."

"Eh, who?—Is it a son of black Sam Leslie's, of Boxton Hill, the man who prosecuted—and got him hanged too—God rest him!—poor Ned Sheedy!—Is it a son of his, Nick?—for if it be him, and you have a regard for the boy, I'd have you take him out of this."

"Yeh! Tom, man, he knows what brought him here."

"I tell you, Mr. Leslie, 'tis best for you to go: you're not safe here. I don't want to say nothing now about your father—but your mother, God rest her sowl, was a good woman to the poor, and I'm not the one to hurt her son, but I won't answer for others. I tell you, sir, 'tis best for you to go."

Leslie, who, during the preceding colloquy, had cooled and recollected that gentleness was here a more useful weapon than a pistol, replied, "My good man, whatever my father is, I am, perhaps, a greater friend to you and your cause than you may imagine. My business is now with Captain Hardy; and to assure you that I can mean nothing injurious, I entrust you with my arms, and go defenceless amongst your party."

Tom Cauty thought for a few seconds, and then turning suddenly to

him, said, "I'll let you pass, sir. Nick, you knows the road, round by the bush, in the corner yonder."

"I knows it all. Good night, Tom."

"Good night, Nick," said Tom, as they passed on; and looking after them, he continued, to himself, "Well, if they be wise, I know what they'll do with him. They'll keep him for the father's sake; and if the ould man is fond of his boy, I think he won't be hunting any more of us about the country."

"By the bush in the corner yonder" they rode, and in a few moments arrived on the bank of one of the many streams descending from the mountain. As they stood looking for the best part to cross by, the gleams of the moon fell upon the side of the mountain opposite, Leslie looked up, and, though it was what he expected, he could not restrain a slight mark of emotion on seeing, within less than a quarter of a mile, some thousands of people collected, in separate groups, some lying under the open sky, and a few under the shelter of a shed, here and there rudely erected. There was one cabin to be seen; the small half-rag stopped windows of which shewed, wherever light could come, that it was well lighted.

"What house is this?" asked Leslie of his servant.

"That's our parliament-house," answered Hennecy, in a quick quaint voice, that left Leslie in doubt whether he was serious or jesting. "That's our parliament-house, sir; and 'tis there they be talking of their plans and marchings, since Lord Edward and the Shears was took up."

To the door of the parliament-house they rode. Leslie had gathered his cloak about his face; and the company he was in (for Hennecy was no mean personage in the opinion of the multitude) saved him, as soon as Hennecy was recognized, from curious observation and inquiry. When they had knocked at the door, it was immediately opened, and a few words of Irish having passed between Hennecy and the porter, they dismounted and entered—Hennecy only for an instant, for the horses claimed *his* care and attendance.

On Leslie's entrance, a number of persons, who were sitting on chairs, stools, tables, beds, or wherever they could find seats, rose; and one individual, of an athletic but compact figure, dressed in a frieze coat, and who seemed to be the principal person of the assembly, came forward and welcomed him.

"You're welcome, Mr. Leslie. I'm plased to see the coorse you have follied, and may be 't wo'nt be the worse for you and yours."

"Well, Desmond," answered George, "let us finish the business of to-night. What more have you to say to me upon that business?"

"I haven't much more to say, Mr. Leslie; but are you content to be our captain on the terms I told you of?"

"Desmond, I'm in some doubt still of the right we have thus to take arms and law into our own hands. And, besides, what is it you have to complain of?"

"What is it we have to complain of!—And, blood-an-oons, Mr. Leslie, is this the question you're asking us afther all? What is it we have to complain of!—God help you. I'll tell you in one story; and that is only one out of a thousand. Do you see that woman on the straw there, in the corner yonder, and the six children about her?—and do you see those big boys here by me?—Well, they be all of a family. 'Tis

three weeks to-morrow since they war all, themselves and the father of them, sitting at their dinner; and no great things of a dinner it was eether, but a pratee and a grain of salt. Howsomever, that's nothing: if they lave us to ate that same in pace, 'tis enough:—but, as I was saying, they war sitting to it—and who should come to the door, but the procther. Well, Ned Sheedy got up, and he axed him to eat a pratee. "No," says the procther, "I'm in a hurry:—but how are you off for the tithe, Ned?" "Oh," says Ned, "bad enough." "I'm sorry for that, Ned," says he; "for the tithe I must have." "Sure you won't mind a month or so," says Ned; "for the dickons a manes of giving it you I have now, save the crop in the ground, and the pig that I don't like selling for another while, to get the betther price for him." "Oh, Ned, the tithe I must have," says the procther; "or if I don't, I must have the pig; and if that won't do, I must have the table, Ned, or the chairs, or the dresser and the chaney; and if them won't do, I must have the bed, and the things on it, Ned." Well, why, Ned said nothing;—for what could he say?—but he only looked at his childer:—and the wife aftherwards told me that one big tear rolled down his face; but if it did, the procther did not mind it, but only said, "Mr. Sheedy, I'll give you one week longer, and let me have the tithe then;" and away he went. Well, 'twas the very next day afther, two soldiers comed into the house to them, and sat down, like two lords, on the bed. Ned didn't say much, but quietly axed what they plased to want? One of them laughed, and desired him go and be damned; and the other went over to Ketty Sheedy herself, that's his wife, and gave her a kiss. Now Ned minded nothing at all but this; and so he did what any man that was a man at all, would do—he up with his fist, and knocked him dead on the floor. The other runned at him—but Ned was a strong boy, and, 'faith, he'd have mastered him too, only that the other came to himself, and both war too much for him. They took and tied him with the leather belt of one of them, and left him on the floor, gibing of him. What else they did, I need not tell. When they went out, by and by Kitty loosed him. Ned went to your own father, Mr. George, the magistrate that is; and when he sent in for him, Mr. Leslie was at dinner, and so Ned had to wait better nor two hours; and when the magistrate opened his window, and Ned, with his hat off, toult his story, this good magistrate toult him to go and be damned for a croppy and a rebel, and that he'd have two more of the soldiers quartered on him; and as to his wife, she was no better nor a ——. I won't say before her what he called her; but Ned came away, and sat down in a chair under the chimney all night, and the poor woman herself was crying by him, with the infant at her breast. For the week Ned wasn't himself, to be sure; but when the time was out, the procther came. "Well, Ned, the tithe. You won't refuse it me now, any how." "I have no tithe for you," said Ned; and little blame to him to be vexed now. "Well, no matther for that eether," said the procther; "but you have the pig, Ned, and the chairs, and the bed.—Come in," said he to a parcel of people he had outside to help him. "A fine pig he is too," said the procther, as he drove him out the door; "but we must take the bed too, Ned." "Can't ye take the chairs, or any thing else? Don't ye see my wife is lying on the bed now?" "I can't help that," said he; and he desired the woman to get up, laying hoult of her arm. "Don't touch her," said Ned; "don't touch her, I tell ye—I warn ye not." "God damn your

warning, man! Tell the woman to get up out of this," said the procther. "Don't touch her again, I say," said Ned. "I'm not myself now; don't vex me too much." But the procther didn't mind him; and taking the baby from her breast, he let it fall on the ground.—(You see the mark over his eye?—That mark he got then.)—He was next going to take Ketty by the arm, but Ned took up a piece of a spade-three, and, without speaking, he gave him a wipe across the back of the head—and I'll engage, he never spoke a word afther. Well, what use in talking? Ned was tried by a special commission—the jury war all orange-boys,—and in eight hours he was hanged up like a dog."

The speaker was interrupted by the sobs of the poor broken-hearted widow. She was young; and, notwithstanding her pale, haggard countenance, well looking:—one child was on her bosom—five others, of different ages, lay miserably about her, and her two eldest boys stood by the opposite wall—one of them crying bitterly—but the other, with a look of the fiercest sternness:—there was revenge and wildness written in the lad's eye.——The speaker continued:—

"Yes, Mr. Leslie, look at them. Is this nothing to complain of? Is this no wrong? Are our wives to be raped before our eyes—our childer to be tossed about like a bundle of hay? Is our only pig to be seized for a fat man that we never sees, nor gets good of?—Are we to be hung up ourselves, our wives to be left widows, and our boys and girls to be left without fathers—and when we—."

His mingled emotions overcame him; rage and grief choked his words, and the tears rushed down his rugged cheeks as freely as down those of the widow he spoke of. His feelings were sympathised with by all in the cabin except the fore-mentioned stern boy; and even Leslie himself participated in the general emotion. He had almost determined on the course he would pursue, before his coming to the rebel meeting; but the true and genuine Irish soul now burst through the fetters of pride, or the delicacy of education. He caught the speaker by the hand, and emphatically said, "Trust me, I will die with and for you."

"We will trust you, Mr. George—we will trust you," echoed every voice (except the before-mentioned boy), and the original speaker finished, by saying,—

"I give up the leading of those boys to you; not because I think you are betther, or have more money than the rest of them, but because your name will serve the cause that I love better than command or money."

Not many days after the acceptance of the rebel chieftainship by George Leslie, the following paragraph, confirmed by succeeding statements, appeared in the public prints.

About a quarter of a mile from the village of ——— in the county of ———, a party of the *th regiment, and three companies of Lord ——'s fencibles were attacked and routed with considerable loss, by a body of insurgents amounting to about 1,500. A circumstance of much more alarm, is the fact of their having been led by the son of Samuel Leslie, Esq., of the ——— county. This young man had been in the army, and is supposed to have spent what time he could secure, in training the persons under his command. This victory of the rebels is a strange, and at the present crisis, an alarming testimony of the native prowess of the Irish, and proves that their cause, whatever be its moral

or political merits, needs but discipline and good management to trample eventually upon all opposition. Mr. Leslie, the father, is very unpopular in his county, and the influence of his son can, we understand, with difficulty secure his person and property from the vengeance of the aggrieved inhabitants. Many of the gentry are on their way to the metropolis, and the lady of Earl Mauden is about to resort thither also for protection, while her noble husband determines to remain and defend his house, and join with the magistracy in effectual steps to the suppression of this threatening, and already too successful insurrection."

The above statement was true, and the evening after this battle, General Leslie, as he was called, received a letter, the contents of which were—

"GENERAL,—This is to inform you, that Lady Mauden sets out by day-break to-morrow for Dublin. Now, seeing as how, his lordship is a strong man against us, I'm thinking, general, 'twould be the way to stop the carriage, and if you gets the wife, why the husband wont be no more much of an enemy to us, but in this matter you knows best yourself, and so, general, I remain,

"*To General Leslie,* "Your's to command,
at the Camp, at —— hill." "DANIEL HARVEY."

On the receipt of this note George considered for some time, and having adjusted his plans, he commanded a force of 500 of his best armed and best trained men, to attend him at midnight. Midnight arrived, and Leslie having given instructions in case of his own delay or capture, set out with his 500 chosen men, and in about four hours, after a silent and unmolested march, found himself at the place of his destination. It was a wood on the side of a gentle hill, and through which ran the public road. This first required no small boldness in its occupants, for it was but one mile and a quarter from a town in possession of 3,000 of the king's troops, and watched by a vigilant, and in too many instances, a relentless magistracy. But the boldness of the enterprize was its chief security; for while detachments of these 3,000 men and the different magistrates daily and nightly scoured the more distant neighbourhood, none dreamed for a moment that 500 of the insurgents would have dared attempt concealment almost within their very jaws. But Leslie and his 500 dared it, and for an hour waited in silence and in patience, listening to the tramp of many a party of horsemen passing at a small distance on the road, and sometimes overhearing the shouts and execrations with which he and his, were devoted to death and damnation by the Protestant yeoman and regulars.

It was now five in the morning and the words "*'tis coming,*" whispered from one of the scouts, ran through the party; there was a general movement and Leslie having seen that all was safe on the town side of the road, and behind the hill which covered him, divided his men to either side of the road. His only words were "Remember my orders," they were on their peril to offer not the slightest personal injury to Lady Mauden. As to other directions, they had been also given before. There was a sudden turn in the road, near the place of ambush, but between it and the approaching carriage, which last could not be seen until it had passed that part of the hill where it was cut through for the road; to this turn every eye was directed. The carriage came on at a rapid rate, escorted by a troop of the Enniskillen cavalry, under the command of Captain T——. The turn was gained, Captain T——

rode at the head of the party, and before the last trooper had appeared, a pan flashed from the wood, and the captain fell dead from his horse; there was a sudden halt, but before the troopers had time to rally their thoughts, a volley from each side of the road considerably lessened their numbers. The writhing of the wounded horses and the shrieks of the female servants, soon added to the confusion, and Leslie fearing, lest the noise would call the assistance of any neighbouring party of military, and thus disappoint his scheme, gave the preconcerted signal, and he and his party rushed forth on the astonished soldiers. These latter fought bravely for a few moments, but they were quickly overpowered, some few killed, some disarmed and made prisoners, and the rest put to flight. The coach was instantly secured, the foremost horses cut off, one of them having been killed, and the others turned in the opposite direction. When George Leslie opened the door, he found Lady Mauden fainting with terror, he ordered one of his men to fetch some water from a neighbouring stream, and having desired her ladyship's maid, who had recognized him, to attend to her mistress, and be silent, he commanded what arms lay on the ground to be collected, and the party then moved off at rapid pace.

It was fortunate for him that his retreat was not interrupted by one of the many scouting detachments of the yeomen or military. However, they arrived safely at the same cabin in which Leslie was at the first sworn a member and leader of the rebel army. The inner room of this cabin he had directed to be fitted with whatever little convenience could be procured, and into this room Lady Mauden was led, attended by her female servants. Leslie had found on his return that his expedition was already known about the country, and that the magistrates with double vigilance, and especially Lord Mauden who had of course an additional and powerful excitement, were on the alert to surprise him. To guard against any such surprisal was the first concern of Leslie. He doubled his outposts, ordered all his forces to their arms, and even those who had been with him in the morning were given but time for a short repose and refreshment. But now that he was master of the person of her he loved beyond life, or any thing which life could give, what course with regard to her did he mean to pursue? Strange! but he was perfectly in doubt, should he detain her even against her own consent? or should he yield to the impulse of honour, and restore her to her husband? But might he not prevail with her by soothing words and vows of fondness and fidelity to remain with him? There was little chance of that, the high virtue and honour of Lady Mauden precluded the idea. Yet could he think of sullying a cause which he had embraced from principle, by an act of perfidy and adultery? Alas, here he was blind, he thought not of guilt, the madness of his affection, alone led him on. He knew not, he reasoned not, he scarcely thought, unless the wild whirl of a thousand thoughts can be called thinking. It was in this state of mind that he found himself at the door of the cabin-room in which Lady Mauden sat. Should he enter? At first he determined to do so, his throbbing anxiety then interferred. Again he he had his hand on the latch; again he turned away, but at last summoning all his resolution, he raised it, and found himself in her presence.

Whatever previous intention Leslie might for a moment have entertained with regard to Lady Mauden, he was now fixed in the resolution

of conveying, or at least of having her conveyed to her husband's home. He knew that this, by his followers, would be considered as an act of treachery as well as of imprudence, since they looked upon Lady Mauden as an hostage, to be of no small importance in case of a defeat, or of stipulations. But this opposition he disregarded; he would stake his life upon the fulfilment of his promise to her, that she should be returned to her friends; and that night he determined should be the time. However, to guard against contentions or divisions, so fatal to an insurrectionary cause, he determined to manage the affair with as much prudence as possible. For this purpose he at the present concealed his intention, and merely ordered a chosen body again to be ready at dusk, with Lady Mauden's carriage, hinting that she should be conveyed to a place of greater security. In the course of the day, several messages and letters were brought to the general from inferior officers, and from equals in more distant districts; his time was occupied in giving instructions consequent on the communications, and preparing for an important engagement that was expected the next or following day. But the evening at length arrived, and the time of parting from Emma was fast approaching. He hardly dared to meet it even in thought, but it must be met.

It was now nine o'clock, the dusk was darkening and the carriage was in attendance. Two hundred rebel horse were in readiness, and George waiting at the chamber door. She came out, her veil down. He offered her his arm in silence, and as she took it, she whispered, "I thank you for this." He could not reply; but handed her into the coach, and was about to close the door himself, when his arm was caught by a messenger, who said to him with breathless and hurried accents—"Read this, general, and make haste." At the same time he put a printed paper into his hands. George read it, nor did he evince much alarm in his countenance, when he found it was a proclamation "offering pardon and 2,000 guineas to any one who would bring alive, or pardon and 1,000 guineas to whoever would bring dead the said George Leslie." Having gone through it, he remained for a moment in thought, his hand still on the carriage-door, and then looking at Lady Mauden, who had been watching him with intense interest, he put the proclamation into her hands. But *she* did not read it with his coolness, on coming to that part which said, "and whoever shall bring the said George Leslie, *dead*, shall be—" the peril of his situation amongst a set of men whom as papists, she was from childhood taught to consider capable of any crime of treachery or assassination, rushed upon her mind, and she fell back in the carriage, overpowered with mingled horror, terror, and grief. The wildness and confusion of her thoughts prevented her from recollecting her own situation at the present instant, and when Leslie gently took the paper from her hands, she said falteringly, "God, protect you George."

His answer was, "I care not much; they may do what they will or can; I am satisfied, since you—"

"Who, I," she interrupted him hurridly. "I—tell him to drive on—I, what—" alas, the struggle was vain—she fell forward upon his arm, and all was over.

Nothing now was heard by George, but her sighs and hysteric sobs, nothing was seen but the fair face and disordered hair which lay upon

his breast, nothing was felt by him but the heaving of *her* bosom, and the emotions of his own. He kissed her cheek, he wept, and the tears fell fast upon her. The crowd of sensitive Irish hearts around, broke forth into sobs and utterances as violent as of those before them. They felt for them both, and with their pikes and guns ready to level them at the word of Leslie, and to the commission of almost any deed of fury or devastation, they still showed that they were men, and wept!

He gently raised Lady Mauden from where she had hidden her eyes, in grief and shame—his bosom—and offered her his hand to remove her from the carriage, alas! she now refused it not, all resolution and firmness vanished—what will not vanish before the strength and weakness of a woman's love? He led her into the apartment she had occupied during the day, he placed her upon a seat and endeavoured to soothe her from the emotions of her heart. She became calm, she listened to his vows of fondness and fidelity—she repulsed him not when he kissed her hands, she was not angry when he pressed his lips upon her own—in a word she loved him; she loved him fondly, tenderly, distractedly—she loved him with all a woman's wild, fearless, and uncalculating love—but from that hour her peace had fled for ever!

The engagement which was mentioned as expected by the rebel troops in a day or two after the last occurrence, was, by the manœuvres and plans of their skilful leader, delayed until that day week. The result of that eventful struggle is too well known. It is needless to recapitulate it here. We will return to the spot whence we set out—the mansion of LordMauden.

His lordship himself, pale and distressed, sat in an armed-chair, and by his side Mr. Leslie, sen., and Mr. Fitzgerald, all magistrates of the county. It was in a back hall, paved with mosaic stone-work, with a venerable arched ceiling, supported on rude old fashioned pillars, that the party sat, and forms and chairs were disposed along the walls. Before them lay many papers, proclamations, informations, letters, and at one end of the hall stood six soldiers of Lord Mauden's father's regiment, the same to which young Leslie had once belonged. A servant stood at the door as if he had just answered a call, and was waiting for his orders: he received them from Lord Mauden.

"Let the prisoners be brought in."

They were brought in, eight of them, and the foremost was George Leslie! His father was sitting with his side to the door, and a slight convulsive motion passed over his features as he caught, with half a glance, the commanding and noble figure of his only and beloved son. He could not look directly at him, but after the above half-fearful glance, fixed his eyes with a mingled sullen and vacant stare upon the wall. He was an old man, his back was stooped; but it was less from age than grief. His wrists rested upon his thighs, his fingers were clasped in each other, while he twisted his thumbs in a rapid manner round one another.

George looked not at his father nor at Lord Mauden. Had he been only a rebel he might have confronted them with ease, or perhaps, with pride; but his conscience smote him fearfully, for he was the betrayer of his friend, the and seducer of his wife! The other prisoners were, our friend Hennecy, two boys, one of them that stern son of the widow before mentioned, and the other though as tall, yet bearing on his coun-

tenance the signs of fewer and more delicate years. The other four were of no particular importance further than, poor fellows! they may have thought themselves, about to be committed for trial as rebels.

The task of examination was left to Mr. Fitzgerald, as the most collected of the three magistrates, and he began with Hennecy, from whom, however, no direct reply could be elicited.

"The next question you refuse to answer, said the magistrate, sternly, I shall order you instantly to be shot."

"Well, listen to me now, there's no use at all, at all, in your questioning of me, for the dickons an answer I'll give ye, excepting as I like, and it isn't the justice I'd be expecting from *you*, Mr. Fitzgerald, nor from *you*, Mr. Leslie, when you wont show it to your own boy, that you can now see before with the hands of him pinioned as bad as my own, and tho' Lord Mauden is a good warrent, at other times to do the poor, right yet he's too much of a king's man now, not to talk of the company he's in, to expect justice from him ather, and so afther jist telling ye all that there's no good in ye, that ye're dafating the country and throwing us on every where by your house-burnings and free quathertherings, and orange murthers, and tithings, and proclamations, and as I may say, making ducks and drakes of the whole land, afther jist telling you this, I'll hould my tongue, for there's little use in talking. And 'tis Nick Hennecy, that dosen't fear your shooting, so you may do the business now jist as soon as ye like. I'm ready and may ye on your dying day, be as willing to go, as them that'll die this day."

With a calm patience, Fitzgerald heard poor Nick to the end, and then quietly changing his position, he said—

"Serjeant Morris take this man to the yard, and shoot him before the next five minutes are over."

"I'm ready—God help the wife and the five orphans," muttered poor Hennecy as they led him away. The four other men were next brought forward, but their answers being more satisfactory than those of Hennecy, they were remanded for trial at the ensuing assizes, Lord Mauden and Mr. Leslie having scarcely looked up at the prisoners.

Mr. Fitzgerald next called on the two youths, and remarked on their boyish appearance, demanding of the widow's son "how he dared to engage with the rebels?"

"I'll tell you," he answered, and a fierceness of suppressed rage almost beyond what his years could have felt, reddened upon his cheeks. "I'll tell you. I had a father; he was a poor man; they took his pig to pay the recthor; they soult the chairs; they broke the bits of chany. He looked on and didn't say nothing to it all; but" (and his face grew blacker) "when they hurt my poor mother he—he did what I'd do myself if I had the strength—he kilt him, and my father was hanged! 'Twas you, Mr. Leslie—'twas you that was the mane cause of having him prosecuted, and 'twas for this, Mr. Leslie, 'twas for this one thing only that I joined the boys—'twas to make *you* repint of that, and may this wither your head." As the boy spoke, he advanced towards the gentleman whom he addressed, thrust his hand into his bosom, and pulling out a pistol levelled it at his head; fortunately for Leslie it missed fire. George Leslie ran towards the boy and dragged him away. He for an instant looked at the deceiving weapon, then at his

intended victim, and in the wildness of disappointed rage, flung the pistol with all his might on the marble floor, and throwing himself back against the wall, neither threat nor entreaty could induce him to open his lips, until on the scaffold he renewed his curse on the failing weapon, and on him for whom it was intended.

When Mr. Fitzgerald turned to the other youth, who by his timidity, and tears, and downcast countenance, betrayed a character most opposite to that of the former, George Leslie answered for him that he was the son of a distant tenant of his father's, who had been seduced unto their cause, and that he himself was perfectly innocent of its nature. Perhaps pity for the lad, more than the remonstrance of George, induced Mr. Fitzgerald to pass him by, and he retired to a distant corner of the room, hiding his face and sobbing convulsively. Lord Mauden and Mr. Leslie had been engaged in a low conversation during the presence of the last culprit at the table, whom they had not at all observed, but now, on the name of George Leslie being called, they both started into attention. He refused to answer any questions—confessed his guilt in the fullest extent of the accusation, though he would not call it guilt—and only begged, as a favour, that the execution of his sentence might not be delayed.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "that I must too surely comply with your request. It is even the wish of your grey-headed and loyal father, who is here to-day to testify his sorrow for having caused the existence of so degenerate and false a son."

"Yes," said Mr. Leslie, now speaking and turning to his unhappy son for the first time; but his voice faltered. "Yes George, he says right, I am here to day by my own choice, I agree with your sentence, if it was left to your father he would not reverse it, you're a traitor George Leslie,—you are a rebel, a leaguer with villains—you are a leaguer with villains you are not my son.—Yes, let—let them do it—now, as soon—I'll look on, never fear—bid him kneel there,—soldiers—come—do your —God help me!"

The old man could say no more, his hands were supported upon his walking-stick which stood between his legs, and his forehead sunk down upon his hands,—his sobs were violent and convulsive, and Lord Mauden suggested the propriety of executing the sentence elsewhere; but Mr. Fitzgerald was a man of little kindly feeling, or as government afterwards represented him, a zealous and loyal magistrate, and his orders were quickly obeyed. Leslie walked firmly to one side of the hall, while the soldiers took their places on the other. He drew a white handkerchief from his bosom, held it to his lips, and gently threw it to the boy who had been remanded, and who still sat in the corner sobbing and weeping piteously; perhaps, he intended it as a parting token, to be borne to some one far off. But the boy on receiving it, suddenly checked his tears, and gazed wildly around. He beheld Leslie upon his knees, one hand before his eyes; he heard the words, "Father, I forgive you—Emma, farewell!" He saw the muskets of the soldiers levelled at their victim, and waiting but the deadly signal, with a loud wild shriek he sprang forward, and clasping George round the neck, fell dead to the earth with him, pierced by the same bullets. Almost at the same instant that young Leslie fell, his father dropped from his chair to the ground, on his face and hands. When they took him up, he was no

more! Lord Mauden and Mr. Fitzgerald stood for a moment over the bodies of their victims. They both laid with their faces to the floor, quite dead. The former took up the handkerchief which the boy still held in the grasp of death. He turned deadly pale. Upon one of its corners was a well-known and still beloved name: but he checked his emotions, and stooped to replace it in the hand whence he took it. Good God!—that hand,—so soft, and white, and delicately small.—His heart beat violently—he turned the face of the boy—it was, HIS WIFE!

THE PORTUGUESE STRUGGLE.

Falho em tudo as verdades.
A quem, e em tudo as devois.
SA E MIRAND.

THE eyes of all Europe are at present fixed upon Portugal. They view the question, not so much as one of legitimacy, but as intimately connected with that fearful struggle that is at present uplifting the political substratum of our continent; they consider it as bearing directly on the march of human freedom and happiness, and with intense and breathless anxiety they await its decision. We confess we are not among the number of those who regard it in this point of view. Whatever may be the result of the contest, its influence on the great question that at present agitates Europe will be an absolute nullity. We found our opinions upon an intimate knowledge of the Portuguese character, unbiassed by the spirit of party.

When the ex-Emperor Don Pedro sailed from San Miguel, the *champ d'asylè* of Portuguese legitimacy, with a line of operation extending from the Azores to the coast of Portugal, subject to the risks of a maritime expedition, and to a descent upon a country in which he possessed not a single "*point d'appui*," all the military chances were certainly in favour of his brother; but it was on the moral and political combinations attached to the nature of enterprises like his, on the apparently well founded supposition of the existence of a numerous party in his favour, that his hopes of success depended. If, therefore, his plans of campaign were based on this principle, we must confess that its execution has been throughout "*en contre sens.*" His first operation should have been to have landed on a point of the coast nearest to that where the elements of disaffection to the existing government existed in their greatest force. This point was Lisbon, and certainly not Oporto, where ever since the affair of 1828 the elements of disaffection have been either exhausted or parylized. Facts perfectly bear us out in our assertion: scarcely a man has joined the ranks of the constitutional army; nor, in fact, was it to be expected that the inhabitants of Oporto and its environs would again commit themselves, when they saw the ex-Emperor accompanied by a force whose numerical superiority exceeded by very little that which so shamefully abandoned their city in 1828, and while

the recollection of the terrible reaction which followed that event was still green on their memory. When too late, Don Pedro will discover that he has been deceived. He will open his eyes to the conviction of a truth, that a moment's reflection should long ago have taught him, that neither the charter or himself are popular in Portugal. He left it, it must be recollected, a mere boy, when the house of Braganza fled before the victorious arms of Napoleon. His political career has since been marked by phases certainly not calculated to impress the Portuguese people in his favour. Independently of which, he is associated with an event which in the mind of every Portuguese, to whatever party or colour he may belong, stamps him as the ruin of their country. This event was the loss of her immense transatlantic possessions, from which alone Portugal derived her political importance. In the army of Miguel we recognise many of the corps that composed the divisions of Monte Video, Rio de Janeiro, and Bahia. The recollections of the indignities they suffered, of their defeats and disgrace in the field, and their sufferings in captivity, still rankle in their bosoms; and from the men who for months gave as their daily toast, "*Morra o Imperador dos Macacos,*" —"Death to the Emperor of Monkeys," as they contemptuously styled the Brazilians, Don Pedro must expect stern and uncompromising resistance. Again, there are at this moment in Portugal thousands whom the fierce crusade against every thing European that followed the declaration of the independence of Brazil—hunted through the streets of her cities like beasts of prey, reduced from splendid affluence to the most abject penury—one and all of these men lay their ruin at the door of Don Pedro. They, in themselves, form a powerful and fierce mass of resistance, and who, from the recollection of his past career, so fertile in perjury and falsehood, may with justice question the honesty of his ulterior views. When to these we further add, that he returns with a load of debt on his shoulders, and that he carries back with him the hated constitution, and that too at the point of foreign bayonets. Acquainted as we are with the feelings and prejudices of the Portuguese people, in spite of all that has been so recently advanced, we never santicipated a rising in his favour. We said the hated constitution—for if we measure the Portuguese by their own standard, and not by those of England and of France, nations that have obtained the highest point in the scale of civilization, the result will bear out our assertion. Debased by centuries of despotism and superstition, every virtue civil as well as military, have been long extinguished in a nation once so celebrated, the currents of their thoughts directed into channels that lead not to constitutional freedom, and religiously attached to their ancient customs, they appear steeled against improvement. This is no exaggerated picture of Portuguese life. If we pass in review the different orders of society in that country, we shall find the church and the Fedalguia, with a few solitary exceptions, unanimous in their execration of the constitution. The army, demoralized by so many successive revolutions, may be influenced by a momentary impulse, or by views of promotion and pay; while the well-moulded mass of the population take what direction their rulers impress on them, and shout "*Viva ou morra a constituicao,*" at the command of their priests. The mass of the people are then an absolute nullity in the question at issue; but if such a degraded portion of humanity are capable of forming an opinion, it may be gathered from

the following stanza, which during the time of the first constitution resounded along the quays and in the streets of Lisbon.

"Fecheu-se o Rocio.
Abolio-se o Inquisiçao.
Perdeo-se o Brazil.
M—— a para o constituiçao." *

It is among the commercial classes and the law that men of the most liberal ideas are to be found. The latter are, however, for the most part educated in a dangerous school, that of the French Encyclopedistes and philosophical writers of the eighteenth century, whose visionary schemes they dream of one day seeing realised in their own country.

The conduct pursued by our ministry in this affair has been based on the broad principle of non-intervention as regards the government "*de facto*." For whatever may be our prepossessions in favour of legitimacy, it must not be concealed that it has in this instance acted wisely. Miguel† certainly deserves every term of obloquy that this or any other language can convey, still he is the head of the government "*de facto*," and is retained there by the Portuguese themselves. For upwards of four years he has maintained his ground against disaffection at home and foreign aggression. We find him at all hours riding almost unattended through the dense population of Lisbon and its environs; and yet during that period, unpopular as he is said to be, not a single attempt has been made upon his life by a people constitutionally irascible, proverbially vindictive. His unpopularity must be measured then by some other standard than the duration of his government. The fact is that this prince is but a mere automaton in the hands of the ruling party. He marches with them, and hence the secret of the duration of his authority —it is the system he supports, that in its turn supports him; for we readily believe that the better informed Portuguese most cordially despise such a compendium of ignorance, imbecility, cruelty, and tyranny. The darkest feature in this question is the withering conviction that in whatever way it may terminate, it will entail ruin on the country. Civil war may be arrested in its devastating course; but it is the work of time to cicatrise the wounds it inflicts. The ruling party in Portugal and their adherents fight with a knife at their throats. It is in vain that Don Pedro promises a general amnesty. The Emperor would, we are sure, gladly draw a veil over the past, but he will no more be able to arrest the course of private vengeance, than to stop with his hand the descending waters of Niagara. This fatal truth the Miguelites have constantly before their eyes. If defeated to-morrow, they have but the stern alternatives of death, or the misery and exile of a foreign land.

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* "Closed is the Rocio.
Abolished is the Inquisition.
Lost is Brazil.
To hell with the constitution."

† Miguel, surnamed "El Rey Vacqueiro," or the king of the cow-drivers, in allusion to the nature of his sports, was one day found firing from the windows of the palace, at Rio de Janeiro, which was situated close to the waters edge, at some Negroes in the tops and rigging of some of the small coasting craft that were anchored about fifty yards from the shore. Being a good shot, he severely wounded some of these unfortunate creatures; and on being remonstrated with by a chamberlain of the court on the cruel nature of his amusement, he coolly said, "I am only firing at black birds."

Impressed with this conviction, all the energies of the Miguelite party will be brought into play; and in consequence, reduced as the question now is to a purely military one: we very much fear that Don Pedro's chances of success are problematical in the extreme.

The view we have taken of the Portuguese question will by many be considered as gloomy. Our inference is deduced from the history of the past. First in the career of discovery and improvement, at a period when the other nations of Europe slumbered in a state of comparative ignorance and inactivity, Portugal had reached her culminatory point ere her competitors had well started in the race. She has run the course that has marked the destinies of prouder empires than hers. Degeneracy has succeeded to glory, insignificence to greatness. When once a nation has fairly commenced its descent in the scale of humanity, a regenerative movement is next to impossible; at least we in vain search the varied page of history for such an example, and we fear it is not among the descendants of Veriatus that the stern condition of humanity will find an exception; on the contrary, they will confirm the accumulated experience of ages, and the opinion which the celebrated American Senator, John Randolph, expressed on the new states of South America, may with equal justice be applied to their European brethren. "*One way as well think of building seventy-fours out of oak saplings as to make freemen of Portuguese!*" Individually, we are the first to admit, that they possess qualities that command our admiration and respect; but, politically speaking, as a nation they are degenerate and contemptible. Don Pedro may raise not legions, but armies of Poles; but if he succeed not in gaining over the sense of the country, the failure of his enterprise is certain. But even should the event prove otherwise—should the blue and white banner of the youthful Queen Maria da Gloria float in triumph on the walls of the capital, those who augur that the course of human freedom will be advanced one iota by the efforts of the Portuguese, will be cruelly disappointed. They will find that they have raised up an aërial structure of hope upon a foundation of sand. Let us spare our sympathies for such as are worthy of them. Let us unite our energies, our assistance for those who are ripe for freedom; who can appreciate its blessings; who would rather embrace it under difficulties and beset with peril, than revel in plenty, if it be that of a degraded slave, priest-ridden, and spurned by his task masters. It is for the really free—the free in heart and mind—that we should put out our strength: the Portuguese, and such as they, we must leave to their own hopeless degeneracy and degradation.

GENERAL STANHOPE AND MADAME DE MUCI.

Lord Mahon's History of the Succession War in Spain, fairly deserves many of the praises which have been liberally awarded to it in the leading reviews of our day. It it generally temperate and impartial, and written with much power and sagacity. These high qualifications in this historian are further enhanced by a style which, whilst no ways theatrical, like many of the popular tirades and descriptions now assuming the rank of standard works, has, nevertheless, much eloquence and ease. Our author's general account of the courage and national pride of the Spaniards, during this war, is forcible, and he seems thoroughly to have comprehended the Spanish character. Some of his descriptions remind us of passages in Colonel Napier's eloquent account of scenes and transactions in the same country, a century later; and much higher praise cannot be given to any historian of Spain, than to be placed in no disparaging comparison with the author of the best history of the Peninsular War. The gallant Earl of Peterborough is here most excellently pourtrayed, though we wish the plan of the work had allowed more use to have been made of his letters, which are as singular and eccentric as he was himself.

Our main object, however, in drawing particular notice to Lord Mahon's interesting work, is to refer to some singular memoirs which we have chanced to meet with, and which, being out of the way of searchers for historical authorities, appear wholly to have escaped our noble author and his reviewers. It will be seen by a perusal of this work, that the disastrous surprise of General Stanhope, at Brihuega, was the result of other combinations than those advanced by his defender and panegyrist. The memoirs we refer to are those of Madame de Muci, professedly written by a Mademoiselle D***, her fille-de-chambre, or humble companion, and published at Amsterdam, without editor's name, in 1731. A detailed account of the capture of General Stanhope is here given, and we request our readers carefully to compare it with that of Lord Mahon; perhaps they will be as much surprised as we have been at the result of this comparison. But for the evidence it furnishes, we should have regarded the whole *histoire* of Madame de Muci, merely as one of the thousand and one scandalous fictions which France has so infamously promulgated to pandar to vicious tastes. There are, however, so many of those minute coincidences, which, as Paley so justly remarks, are the surest tests of truth, being scarcely within the power of fiction, that we have been more than surprised—we have been almost convinced. The circumstances of the Arch-Duke's entry into Madrid—of his stay there, and retreat thence—the account of the different counsels and opinions of the allied generals, particularly Starenberg and Stanhope—the letter from the latter to the former, prolonging the stay at Brihuega, and the final catastrophe will be all found detailed, with just the precise degree of accuracy, neither ostentatiously minute, nor notoriously incorrect, which the position of the writer (if her memoirs be true), would entitle us to expect in her relation of military affairs. Let it be remembered, that Lord Mahon wrote with the *original unpublished* letters and papers before him, to which the writer of these memoirs (be they true or false) could have no access; and it will, perhaps, be conceded, that truth alone could have produced a correspondence so complete as we shall shew (where the test of comparison was necessarily unknown to

exist between the material facts, as narrated by both parties.) And, as our able author has so strongly professed that impartiality, which we doubt not he has as strongly felt, * we feel assured he will weigh our evidence with the attention it merits, however heavily the facts, if proved, bear upon the conduct of his gallant ancestor in the Brihuega affair. A very brief preface will be needed, before entering on our translation of the part of these memoirs in question. Madame de Muci is represented as a married lady of Dijon, who, being neglected by a careless and dissipated husband, and naturally inclined to intrigue, fled from him to Paris. There she was seen by Stanhope, who made furious love to her with every prospect of success, had he not been suddenly called away by business. Some time after his departure, Madame de Muci, expecting that her lover of the day, the Count de l'Albert, would be sent by his sovereign, the Elector of Bavaria, Ambassador to Madrid, resolved to leave Paris incog. and await him there. She travelled, with her maid, in the disguise of two chevaliers, and at Linas, where they joined the Bourdeaux coach, they found the only passenger besides themselves a lady, who said she was the wife of an Irish officer, in the army of the King of Spain, travelling to meet her husband. By a most singular coincidence, this supposed lady is Stanhope, and the reasons he is said to have given for travelling in this disguise through France, as well as his relation of what had happened to him after he parted with Madame de Muci in Paris, are so strange and apocryphal, we can only conjecture he improvised them for that lady's diversion. Be this as it may, they journeyed together in great harmony as far as Pampeluna, where he took the road to Saragossa, and she went on to Madrid.

We shall now translate, pretty nearly at length, the very interesting account our authoress gives of the events from the battle of Saragossa to the capture at Brihuega, and beg our readers to compare it with Lord Mahon's eloquent and authentic history.

"About this time was fought the battle of Saragossa, the King of Spain commanding his own army, mainly composed of raw and ill-trained levies. After a very obstinate combat, in which he shewed all the valour of a true Bourbon, he was forced to yield, and retreated, much against his will. Starenberg, like an able general, pursued the wreck of the royal army, without giving them time to rally. The city of Saragossa, the provinces of Arragon and Valencia, fell into the hands of the Arch-Duke, and the King of Spain, having now no stronghold in New Castile, was obliged to retreat to Valladolid, in Old Castile.

"There being only sixty leagues between Madrid and Saragossa, and nothing to stop the march of the victorious army, you can hardly imagine what consternation this defeat produced in the capital. Amidst this universal panic, the Queen fled from Madrid, with the Prince of Asturias in the cradle. She went first to Burgos, and thence to Vittoria, where she was joined by her husband. Then was it that this heroic Princess made the noble reply to the pressing entreaties of the French Court, that she would retreat to Bourdeaux for safety; she said 'she would rather go, with her infant son, prisoners to the Tower of London, than beg her bread at St. Germains, like the King of England.' †

* "I can sincerely say that the most minute researches and most impartial intentions have not enabled me to discover any error or neglect in General Stanhope, unless it be his failing at first to place outposts on the neighbouring hills, and this, for the reason I have stated, I believe to have been a necessary and unavoidable omission."—p. 339.

† The Pretender is always named by the Catholic party by his assumed title.

"The faithful Castilians now gave proofs of their courage, loyalty, and devotion to the person of their sovereign, which are beyond all praise. They vied with one another in pressing forwards to offer their lives and properties, to keep the crown on the head of Philip V., their legitimate King.

"Whilst the defeated monarch was gathering a fresh army amongst his faithful Castilian subjects, the victorious troops of the Arch-Duke reached the borders of New Castile. Here Starenberg called a grand council of war, to determine

"Whether to march promptly against King Philip, and drive him into France, before he could collect his army; or

"To go straight to Madrid, there crown the Arch-Duke, and thence push on to take Cadiz, the key of Spain, and of the wealth of the New World.

"Starenberg and the Germans were for the first proposal; but the English and the Dutch, flattered by the hope of taking Cadiz, and thus seizing the trade with South America, were so urgent for the latter, that they prevailed upon Starenberg to march on Madrid, which proved the salvation of the King of Spain.

"Stanhope had the most influential share in this decision. His talents and position easily induced all the English and Dutch to support his views. To speak the truth, I am convinced his mistress had no small share in drawing him to Madrid, and you will see this opinion confirmed in the sequel. However, this resolution having been taken, the Arch-Duke reached Madrid, by forced marches, and took possession of the city without any resistance. What were the public events during his stay, public documents will tell you; it is enough for me to say that, in this capital, he was looked upon as a mere stranger, and that not one free Spaniard would acknowledge him for King. Not a child could be induced to cry 'Long live the Arch-Duke!' Five or six days after his arrival, he sent an officer to the old Duchess of Aveiro, to beg her to come to his palace, and take the oath of allegiance; but she utterly refused, saying to the envoy 'Sir, you may tell the Arch-Duke I respect him as one of the greatest princes in the world, but for my king I will never acknowledge him. I am not a woman who can kneel before two sovereigns. Philip V. is my legitimate king. I have lived seventy-five years without an action which will leave a stain upon my memory, nor will I dishonour the few days of life yet remaining to me, by a treachery of which I can see no examples in my family. You may say, that the Duchess of Aveiro will die sooner than acknowledge your master to be king of Spain.'"

All the details of Stanhope's residence with Madame de Muci, in Madrid, we here pass over, as of no historical interest, and resume our translation with the retreat of the Arch-Duke's army, after occupying the capital (according to these memoirs) about six weeks.

"Meanwhile the King of Spain, during this respite allowed him by his enemies, gathered a new army, and marched at its head towards Madrid, to drive out the Arch-Duke. The King of France had sent to his aid the Duke of Vendome, whose presence gave such a countenance to the royal army, that the Arch-Duke, not daring to defend Madrid, retreated towards Arragon, because of the hatred the Castilians bore him.

"Madame de Muci had little inclination to follow the fortunes of this retreat; but Stanhope, whose love for her was at its highest, carried her with him, half willingly, half by force. Hardly had the Arch-Duke left Madrid before the King was received there, with joy and acclamations which cannot be described. Men, women, priests, friars, rich and poor, all wept with joy at seeing their King once more. Never, on any occasion, was a day like this seen in Madrid.

"I have before said that my mistress went with Stanhope, half by force and unwillingly, for the return of the King had renewed her hopes of seeing the Count de l'Albert again; and these hopes were confirmed, by her just now receiving a letter from him, saying "that the misfortunes of King Philip had

alone interrupted his mission; but that he hoped very soon to assure her in Madrid that his love for her was greater than ever.'

"On receiving this letter, Madame de Muci resolved, at all hazards, to escape from the hands of Stanhope. We arrived at Brihuega, a small town ten or twelve leagues from Madrid, where Starenberg left Stanhope with the English, and some Dutch troops under his command, seven or eight thousand men in all, to bring up his rear, with the cannon and baggage; the main army being encamped three leagues farther on, where Stanhope had orders to join him on the following day. Now my mistress saw the means of procuring her release from Stanhope, and doing a great service to the King of Spain. The army of Vendome was only seven leagues from Brihuega, where we were to remain a day after Starenberg; and if she could detain Stanhope *two* days instead of *one* as fixed upon at Brihuega, Vendome would have time to take the town, and cut off this body of troops, thus making prisoners the strength of the Arch-Duke's army. After much consideration, she resolved to feign illness as the best mode of succeeding in her design; and, accordingly, during the night which ought to have been followed by our departure, she pretended to be seized with '*un colique très violent*,' and said in the morning to Stanhope, that she really could not support travelling with troops, in the languid state in which the attack had left her, and prayed him, if he had any love for her, to remain one day to allow her to recover from her excessive weakness. Her arts, and Stanhope's blind love, procured his consent, as he believed the Spanish army was too distant for this short delay to have any dangerous consequences. So he sent an aide-de-camp to Starenberg, saying that the troops were so much fatigued, that as nothing pressed their march, he had resolved to stay one day more in Brihuega; but would join him without fail on the morrow.

"As soon as my mistress had secured the stay of one day more than was necessary in this town, she wrote to Vendome by a faithful messenger."

We omit the copy of this letter, and the account of her entertaining all the principal officers to a grand supper, to pass over the night in careless security, as conveying no interest.

"This letter was faithfully put into the hands of the French General, who, marching all night with twelve thousand of his lightest troops, reached Brihuega early in the morning. He had complete success: the town was carried —the English army and General made prisoners of war—and Madame de Muci was set at liberty."

We will not further pursue the fortunes of our heroine, who is said to have been honoured and rewarded by the King of Spain for this successful treachery. Being neglected by the lover, for whom she had done so much, and soon hearing of his marriage, she died shortly afterwards, at Madrid, of mingled grief for this desertion, and remorse for betraying Stanhope, who had really loved her.

The degree of truth in this singular history we must leave to the decision of our readers. There is none of the apparent *design* of falsehood; the adventures of Stanhope are incidentally introduced, with no attempt to draw attention to them, nor any shew of malice prepense towards the English General. Under this view, they seem to us to wear such general features of accuracy as cannot easily be explained, except by their general truth. But we shall be glad to be shewn reason to change this belief, a desire to ascertain the fact with respect to this unfortunate defeat of an English army, being our sole motive for thus drawing attention to the memoirs of Madame de Muci.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE TWO SPEAKERS.—The Speakers of the Houses of Lords aud Commons, viz. the Right Hon. Lord Brougham and Vaux, and the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, have been this month the principal performers in the ministerial Whig extravaganza, called "Mock-Retrenchment!" The curtain at last draws up, and enter the Lord Chancellor, with an eloquent harangue on public virtue, philosophic desires, and patriotic disinterestedness, followed by a proposition, expressive of his determination to be contented, as long as he shall remain in office, with the trifling emolument of £14,000 a year, and setting forth also, in the plenitude of his lofty liberality, his Lordship's intention to accept, on retiring from the said office, of not one sixpence more than £5,000 a year as a pension. On this point he is imperative, as he is desirous of resting his good name with posterity upon this one fact—that he, the enlightened advocate of cheap knowledge and cheap government, the pledged supporter of retrenchment, the moral painter of his country's wrongs and wretchedness, was pensioned only £1,000 a-year higher than an Eldon or a Lyndhurst!

It is certainly true that Lord Brougham has given up fees and patronage to a certain extent; but why claim eternal honour for doing a very small portion of what he had been pledged to do. We say, a *very* small portion; because when Lord Althorpe confesses that the average income derived from the Chancellorship for some years past, has only amounted to £14,500.—and when, in the same breath, he asks for a *settled and regularly paid salary* of £14,000. (with an *increased* pension) for Lord Brougham, the amount of his Lordship's sacrifice of emolument may be pretty accurately guessed at, His disinterestedness requires no great depth of calculation to fathom. We do not blame Henry Brougham, however, we blame his lawyer's wig and his coronet, which have turned heads as strong as his before now.

The Speaker's pension on his announced retirement from the chair, is equally objectionable. What are our famished labourers to think, when the *pension* of a Speaker of the English House of Commons, is almost as much as the *salary* of an American president!

MYSTERIOUS INSULT TO HIS MAJESTY!—We have been exceedingly surprised at a most unceremonious obstacle offered to his gracious Majesty's progress the other day. It appears that he had been paying a visit to Sir—(we really forget the name)—at Datchet; and, with a view of shortening the road homewards, had directed the postilions to turn down a lane, which, by some singular accident, had no thoroughfare. It resembled numberless passages in ancient as well as modern poetry—*it led to nothing!* By this strange occurrence, the King, it is reported, was put to much inconvenience. Such we find to be the newspaper report; but we take the whole story to be nothing but an ingenious invention. We have too high an opinion of the royal prerogative. We know that in ancient times, mountains were levelled before the footsteps of triumphant monarchs;—and Herodotus, the Grecian historian, informs us of a valley in Egypt, which enlarged itself, to admit the passage of the army of Aruspes. Indeed, in former times, it was an established rule, never questioned, that not only the mental and corporeal

powers of man, but the elements of nature also, were subject to the will of royalty. We find an interesting elucidation of this, in the reply of the courtier to the Spanish Princess who inquired the hour of the day—"*Any hour your majesty pleases,*" was the answer. So again, in the case of our own excellent and beloved ruler, Henry VIII., whose decapitation of his wives was never impugned during his life-time by any save the unfortunate victims. We may borrow another illustration from the Turks, a very wise and grave-minded people, and who attach a proper importance to the monarchic institution. A fleet sailing from Constantinople, was wrecked on one of the Grecian isles, and the Divan, with great justice, determined to enforce the inhabitants of the island to make good the damage sustained by the ships; since, as they acutely reasoned, if the island had not been *there,* the accident would not have happened! The Greeks were, of course, convicted in full costs. We will not pursue this subject further. A careful and dispassionate observer, upon comparing the facts adduced, will, we think, have no hesitation in considering, with us, the report alluded to at the commencement of this note, to be a fiction. Supposing his Majesty to have been so situated, we are quite certain that the *lane* would have made way for the carriage to pass, seeing that it must be more fitting for the *lane* to give place to the *King,* than the *King* to the *lane.*

Assault on a Tithe Proctor.—The advocates of "things as they are" in Ireland, have good reason to fear that, unless precautions be taken to levy their tithes in a somewhat more secure and satisfactory manner, certain dreadful things may come to their ears, for which they were not previously prepared, as the following extract from the *Cork Constitution* will testify.

"On Wednesday last, the proctor of the Rev. Mr. Grant, who had been engaged in valuing in the neighbourhood of Fermoy, was seized by an immense concourse of women, who placed him on his knees, and were about cutting off his ears with their sickles, when some persons interfered, and dissuaded them from such an act."

It is ever thus, when an impracticable system is virtually abandoned to the violent correction of those who suffer most under it. Without stopping to insist upon the fact, that these tithe proctors usually execute their functions in the most hateful and oppressive manner, it is sufficient to observe, that, even if no better argument could be urged against tithes in Ireland, than the odiousness of the mode of their collection, it ought to be sufficient for their extinction. These women doubtless thought, that, as the party had been so long deaf to the voice of their distresses, he could have no further occasion for the outward symbol of a faculty he no longer enjoyed; and they were about to ply their sickles accordingly, on a reciprocity principle—namely, that of taking his ears in exchange for their own—not, indeed, ears of corn. This, certainly, was a species of the "*auri sacra fames*" not contemplated by Virgil.

What, we should like to ask, were the ministers about last session, that they did not extinguish tithes in Ireland? We heard, indeed, of remedies being applied; but were told that the authority of the law must be vindicated in the mean time. Let Mr. Stanley look to the extinction of this vile system; for upon his head a responsibility and a

pair of ears continue to hang. To the people of Ireland it can be of no importance whether

> " Or in the pillory, or near the throne,
> He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own."

and perhaps the precarious tenure of a proctor's property in that external embellishment, is perfectly indifferent to him; but it is of the most weighty moment to Ireland, that the decimation system should be abolished.

JUSTICE SHALLOW AT UNION HALL.—The golden words which sometimes drop spontaneously from the mouths of our magistrates, are *replete*, as people say, with sagacity and wisdom. At Union Hall, the other day, one of these sages cast his pearls before the swinish multitude with oriental prodigality. His worship, being actuated by that thirst after knowledge which distinguishes the magistrate from the man, made some enquiries relative to the dog Tyke, whose Geber or fire-worshipping propensities have recently become so celebrated.

" The magistrate asked whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis.

" The fireman said, that during their acquaintance, he never knew Tyke to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that he (the fireman) attended himself.

" The magistrate said, *that the dog must have an extraordinary prediliction for fires.* He then asked what length of time he had been known to possess that propensity.

" The fireman replied, that he knew Tyke for the last nine years, and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about, Tyke was to be seen as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire. He went on to state, that he liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favourites, but passed his time amongst them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third, when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him. If a fire broke out, there he was, in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen; and, although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather fancied than otherwise.

" The magistrate said, *that Tyke was a most extraordinary animal.*"

Now, we assert, that the inference drawn in the first instance, and the conclusion to which his worship came, after hearing these several particulars, indicative of Tyke's idiosyncracy, are, to speak emphatically and reverentially, quite magisterial. How the officers in waiting, and the idlers in attendance, must have stared at each other, when the curious and exclusive information was conveyed to them, that " the dog must have an extraordinary prediliction for fires!" How they must have acted as so many deputy echoes, when his worship, with contracted brow and shake of the head, as though he had arrived at the conclusion Socratically, affirmed decisively, that " Tyke was a most extraordinary animal!"—But for these oracular amusements, we should, doubtless, have arrived at totally opposite conclusions respecting Tyke.—In future, when his worship speaks, " let no dog bark."

We notice in a French paper (*Le Cercle*) an account of the intended voyage of M. Lamartine, the poet, who has freighted, at his own expence, a vessel of three hundred tons. He purposes visiting the lovely

shores of the Bosphorus, the Troad, and the coasts of Syria: he will then continue his journey to Jerusalem, Palmyra, and, if possible, Balbec; and from thence he will pass into Egypt, sailing up the Nile to Thebes. He intends to winter at Smyrna, and in the spring to visit the isles of the Archipelago and Greece. "This," says M. Lamartine, is the plan of my route. I go to seek inspiration upon this great theatre of religious and political revolutions. I go to read, before I die, the most beautiful pages of the material creation. If poetry shall discover any new images or inspirations, I shall content myself with gathering them up in the silence of my heart, to colour the short literary future which may be allotted to me."

"WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS!"—One of the officers employed by the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, lately charged a policeman, at Bow-street, with having ill treated a calf. He stated that he saw a calf lying on the ground, unable to move, while a set of vagabond lads were beating it with sticks most cruelly, the skin having been torn off the poor animal's thigh. Looking on, amidst the crowd, stood the aforesaid policeman, who, on being requested by the officer of the society to bear witness to the brutal way in which the calf had been used, told him "he had better mind his own business," and began twisting the calf's tail violently, "which he almost bent double." The officer then hired a truck, on which to convey away the jaded and maltreated object of his pity, when the policeman called out that he was an informer, which caused the owner of the truck to refuse him the use of it. "At length," says the report, "by the extreme torture of twisting the tail, the calf was forced on." The policeman said he had been a butcher himself, and that "there was no other method of making a beast go, than the common one of twisting the tail."

The case being brought before Mr. Halls, he was pleased, first, to express his doubts, "whether calves were protected under the act!" but, on reference, he *conceived* that they were, to wit, under the words "*other cattle.*" He was pleased, however, to add, that sticking a spur in a horse was also cruelty; and that he thought the case extremely frivolous, which he therefore dismissed, *with costs on the plaintiff!*

Now we are at a loss whether most to admire the learning—the humanity—or the justice of this expounder of penal law. His learning, it is true, speaks for itself; and so deeply had he studied the act of parliament for the prevention of cruelty to the dumb part of the animal creation, that he doubts if calves are protected!—but, on reference, "conceives" *(parturient montes—nascitur mus)* they must be included by the words "other animals." Then for his humanity. 'Tis somewhat strange that he has not a spark of sympathy for a weak and helpless animal, so nearly allied, in its talents and general habits, to some gentlemen who have been named "justice o'peace and quorum;" but the worthy magistrate doubtless denies the doctrine of Pythagoras. One thing, however, is clearly established by the worshipful Mr. Halls, that it shall from henceforth be lawful for his majesty's liege subjects, to twist the tails of all animals whatsoever, as long as the said animals shall, from fatigue or inability, refuse to travel, or bear, or draw, any burden, calves being evidently included—we beg Mr. Halls' pardon—"conceived" to be included; and that it shall henceforth be declared highly

penal in any equestrian, to presume to commit the enormity of using spurs to his horse, however requisite he may have hitherto found those "little persuaders," as our departed acquaintance, Dr. Kitchiner, facetiously called his far-famed digestive pills.

Lastly, for the justice of Mr. Halls. A case of cruelty is clearly proved, on the part of a man whose duty it undoubtedly was to have prevented such an outrage. Mr. Halls himself, having by the most arduous study discovered—again we are in error—"conceived" calves to be included, and consequently protected, dismisses the case, and saddles the plaintiff, most vexatiously, with costs! And this is a specimen of the blessings we derive from the new police, when presided over by Mr. Magistrate Halls! Verily, the Bench could scarcely be more graced, were Dogberry himself seated on it in *propria persona*.

Dutch Dykesmen.—We are by this time thoroughly tired of the Dutch and of all that belongs to them. Why we should trouble ourselves with the concerns of this amphibious race we know not; as though they could not partition their several shares of mud and water without our assistance.

With respect to the Russian Dutch Loan, we were told that England was bound in honour to pay her share of it. Truly, it costs England more to support her character than all the other countries in the world to maintain themselves. How came we to be dragged into this treaty? Why should we pay for other peoples' hollands and water, when we are in want of the necessaries of life ourselves? But this is just like John Bull. Dr. Arbuthnot had a prophetic eye upon the present times when he wrote the deluded old fellow's history, and set forth the particulars of a balance of accounts between John Bull and Nic. Frog, the Dutchman, and the manner in which, by slight of hand and mystification of figures, the latter choused his victim. How like a speech of to-day is the following, uttered by Frog.

Nic. Frog—"Why all this higgling with thy friend for such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not ashamed. O, Hocus, Hocus! where art thou? It used to go another guise manner in thy time."

It used, indeed. "O, Hocus, Hocus! where art thou?" Echo answers "where." The people of England have been hocussed enough in all conscience—and now that Hocus is no more, let us hope that we shall be no longer called upon to *pay*—even though it be a debt of honour.

The crew of the Talavera have returned, it seems, perfectly bewildered with their distinguished reception at the court of the Emperor of all the Calmucs. They have been made perfect converts to the blessings of a paternal government. If any lingering doubts existed in their minds as to the advantages of the knout and cat-o-nine-tails, the orderly and respectful demeanour of those who can best vouch for its reality have completely removed them. When they heard the grateful children of Nicolas address him by the endearing appellation of "Father," it was apparent that Solomon's maxim of "spare the knout and spoil the child," was, indeed, a wise one, of which the indulgent parent had made a liberal and most paternal use. We happen to know, however, that not all on board have been gulled and cajoled

by the contemptible fawning adulation of the Khan of the Tartars. That they beheld his ferocious hordes of be-whiskered and be-padded desperadoes, with other eyes than of admiration. They remembered the time when, like their savage ancestors, these very barbarians spread desolation and terror in civilized countries, and where they entered as friends, marked their course by rapine and pillage. They beheld them but as bloodhounds, reeking with the blood of the unhappy Poles; and their master, but as the "monster" that holloed them on. But enough—they will have their day. Poland may yet rise to wreak a bitter vengeance, and in the meantime we wish the

"Captain bold and officers true,
And all aboard, of that gallant crew,"

a more worthy distinction than that of shaking hands and drinking grog with one, whose name of Nicolas the Tartar may be handed down, side by side with Attila and Hun, to the latest posterity.

Registration of Voters.—"In a great commercial country like this," every thing, of whatever nature, resolves itself at once into a job. We were the less surprised, therefore, when we found the "great boon" saddled by way of rider with no small drawback. To pay up all, is by no means pleasing to John Bull; to pay taxes, odious; but to pay poors' rates—to pay them *up*—so that the last quarter's receipts may be forthcoming before the right of voting can be granted—a perfect imposition! "I like not this paying up."

But what has nettled him most of all is the formulary, or payment of a shilling before his name can be registered. To some of the metropolitan voters, whom we have heard and seen, this is a grievous wrong done to their pockets. They, perplexed patriots, metropolitan Hampdens, not mute but inglorious Miltons, "Cromwells guiltless of their country's good," and others who never cared a fig for the franchise, except as the withholding of it afforded a pretext for grumbling, are exceeding wrath at this arrangement. No, no; let the rascally aristocracy refund some of their ill-gotten property; let there be a community of goods; let us sweep away the national debt; let us lay on a property tax; but

"*I* pay a shilling! I'll see you d——d first."

The needy knife-grinder would have fared even worse with these modern patriots than with the friend of humanity.

The Duke of York's Debts.—A few days ago, Mr. Commissioner Reynolds harangued at the Insolvent Debtors' Court on the case of a *ci-devant* spark, who had given extensive orders to tailors and hatters, but who was then applying to be relieved from their clutches. The commissioner gravely observed that the case was a fresh instance of the quickness with which some people got rid of all principles of honesty, and therefore sentenced the petitioner to further imprisonment. As a set off to the case of this petty debtor, we take the following paragraph (from the *Globe*) relative to a leviathan spendthrift—

"Suspicion of Royal Malversation.—A meeting of the creditors of the Duke of York was held in the course of the week, when several new claimants on the estate were announced. The total amount of the *bona fide* debts now registered by the committee, *independent of bonds*, exceeds 70,000l. Some important information was adduced respecting the jewels of the Duchess of York,

which, subsequent to the death of his Royal Highness, were valued in the presence of the executors, at nearly 150,000l. These were carried to Windsor, by desire of his late Majesty, *but how they were disposed of has not yet been ascertained.* An inquiry is on foot touching certain debts said to be due by his late Majesty to the Duke of York, upon which it is expected evidence will be obtained from a lady now residing at Brighton, whose intimacy with the transactions between the royal brothers will no doubt enable her to throw a light on the subject."

The *Examiner* rightly prints the above paragraph at the head of its "Accidents and Offences," of both of which the occurrence therein narrated strongly smacks; of an accident, a great national accident, that any man should be enabled, with impunity, to bring the families of tradesmen to the verge of ruin—for many of the creditors are, we understand, in the most distressing circumstances;—of an offence, that he who stood next to the crown of England should have been so wanting in the common principles of honesty, that he would recklessly stake that money on a card, which was the lawful property of the defrauded creditor. We pride ourselves, that in this journal, we have not one vocabulary for the inmates of a palace, and another for the denizens of a hovel. We are, happily, approaching the time when men muffled up in their velvet and ermine, shall not be suffered to cry "privilege" for acts, which, perpetrated by the wearers of rags, would consign them to punishment and reproach. The Duke of York had a princely fortune: he unblushingly took thousands a-year for paying a visit, once a quarter, to his old, blind parent: he played fantastic tricks before high heaven, as a bishop: he was commander-in-chief: in fact, state profit held forth to him its Briarean hands, and in every hand a purse. He died; the theatres were closed; general mourning was ordered; he was eulogised as the frank and good; monodies were spouted to his memory; and he appeared in the print-shops, with wings peering above his field-marshal's coat. And now his memory and his virtues are enshrined in debts, which sink him to the level of the most wanton spendthrift at present incarcerated in any of his Majesty's gaols. As for the jewels worth £150,000, we have our doubts. If, too, they fell into the hands of George the Fourth, farewell to them. We would as soon trust a New Zealander with Birmingham buttons, as his late revered Majesty with pearls and diamonds. He was, in truth, a right royal ostrich for digesting precious stones.

The terrors of the law are resorted to upon great occasions. As men are sometimes frightened out of an ague, so it is deemed expedient to scare treason and disaffection out of the remaining trunk of an old, cracked seaman. To this end, the learned judge drew forth a more than usually sable black cap, and with deep bathos pronounced the sentence of the law upon Dennis Collins.

"I have now nothing left but to pass the sentence of the law upon you; that you be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, and being hung by your neck until you are dead, your head to be afterwards severed from your body, and your body divided into four pieces, and disposed of as his Majesty shall think fit."

How the old man must have hitched up his trowsers and arranged his quid at this announcement. "Shiver my timbers!" thinks he, "but this is a strange proceeding." It must have thrilled to the very extremity of his wooden leg. To cut capers in the air is bad enough; to be converted, as it were, into a tight-rope dancer: but the arithmetical sums

that afterwards set upon his carcase are really astounding. "Subtract one head from two shoulders, and what remains?" Why, one body, to be sure, which is to be divided by four! and the disposal of the "pieces" by his Majesty, as he shall think fit! What could his Majesty do with the quaterly quotients of the old traitor?

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole!"

And as, to use the common saying, you cannot "get more from the cat than his skin," so you cannot well obtain more from a man than his life.

With respect to the stone-throwing part of the business, we have heard and read more nonsense from all quarters than we can at the present moment describe—nonsense, which we ourselves would be willingly stoned to death rather than re-peruse—

"Underneath this stone doth lie!"

the material for the manufacture of all sorts of imbecile and violent trash, which some men nickname loyalty, and others more truly designate as cant and humbug; and on the other hand it has suggested reflections and provoked comments, which we think might have been as well dispensed with.

THE FRUITS OF REPENTANCE.—When a ruffian committs a diabolical murder, the amount of sympathy excited upon the occasion is extraordinary. But the extraordinary part of the business is, that the sympathy, far from flowing in the direction of the widow or the orphans of the deceased, takes altogether a different channel, and is discovered fructifying in the cell of the interesting, but "unfortunate," culprit. The religious world, so called, is in a ferment. Bibles are carried to and fro; texts are hunted up by the evangelical Nimrods with all the inveterate perseverance of a ferret in pursuit of rabbits, and the "unhappy" haggler at windpipes becomes thenceforth an object of serious pity and commiseration.

He is looked upon, from that time forward, as one who has taken an outside place for the other world, but has neglected to book his luggage; and charitable and christian ladies, who would order Lazarus from the door as an odious impostor, are too happy to contribute to the convenience and comfort of one who would see Lazarus, where Divas was represented to be, and themselves into the bargain, if he could thereby secure to himself any one additional selfish gratification.

But the unhappy man's precious soul must be taken care of. Miss Payne is determined to have an eye to that; and the consolations of religion cannot be presented to misguided Cook in a more pleasing shape, than by handing them to him in a plate of grapes, or an inviting melon. Some new luxury awaits him at every successive religious conviction, and the regenerated sinner, who would have remained a stout atheist upon a pint of gooseberries, is converted by a preliminary pine-apple, into a steadfast espouser of orthodoxy. We could sing

"Of man's first wilful murder, and the fruit"—

but we forbear to do so. We cannot, however, but envy the feelings of Miss Payne, when she discovered that, by dint of her exertions, the "imprudent and unhappy man" was enabled to meet his maker with a perfect conviction of its being "all right."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE HISTORY OF CHARLEMAGNE. BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ. LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO. 1832.

WE must confess that we have been somewhat disappointed in Mr. James's book. We were, perhaps, wrong in expecting, if we did expect, that the life of Charlemagne would have been invested in the gorgeous colouring with which the author knows so well how to clothe his romances; but we were, we think, entitled to look for a less sober and measured production, particularly where the hero of his tale is, perhaps, as much indebted for his fame to tradition as to history. We cannot but think that a man who sits down to write a history now-a-days is possessed and laid hold of by some unaccountable notion that his book must, perforce, be written, if not in the very style, at least very much after the same manner as his more modern predecessors; and the consequence is, that when the work comes to be read there appears a want of freshness, of originality and of spirit; the three indispensable requisites not only in a tale of fiction, but also in a work of history. We extract the following passage from the historical introduction, by which the life of the hero is preceded. We by no means agree with the author as to the secular advantages resulting from the establishment of a religion upon a basis of superstition, even upon his own shewing.

"Far is it from my object to countenance deceit, or even policy in any matter of religion; a matter which neither requires nor admits of prop or guidance from mortal man; but still, it is the business of the historian, not only to state events, but to examine their causes, and to trace their effects; and it appears to me an indisputable fact, that the superstition with which the vivid imagination of a barbarous people clothed the simplest and purest of doctrines, served to assimilate it to their own minds, and to ensure easier reception to principles calculated in the end to elevate, to purify, and to correct. In a worldly point of view it did much more; it added an imaginary dignity, in the eyes of the people, to the real dignity of devotion, and a holy life; and by making the clergy respected and reverenced, it called those who were great and powerful, not only to embrace the faith, but, on interested motives, to solicit those stations in the church, which added to their consideration with their countrymen, in an age when the multitude of followers and adherents was the only means of safety. Thus, we find the various bishoprics of Gaul, as strenuously solicited and intrigued for, in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, as any mundane honour of our latter days; and the writers of those ages, in general, state all the great dignitaries of their church to have sprung from families which they qualify as possessing senatorial rank, or great wealth and possessions."

We think we cannot give a more favourable specimen of Mr. James's powers of description than his account of the celebrated battle of Roncesvalles,

"When Charlemagne and all his peerage fell."

"The Pyrenees, extending in a continuous line from the Bay of Biscay to the borders of the Mediterranean, rise in a long straight ridge, the superior points of which are but a few yards lower than the summit of Mont Blanc. In the highest part of the chain, there are occasional apertures; and from the main body of the mountains, long masses of inferior hills are projected into the plain country on either side, decreasing in height as they proceed, till they become imperceptibly blended with the level ground around. Between these steep natural buttresses, narrow valleys, sometimes spreading out into grand basins, sometimes straitened into defiles of a few yards in width, wind on towards the only passes from one country to another. The roads, skirting along the bases of the hills, which, to the present day, are frequently involved in immense and trackless woods, have always beneath them a mountain torrent, above which they are raised, as on a terrace, upon the top of high and rugged precipices. A thousand

difficulties beset the way on every side, and nature has surrounded the path with every means of ambush and concealment.

"Mounted on heavy horses, and loaded with a complete armour of iron, the soldiers of Charlemagne returned from their victorious expedition into Spain, and entered the gorges of the Pyrenees, without ever dreaming that an enemy beset their footsteps.

"The monarch himself, with the first division of his host, was suffered to pass unmolested; but when the second body of the Francs, following leisurely at a considerable distance, had entered the wild and narrow valley called the *Roscida Vallis* (now Roncesvalles), the woods and mountains around them suddenly bristled into life, and they were attacked on all sides by the perfidious Gascons, whose light arms, distant arrows, and knowledge of the country, gave them every advantage over their opponents.

"In tumult and confusion the Francs were driven down into the bottom of the pass, embarrassed both by their arms and baggage. The Gascons pressed them on every point, and slaughtered them like a herd of deer, singling them out with their arrows from above, and rolling down the rocks upon their heads. Never wanting in courage, the Francs fought to the last man, and died unconquered. Rolando and his companions, after a thousand deeds of valour, were slain with the rest; and the Gascons, satiated with carnage, and rich in plunder, dispersed amongst the mountains, leaving Charlemagne to seek for immediate vengeance in vain.

"The battle must have been fierce and long, and the struggle great, though unequal; for, during the lapse of many centuries, tradition has hung about the spot, and the memory of Rolando and his companions is consecrated in a thousand shapes throughout the country. Part of his armour has there given name to a flower; the stroke of his sword is shewn upon the mountains; the tales and superstitions of the district are replete with his exploits and with his fame; and even had not Ariosto, on the slight basis which history affords, raised up the splendid structure of an immortal poem, and dedicated it to the name of Rolando, that name would still have been repeated though all the valleys of the Pyrenees, and ornamented with all the fictions of a thousand years."

It is the author's intention to follow up the present *sketch* (a bulky volume!) of the life of Charlemagne, by a series of volumes illustrating the history to France by the lives of her great men. We wish him success in his laborious undertaking; and we think that if he perseveres in the indefatigable industry with which he appears to have consulted and compared his authorities, he will render a great service to literature, and establish no unenviable reputation for himself.

A Ramble of Six Thousand Miles Through the United States of America. By S. A. Ferrall, Esq. London: E. Wilson. 1832.

When a man has nothing better to do, or rather, when he finds that he has nothing to do in his own country, he usully takes sail for America, and rambling six thousand miles, returns in six months with his volume, and is thenceforth looked upon by his admiring friends, not only as a great traveller, but also in the light of a most approved author.

What particular call Mr. Ferrall had to America, we do not know; but he, doubtless, had many good reasons for his voyage. It is not for us to doubt or to inquire his motives.

"He saw a hand we cannot see
Which beckon'd him away."—

The reader who expects in this work a second course of that piquant anecdote and invective which, it seems, was found to be so attractive in Mrs. Trollope's work, will be grievously disappointed. Nothing of the kind will be met with here; and the author honestly apprizes us of that fact in the preface.

"I have refrained nearly altogether from touching on the domestic habits and manners of the Americans, because they have been treated of by Captain Hall and others."

Our author visits New Harmony, and we think we cannot extract a better specimen of his work, than the account of Mr. Owen's somewhat co-operative community established there. We have ourselves seen an ineffectual attempt of the same kind on a small scale, under the especial auspices and protection of Mr. Owen himself, the disastrous result of which was so similar to the one here detailed, as to leave no doubt of the fidelity of the narrative.

"Whilst at Harmony, I collected some information relative to the failure of the community, and I shall here give a slight sketch of the result of my enquiries. I must observe, that so many, and such conflicting statements, respecting public measures, I believe never were before made by a body of persons dwelling within limits so confined as those of Harmony. Some of the *ci-devant* "co-operatives" call Robert Owen a fool, while others brand him with still more opprobrious epithets: and I never could get two of them to agree as to the primary causes of the failure of that community.

"The community was composed of a heterogenous mass, collected together by public advertisement, which may be divided into three classes. The first class was composed of a number of well educated persons, who occupied their time in eating and drinking—dressing and promenading—attending balls, and *improving the habits* of society; and they may be termed the *aristocracy* of this Utopian republic. The second class was composed of practical co-operators, who were well inclined to work, but who had no share, or voice, in the management of affairs. The third and last class, was a body of theoretical philosophers—Stoics, Platonics, Pythagoreans, Epicureans, Peripatetics, and Cynics, who amused themselves in *striking out plans*—exposing the errors of those in operation—caricaturing, and turning the whole proceedings into ridicule.

"The second class, disliking the species of co-operation afforded them by the first class, naturally became dissatisfied with their inactivity; and the third class laughed at them both. Matters were in this state for some time, until Mr. Owen found the funds were completely exhausted. He then stated that the community should divide; and that he would furnish land, and all necessary materials, for operations, to such of them as wished to form a community apart from the original establishment. This intimation was enough. The first class, with few exceptions, retired, followed by part of both the others, and all exclaiming against Mr. Owen's conduct. A person named Taylor, who had entered into a distillery speculation with one of Mr. Owen's sons, seized this opportunity to get the controul of part of the property. Mr. Owen became embarrassed. Harmony was on the point of being sold by the sheriff—discord prevailed, and co-operation ceased."

The author then proceeds to state what he had heard from others respecting Mr. Owen's motives, and impugning his honesty, which we omit; but we can ourselves vouch for the truth of the following. That great philosopher possesses an original method of silencing his adversaries.

"He (Mr. Owen), would evade or refuse, answering direct questions, which naturally made men so accustomed to independence as the Americans are, indignant. The usual answer he gave to any presuming disciple who ventured to request an explanation, was that, 'his young friend' was in a total state of ignorance, and that he should, therefore, attend the lectures more constantly for the future."

We cannot refrain from commenting on the flippancy with which our author states, that Mr. Owen has "simply put forward the notions of Rousseau, Voltaire, Condorcet, Plato, Sir Thomas Moore, &c. in other language."

Surely, the man who could class together Voltaire and Plato, not to mention the extreme dissimilarity of the rest, must be as ignorant of those philosophers as Mr. Owen himself.

THE DOUBLE TRIAL. A NOVEL. 3 VOLS. 8VO. LONDON: SMITH & CO. 1832.

THIS work, under the pretence of being a novel, is, in reality, a series of discussions upon Political Economy, Mr. Malthus's theory, and various other

questions which we are, unfortunately, too much in the habit of meeting with in other more legitimate quarters. Now, to be inveigled into such unprofitable and endless arguments—to be intruded upon at our leisure moments, when we have purposely escaped, or sought to escape, from these annoyances, and to "add insult to injury," by causing us to expect a rational amusement in the shape of an agreeable fiction, is, to say the least of it, neither considerate nor humane. We believe our author, nevertheless, to be a humane and sensible man; his exposure of the infamous system on which Ireland is misgoverned, declare him to be both; but we entreat him, for the future, to find another vent for the promulgation of his peculiar opinions upon philosophy and legislation; and to give us, what we believe him to be capable of writing, an interesting novel.

It is almost impossible to detail the plot of the present work. The changes of situation are so insignificant, and occur at such long intervals, and are dwelt upon so slightly, that we must frankly confess we were almost forgetting the first volume before we entered upon the third. It seems, however, to be shortly this. A Mr. Elrington, an English barrister, has become the agent in Ireland of Lord Vanessy, a large landed proprietor, and, at the commencement of the novel, is returning to England, having thrown up his situation in disgust at the legal severities resorted to against the tenantry. On his way to Dublin, however, he picks up a little child, whose ostensible mother has just expired. The mystery of the child's birth is kept up until, as in the most approved precedents, she is, after "a double trial," recognized satisfactorily, and proved to be the daughter of a noble family. A great many characters are introduced during the progress of the work, and there is a sufficiency of that kind of material which is most available in the composition of novels; but we cannot hold out a prospect of very great entertainment to the mere reader of such ware.

We would dissuade the author from the composition of verse, for which he is by no means qualified, and of which he furnishes us with a tolerably long specimen, in a version of "The Spectre Hunt in the Pine Forest," so exquisitely told by Bocaccio. He is the more unfortunate, as a version of the same story has been made in a most masterly style by Dryden, under the title of "Theodore and Honoria." We would also fain inquire, why the poem at the end of the novel, and called "The Grade," is inserted?

FORT RISBANE; OR, THREE DAYS' QUARANTINE. BY A DETENU. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO. 1832.

THIS little volume is a pleasant imitation of Crotchet Castle, and of one or two similar works by the same author. We are doubtful, however, whether it be written by Mr. Peacock; for, although the style is smart and lively enough, there is, perhaps, less pretension and display than in the more elaborate Kit-cat Sketches by the author of Headlong Hall.

The author supposes himself and his characters detained for three days at Fort Risbane, by the Calais quarantine regulations; and the volume is made up of the conversations that occur during that period, carried on by a number of anomalous persons, who could never, by any possibility, have met together in the same packet.

A work of this nature, when smartly written, as the present trifle is, is a pleasant weapon wherewith to slay a heavy hour, but is not calculated to leave any impression behind it. We can feel no interest for characters of the description here outlined; whose sole individuality is marked by the constant advocacy of some ancient twaddle or modern absurdity, and with whom every subject is converted into

"A quintain—a mere lifeless block"—

at which they may tilt with their still more inanimate and stolid skulls. There is no flesh and blood in these figures—they are not persons, but things—mere wire-drawn puppets, which our cool, but Quixotic author, mows down without remorse or profit to himself or others. Away with them! Although no Utilita-

rian, we see not the use of all this. We know not what the author would be at—we see not in which direction his finger of scorn is pointing; and while we are smiling at the folly of Mr. Cyclovate, he, perhaps, intended to direct us to the nonsense of Mr. Scrinium. Mr. M'Corquodale, the Political Economist, is no great philosopher, we perceive; but Mr. Pertinax, his opponent, is no Socrates. What, then, does the author mean? Let him doff his visor, and we shall be happy to hear him; until then, if he means any thing beyond a joke, we cannot apprehend his satire.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. History.—The Western World. Vol. II. The United States. London: Longman & Co.

The History of the United States, of which the second and last volume is before us, is in every respect an admirable work. Far from administering to that ungenerous and weak spirit of nationality, in its worst sense, which it seems to be the particular desire of some in this country to perpetuate; the present work has been written in a liberal, candid, and free spirit; and the author has done his countrymen the justice of believing that impartiality, even where America is concerned, will be more acceptable to them than the basely virulent and unfair attacks of those who, though they may be foes to America, are no friends to England.

The style of this work, without making pretensions to brilliancy, or being chargeable with undue profuseness of diction, pursues the direct tenor of its way, in a strong, nervous, and animated current, neither thundering or foaming with frothy verbiage, nor expanding into imagery, but flowing freely on, as something which is intended to have an end.

We consider the two volumes of which this history is composed, indispensable to all who take an interest in the fate of our great offspring. A contemplation of the history of this wonderful people is also fraught with matter of much moment to the mother country; and it is, perhaps, not impossible, that England may one day have occasion to borrow from America, in exchange for the arts she has learned from us, the one great art of good and prosperous government.

Letters for the Press. By the late Francis Roscommon, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson. 1832.

An introductory notice assures us, that the present series of Letters was addressed by their author, since dead, to the editor, who, we hope, still lives. We know not whether the common fiction has been resorted to upon this occasion, of laying the author decently at rest before his productions see the light. Authors are not like trees, which require to be set in the earth before they put forth leaf or blossom; and if a man has a good story to tell, or an apt remark to make, we do not think that he looks more wise or entertaining in a shroud. If, on the contrary, a dunce expects to conceal himself behind a coffin-lid, let him be straightway advised that such ligneous contrivances avail him nought; and a wooden-headed anti-nous, however impregnable his skull, is forthwith made to emit a hollow sound from that vacant region, fearful to the spiral ear of the sympathetic blockhead.

We mean not to apply these threats to the author before us—we merely intended to convey a hint that we saw through the *nom de guerre* of Francis Roscommon. The present Letters are upon a great variety of topics, and are evidently written by a man of some reflection, and of respectable and elegant acquirements. We shall, perhaps, be conveying our meaning of the merits of the book before us, in a concise manner, by stating that, although there is no great profundity of thought, and no very remarkable acuteness displayed, yet the style is both clear and elegant, and the work is evidently (a rare case in these times) the production of a gentleman.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The British Museum. Egyptian Antiquities. Vol. I. London: Charles Knight. 1832.

This appears to be altogether a compilation from former works, and does not seem to be got together in a very taking or attractive style. The present first volume, is almost entirely occupied with descriptions of the various Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum, and is accompanied by illustrations, more than forty in number. This is a cheap work, even in these days of cheap literature, and is, perhaps, worth purchasing by those who are interested in the Egyptian antiquities preserved in our National Museum.

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Criminal Trials. Vol. I. London: Charles Knight. 1832.

This is a well-timed publication. It is a wholesome antidote to the bane of the trial of "Charles I. and some of the regicides," put forth in no friendly spirit by Mr. Murray. The present volume contains the trials of Sir N. Throckmorton, the Duke of Norfolk, Dr. Parry, Earls of Essex and Southampton, and, "the greatest is behind," Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more is wanting to give a faithful idea of the manner in which the kingly power has been heretofore exercised in this country, than a perusal of the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh. Let our reader, we say, for a moment reflect upon the tyranny and injustice put in force by our "good Queen Bess"—urged into more active operation by James I., and finally completed and consummated by Charles I.; and he will, we think, in spite of the sickening and revolting adhesion of some of our modern admirers of "the martyr," be brought speedily to confess—that Cromwell and "the regicides" were severe but salutary purgatives to cleanse this country of as great an affliction as it could be cursed with;—we mean, the base and unworthy house of Stuart; and, although it was not permitted to them to root them out altogether—they have deserved well of of their country, and have obtained its applause and admiration.

Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in Virginia. An American Tale. 4 Vols. 12mo. London: Newman and Co. 1832.

This appears to be a reprint of a tale originally published in America, and is ushered in by an introductory epistle, indited by one Mark Littleton to his friend Zachary Huddlestone, Esq., of New York, explaining his reasons for visiting Swallow Barn in Virginia, the residence of their common friend Ned Hazard. The four volumes, of which the present work is composed, comprise a full and particular account of the sayings, employments, and amusements of the several parties, inmates and visitors at Swallow Barn.

The work before us is written with considerable vivacity of humour by a man of no common talents, and we have derived much pleasure from a perusal of this Virginian tale, which, in addition to the enjoyment of its airiness and elasticity of style, and the pleasant variety of its characters, affords us an insight into country manners and customs in America with which we were, heretofore, but imperfectly acquainted.

We cannot pass over without commendation the animated description of a hunt after "an oppossum up a gum-tree;" and we regret not a little that we have it not in our power to extract many passages which would fully justify a very high praise of this work. Certain it is, there are descriptions here which fall very little short of those so much admired in the works of our own popular novelists, and which far excel the common run of the same species of writing afforded to us by the generality of our fictionmongers. We cordially recommend Swallow Barn to our readers.

Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, translated by B. Thorpe. Black and Young. 1831.

Deutsche Grammatik von Dr. Grimm. 3 Vols. Treuttel and Wurtz. 1832.

In our last month's review, when we were speaking of a native writer of a new English Grammar, whose capacity we did not think meanly of, we urged him to study Rask and Grimm; fearing that our brevity may have made our advice unintelligible or inefficient, we take this occasion to notice the works of the authors whom we then mentioned. Of the first of them we say less than we should otherwise do, because his admirable Anglo-Saxon Grammar has been competently translated into English, and exposed to view in many of the shops of our metropolitan booksellers.

The more bulky and more comprehensive "Deutsche Grammatick" of Dr. Grimm, of which we have received the third octavo (we expect a fourth soon), as yet exists only in the German language; and various and important as the contents of the volumes are, and indispensable as a knowledge of them is to every one who would understand our own or any other one of the northern languages in its primary state, we do not think it probable that they will, or essential that they should, become parts of English literature by going under the hand of a translator and publisher. There is, however, one sense in which we trust they will become vernacular. Henceforth we shall consider every one who comes forward in the capacity of an instructor in the English language without a familiarity with the many important philological facts bearing upon our speech, which Dr. Grimm has displayed to be an ignorant intruder, whose presumption is to be rebuked, not to say punished. We expect in the course of time our grammarians and others will transfer to their works the results of those inquiries of Dr. Grimm which belong to their subject, and that his spirit will by these means be transferred into the vehicles of popular instruction; but hitherto we have seen only one instance of this, that, is in the German Grammar of Professor Bernays, to which some new and valuable features are given by use of the materials which Dr. Grimm has supplied. We refer especially to the admirable "Dictionary of Prefixes and Affixes," at once as an illustration of our meaning, and a decisive proof of the truth of our assertion. We hope that our countrymen will avail themselves of the treasures to which we have so anxiously called their attention, and, after another observation, quit the subject for the present. The late Mr. Horne Tooke had but a very limited knowledge of the northern tongues, but he has proved in his "Diversions of Purley," that an acquaintance with them is essential to an English scholar, and the errors and defects of his work are such as would have been prevented by a more extensive knowledge of them. *Verbum sapienti.*

Suffice it for Dr. Grimm's praise that he is admitted in the most learned country in Europe to be the best scholar in all the forms of the Teutonic dialects; and for the satisfaction of the English student, that in the volumes before us the results of twenty years study are luminously set forth.

The Family Topographer. By Samuel Tymms. Vol. II. Western Circuit. London: J. B. Nichols and Son. 1832.

The present volume contains Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire. We cannot sufficiently praise the industry, research, and perspicuity of Mr. Tymms, as exemplified in the work before us. Few of our readers are aware of the very great labour and research indispensable to the successful and satisfactory completion of a compilation of this nature, and we have great pleasure in fulfilling a duty we owe, both to the author and the public, by recommending Mr. Tymms's work most strongly to our readers.

Encyclopœdia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture. Part III. By J. C. Loudon. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

We think the design of the present work an admirable one. The object of Mr. Loudon, the very able conductor, is gradually to improve our dwellings by

placing before his readers a popular exemplification of the principles of taste as they apply to domestic architecture, accompanied by plans and elevations. This must inevitably tend to the creation of a juster taste in all species of building; at the same time that the exact and minute calculations entered into, at once soothe the natural misgivings of the would-be erector of his own cottage; and teach him that cheapness and elegance are not, as heretofore, incompatible. For our own parts, since there appears no longer any necessity why a cottage should be the most absurd and odiously unsightly piece of brick-work standing, since also there would seem to be a disposition at present to encourage an approximation to a better taste, we must speak our minds freely. We say, then, that the cottage, farm, and villa architecture in this country—particularly the last—is a disgrace to it; and the continuance of the *Gothic* style (we use not the word in an architectural sense) after the completion of Mr. Loudon's work, will be a sufficient, although not a satisfactory evidence, that the stigma cast upon us by foreigners, of our insensibility and indifference to these matters, is not without justice.

Constable's Miscellany. The Book of Butterflies. Vol. I. By Captain Thomas Brown. London: Whittaker, and Co. 1832.

This work will be completed in two volumes, and will be illustrated by ninety-six coloured engravings. As a popular view of one department of entomology, perhaps the most interesting to the lovers of natural history, the present little book deserves much praise; and we have to congratulate Captain Brown on the admirable manner in which his work is got up and presented to the reader.

On the Preparation of Printing Ink. By William Savage. London: Longman and Co. 1832.

It appears to us that there has been a considerable waste of printing ink in the getting up of this work for the press. Two thirds of the work are occupied by a reprint of almost all the previous methods of preparing printing ink; which having been laid before the reader, are thus characterized:—

"After having thus gone through the preliminary matter which appeared to me necessary to clear the way to the subject of making Printing Ink, including the directions of those who had previouly written on the subject, *which the reader will perceive are of no value*," &c.

We must confess our almost entire ignorance of the value of Mr. Savage's labours; but we have made inquiries of others better competent to judge, who inform us that Mr. Savage has printed many works in the first style of the art; and that his directions in the present volume are worthy of trial—if not of adoption. The price of the work, however, seems rather high (two guineas), but if there be any improvements suggested in the manufacture of the article here treated of, it will, doubtless, be cheerfully paid by those whose interest it is to avail themselves of his suggestions.

An Essay on the Weeds of Agriculture. By the late Benjamin Holditch, Esq. London: James Ridgway. 1832.

The most effectual praise, although not the best, that can be given to this pamphlet, is to state that the third edition is now before us. It appears that until this essay was written, there was no work, to which the farmer could refer, pointing out the best method of destroying weeds. To supply, in part, that deficiency the present essay was written; for although, according to Spenser and Wordsworth, there are "weeds of glorious feature," the farmer is justified in beholding them with a totally different eye from that of the poet.

Knowledge for the People. By John Timbs. London. 1832.

This is a very instructive little book, familiarizing the study of botany, mineralogy, geology and meteorology, in a simple and agreeable manner. The

work is partly compiled, and partially illustrated by extracts from works of the highest authority: and in a word, it is just the thing it professes to be at once, a vehicle of instruction, and an entertaining and easy medium of the conveyance of it.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Echoing universal public report, we gave last month a most flattering account of the crops, the harvest then commencing under the happiest auspices with regard to the weather, that most important of all other considerations on the subject. On the same authority, we continue our favourable accounts, without, however, receiving the opinion implicitly of an old Essex farmer, and applying it generally—who sent us the information by a mutual friend that his crops were so exceedingly bulky that he was really puzzled to devise where he could stow them. That the crops, particularly of wheat, barley, and oats, on rich and good land, are great both in quantity and quality, need not, for it cannot, be denied: but we should not be faithful reporters to follow implicitly the echo of this overcharged and unqualified abundance such as is habitually sounded on the commencement of every harvest which is tolerably productive, without, at the same time, giving attention to the other side of the question, and fairly stating those drawbacks which are well proved to exist. We have generally found it necessary to suspend our opinion until a quantity of the new corn shall have reached the markets, sufficiently large to authorize a permament judgment. This event will not be long protracted, the farmers being spurred on by two very powerful motives, immediate and pressing calls for money, and the obvious prospect of a falling market, not only from the new supply from their own harvest but those of so large a part of the continent, which must inevitably be sent hither for a market. Most of the broken threshing machines have been repaired and are again in requisition. This state of the markets, British and foreign, is no doubt an indication of abundance, though not absolutely decisive. After all, there has been a strange witchery in the affair of this year's seasons, and a change of opinion from one extreme to the other. In the months of May and June, from the appearance of the corn upon the lands, shrivelled, checked, and discoloured by wet, cold, and drought alternately, it was judged irrational to expect any other than a deficient harvest like the preceding—when, "great events from little causes,"—from the influence of two or three genial days under a favourable change of the wind, the corn suddenly shot up, as it were from the regions of death, into a state of luxuriance and healthful vigour which elevated to astonishment all those concerned therein. As to the poor peas, withered by the blast and thence prepared for the reception of the eggs and lice which produce the fly, fortunately for the farmer, many of them encountered resurrection in a manner little short of miraculous; for, from a hopeless blighted state and covered with vermin, they were enabled by a favourable change in the weather, to shake off their incumbrances and to enter into a new life of vegetation and the production of fresh flowers, which has been succeeded by a crop well podded. Much of this, at best, precarious crop, was in so hopeless a state, that it was either ploughed under at once, or fed off by sheep. The part which has stood appears to be productive. This has been a season of wonders!—the finest harvest weather for both hay and corn that our climate is capable of producing, yet mixed up with atmospheric ingredients inimical to human life and health, and even to the fair and healthful progress of vegetation. In the meantime, there has subsisted throughout, the expectation of an abundant crop in our several fortunate districts.

The commencement of this year's corn harvest dates generally in the different parts of the island according to their situation, from the last week in July to the first week and the middle of August, few being later. Merionethshire in Wales probably, has the honour of precedence, the earliest sample, a very fine one, of barley being there shewn for sale. In Ireland, they were perhaps full as forward. The Continental accounts agree very generally and in numerous particulars with our own, and in the Mediterranean countries the crop of maize or Indian corn is said to be the most beautiful and productive hitherto witnessed. But in the northern countries and in the vicinity of Copenhagen, the weather being unsettled, with heavy rains and cold, the growing crops of corn were quite green towards the

end of July, the rye and rape seed particularly suffering. Their stocks of old corn are said to be very limited.

There have been as yet no arrivals of new corn or seeds from the Continent, all the late imports consisting of old, part of which have been re-exported. The arrivals of both, new, have been dropping into the ports of London and Liverpool, from Ireland, and into those of Scotland throughout the month. Essex and Kent, the two neighbour counties of the metropolis, sent up an early supply of new wheat and seeds with some parcels of beans. Most of the early samples of wheat, though fair to the eye, proved in the bulk too soft and moist for grinding, unmixed with old; and some of the seeds were in a very damp state, having been obviously harvested before they were ripe. Such has been the case during the present season with great part of the wheats. The proper point of time at which to apply the sickle, whether immediately before ripeness, or to wait until that process shall actually have taken place, is indeed an old subject of controversy, into which we entered with warmth many years since. We have generally seen reason to doubt the equal efficience of an artificial stack or barn ripening, in the productions of fine and heavy samples, compared with the natural one of the soil; but the former, as apparently promising greater quantity with less waste, has generally been the farmer's favourite. The present season, from various circumstances, has no doubt furnished additional arguments in its favour, and in certain of the western counties it has been so eagerly practised, that after cutting part of the wheat it was found so green and soft that it was absolutely necessary to leave the remainder to its natural process of ripening upon the soil. The finest and ripest samples of new English wheat have reached a very considerable and satisfactory weight, from 62 to 65 lbs. the imperial bushel. At Edinburgh, early in the month, a shew-sample of a small quantity of new barley was sold at 35*s* 6*d*. per quarter, the weight per bushel 52 lbs. Barley in the proper soils, is a large and heavy crop; on too strong and poor lands, the reverse; on all, part of the crop has been affected by blight; that, however great the aggregate quantity may prove, we must not expect a superabundance of fine malting, or grinding barley from the present harvest. The crop of oats is probably one of the best of the year, prolific both in corn and straw. The beans which have survived the attacks of blight and vermin, are deemed nearly an average crop, but are generally in a soft state. A considerable breadth of wheat was levelled with the ground by the several storms, the weeds springing up through it. The eastern counties, Suffolk particularly, seem to have been most subjected to this calamity, little complained of elsewhere. In the early districts, preparations were making for wheat sowing on the commencement of the present month. It is said that much of the wheat land will fall short of its usual quantity of manure during the present seed season, and that a considerable number of acres must be sown entirely without that aid; the weather of the late winter and spring having been most unfavourable for the collection and preservation of manure. Wheat has already suffered a considerable decline of price, as will appear in the market accounts.

The flesh meat markets of the metropolis and of most large towns, are amply supplied, and prices well supported. Of store stock also, particularly sheep and pigs, there seems no present prospect of a decline in the price. The sale of wool is heavy, and the price, for the most part, below that of last year. Timber and bark have been for a considerable time gradually declining articles. Of hops they speak more favourably than in the last report, many of the plantations in Kent, Sussex, and Worcestershire having improved from changes of the weather. In the grazing districts the grasses are said to have supported the greatest quantity of stock of any year within memory. They have been greatly refreshed by the late showers, and the second crops of clover and other artificial grasses promise abundance. As to seeds generally, the present will not be a very productive year, their grass being so large and luxuriant. The crop of apples is reported superior to our former expectations.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8 lbs.—Beef, 2*s*. to 3*s*. 8*d*.—Mutton, 2*s*. 2*d*. to 4*s*.—Lamb, 3*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*. 6*d*.—Veal, 2*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*.—Pork, 3*s*. to 5*s*.—Dairy, 5*s*. 4*d*.

Game.—Grouse 7*s*. a brace.—Leverets 3*s*. to 3*s*. 6*d*. each, plenty.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat 42*s*. to 62*s*.—Barley, 30*s*. to 37*s*.—Oats, 16*s*. to 25*s*.—London Loaf of 4 lbs. 10*d*.—Hay, 35*s*. to, 85*s*.—Clover, ditto, 65*s*. to 115*s*.—Straw, 26*s*. to 45*s*.

Cola Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 15*s*. 6*d*. to 21*s*. per ton.

Middlesex, July 27.

THE

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TO OUR READERS.

THE article on the Spanish Succession, in our present Number, it appears, is somewhat premature:—his Catholic Majesty is spared to his adoring subjects yet a little longer. The article, however, being interesting in itself, we see no occasion to withdraw it.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XV.] OCTOBER, 1832. [No. 82.

COUNSEL FOR THE CLERGY.

ALL is not over with the church. Let the clergy take the advice which we presume to offer them in this article, and if bright and prosperous days are not yet in store for them, we have no gift of prophecy. Providence sometimes uses the humblest instruments for the noblest purposes:—what, if it were reserved for an obscure contributor to a magazine to restore churchmen to their long-lost place in public affection, and renew the lease of the church-establishment just as it is on the point of expiring for ever!

Let us calmly consider what it is that has brought the church as by law established into that general contempt and odium wherein the dangers which menace it consist. It is simply, the belief, which has *injudiciously* been suffered to root itself in the public mind, that the principles of that institution are essentially anti-national; that the clergy are a body constitutionally actuated by illiberal and selfish principles; that they have ever been a barrier to the improvement of the country, financially, politically, intellectually and morally; and that they have never scrupled for the advancement of their own sordid schemes, to abandon the paths of morals, or trample upon the precepts of religion. With respect to the bishops, in particular, the empire *has been suffered* to lie under the impression, that their influence has never, except in rare instances, been honestly or patriotically exerted; that out of Parliament, they are as idustrious in the service of mammon, as if it was to propagate the worship of that divinity that the church was instituted and endowed; and that in Parliament, they have always been leagued with the plunderers and oppressors of the people, in supporting every measure and ministry, by which most profit might be secured to themselves, and the great interests, not only of their country but their species, might most effectually be depressed and thwarted. It has come to be generally taken for granted that the church in all its orders, from the prelate to the vicar, has ever been the ally of despotism, the patron of abuse, the relentless persecutor of all, who, eschewing the ecclesiastical spirit, have put themselves forward from age to age to reform society or enlighten their fellow-men. History, it is asserted by many, and contradicted by few, contains the confirmation of this grave charge in every page; and even experience is boldly appealed to, as if our own times

were as pregnant as any with proofs of clerical animosity to light, and freedom; and affection, for ignorance and despotic power. The name of churchman, in short, has begun to pass current in our language as a synonyme, sometimes for a bigot, sometimes for an extortioner, sometimes for an overbearing tyrant, sometimes for a crouching and supple slave, sometimes for a revolting compound of all these base and odious characters; never conveying the idea of the preacher of a pure religion, a pattern of an unworldly spirit, breathing peace and charity, and believing with the "good parson" that of the revenues assigned him by the state

> "Nought was his own, but all the public store
> Entrusted riches to relieve the poor."

Now it is plain, that it is from the prevalence of such views as these of the church and churchmen, that the perilous situation of the establishment arises; and it is equally manifest, that if this state of the public mind be suffered to continue much longer the apprehension of danger will be dispelled by the certainty of ruin. How then is a revolution in popular opinion on this subject to be effected? This is the question, which, in our tender love for the clergy and all that is their's, we have with much labour investigated; and to which we venture to suggest, approaching such high and sacred interests with becoming deference, the following simple, yet we are vain enough to think, original reply.

We shall not condescend to prove that the charges commonly brought against the church, are totally unfounded; we assume it confidently: it is not only uncharitable but monstrous to suppose them true. Surely, if avarice was a principle of churchmen, they would not number amongst their patrons such a man as the Earl of Eldon; if they were justly accusable of political tergiversation, so consistent a statesman as Peel would scarcely be their champion; if their bent was to arbitrary power, the Duke of Wellington would never have been their friend; were they bigoted and factious, surely the Winchelseas, Bodens, and Kenyons, would discountenance them; were they the enemies of knowledge and improvement, is it credible that they would not long ago have been repudiated by such lights as Herries, Inglis, Croker, and Spenser Perceval?

Well then, assuming boldly the spotless innocence of the church and her ministers; it is clear that all that is wanting for her protection is to dispel the mist of error which not only hinders the public eye from discerning that innocence, but actually, as it happens sometimes with the mists of the material world, has the effect of inverting the object, and causing it to be mistaken for the most aggravated guilt. As to the safety of the church, it is precisely the same thing, whether she is really criminal, or erroneously thought to be so. She must not, therefore, rest content with the consciousness of her sinless perfection: she must take measures to prove and blazon it to the world. Thus only can she conciliate opinion; thus only can she ensure safety.

We are now come to the point. Away with false modesty! Let the church unfold her merits to the nation; let the services rendered by the bench of bishops to the interests of truth, freedom, and humanity, be hid no longer under a bushel, but trumpeted forth to all the corners of the land. Modesty becomes the mitre; but unseasonably exercised, that graceful virtue is a token of weakness more than an evidence of worth.

We say, therefore, again, away with it! Let churchmen assume that forwardness, we had almost said impudence, which is so proverbially foreign to their nature. Let the virtues which have so long flourished in the shade, be dragged by their own hands into the sunshine. Let the mitre no longer be satisfied with its own immaculate purity; but let it come forth with all its train of evangelical graces and excellences, and amaze the country by the revelation of its long concealed title to universal love and homage. But we mean to be more particular.

In the *first* place, as this is a calculating, fact-loving age, we would suggest the propriety of preparing returns from the journals of the House of Lords, exhibiting those large majorities of the right reverend bench, which (say for the last century) have uniformly supported every liberal and patriotic measure. The prevalent notion is that the bishops have, generally speaking, opposed all measures of that character; and there is no other way to remove it, but the production of the documentary evidence we allude to. Let lists, therefore, be immediately made out of those numerous majorities of the lords spiritual which voted in favour of the Catholic Question in all stages of its progress; which supported Romilly, and the benevolent reformers who followed him, in their endeavours to infuse the spirit of mercy into our laws, by abolishing, as far as possible, the use of capital punishments; which under the mild influence of Christian charity, and full of zeal for that freedom of opinion, which is the genius and soul of true Protestantism, followed up the liberation of the Catholics from the penal laws by the emancipation of the Dissenters from the Test Acts; which evinced their hatred of fraud and corruption by the alacrity and steadiness with which they assisted every effort for the purification of Parliament, from the disfranchisement of Grampound down to the completion of the great measure of the present cabinet. It is a foul libel on the bishops to say that on any one of those great questions they were not upon the side of liberty, humanity, and justice; but how is the attack to be repelled, if they or their friends will not take the trouble to meet it by a bold reference to *recorded facts?* There is no other way to meet it. Assertion without proof, will not answer; even could churchman be brought to resort to such a procedure.

Secondly, as the public is at present *in total ignorance* of the occasions, which must of course be innumerable, on which the bishops have strained all their Parliamentary influence to prevent waste of public money, to restrain ministerial peculation, to oppose encroachments upon liberty, to aid the cause of the poor against the rich, to promote other objects of the like nature, let another set of returns be immediately prepared and circulated through the country, specifying those occasions, at least the principal of them, and giving, by way of appendix, copious extracts from the speeches of those prelates who were most intrepid in denouncing a corrupt minister, diligent in asserting the rights of the people, or eloquent in defending the lowly and anathematizing the pride, insolence, and oppression of the great.

Thirdly, (if the work would not be too voluminous) we would propose a collection of all the sermons and pamphlets that have been preached or written during the last century, having for their object the defence of popular and englightened principles, the conquest of bigoted prejudices, the promotion of concord and good-will amongst men of all

sects and opinions, in short the intellectual and moral exultation of the species. What a triumphant reply would not this work be to those who so confidently assert that the clergy of the establishment, both as preachers and pamphleteers, have been, and are, indefatigably sedulous in propagating all manner of narrow and illiberal opinions, both in religion and politics; and that the House of God has much oftener rung, and the press laboured, with effusions of a bitter, intolerant spirit, than with the enforcements of the evangelic lessons of peace and charity.

Fourthly. An immediate publication, to be called Ecclesiastical Biography, giving a copious and faithful narrative of the lives of those countless numbers of the clergy, particularly the dignitaries of the church, whose piety, simplicity, meekness, disinterestedness, and freedom from vulgar prejudices, and mean passions, are at present less known to the great majority of the Christian world than the abstrusest branches of modern mathematics. This work, no matter how great the extent to which the nature of the subject and the mass of materials may prolong it, appears to us to be indispensable. A few pages at the end might, for the sake of candour, be devoted to the memoirs of Laud, Magee, Philpots, Bloomfield, and the other two or three additional exceptions, that by close research may possibly be found in the annals of English episcopacy.

Fifthly. Since the characters of the English and Irish establishments are intimately bound up together, it would be adviseable to publish a more full and satisfactory vindication of the latter, than the multiplicity of their pastoral cares has up to the present moment enabled its own clergy to furnish to the press. All that is necessary is to remove certain gross mistakes, which it is evident have taken hold of the public mind upon this subject; for instance, that Ireland is a Catholic country; that the population is too poor to support two churches; that the wealth of the establishment is exorbitant; that a great majority of the clergy dine every day upon a larger number of dishes than there are Protestants in their respective parishes; and that there are twenty parsons like Mr. Boyton, for one like—like—one is so bewildered in Ireland amongst thousands of exemplary clergymen, that it is impossible to remember the name of a single instance.

Sixthly. A well-drawn picture of the melancholy state of Scotland, titheless, deanless, bishopless as she is, might do a great deal of service. There is a hasty but vivid sketch of her appalling situation in a printed speech of the present lord high chancellor, which drawn out into more detail might answer the purpose. A view of America under the same calamitous aspect is also a great desideratum.

Seventhly. It is a bold proposition we are about to make, and we have little hope that it will receive encouragement. Let the whole machinery of the establishment be stopped for the space of one year. During that interval let there be, as it were, no such thing as a mitre in the land, no dignitary, not so much as a rural dean, no payments of tithes, no receiving of rents, no renewing of leases, no hiring of cooks, no stocking of cellars, no building of barracks, no charging with cavalry, no shooting of farmers and their sons and daughters, no Stanley legislations, no Anglesey "gun-brigs," no white-foot insurrections; let the establishment cease to work through all its departments, religious, civil, and military, for one calendar year—it would be cruel to punish a whole nation for a longer period—let there be a general stoppage of

all the privileges and blessings that the empire, the ungrateful empire, now enjoys under it; let the church withdraw the light of her countenance from her children; and indulge them no more with the pleasing sensation of a churchman's fingers in their pockets:—need we prophecy the result? There is nothing like temporary privation to make men sensible of the advantages they enjoy. With what ardour, after a year's abstinence, will not the country rush into the arms of the church, and pour the tithe, perhaps (in the transports of their joy at this second restoration) the fifth of their harvests and their flocks into her maternal bosom! With what appetite will not the people then regale themselves at the tables of the clergy, not carnally like beasts, but spiritually like good Christians, at sight of their pious pastors, returned for the good of the people's souls to their Burgundy and venison. With what enthusiasm of joy will not the resurrection of the bishops from temporary dissolution be hailed in every diocese; and with what pleasing anxiety will not the gradual increase and improvement of their persons and looks be watched, until their cathedral chairs once more groan under their sacred bulks, and the rosy tint of prosperous prelacy is reinstated on their countenances!

Perhaps the mere threat of dischurching the nation would produce the desired effect. Let it be tried: we fear, however, it will succeed no better than firing blank-cartridge on the Irish peasantry, which the clergy have now universally given up *as having no warrant in scripture.*

SPECIMENS OF THE PATHETIC IN CROYDON CHURCH-YARD.

DEATH little warning to me gave,
And quickly brought me to my grave;
I from my friends did quickly part,
And lost my life by a horse and cart.

LONG time I was a maiden dear,
Short time I was a wife,
I left a widowed husband behind,
And a sweet babe struggling for life.

THE WRECKERS OF ST. AGNES.

THERE are few parts of England more wild and desolate than the mining districts of Cornwall. Nature, as a counterpoise to the treasures which she has lavished on this region of her bounty, has imparted to its features a most forbidding aspect. Bleak and barren plains, unenlivened by vegetation, with neither tree nor shrub to protect the traveller from the wind that sweeps across their surface, and danger in every step, from the innumerable shafts by which they are intersected.

It is truly an inhospitable country; and the nature of the inhabitants seems quite in accordance with its unfriendly characteristics—repulsive and ungainly in appearance, disgusting and ferocious in manner, cruel by nature, and treacherously cunning. Not a step have they gained from the barbarous state of their savage ancestors. I allude more particularly to the town and district of St. Agnes, near Truro, and its people. St. Agnes is a small place, situated on the coast of Cornwall, about ten miles from Truro, across one of those sterile plains, almost covered with the refuse of mines, and perforated in every direction, like a gigantic rabbit-warren. The road, so called, through this waste, is little better than a track, which it would be difficult and dangerous to traverse, without a guide. Many a wanderer has found a nameless grave, by venturing rashly across those dreary moors.

It was late in the autumn when I visited St. Agnes, and it was towards the close of a gloomy day that I found myself at the residence of Capt. Thomas, so I shall call him, whose acquaintance I had made in London, and who had succeeded in persuading me, that the only sure way to make a fortune was, by investing a trifle of ready money in a copper-mine. He held the rank of captain by the custom of the country, as a mine is conducted, like a ship, by a captain and officers. The Captain was rather a decent specimen of his caste; for, where all are combinations of the miner, smuggler, wrecker, and, consequently, ruffian, a man even of decent manners is something. He had one fault, however, which I afterwards discovered:—he would have considered it a most meritorious employment, to have robbed even his own father, rather than not to have robbed at all.

Our repast being over, and I, like a witless booby, having invested my bank-notes in his pouch, in exchange for certain bits of paper he was pleased to call shares; and having received from him, in addition to such valuable considerations, the most flattering congratulations on the prospect of immediate wealth, he proposed an adjournment to the 'Red Dragon,' or red something; I almost forget, it is so long since; where he assured me I should meet a most respectable society, and where I might pick up much valuable information. They were all particular friends of his—captains and pursers of mines.

It was a dismal night. When we sallied out, a thick mist was gathering around: the sea was breaking against the huge rocky cliffs of the adjacent coast, with a deafening roar; and at intervals was heard the distant thunder. It was with no uncomfortable feeling, that I felt myself safely housed at the rendezvous of the choice spirits of the mines.

The party to which I was introduced was seated at a long deal table, in a spacious apartment, half kitchen, half tap-room; at the upper end

of which appeared a blazing fire, beneath a chimney-porch of a most ancient and approved formation. On one side of the room, a door opened into a small parlour, and in the corner was a little bar, for the host to dispense to his customers their various potations from his smuggled treasures. For, although it was not a trifle of Schidam or Cogniac that would satisfy these congregated worthies, I question whether the king could afford to pay the salaries of the commissioners of excise, if the greater portion of his lieges were not more considerate customers than our friends of the 'Red Dragon.'

The arrival of Captain Thomas was hailed with marked satisfaction. We were soon seated, and in a twinkling a large tumbler of hot brandy-and-water was placed before me, and a pipe thrust into my hand. The conversation, which was rather loud when we entered, was now suddenly hushed, and intelligent glances were quickly interchanged, which I saw related to myself. Thomas understood it, and said, "You need not be afraid; that gentleman is a particular friend of mine, and a great patron of the mining arts."

I then begged to assure the company of my veneration for miners and mines, and all connected with them. There was a visible brightening up at this declaration, and doubtless at that moment various were the plans of swindling and rascality which shot through the stolid brains of that pleasant coterie to put my devotedness to the proof.

"A likely night this, Captain Thomas," said a beetle-browed, shock-headed, short, muscular man, whose small dark eyes peered from beneath a brow of peculiar ferocity.

"Uncommon likely!" returned the other, "and if we should have a bit of luck to-night, it would not be a bad beginning this winter."

"Ah!" said the former, who answered to the name of Knox, "my wife says she thinks Providence has deserted our coast; we haven't had a godsend worth telling about these two years. I've seen the time when we've had a matter of a dozen wracks in a season."

"Well, never mind, Master Knox," said a pert-looking, snub-nosed fellow, named Roberts, who I at first glance took for an attorney, but afterwards found he was a mining-agent. From his more constant intercourse with Truro, he was rather better dressed than some of his companions; but his town breeding gave him no other advantage than a conceited saucy air. "Never mind, Master Knox," said he, jingling a bunch of seals which peeped from beneath the waistcoat of that worthy, "you have made the most of your luck, and if you don't get any more you won't harm."

"Why, yes," said the fellow, drawing out a handsome gold watch, which accorded curiously with his coarse attire, "I don't complain of the past; and yet I had a narrow escape with this; if it hadn't been for my boy Jem, I should have lost it."

"He's a 'cute child, that boy of yours," remarked one.

"There never was a 'cuter. I'll tell you, sir," said he, addressing me. "It's two years ago come December, on a Sunday, when we were all in church, that we had news of a wrack. Well, off we all started you may be sure, and the parson not the last, to see what it had pleased God to send us We found on coming up, that it was a French Indiaman. She had gone to pieces off the rocks, and the goods were floating about like dirt. I wasn't long in making the most of it; and Jem was just going off for the cart, when I 'spied, half-covered with

weed, and hidden by a piece of rock, the body of a Frenchman. I soon saw I had got a prize, for he was loaded with money and trinkets. These I quickly eased him of, seeing as he'd never want 'em; but to make sure, I hit 'un a good slap over the head just to see whether the life was in 'un or no." [Here one or two of the auditors grinned.] "Well, I was just going away, when I see'd a diamond ring on his finger, and the finger being swelled with the water, I cuts it off" [displaying at the same time a knife of rather formidable proportions], "and walks off with my goods. I hadn't gone far, when little Jem runs after, crying, 'Dad, dad! hit 'un again, dad! he grin'th, he grin'th!' I looked back, and sure enough that rascally French thief—whether it was drawing the blood or not, I don't know—but he was moving his arm about, and opening his eyes, as though he were bent on taking the bread out of my mouth. This put me in a precious rage—these Frenchmen are always a spiteful set, and hate Englishmen as they hate the devil. So I makes no more ado but I hits 'un a lick with the tail of a rudder laying close by, and I'll warrant me he never come to ask for my goods."

The miscreant chuckled over this horrid recital with all the self-satisfaction that another might feel at the recollection of a virtuous action; whilst his companions, to whom no doubt the story was familiar, felt no other sensations of uneasiness at its recapitulation than from the recollection that they had not been able to do the same thing. Knox was evidently the ruffian *par excellence*. I beheld others around me, the expression of whose countenance would have hung them at any bar in England without any other evidence; yet none ventured to boast of crime; Knox was the only open professor of villainy, and seemed to claim his right of pre-eminence. I have been in many parts of the world, and have encountered ruffians of every country and grade; but never before did I have the fortune to hear depravity, and of such a revolting character, so freely confessed, so unblushingly avowed.

"Well, Knox," said Thomas, after a short pause, "so you have seen Hibbert Shear. How's poor Bill Trecuddick?"

Knox placed his finger significantly on his cheek.

"How," said the other, "dead!"

"Dead as mackerel," returned Knox; "you know I was in it, and a sharp brush we had. Poor Bill had three balls in him: he died the same night." A universal expression of sympathy followed this announcement, and various were the questions put by different individuals as to the details of his death. It appeared that he was killed in an engagement with a revenue cruiser.

"He was as likely a lad that ever run a cargo," said Thomas; "where did you bury him?"

"Along side of the gauger, I s'pose," said Roberts, who ventured a sidelong glance of malicious meaning, though apparently half-doubtful of the consequences. I never saw so speedy a change in any human being as that remark produced in Knox. In an instant his brow became as black as the storm which now raged with appalling violence from without.

"What hast thee to do with that, thou pert, meddling coxcomb?" said he, as he fixed his black eyes, almost concealed by their overhanging brows, on the object of his wrath. "Now mark me, Master Roberts; play off no more of thy jokes on me. This is not the first time I have warned thee; but it shall be the last."

I learned afterwards that the gauger alluded to was Knox's half-brother, who was supposed to have met with his death by the hands of his relation, and his body flung down a shaft near the sea, now known by the name of the Gauger's Shaft. What confirmed the suspicion was, that he was known to have frightful dreams about his murdered brother, and some said that he was known to tremble like a child if left alone at night. Be that as it might, however, a ferocious altercation was now proceeding between Knox and a friend of Roberts, who had replied to the other's threats, which appeared likely to proceed to serious consequences, had not the attention of all parties been diverted by a loud and continued knocking at the outer door. This seemed so unusual an occurrence that the host hesitated to unbar, for never was a stranger known to arrive at St. Agnes at such an hour, and on such a night too; for we heard the rain descend in torrents, and the thunder howling at intervals.

The knocking continued vehemently, and although we were too many to fear any thing like personal danger, yet I could see an evident though undefinable fear spreading throughout the party, sufficiently expressed by their anxious glances. In no one was such an expression more visible than in Knox. It was the result of some superstitious feeling, which the conversation of the night, and the awful storm now raging about them, had called into play.

The knocking was now fiercer than ever, and the host was at last constrained to unbolt and unbar: the guest, whoever he was, would take no denial. As the door opened, in stalked a tall, weather-beaten-looking man, enveloped in a huge shaggy great-coat, and a broad oil-skin hat on his head.

"What the devil dost thee mean by this?" he said, dashing his hat upon the floor, and shaking the rain from his coat like a huge water-dog,—"keeping a traveller outside your gates on such a night!" At this moment, during a lull in the storm, was heard a heavy booming sound from the sea.

"A wrack! a wrack!" shouted Knox; and instantly a dozen fellows were on their legs ready to rush forth like thirsty blood-hounds on their prey. "Keep your places, you fools!" cried the stranger, "if she goes ashore, it will be many miles from here, with the wind in this quarter." They all seemed to acknowledge the justice of the remark, by sulkily resuming their places. "I've heard the guns some time continued the stranger; "but she has good offing yet, and she may manage to keep off. I'd lay my life she is a foreign craft, they're always in such a plaguey hurry to sing out." The company had leisure by this time, to seat themselves and resume their pipes. They likewise, seeing he was no ghost, took the liberty of scanning their guest. He was not very remarkable further than being a tall muscular man with short curling black hair, immense bushy whiskers, meeting under his chin, and large black eyes. Altogether it was not an unpleasant countenance. He did not apologize for his intrusion, but called at once for his pipe and his glass.

"Did you come from Truro side?" asked Knox. The stranger took a huge whiff, and nodded assent.

"Who might have brought you across the moors?"

"Dost thou think no one can tread the moors but thyself and the louts of St. Agnes?"

"None that I ever heard of except Beelzebub;" said Knox, peering from beneath his brows suspiciously on the new comer.

The stranger laughed.

"The path is dangerous by night," said Thomas; "few strangers find the way alone."

"Then I am one of the few, for here I am," said he.

"I've lived here man and boy these forty years," said Knox, "and I never knew a stranger do that before. And thou must be a stranger, for I've never seen thee.

"Art sure of that?"—Knox again scanned him attentively.

"I never saw thee before."

"You see then a stranger can find his way in these parts. I came by the gauger's shaft. Thou know'st the gauger's shaft," said he significantly.

"Hell!" said the other furiously, "dost thou come here to mock me, if thou dost thoud'st better return afore harm comes of thee."

"Thou'rt a strong man;" said his opponent; "but I'm so much a stronger, that I would hold thee with one arm on yonder fire till thou wert as black as thy own black heart. Come, thou need'st not frown on me man, if thou hast a spark of courage I'll put it now to the test."

"Courage! I fear neither thee nor Beelzebub!"

"I'll wager thee this heavy purse of French *louis d'ors* against that watch and ring that befits thy finger so oddly, that thou durst not go into yonder room alone, and look on the face that shall meet thee there."

"Thou'rt a juggler and a cheat—I'll have nothing further to say to thee."

"There's my gold," said he throwing a heavy purse on the table; "look at it; count it; a hundred as bright *louis* as ever were coined in France, against thy watch and ring, not worth the half," The eyes of the wrecker glistened at the bright heap of gold. "What is the wager?" he demanded.

"If thou durst go into yonder room, that I will raise the form of one whom thou wouldst most dread to see."

"I fear nothing, and believe thee to be a cheat."

"There's my gold."

"Take the wager!" cried several of Knox's friends; "we'll see thou hast the gold."

"Done!" cried Knox, with a sort of desperate resolve, which the cheers of his friends and the sight of the gold helped him to assume; and he placed the ring and watch on the heap of *louis*.

"I must have arms and lights."

"Take them; said the stranger: "but before you go, I will show you a portion of your property you have never discovered." He took up the ring and touching the inside with the point of a pin a small aperture flew open, and disclosed a small space filled with hair. It was not till that moment it was discovered that the stranger had lost the little finger of the left hand! For a moment all was still as the grave. A frightful feeling seemed to pervade the breast of every one around. It was as though the murdered stood before them to claim his own! The stranger broke into a loud laugh. "What the devil ails you all? are you afraid of a man without a finger!" and his laughter was louder than before.

"I'll not go into the room," said Knox, in a low broken voice.

"Then the watch and ring are mine," said the stranger. "You have forfeited the wager;" and he began to fill the bag with the coin.

"Its a base juggle to rob me of my property," cried Knox, whose courage returned as he witnessed the unghostlike manner in which the stranger fingered the money.

"Keep to your wager, man," cried Thomas, "we'll see you rightly dealt with. He can no more do what he says, than raise the prince of darkness himself."

"Will you stand to your bargain?" asked the stranger.

"I will; and defy the devil and all his works." He took a candle and a loaded pistol, and went towards the room. If ever the agony of a life were condensed into the short space of a few minutes, that was the time. Ruffian as he was, he was a pitiable object. Pale and trembling, without making an effort to conceal his distress, he paused and turned irresolute even at the threshold of the door. Shame and avarice urged him on. He entered the room and closed the door.

If I say that I looked on as a calm spectator of these proceedings, I should say falsely. I began to grow nervous, and was infected with the superstitious feeling which had evidently taken possession of my companions. The only unconcerned person was the stranger; at least, he was apparently so. He very coolly tied up the money, watch, and ring, in the bag, and placed them on the table. He then took two pieces of paper, and wrote some characters on both: one he handed to Thomas: it was marked with the name of the gauger: the other he kept himself. He advanced to the fire, which was blazing brightly, and, muttering a few words, threw into it a small leaden pacquet, and retired at the same moment to the end of the room. The flames had hardly time to melt the thin sheet-lead, ere our ears were greeted with the most terrific and appalling explosion that I have ever in my life heard, and as though the elements were in unison, a deafening thunder crash shook the house to its very foundation. Every man was thrown violently to the ground; the chairs and tables tumbled about, as though imbued with life; every door was burst open by the shock, and hardly a pane of glass remained entire. This, with the screams of the women, and the groans of the men, if any one could withstand, without actual terror taking possession of his heart, he must be a bolder man than I was. For several minutes (for so it appeared to me) did we lie on the floor in this state, expecting, momentarily, the house to fall over us in ruins. All was, however, silent as death, except the pealing of the thunder and the roaring of the storm; so that when the sense of suffocation was somewhat removed by the fresh air forcing through the open doors and windows, we ventured to hail each other.

It was some time, however, before we could get a light; and that accomplished, our first care was to look to our friend in the back parlour. We found him lying on his face, quite insensible, and bleeding from a wound in the head, which he must have received in falling. We brought him into the large room; and after a time, when people could be brought to their senses, we procured restoratives. I never shall forget the wild and ghastly look with which he first gazed around him. He looked around, as though seeking some horrid object. "It's gone," he cried; "thank God!—what a horrid sight!—who saw it?" "Saw what? who?" asked Thomas. "Just as bloody and ghastly, as when I pitched him down the shaft," cried he incoherently.

"Hush! hush!" said Thomas; "collect yourself—you don't know what you're talking of."—"Who says I murdered him?" cried the miserable being before us. "Who says I got his money? He's a liar, I say—a liar. His money is sunk with him. Let 'em hang me—I am innocent.—They cannot prove it." It became too distressing. Fortunately for the feelings of all, the unhappy man, or rather maniac, relapsed into insensibility, and in that state was conveyed home.

It was not till then that we thought of the stranger. No trace of him could be found. The money, ring, and watch, had disappeared.

Strange were the rumours abroad the next day at St. Agnes. Some men going very early to work, averred they saw a horseman flying over the moors, crossing shafts and pits, without once staying to pick his way. It could have been no human horseman, nor steed, that could have sped on such a wild career. There was another report, which accounted for the appearance and disappearance of the stranger in another way. Some smugglers reported, that on that night they saw a beautiful French smuggling lugger sheltering from the gale in a little unfrequented bay along the coast. It might have been one of the crew, who had made himself acquainted with the circumstances he mentioned, and which was no secret, and made this bold dash for a prize: but this version of the story was scouted, as quite unworthy of the slightest credit. The former was the popular belief.

If any one of the *dramatis personæ* of the above sketch should happen to cast his eye over it, which, by the way, is the most unlikely thing possible, seeing the great probability that they have all been hanged long since; but if by *alibi*, or any other convenient means, only one should have escaped from justice, he will bear witness to the faithfulness of my narrative; and acknowledge, with gratitude, the obligation of immortality in the Monthly Magazine.

SONNET.

HERE, in the shadow of this ancient wood;
Here may ye sit ye down, and meditate
The simple beauty of the rustic state,
Campestral peace, and sylvan solitude.

The bird shall teach ye, and the insect brood,
How Nature her own pleasure doth create,
In pleasing others; and, remote from hate,
Lives on, supreme in universal good.

Here shall ye commune with such spirits blest,
As speak through silence, utt'ring truths unknown;
How Love is sympathy, by deeds confest—
How Love and Charity are link'd in one:
Here may ye learn to live without a sigh,
And turn thy thoughts above, and learn to die.

THE FRENCH AND THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Paris, September 15.

THE events of the 5th and 6th of June did immense harm to the republican party. The entire blame of the insurrection was laid upon them; and they were accused of being able to support their political opinions only by bloodshed and conspiracy. All the middle and commercial classes, together with the national guard, that had looked with feelings of alienation towards the government of the *juste milieu*, previous to the epoch in question, were led to rally to it by the events in question. Such a lavishing of blood to no purpose, angered every rational mind against the promoters of the *movement*; and Paris, instead of being indignant at the *martial law* proclaimed, and the councils of war, was rather inclined to applaud these anti-constitutional acts as measures of just severity.

With the lapse of time, however, divers circumstances have come to light, which have materially altered the public judgment. But ere entering upon these, it is necessary to premise, that republicanism in France is divided into two distinct sects and parties. These are the old republicans of 1791, admirers not only of democracy, but democracy in action, ruling by popular terror, lopping off aristocratic heads, and astounding the world by their cruelty and valour. Besides these, there are the theoretic republicans, who propose the American constitution as their model, who wish to have two chambers, the first based upon the the possession of considerable property, and who, in consequence, are ready to admit the aristocracy of wealth, at least, amongst the elements of the constitution. They demand an elective president, in other words, propose the United States as their model. This party has Lafayette for chief, and the *National* newspaper as its organ.

Now in all consideration of the affairs of France, it is absolutely indispensable to form a distinction betwixt this honourable party, and the revolutionary one, who insist upon a single legislative chamber, who worship the *convention* with all its horrors as the perfection of energetic government, and for whom liberty has no charms, except in that frenzy of its first conquest and excitement. The *Tribune* is the organ of this party, to which the needy and the dissolute, and all the outcast portion of society is naturally ready.

The great difference betwixt the principle of these parties, it is needless to dwell upon more minutely. One great distinction not to be overlooked, is that, whilst the republicans of the American school lay it down as a rule to support their views merely by the weapons of argument and free discussion, their brethren avow, that their best hopes are placed in exciting the people to rise against what they please to call the aristocracy, of not only the higher but the middle classes. Lafayette says, "I am a republican, but my duty is to bow to the prevalent opinion of my countrymen, as it is felt and expressed by the majority. That majority has declared for a monarchy. I submitted and aided in uplifting the Duke of Orleans to the throne. I am still republican,—still profess my principles upon paper and by word. Whilst in act, every one shall find me a monarchist, that is loyal, and no plotter."

Thus Lafayette, Carrel, and the republicans of their party deny any participation in the insurrection of the 5th and 6th of June. Both, indeed, especially the latter, have been circumstantially charged with abetting it. But both deny, and both are worthy of belief. Revealments made in late trials, have come to corroborate their assertion. For instance, in the trial of the "*Corsaire,*" newspaper, it was proved, that the famous Vidocq, together with his entire gang of the secret police, were engaged, disguised in these troubles, and exerted themselves to promote the insurrection. It is well known, that the great cause of disaster was, the lifting up a pole with a *bonnet rouge* upon it, which, could have been the act only of the republican admirers of 1791. And the apparition of this sanguinary emblem it was, that disgusted the national guard, and made them abandon the procession. Had they remained, the regular military or the police dared not do as they did, viz. provoke the crowd by a wanton charge, and thus precipitate the metropolis into the horrors of civil war.

When the chambers meet, we shall know more of these events, and of their secret or fortuitous causes. Suffice it for the present to know, that the French public have already changed their opinion on the subject, and have already recoiled from their sudden adhesion to the government and disgust of the opposition, to the very inverse of these sentiments. In fact, the Parisians have learned to distinguish betwixt the two classes of republicans, and have restored their respect to the one, whilst the other still remains the object of alienation and abhorrence.

There exists a striking proof of what I assert in the verdicts given at the late assizes. The *Tribune* and the *National* were both indicted and brought to trial; the latter, though the organ of the more moderate republicans, had articles inculpated, which were much stronger in indignant terms than even the *Tribune;* so much so, that the penalty demanded against the editor of the *National,* was death. The same jury tried both. Yet the *Tribune* was condemned without mercy, whilst the *National* was acquitted upon every count. This is exclaimed against by the ministerial journals, as the reverse of justice. And, perhaps, legally speaking, it is. But considered rationally, the juries showed signs of fully comprehending the duties and position. They condemned the organ of anarchy and of 1791, though it preached its doctrines with some kind of moderation, whilst the *National,* which preached its doctrine of a theoretic and practical republic, with a violence proportioned to its convictions, was greeted by a verdict of acquittal, liberty to pursue the course of its free, indeed, but not anarchic speculations.

This declared schism betwixt the two republican parties is to be hailed and welcomed by all friends of liberty and order, since it reduces the mere anarchists to insignificance, and deprives them of the support of honourable and high characters. It renders most unlikely any attempts at popular insurrection, and, by thus securing tranquillity, it leaves the public mind free and unagitated, to entertain and discuss the opinions that are presented. It may be long ere France shall adopt a republican constitution, it may be, that she will never do so, but it is of the greatest importance, that a party of theoretic republicans should be formed, in the first place, to offer council to the monarchic government, and to abet the development and progress of truly popular institutions; and secondly, that there may be a party ready, in case of a new political

convulsion, to stand forth and prevent the dissolution of society, or its fall into the hands of anarchists.

It may, indeed, be asserted, that republicanism should be crushed and cut away like a canker, with the knife of persecution in every monarchic state. Nor am I prepared here to support logically, that it might not be for the interest of said monarchy so to do, were the thing possible; or, could it be hoped by severity to extinguish certain sentiments. But as this is not possible, and as sincerity would increase the noxious sentiment and the professors of it, the evil must be tolerated. Of course, I am speaking of France.

The ministerialists applaud this division of the republicans. They think it will weaken both parties. It will, no doubt, for the present. But the object with the country, or with every philanthropist, is not, certainly, for the present, that any such party should prevail, but that it should continue to exist, to be represented, and to bring its views and its sagacity to increase the political wisdom of the epoch.

The general tendency of parties, indeed, in France, has of late been to subdivide. Let us take the Chamber of Deputies for example, and its original compactments of right, centre, and left. The right may be said to contain two shades of opinion, the stubborn Carlists, and those willing to be reconciled to the present monarch. The centres contain two or three shades, the *doctrinaires* at one extremity, then the Périerites, and the Bonapartists (likely to rally to Dupin). The left contains the monarchic and the republican oppositionists, Odillon Barrot seeking to head the first, though flung by necessity and by the tide of circumstances back upon his more violent neighbours.

This great subdivision of parties, which would constitute the force of a legitimate monarch, if one, who could reckon upon a numerous personal party, proves but a source of perplexity and weakness to Louis Philippe. He does not know where to look, on whom to choose. Mutual jealousies prevent the different coteries from uniting; the king is without influence to overcome these obstacles. Whilst to offend one, by preferring the other, creates him as many enemies as friends. Thus, Dupin will not take the ministry in conjunction with Guizot or De Broglie. Nor will Barrot with Dupin. The king presses upon each the necessity of uniting with the other. He presses Guizot upon Dupin, Dupin upon such of the Carlists as have been converted. But by no means can he succeed in putting them together. Louis Philippe is thus to be pitied and excused in certain respects for keeping a ministry at the head of affairs, contemptible for their incapacity and their lack of influence. The loss of Périer is irreparable. His genius and character did work a kind of fusion, or, at least, commanded respect. The *doctrinaires* dared not oppose him, though he gave them no employ. And Dupin could but show ill humour, without letting it assume the acerbity of opposition.

Where Louis Philippe, however, was decidedly and irrevocably wrong was, that, although knowing the counsellors around him to be mere men of straw, he still listened to their adulatory and absurd councils, and dared to take such extra-legal steps, as to declare martial law and place Paris in a state of siege. True although it be, that these measures did not at first excite indignation, except from the sufferers, still, now that people have come calmly to reflect on the *coup d'état*, (for it was nothing less) and on the source from whence its author derived

his power, the circumstances, causes, censure, and disgust. It strikes, not only as the insolence of a *parvenue*, but the ingratitude of a demagogue, that has juggled himself into authority, and converted the rods of a tribune into the iron sceptre of a despot.

Unfortunately, the king of the French is not in a position to judge of this flux and reflux of public opinion. His presence in the streets has never excited enthusiasm for or against him. The election being confined to those proprietors that pay 15*l.* pound a year taxes, is no barometer either. And, although the tone of the public journals might warn him, as the serving government cannot preserve one on its side, except it be of their own creation, yet, from a late expression of Louis Philippe, we learn, that he no longer reads the opposition journals. No wonder then, if the empty tribe about him assist the natural sagacity of his understanding, and succeed in persuading him to reign, not by virtue, and in the spirit of a popularly elected sovereign, but in that of a *quasi*-legitimate one.

In fact, the news, whilst I write is, that he has refused to cede a jot to the somewhat liberal exigencies of Dupin, and that he is about to throw the government into the hands, not merely of the *doctrinaires*, but of those old unprincipled triumvirs, such as Bertin de Vaux, and Talleyrand, men who have professed all principles, from absolutism to radicalism, and who really have but one, their immediate interest and hold of place.

P. S. There has been a curious and amusing scene yesterday at the Chamber of Deputies. Several members visited the new hall of assembly, and were examining the decorations, when they were struck with a gigantic statue of *Public Order*, placed by the side of the president's chair. What emblem, think you, this said goddess carried in her hand? An olive branch, say you. No such thing, but a bit, a bridle-bit, large as life and gilt, with curb and appendages. "*Pour le cout c'est trop fort.*" "This is too bad," cried the spectators, even though they were of the *juste milieu*. Monsieur *D'Argout* endeavoured to defend his emblems; but despite his taste, he was obliged to order the *bit* to be erased. So much for the *esprit* of the *ministre des travaux publics*.

ACTUAL VALUE OF ENGLISH NOBILITY.

"Nec nihil neque omnia hæc sunt."

Our first political maxim is "The greatest good of the greatest number;" therefore we are in principle republicans. This does not imply, however, a wish to see the American system forced upon our country. We are not shocked at the Americans by Mrs. Trollope's exaggerations. We admire the entire responsibility of American governors to their fellow-countrymen; we covet the transfusion of an equal responsibility into our own government. But we so dearly love good manners, and feel them to be so great an addition, nay, so essential to the happiness of life, that we eschew any such imitation of our transatlantic brethren as might tend to deteriorate our national manners, already far from being sufficiently refined. Instead of falling back to the American level in this respect, we deem it to behove us to aim at the standard of urbanity established on the continent of Europe.

Let not our brother radicals misunderstand us. We do not assign to *national manners* the first place in importance. We aim first at *national morality;* and, though we entertain the most sanguine hopes of our own rapid improvement, we regard the Americans, as at present, in this respect far superior to us. By national morality, we mean national provisions for the maintenance of truth, integrity, justice, and patriotism, in the conduct of national affairs, and habitual application of those provisions by public men. When we are convinced that the present forms, and fashions, and temper, of American society, are essential to the existence of this national morality, no one shall shout out so lustily as we will for a *formal* as well as *virtual republic.* Away will we then fling our attachment to refined manners. We'll be surly and insolent, instead of polite and respectful; nor shall taste interfere to prevent our spitting on our neighbour's shoes, or helping him with a fork we have just picked our teeth with. Public virtue shall not want a partizan in us, for the sake of any or all the conventional proprieties, in which we at present delight to indulge. We will, at last, if we find that the real responsibility of the American government cannot be grafted on the stock of our own constitution, cheerfully lend a hand to root up that stock; we will not then be content with less, than the entire republican plant, from root and fibre to branch and bud. But, under our present very deliberate and strong convictions, we do not feel ourselves disposed, nor inclined to encourage others, to affront and snub lords, nor even baronets and knights and men of fortune, by giving them to understand we are as good flesh and blood as they, and will not allow them to be in any respect our betters. We are quite determined not to let these men manage our affairs just as they please, nor, indeed, otherwise than as we please; we will not let them pay themselves, for any trouble they may take on our account, just according to their own estimate of their services; but we are desirous to afford men of family and rank in our country, the preference to appointments of public service, upon due qualification, and to pay them honour, as well as allow them liberal emolument.

As we have just hinted, we are not be-Basil-Halled nor be-Trolloped. We cannot lend ourselves to the impressions made on gentlemen and

lady tourists in America. The facts they detail we dispute not, however disputable; nor do we wonder at such persons being often displeased, and sometimes disgusted by the manners of Americans; they depict them faithfully; but we do not, therefore, conclude, as these gentlemen and ladies do, that all this ill-behaviour (always supposing it to be unexaggerated) arises out of the republican form of government. We rather deem both the manner and the form of government, to be equally effects of circumstances, which at first generated American independence. We require no more intimate anquaintance with Americans, than national history affords, to instruct us, that the impulse of these circumstances must still be in force, and that supposing, for argument's sake, any other than the republican form of government could have existed with such circumstances, still it would be unphilosophical to expect American habits and manners to be as refined, and, therefore, as good as those of Europeans.

It is not needful to refer to particulars of American history, in support of our opinion. We can, we are sure, recommend it to well-informed and reflecting men, by proposing the following queries:—

1st. Had not the Americans, when they first established their independence, reason to abominate the general system of the English government?

2dly. Is it in human nature, that the enthusiasm of such a juncture should allow a whole nation to stop at that point, beyond which aversion was neither just nor needful?

3dly. Is it, therefore, to be wondered at, that the Americans should, when they renounced the pernicious practices of the home government, have also encouraged amongst themselves *habits and manners of social intercourse, at variance with those of England?*

4thly. Have the Americans been long enough an independent nation, and have amicable relations existed long enough between them and ourselves, for us to expect their first pride of independence, and their first natural determination *against every thing English,* to have subsided?

Taking for granted that fair and reflecting men would answer the first of these queries in the affirmative, the rest in the negative, we cannot help believing, as we do, that under no form could American manners, the circumstances of the nation being taken into account, be expected to be now different from what they are, and that, therefore, it is unfair to connect their manners with republicanism as effect with cause. It is natural, we repeat, for the generality of men to estrange themselves from every thing connected with those they hate. It was, therefore, to be expected of the Americans to abjure the manners along with the political institutions and measures of detested England; and time enough has not yet elapsed for us reasonably to expect this spirit of entire separation to have subsided amongst them.

This being our view, we are sorry we cannot help taking certain facts, as related even by Trollope and Co., for granted; and we lament being obliged to confess, that we should not like to domesticate ourselves amongst Americans, till their manners are not a little altered.

We again earnestly deprecate a suspicion of reflecting on our American brethren, in a spirit of disparagement. So anxious are we to set ourselves fair with our reforming friends in this respect, that we cannot forbear, before bringing this introductory part of our subject to a

close, to add a little in extenuation of the bad manners which we are sure must prevail in America at present. This little will serve our purpose the better; because its tendency will be to diminish the amount of American responsibility, by taking part of the burden upon our own shoulders as Englishman.

Whenever we have heard travellers talk of the bad manners of the Americans, we have been in the habit of inquiring, whether this coarseness was observable amongst the members of the Union, without distinction of national origin? whether French, German, and other nationalized citizens exhibited the same peculiarities, which made those of English origin such disagreeable company? The result of our inquiries is, as we suspected, and hoped it would be, to this effect—namely, that the bad manners are confined to the Anglo-Americans. We hoped to find this the case, because, being ardently desirous of as much popular interference in the conduct of government, as is compatible with the utmost enjoyment of social life, we should have been very sorry to meet with evidence to the fact, that republicanism and refinement of manners cannot exist together. Not that we are desirous of trying the experiment of formal republicanism in our own country, till all means have been tried to bring our constitutional freedom into full practice; but that the fact of a *general* deterioration of manners in a formal republic, would have induced us to be more afraid, than we now are, of popular controul over government in general. We are confirmed in this view by the cursory glance we took at Mrs. Trollope's work; and are prepared to give it as our deliberate opinion, that, amidst the other various circumstances obviously obstructive of American refinement up to the present time, perhaps the main cause of their personal, anti-social offensiveness is the ill-mannered English blood that flows in their veins. We English have only of late emerged, through protracted peaceful intercourse with the continent, from manners, of which all other Europeans were wont to complain grievously; and, as brother Jonathan sprung from sires of this bluff and surly English temperament, and his being placed in circumstances generally very unfavourable to refinement, we deem him less in fault for his ill manners as an American, than as the son or grandson of an Englishman.

The other circumstances of America being then amply sufficient to account for its ill manners, the *onus probandi* rests in all fairness with those who assert republicanism to be the cause of ill manners: they are bound to afford us ample reasons for their opinion. This has not, we believe, hitherto been done. Captain Basil Hall's *gallant* assertion, as Mrs. Trollope terms it, that "*the great difference between England and America, is the absence of loyalty in the latter,*" does not prove the Americans to be ill-mannered, *because they are republicans;* neither does any thing advanced by Mrs. Trollope herself. Indeed it is satisfactory to us to be able to quote this lady's own words in diminution of the very impression she evidently wished to produce by her book. She says in the 65th page of vol. 1st. "I am *in no way competent to judge of the political institutions of America;* and, if I should occasionally make an observation on *their effects as they meet my superficial glance,* they will be made *in the spirit and with the feeling of a woman,* who is *apt to tell, what her first impressions may be;* but *unapt to reason back from effects to their causes.*" Now we maintain, that this, Mrs. Trollope's confession, disqualifies her at once from all pretension to be, what the conservatives

wish to make her out to be, satisfactory evidence of the offensive and enjoyment-barring manners of the Americans arising from their political institutions. We maintain that the essential connection between republicanism and blackguardism, yet remains entirely to be proved; and further we make bold to set up for the present, till we find ourselves to be wrong, our own impression, in opposition to Mrs. Trollope's, viz. *That the false personal importance and rude offensiveness of the Americans is confined to those who have English blood flowing in their veins.*

Boasting, as we do, to be radical reformers, and still intending to argue against a close imitation of the American republic *as at present constituted*, we have felt it necessary to introduce our reasoning in favour of hereditary nobility, by a thorough exposée to our radical friends, of what we feel assured are liberal sentiments towards our transatlantic brethren. We will not flatter our brother radicals: we have no hesitation in assuring them, that we think them liable to exaggeration and prejudice in common with other mortals; nor do we believe we could get a hearing from them for a word in favour of nobility, did we not first pacify them by the unequivocal professions of a republican heart. We will not do our readers the injustice to believe, that after such an explanation, as we have given, any one of them could deal so hardly by us, as to throw us aside without a hearing, with a "This fellow has the effrontery to argue in favour of nobility!"—"He's a tory in disguise."

One particular then, in which our national society differs from the American, and in our humble opinion advantageously differs for our purposes, is *the provision of titular distinctions, as well hereditary, as during life.* We say advantageously, not with reference to present American circumstances; but, in so far as the American system may be looked to as a model for *general* government. Unquestionably, it would have been monstrous for the Americans to institute a nobility at the outset of their political independence; nor do we assert, that the time is come, nor indeed near at hand, when the admission of titles and privileges of honour, not of power, would increase the refinement and happiness of American society, without the slightest danger to the freedom and political importance of the masses of its population.

But, rejoicing in the existence of American republicanism, as of a treasury of the most serious and practical truths for the instruction of the old countries; and as capable, in the course of time, of being modified into the most perfect form of government attainable by human contrivance, we cannot for a moment entertain the notion, that its present state is exactly such as should be aimed at by the philosopher and philanthropist, as the ultimatum of civil polity. We do not say this in reference to its elective presidency instead of hereditary monarchy; nor to its elective senate instead of hereditary peerage. We do not think it matters to a nation who is the individual at its head, nor, therefore, whether he be thus elevated by hereditary descent or election for life, or a stated period only, when the nation has established an adequate circulation of opinion, and possesses legalized means of bringing that opinion to bear with due influence upon measures of government. And the same indifference we feel as to the comparative merits of a senate and hereditary chamber. We have not a word to urge against the American system in these respects. We are not convinced that these its provisions are essential to all good government under all circumstances; neither do we deem them incompatible with

the great blessing of a general refinement of manners. Our present objection to the American constitution as a pattern for us to imitate, lies not against any of its positive enactments, much less against its suitableness to the present, and perhaps, for a long time to come, future condition of America; but against its incompleteness; its insufficiency, in its present state, to insure the highest social happiness, which we believe the best government can confer on a people for many centuries established in national importance.

Absolving American republicanism, then, from the charge of generating ill manners, at present, (which we attribute rather to a very natural excitement against every thing European; the various circumstances obstructive of refinement attending the early years of national settlement; and perhaps, more than all, the rudeness of the English sires from whom the Americans are descended,) we still believe, that in ages to come, when the accumulations of superior talent and industry shall have become so much larger and more general, that a numerous body of the citizens shall be virtually distinguished amongst their countrymen, it will mar the social amiability and general happiness of the nation, from the richest to the poorest, to grudge and refuse these men titles of honour, to transmit with their gains to their posterity. We will now endeavour to argue our radical friends into our opinion, that at a certain and inevitable juncture in national advancement, a large body of men will feel themselves and families entitled to honorary distinctions; that it is inexpedient to refuse indulgence to this feeling; and that it is most conducive to the common good to gratify it by the institution of hereditary nobility.

"There are few men," says Addison, "who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure, in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him." Now, we are far from affirming that this appetite for distinction belongs to the highest dignity attainable by human nature; we are well aware, that the more really worthy a man is of estimation, the less careful is he for mere external signs of it. But in arguing for the institution of nobility, we are not providing for a nation of philosophers, of men bent upon the moral elevation of character to the high standard of self-respect, the attainment of which, in conjunction with the regards of an intellectual and moral circle of associates, might afford sufficient encouragement to the utmost exertion of human energies. We have in view, on the contrary, a laborious, and busy, and accumulating society; intelligent, and capable of mental refinement to a certain extent, as the average wisdom of the world increases, but not adequately for the attainment of a real indifference to the admiration of the undiscerning multitude. The vulgar appetite for distinction, which Addison has, we think, well described, is surely too prevalent in human nature to be subdued by any but the purest and severest discipline of philosophy. And can any man contemplate a period at which the world will afford such a discipline to the mass of any nation? We will yield to no one in ardent and sanguine expectations of the very great advancement of the

intellectual and spiritual part of human nature throughout the masses of society, ere the final scene of this world shall be closed; but we cannot believe that the provision for the natural and artificial wants and tastes of animal and sensual man, can ever be supplied with such comparatively slight labour, as to leave the multitude of those engaged in the supply, in the possession of leisure for attaining a just and regulating philosophy. We allude not merely to the labourers and underlings engaged in the world of business, but to their employers also; including even the highest grades of merchants, and tradesmen, and agriculturists, all men, in short, whose minds are unavoidably much occupied in forwarding the pursuits of business. We deem it, then, absurd, to expect that the mere reiteration, by one part of the community, of sentiments and precepts asserting the intrinsic equality of men, except in morals and talents, can ever avail to expel from the hearts of another part the vulgar desire of distinction. And if this desire cannot be expelled from the breast of mankind in general, but must in some way or other always influence the masses of society, what is the character it will assume in any nation old enough to possess a numerous body of citizens, able, through their wealth, to live without those laborious exertions, which all mankind are desirous to escape from? Surely such men must feel entitled to take class above those who are aiming at what themselves have already attained; and therefore they must be desirous (always remembering they are not philosophers) of obtaining acknowledged distinctions to set their claims to respect above the attacks of ignorant envy and disappointed ambition; desirous, that is to say, of being formed into a class of hereditary nobles.

We take for granted our readers will admit the above to be true, as regards the wishes and pretensions of a numerous and important portion of society at a certain stage of civil progress. We think unprejudiced philosophy must admit, moreover, that *this obviously natural claim for distinction ought, because it is natural, to be indulged, unless it can be made to appear to be essentially injurious to the general interest to indulge it.* Proceed we next to combat the only objection we have ever met with, to this indulgence.

It is not, in our view, a valid argument against hereditary distinctions, that they are not often deserved by the individuals who bear them: that the titled man is, nine times out of ten, an ordinary person. This objection against titles would lie equally against the common courtesies of civilized intercourse. It is not true, for instance, that I am a man's obedient servant, because I subscribe myself to that effect in a letter; nor is any real respect for intrinsic qualities signified by the bowings, and greetings, and voluntary concessions and subserviences of polite society. Still there is no moral impropriety, no violation of rectitude in these civilities, because no one looks for, or pretends to truth, in receiving and rendering them. We are not arguing for hereditary distinctions as exponents of personal merit; but as a humane and politic concession to the natural wishes of a numerous body, whose own or whose ancestors' exertions, or good fortune, have raised them fairly above the labours and privations, from which all men covet exemption. The fact that society has found it necessary, for comfort and enjoyment sake, to establish the system of conventional proprieties, above instanced, strikes us as very strong evidence indeed in favour of hereditary nobility. We here find an admission, that social intercourse requires an abandonment

of abstract rights, and personal claims to merit in individuals, in order to guard against the interruption of the general harmony and enjoyment, by the out-burstings of arrogant, unrefined selfishness; and is it not likely, then, nay, is it not certain, that the same reason exists, arising out of the same inherent properties of human nature, for establishing a similar system of conventional respect and concession in the grand political society of a nation? What an odious character is that man in private life, who is nice and fastidious in his estimate of the intrinsic worth of those into whose company he is thrown! How completely, in a small party, where only one conversation can be held at a time, and all are concerned in it, does the presence of such a wretch mar the enjoyment of an evening! How often cannot one help lamenting, that the wariness of such an individual prevents his committing some overt act of inhumanity and uncharitableness, to justify one's pitching him neck and crop out of the nearest window, if with a pond under it, so much the better! Entire radicals as we are, and bent upon treading hard upon the aristocratic toe, whenever we find it out of its own proper shoe, we feel the same sort of disgust we have just expressed, at those of our political party who deny the claims of nobility to any degree of respect, beyond the exact sum due to their intrinsic moral and intellectual worth. We deem this over scrupulousness inhuman and uncharitable, and based upon an assumption which no candid and modest man would wish to admit for his own sake, namely, that men are able to decide with exact justice upon each other's merits, and warranted in withholding all consideration from such as they do not think quite deserving.

The objection of danger to the greatest good of the greatest number, from admitting a large body of men into classes of distinction, inasmuch as the objection is founded on humanity, is one which we respect, and which, if we could not quite satisfy ourselves of its invalidity, would entirely change our opinion.

Some years back, we admit, the aspect of our political world was so unpromising, and the evil of aristocracy so great, and so apparently irremediable, that no slight penetration was required to discern any good in nobility at all. We ourselves, in the course of our political education, remained for some time on that stage of inquiry, where the question to be got rid of was—Whether, those of office excepted, any other distinctions are advisable in political society, than such as property, and talent, and virtue may gain for themselves? We proceeded onward from that stage, with a conviction, that the institution of nobility is to be maintained; and subsequent years have confirmed this conviction. In some articles, in late numbers of the Monthly, on the Depreciation of the English Nobility, the running purport of the argument we maintained tends directly to disprove the objection of danger from hereditary distinctions. We refer our readers to those articles, for what we deem conclusive evidence of the impotency of nobility to maintain much longer any greater consequence than the people of England may be inclined to award it. We will only here add, that if noblemen should persevere in annoying us only a little longer, our friends of the newspaper press could soon quiet them, for good and all, by triennial parliaments with the ballot, or with a much more extended suffrage. We never fully appreciated the merits of our constitution, till the Reform Bill made them manifest. We are now quite sure, that it contains within it the means of curing all evil, and ensuring all good. We now perceive

it to be as superior for the objects of an old country, as the American system has hitherto proved itself for those of a new. Talk to us of the danger, forsooth, of a nobility, in this age of circulating opinion, and after the defeat of the boroughmongers, ever again playing off its fantastic selfishness, in defiance of the laws of God and the common sens of man, to the detriment of that society which called it into existence We laugh outright at the notion. A pretty display the noble puppies have lately made in the clutches of the popular lion! Have we not found out, plainly enough, which is the stronger? And now that the rotten borough kennel is closed for ever, need the powerful beast concern himself to crush the few yelping hounds that may now and then make a shew of contending with him, for fear of the *possible* mischief they may do him? No, no; *upon whatever other grounds it might be deemed inexpedient to maintain the institution of nobility, the pretence of fear from it, for French, or English, or American freedom, is now, thank heaven, idle.*

But there are amongst our radical party, as well as amongst the conservatives, men over cautious, and suspicious of possible evil, who will argue against trusting too much to the present political phenomena of the world. These persons may be aptly termed historical, in contradistinction to actual reasoners. They will argue, (when you point out to them the universal impotency of privileged classes to do mischief, wherever the popular opinion is freely and widely circulated, and constitutionally represented,) that history tells but one tale respecting the danger to liberty and happiness from aristocracy; that what has so frequently occurred to the nations of old, may occur again; that it is imprudent, therefore, to be content with scotching the aristocratical serpent now we have him in our power; that having at last succeeded in breaking his tail-joint, and stopping his progress, it behoves us, for security sake, to smash his head outright, lest, when we least suspect it, he should turn again and bite us. Now, as we have in society often maintained against conservatives of this scholastic and historical class, so do we now against radicals of the like complexion, that the only man we recognize as a competent politician, is he who has arrived at the common and invariable properties of mankind, not by the synthetical process of history, but by a careful analysis of the human composition in its present state. We deem him only entitled to attention on the general subject of politics, who, though he is acquainted with the history of man in time past, is still better acquainted with man himself in time present; who, knowing that in many respects men of all ages are alike, knows how powerful are circumstances to make them unlike also. On the judgment of any such politician we would confidently rely for a favourable award: we are certain he would support our opinion, that it is absurd to argue from times antecedent to the art of printing, or from countries in which the freedom of the press is not yet established, and where popular opinion has no constitutional organ, to such times as are now come upon France, England, and America, and such circumstances as are peculiar to their political condition. And, if we are at liberty to provide for the future, by observation of the present, rather than by study of the old world, is there a man amongst us, who can candidly avow himself afraid of any danger to our liberties from an hereditary nobility? We cannot believe there is. We will not mince the matter with our brother radicals: we tell them plainly, that whenever we find an intelligent man amongst them advocating the destruction of nobility,

however, to gain his point, he may enlarge upon the topic of danger, we do not, we cannot, give him credit for sincerity. We consider him affected by the common weakness, especially under circumstances of great excitement, of assigning a different motive for the accomplishment of a desired end, than the one which really influences; we set him down for wishing, not to save his country from a possible danger, but to wreak his vengeance on nobility for the political miseries they have brought upon us. Our preceding articles on the subject of nobility will prove us to be fully alive to the delinquencies of our titled brethren. We have not a word to say in their favour. Whatever punishment might be inflicted upon them, we think they would richly deserve. We are not arguing now for them, but for ourselves; that the future growth of England in prosperity and happiness may not be stunted and deformed by the pestilential blight of ill manners; that the urbanity of political, as well as social intercourse, may be shielded from the ungenial blasts of unfounded and inhuman popular pretensions.

A word or two more, and we have done.

Hereditary distinctions promote outlay in the encouragement of the arts and sciences. Men of wealth will not expend upon articles of taste and display, if by so doing they only exasperate their fellow-citizens into louder assertions of the equality of all men. If they cannot obtain from the state a formal recognition of their being, *in a political sense*, the superiors of those they employ, they will accommodate themselves to circumstances, and stopping short of the pleasures of refined taste, shut themselves up, and wallow in their sties amidst gross sensual indulgences.

The due exertion of national energies requires some generally coveted and attainable premium to excite it. The dignities and emoluments of office will not supply this excitement, because office can fall to the lot of comparatively very few. The prospect of wealth will stimulate some for luxury's sake; others for the mere love of possessing it; but, after independence and competency have been attained, the only universal incentive to exertion is the desire of distinction, or more than the average share of the world's attention and respect. This distinction cannot be obtained in a free country, but by interposition of the governing power, confirming by its mandate the right of the possessors of what the world deems good, to honorary distinction from those who have not yet succeeded in their pursuit of it.

Those who have accumulated, will, it is true, whether ennobled or not, consider themselves the superiors in society; but in a free state, superiority will not be allowed them beyond the circle of their own dependents, unless the governing power ratify the claim: for as it is natural to claim respect, in those who possess, so is it a satisfaction to those who possess not, to refuse it. Men who have no hopes of succeeding themselves, are prone to delight in diminishing the success of their neighbours. Thus, unless the governing power interfere to settle the dispute, it is impossible for the rich and poor, in a free country, to regard each other with kindness. Wherever there are many wealthy men, enabled by their property to live differently from the multitude, they will withdraw from all communion with it, if they are taunted with rude pretensions to equality. We may be quite sure, without having travelled in America, that there cannot be so good an understanding there, between the wealthy and working classes, as there is in England

even now; much less as there may be, when our working classes have had the justice done them, which assuredly ere long they will have. As the numbers of the wealthy increase in America, the misunderstanding will become more general; till at last it will be found desirable to shield the wealthy from gratuitous churlishness and uncharitable presumption, by admitting them to constitutional privileges of honour.

It is very common to see zealous and well-intentioned members of our radical party, in the course of an argument against nobility, excite themselves almost into fury at what they pronounce the gross absurdity of pretensions to respect, on the ground of family antiquity. Certainly, no one has the least warrant to think himself, on this ground, privileged to encroach upon the interests or convenience of society; and he is a silly man, whoever he may be, that thinks his long pedigree can be an object of much interest except to himself and family, and the heralds whom he pays for making it out or registering it. But we protest against utterly excluding antiquity of descent from the circumstances contributing to social precedence. If at any time the possession of enough of the things which all men covet, to live independently of the exertions which all men are glad to escape from, constitutes a fair claim to a certain preference in society, we maintain it to belong to natural piety to derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that one's ancestors, for many generations, have been entitled to this preference. And whatever it is natural for a good man to feel, we are quite sure it is incumbent on his fellow-citizens to respect. It is in vain to assert, that regard for antiquity is a foible, and ought to fade away before the light of philosophy. Philosophy will indeed teach us not to yield to our feelings, to the detriment of our substantial interests: and will thus save us from the fatal errors into which a blind veneration for antiquity leads conservatives. But genuine philosophy will never recommend us to smother harmless and natural feelings, such as, amongst a host of others incidental to civilized life, is that which arises from the social distinction of of our progenitors.

Amongst the sentences of our old school-books into which maturer years have given us a more accurate insight, is the trite one from Ovid's Metamorphoses, "Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi. *Vix* ea nostra voco." We used to take for granted the poet meant to express an unqualified contempt for the credit of ancestry. We have since more duly recognized the force of the adverb *vix*. It implies that the descendant has a certain vested right in the credit of his ancestors, though not enough to rest a claim upon for any social consideration, in comparison with the actual benefactor of the present day. The same is the purport of the motto we have chosen—"Nec nihil neque omnia hæc sunt;" that is to say, "Though nobility be not the most important institution of an old country like England, it is of too much consequence to be despised."

CONFESSIONS OF A MUSIC-HATER.

"Music has charms," &c.

Congreve! you live. Music had no charms for some of the greatest men that ever lived; for instance Burke, Fox, Windham, Swift, Johnson; and what is more, Mr. Congreve, it has none for me. To be plain with you, I hate it more than Hotspur hated poetry; and am of opinion that Collin's "heavenly maid" was no very distant relative of the three Furies. No music for me but that of the spheres, which has one pleasing peculiarity I never yet met with in any of the melodies of earth—it is imperceptible to the sense of hearing.

Now, dear Mr. Editor! do not give yourself the trouble: I know what you are about to say—

> The man that has not music in his soul,
> And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds, &c.

Why, there is not a boarding-school miss of all my acquaintance that has not dinned that luckless quotation into my ear at least one hundred times; and it happens to be remarkably ill-chosen, for in the first place I have no objection to any gentleman or lady having as much music in their souls as they like, provided they keep it there, and do not try to force it into mine; and, secondly, I can solemnly assure you, there is not in the world a person who has been more *moved* by the "concord of sweet sounds," as you call it, than I myself, for pianos, barrel-organs, and ballad-singers have not only *moved* my choler, but compelled me to move my residence oftener than I could tell you in a long winter's night.

The best and greatest king that England ever had was decidedly Edward I. He did exactly as I should do, had I the crown on my head, and the sword of justice in my hand, for one month: he made a general persecution and havoc of all the bards and minstrels, in other words, of all the musicians vocal and instrumental in his dominions. He did well; and I honour him with all my heart and soul. Heavens! how I should rejoice to see the return of those days. Then should I be revenged on the Barnetts, and the Bishops, and the Brahams, and the Paganinis, and the Pastas. What a glorious sight it would be to see a regiment of heavy dragoons amongst the Russian horn band, hewing and cutting the miscreants down in every direction; or to see a battalion of the Guards with fixed bayonets charge the orchestra of the King's Theatre, and in the middle of one of their infernal overtures, put them to indiscriminate slaughter, from the first violin down to the last bagpipe! Companies of light horse might be employed to massacre all stragglers and street-performers, while the police might break into the boarding schools and academies, strangle all the young ladies they find at the harp or pianoforte, and take the masters and professors alive to be put to death at leisure by the slowest and most ingenious tortures. Were I a monarch I would order all this and more; so utterly do I loathe and abhor the whole singing, scraping, blowing, thumping fraternity. I would inspire another Gray with another

> "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!"

and delight in imagining some future Scott, whining over a solitary

ballad-singer, escaped the general carnage, and exclaiming in pitiful strains,

> "The bigots of the iron time
> Pronounced his harmless art a crime."

Harmless art! the art of a fiddler, or an organ-grinder, a harmless art! Pray, Sir Poet! what may be your opinion of the profession of a cutpurse and incendiary?

Suppose we were to try our hand at the "Lay of the last Thief:" we have no doubt we could make an excellent ditty of it.

> "The way was long, the wind was cold,
> The thief was hungry, weak, and old;
> The last of all the thieves was he
> Who filched a watch, or forged a key;
> For, well-a-day! their date was sped
> His nimble brethren all were dead,
> And he, discouraged and opprest,
> Wished to be with them, and at rest."

Sir, my wrath at music and musicians is not without reason. It is my lot to have a large circle of friends and relations, and my life is not worth a pin's fee, because of the perpetual onslaught made on my tympanum, not only with the human voice, but with a greater variety of musical instruments than Nebuchadnezzar had in all his band. What vexes me most is, that they take infinite pains and spare no expense to make themselves perfectly expert at this branch, for such it is, of the science of ingeniously tormenting. The young ladies get up at six, and practise ten hours a-day to inflict their rondos and sonatas upon me as adroitly as possible. Their brothers will actually leave the billiard-tables and racket-courts to master the German flute or key bugle with the same kind purpose. And then I am obliged to listen to the parents and aunts commending the execution—how happily does that word *execution* express the true character of a musical performance! of these amiable young people; and what is still more galling, speaking of singing and playing as—as what do you suppose?—as elegant accomplishments—elegant accomplishments—bless the mark!

I will tell you my sentiments, Sir, on the subject of accomplishments; I have no objection to French and Italian; German is no harm, provided the pupil confines himself to the language, and contracts no liking for the flute; the skipping-rope is not to be spoken against, nor do I impugn the respectability of battle-door and shuttle-cock. Then there is drawing in all its branches—a quiet, inoffensive amusement as any I know of—it hurts nobody's nerves; it disturbs nobody's nap after dinner; it neither prevents the lawyer from studying his brief, nor the poor dog of a contributor—the "*canus impransus*" of your Literary Zoological Garden—from composing his article. I respect extremely those ladies and gentlemen who wield the pencil or the brush. Their work goes on as smoothly as their own oils; and there is no more noise in the *studio* than if the artist were asleep on his own pallet. But the pastime of the musician is selfish and cruel; he gratifies his ruffianly taste at the cost of incalculable suffering to five-sixths of the miserable beings within the range of his instrument of torture; *for such every musical instrument is!!!*

Like Cassius, I do not know what you or other men think, but for myself I never see a lady at a harp or a harpsichord, or a gentleman

(*gentle*, forsooth !) at a violin or guitar, but I fancy the instrument some species of rack, and the performer some bloody-minded executioner, a Trois Echelles, or an Abhorson. Seven years in Botany Bay! What punishment is that? Sentence a rogue to a year of the piano-forte, and take my word for it, crime will diminish at the rate of a fox-hunt. Music appears to me to be convertible to no possible use but this, and I really wonder the plan has not been hit upon before this by the Utilitarians, or the speculators on a new system of secondary punishments. A scale of musical inflictions might easily be graduated according to the varying enormity of offences. The newspaper wits would call them *sound* corrections; but never mind the newspaper wits; the thing would answer, depend upon it. For murder I would have a concert for life, or a perpetual oratorio; for homicide ten years perhaps of the Italian Opera; for highway robbery a musical festival, or two, if there should be aggravating circumstances; shop-lifting and picking of pockets might be punished with a certain number of tunes on a barrel-organ or dulcimer, at the discretion of the court; usury might appropriately be restrained by the Jew's harp; housebreakers by the dread of being sent to the house robbed, and kept chained to the leg of the pianoforte until the musical education of the young ladies of the family is completed; treason and blasphemy—what should we have for these?—I have it—the traitor, if a male, I would marry to a Prima Donna; if a female I would give her such a husband as Paganini: the blasphemer should suffer a torture which would satisfy even Captain Gordon.—I would inflict on him Mozart's Creation.—Pray, Miss, why do you stare at one in that way?

Really, Mr. Editor, it is quite shocking in you to allow a person to contribute to your Magazine so barbarously ignorant as to say it was Mozart composed the Creation.

Now shall I be even with the young lady: rub for rub is fair play.

Might I make so bold with you, fair mistress! as to ask you who it was that invented the tread-mill?

There it is—I know it—she has not a word to say. Now, sir, if a young lady is not obliged to remember the author of one device for torturing mankind, why should I be flouted for being equally oblivious of the author of another?

It is certainly for my sins—I have scarcely a friend or acquaintance who is not either a vocal or instrumental executioner—performer I mean—executioner is not the *word*, it is only the *thing*: I grant you, therefore, it was wrong to use it. Nothing can be more impolite than to call things by their proper names; it is quite unaristocratic—the infallible characteristic of a plebeian. But as I said, I move for my sins in the most musical circle in ——, no matter where.—Madame, I hate nothing so much as curiosity—what have you to do with my latitude and longitude?

Well, you shall have a sample of my sufferings. "*Ex uno disce omnes*," as Machiavelli remarks.

I call upon a friend—a young barrister rising in his profession. You would suppose he was to be found drawing a declaration, searching Peere William's Reports, or immursed up to the eyes in Fearne or the Touchstone; if not professionally occupied, why then you would expect to find him at some such work as Ricardo's Political Economy, Hallam's Middle Ages, or at least a new novel:——no such thing—nothing

in the world like it. I find him at the tip-top of a pair of sonorous lungs—practising a speech for a trial at Nisi Prius?—No,—practising an oration for a Political Union? No—no—practising what, think you?

"There she lay
All the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, oh!"

I ask a question—'tis about a matter in which I am much interested. Instead, however, of stemming the tide of song, I make matters fifty times worse. The only answer I get is,

"A sail, a sail!"—

My vocal friend at the same time throwing his muscular frame, which is at least six feet in altitude, into the position of Braham, and looking as if he actually saw a tall frigate on the opposite shelf, amongst the Reports and Statutes. I try politics; it is the same thing—

"A sail, a sail!
A sail, a sail appears!"

I try literature, shooting, the weather, my new coat, which being a rarity, I expect will command prompt attention. All in vain: that infernal chaunt is the only reply I can extract, and this continues until the executioner's—that is the performer's—lungs are exhausted, or I am forced by business to leave him, the object of my call unattained, and without a single syllable of rational, christian-like conversation. Frequently when I am more than a hundred yards from the house, muttering deep curses on songs and songsters, I still hear, "mellowed by distance," the same horrid sounds—

"A sail, a sail."

I then clap my fingers into my ears, and run as if for my life, determining, with an awful imprecation, to pay no more visits to a *practising* barrister.

Another, and I have done. I took a second floor in John-street, Adelphi. The first time I slept there I was disturbed in the morning by what seemed to my horrified imagination the screaming of ten thousand charity children? Upon inquiry, I found that I had pitched my tent exactly opposite that of Mr. Hawes, the master of the singing boys at the Chapel Royal, who gave his neighbours a similar treat every morning before breakfast! Well, I had scarcely recovered from that, and was seated comfortably at my morning meal, when my ears were regaled with the vibration of an accursed piano-forte, accompanied by a screaming that might have set the last trump at defiance. I inquired again, and found the first floor was occupied by Mr. John Barnett, the musical director at Madame Vestris's theatre, who practised his professional pupils every day from eleven till three.

This is not all. Four o'clock had scarcely arrived, when I verily believe all the vagabond bands in London began to congregate in the street, to regale the country visitors at Osborn's Hotel with their most sweet harmony. Bagpipes, panspipes, and pipes of all descriptions were there. Every instrument of name, sound, and torture, from a German flute to a penny whistle, choked the highway!

Wrought into a phrenzy I rushed from the house, and have taken lodgings at the top of the shot tower, across Waterloo Bridge. I shall have no music *there*, or the devil's in it.

LIVES OF THE POLISH HEROES.

Plutarch somewhere relates that a stranger, on passing the pillar erected on the spot where the three hundred Spartans fell at Thermopolyæ, expressed his surprise at seeing it unadorned by an inscription. Their names and the manner of their death, said a Lacedemonian, live in the grateful recollection of a whole people. One of the first lessons of memory that our mothers teach us, is to repeat them by heart. Such an example is, indeed, worthy the imitation of the Polish mothers of the present day—and equally imperishable will be the names of those brave spirits who so nobly offered themselves up to martyrdom in the cause of Polish liberty and independence.

Every thing connected with this unhappy but heroic land, continues to excite, as it should do, the most intense feeling of curiosity and interest. The sketches I have supplied, are not I hope, uninteresting in themselves; but they will, I am sure, come with an additional charm upon the reader, when he finds they treat of Polish character and Polish adventure.

SOWENSKI,—GENERAL OF BRIGADE.

Joseph Sowenski, descended of a noble though impoverished family, was born in Poland in 1779. At a very early age he manifested an inclination for the profession of arms; and as Poland possessed at that time no special military school, the young Sowenski was sent to prosecute his studies at one of the first military academies in the Prussian dominions.

Already at that period he had evinced a marked predilection for mathematics, when, therefore, it became necessary to select the branch of the service to which he would in future devote himself, his choice fell on the artillery, and he accordingly entered the school of that arm.

On completing his course of studies, which he had prosecuted with the most indefatigable activity, his zeal, his capacity, and perseverance, elicited the admiration of his instructors, who recommended him for a commission in the foot artillery. As Poland at the time was without a political existence, possessing neither army nor generals, she had no means of rendering the talents of her sons useful. Sowenski, in consequence, entered the Prussian service.

During the campaign of 1809, Sowenski displayed in the presence of the enemy, an intrepidity equal to the capacity he had given proofs of at school; there were few better acquainted with the theory of his arms, and none evinced more sang froid when it became necessary to come to practice in the field. Prussia was then at war with a formidable adversary. The French were advancing, preceded by the terror of their name and the brilliant reputation of Napoleon. The recollection of his recent conquests, had spread demoralization through the Prussian ranks. But the confidence of Sowenski was not shaken; and although his personal and political sympathies were all for the enemy, he not only faithfully fulfilled all his military duties, but displayed a daring bravery, that attracted the attention of the French themselves. On this occasion he was decorated by the king with the cross of Commander of the Order of Merit, a decoration rarely given to subaltern officers.

But Sowenski felt that his talents should be exerted in a better cause; he, therefore, quitted the Prussian service. In 1809 at the head of a battery of Polish artillery he was present at all the actions in that campaign, and greatly distinguished himself. Endowed with a sound mind, and an heroic calmness, he had often those bold inspirations which decide great enterprises. Obeyed by his artillery-men as a father by his children, his battery resembled a family. Affable and condescending in the extreme, his fine qualities conciliated the affection of all around him; and the grief of the army was universal, when at the battle of Mozaisk, his leg was carried off by a cannon-ball. His active career in the field thus closed, he was obliged to resign himself to the service of theory and instruction. Appointed lieut.-colonel, Chevalier of the Polish Order Vertuti Militari, and officer of the Legion of Honour, Sowenski remained in the corps of invalids till the year 1816, when he was taken from it by the Emperor Alexander, and appointed colonel and director of the School of Application, just founded by that monarch at Warsaw.

The revolution of the 29th of November, found him still invested with these functions on the memorable night, in which the Belvidere palace was attacked. The young cadets of the School of Application, hearing the report of musketry, wished to force the gates of the establishment, in order to join the patriots on the outside.

Sowenski totally unprepared, and ignorant of the object of the insurrectionary movement, fearful, moreover, in case of failure, of drawing down upon his pupils the wrath of the grand duke, threw himself at their feet, and supplicated them to wait till the following morning. "To-morrow," said he, "to-morrow, if the affair is of any importance, we will sally out, and I will place myself at your head." The cadets yielded to his entreaties, and the director kept his word: for on the following morning he marched out at the head of his pupils, traversed several quarters of Warsaw, accompanied every where by the cries of "Sowenski for ever," and as his wooden leg did not permit him to march far, he was carried in triumph on the shoulders of the populace to his own house.

Sowenski was now charged by the government with the fortification and armament of Warsaw; during the whole course of this murderous war, all his faculties were concentrated upon this one object, he every day effected some change or improvement in the system of defence. When the decisive moment at length arrived, the brave Sowenski, stung to the quick by the inactive share which the loss of his leg had obliged him to take in this glorious struggle, solicited the commander-in-chief, to confide to him the defence of the most important point of the fortifications. At his request he was appointed to command the Wola, but the defences of this fort were so incomplete, and its garrison so weak, that it was unable to hold out long against the vigorous assault of the Russians. His first line forced, he retreated to the second from whence he kept up a galling fire of musketry, until Field Marshal Paskévitch, surrounded and carried this obstinately disputed point.

After having seen all his soldiers butchered, left quite alone among the slain, Sowenski seized the firelock of a soldier who had fallen by his side, and keeping up a fire until he had expended his last cartridge, he placed his back against the wall of a small church, where he defended himself with the bayonet till he fell pierced with six wounds. The

subjoined account is given by a Russian officer, and eye witness of this scene of heroism and butchery.

"Enraged at the obstinate defence, thirsting for revenge, said the officer, the Russian soldiers carried the church of Wola. Old men, women, and children, who were intermingled with its heroic defenders, fell victims to their imprudence; the church was strewed with dead bodies. Among the number was General Sowenski, an old man with but one leg and of gigantic stature. He had received six bayonet wounds in the breast. His eye appeared yet animated with a spirit of revenge; and his noble features, even in death, breathed the most heroic courage and devotion. Our soldiers, in passing before his body, gave way to that feeling of respect, which, while living, they were unable to refuse him."

Thus perished Sowenski, on the 6th of September, 1831, on the very day that Warsaw was carried by assault, unwilling, perhaps, a second time to witness her downfall.

It is an extraordinary circumstance that his death had been predicted two years before in a most singular manner. A free-thinker on most points, Sowenski had the weakness to believe in magnetism, and he even intended publishing some memoirs on this subject. His belief, however, in magnetic divination was not entire, for expressing his doubts on this point, in a letter to one of his friends, he said that we ought to credit with great reserve revelations of this nature. "As a proof of it," he went on expressing himself, "only imagine a person with whom I have lately had some communication, has predicted that in two years Warsaw will be deluged in blood, and that I shall fall in battle." The original of this letter exists at Paris.

Whether his end were foretold or not, the death of General Sowenski, was heroic; and his name will live in the memory of mankind as one of the noblest martyrs to Polish independence.

MICHEL WOLLOWICZ AND LEON PRZECLAWSKI.

No sooner had the news of the Polish revolution reached Lithuania, than a desire to imitate this noble example manifested itself among her population, but in order to give unity and force to the insurrectionary moment, it was imperative to establish relations with the national government just installed at Warsaw. All felt this, but few dared to risk themselves in so perilous an enterprise: for communications between Warsaw and Lithuania were become almost impossible; the spies of the Russian police infested the whole country, and numerous corps of the enemies troops occupied all the roads.

In spite of so many perils and obstacles, two men were found, unawed by the difficulty of the enterprise, and the risk it entailed on their heads. These were Michel Wollowicz and Leon Przeclawski, both young, and of noble families; the first born in the Palatinate of Grodno, the second in the town of Rozanna. Both of them the objects of their parents' most assiduous care, were educated at Warsaw. Przeclawski, in the School of Engineers, and Wollowicz in that of Iolibor, from whence he repaired to the University of Welna. Having finished their studies, they retired into the bosom of their families. Wollowicz had even selected a partner for life, and his marriage was on the eve of celebration, when the Polish revolution broke out.

Such were the two young men who nobly offered to proceed to

Warsaw, without calculating that death or an eternal prison menaced them, along a line of route of 120 leagues. Anxious to confer with the Dictator Chlopecki, and to speak to him in the name of Lithuania, they set out, proud of so lofty an enterprise and full of confidence in their star.

With the view of increasing their chances of success, the two envoys took different routes. Wollowicz directed his course towards the Niemen, accompanied by five well-armed domestics. Surprised in the environs of Merecz, by two companies of Russian soldiers, and forced back upon the banks of the river, he saw himself reduced to the alternative of surrendering to the enemy, or of precipitating himself into the Neimen, from the summit of a steep rock. On one side was eternal slavery—on the other, an imminent danger but still surmountable. Wollowicz hesitated not a moment. Mounted as he was he threw himself into the river filled with large floating pieces of ice. His domestics animated by his example, dashed after him. This intrepidity saved them all. They reached in safety the opposite bank, while the Russians beheld, with shame and rage, the escape of their gallant prey.

Przeclawski entered the Palatinate of Wolhynia, disguised as a Russian employé, with the assistance of a peasant he deceived the vigilance of five sentinels, and passed the frontier in safety. By dint of great courage, and well-conceived stratagems, the two envoys reached Warsaw on the same day.

Immediately on their arrival they had an interview with the commander-in-chief, in which they gave him a faithful exposé of the state of Lithuania, and of the eagerness of her population to rally round the standard of independence. They conjured him not to suffer such powerful elements of force, to lie dormant. Having fulfilled their mission, and desirous of marking their journey by some active service, Wollowicz and Przeclawski enlisted as privates in the Lithuanian legion, just formed; it was about the period of the celebrated battle of Grochow. Unable to march with the corps, the organization of which was not completed, the two Lithuanians quitted Warsaw almost by stealth, armed with sabres and lances, and joining the Polish ranks as volunteers, they shared in the glory of that memorable day.

Some time afterwards, an unexpected intelligence reached the Polish capital, that Samogitia had effected alone her insurrectionary movements; impatient of longer delay, without ammunition, armed only with scythes and lances, the patriots of this country had risen against the Russians, and were harassing them by their active diversions. At this news, the Polish government felt the necessity of supporting this insurrection. They sent for the two Lithuanian patriots, and requested them to repair to Samogitia, in order to spread the news of what was passing in Poland, to animate the zeal and hopes of the insurgents, and to announce to them at the same time, that two vessels laden with arms and ammunition, would shortly cast anchor in the port of Polangen.

This new mission was even more hazardous than the first; for its accomplishment it was necessary to traverse in all its length the narrow palatinate of Augustow, occupied by 20,000 Russians, to deceive along a rout of 200 leagues, the vigilance of the civil and military authorities. But the souls of the two Lithuanians were too strongly nerved, to be daunted by the dangers of the enterprise.

They left Warsaw on the 7th of April, 1831, armed with guns,

sabres, and pistols, and continued their journey in a carriage as far as Prasnysk, but foreseeing the impossibility of traversing the Russian army in this manner, they resolved to proceed on their perilous route on foot. Some leagues further they met with an envoy despatched into Lithuania like themselves, by the Polish government, who was retracing his steps to Warsaw, having found it impossible to effect a passage. The recital of his failure, the details of the dangers and difficulties which he had encountered, could nothing deter Wollowicz and his companion; they persevered in their mission, trusting to their enterprising courage, and the justice of their cause.

For a length of time they were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution: here compelled to throw themselves into a marsh, there to conceal themselves in a forest; marching only during the night, and sometimes during the most horrible tempests.

At last they succeeded in joining a detachment of the Lithuanian partisan Godlewski, under the command of Captain Modlenski. This detachment was scouring the country, in order to pick up deserters from the Russian army. They had not parted company with it above an hour, when the whole detachment was made prisoners by the enemy. The captain, with the view of purchasing his pardon, discovered to the Russians that two Polish emissaries, charged with secret instructions from the government of Warsaw, were in the immediate environs. In a moment fifty cuirassiers and twenty cossacks dashed forward in pursuit of the two Lithuanians, and pursued them as far as the Niemen. This long chase, in which seventy horsemen galloped on the traces of the two fugitives, was marked by a series of incidents that are not without interest. Along their whole route, escaping by miracle from their pursuers, Wollowicz and Przeclawski, met from all classes succour, and frequently a protecting asylum. Overwhelmed with fatigue, surrounded by always increasing dangers, and obliged to make long detours, they never invoked in vain the sacred name of their country to obtain aid and compassion. Once, at the moment when they arrived almost breathless at a small town, a Russian corps, loaded with booty, was entering at the opposite gate. They were on the point of being captured and loaded with irons, when a man made signs to them to follow him, and conducted them to a place of safety. In another place some persons, bribed by the Russians, gave information of the place of their concealment. A detachment was already approaching, when a peasant favoured their escape, and pointed out to them the safest route. On another occasion, a worthy and excellent curate received the patriots in his house, and by his care and attention cured Przeclawski, who was ill and exhausted from fatigue. A devotion on his part that drew down on him the persecution of the Russian authorities. Farther on, some peasants came with their boats and snatched them from the hands of the enemy at the very moment when hunted down to the banks of a river, they were on the point of becoming their prey. Shortly afterwards their presence in the cabin of a "garde forrestier" gave rise to an act of heroism in a boy of fourteen years of age. The two emissaries had just quitted this asylum, when its owner, fearing the persecutions of the Russians, hid himself and left this child its only tenant. A few minutes had scarcely elapsed when the Russians arrive and ask the boy what had become of the guard, for the purpose of interrogating him. In vain, to obtain the secret of his master's retreat, do the

Russians employ by turns, ruse and violence, promises and threats—the sight of gold had no effect upon this faithful boy, who preserved an obstinate silence. When at length the barbarians could obtain nothing from him, enraged at his heroic resistance, they inflicted on him the punishment of the knout.

Such acts of patriotic devotion were the more honourable, as the Grand Duke Michel and General Sacken had set a price upon the heads of the two envoys, and had offered a reward of a thousand silver roubles (160*l.*) to whoever should deliver them up.

Thus succoured and saved in so many instances, Wollowicz and Przeclawski pursued their route, still surrounded with ambuscades and perils, till they at length reached the banks of the Niemen in safety. They saluted with delight their native land, and forgot their fatigues in the embraces of their friends. They communicated immediately to the insurgent chiefs, that the national government of Warsaw waited with impatience the arrival of the Lithuanian deputies, in order to deliberate on the future destinies and organization of the two people. They added, that two vessels, laden with arms and ammunition, would shortly make their appearance off the harbour of Polangen.

This mission fulfilled, our two courageous patriots did not think that they had done enough; without taking any repose, they joined the commander-in-chief of the insurrection of Telsze, and fought with him at the battle of Dorbiany. After a sanguinary affair, in which the chances of the day were twice turned, the Samogitians remained masters of the town. Two thousand insurgents, with scarcely seven rounds of ball-cartridge a-head, marched upon Polangen, but the superior forces which the Russians had concentrated upon this point, defeated the attempt. In all these actions, as well as that at Tawrogi, which was fought later, Wollowicz and Przeclawski nobly signalized themselves. They were both made captains on the field, and presented as candidates for the military decoration of Poland.

At this period, the state of affairs in Lithuania rendered it requisite to despatch two men of known devotion into Poland. Wollowicz and Przeclawski again offered themselves, and set out on their mission; but at Raygrod, having fallen in with the corps of General Gielgud, advancing on Wilna, they thought their object fulfilled, and joined him. Wollowicz, although a captain in the Lithuanian service, entered the ranks of the 19th regiment as a private soldier, which formed a part of Szymanowski's corps. Appointed subsequently aide-de-camp to this general, he was present at the three actions of Szawli; and at a later period, at those of Uzeventy, Chwaloynie, Powendenie, Wornia, Szweksznia, Gordona, and Nove-Miasto. Przeclawski, on his side, attached to the corps of Gielgud, greatly distinguished himself in the action at Szawle.

When the cause at last became desperate, our two patriots retired into Prussia, with the wreck of the Polish-Lithuanian army; but solely occupied with the question of national independence, that was making its expiring effort under the walls of Warsaw, they could not remain inactive while their countrymen were heroically defending the last bulwark of the Polish cause. Wollowicz succeeded in escaping, disguised as a Prussian, with two comrades as intrepid as himself; but they had not proceeded many leagues, ere they were arrested. The Prussian General Sthilpnagel, formerly in the Russian service, tried

them by a court-martial, which sentenced them to confinement in the prison of Tilsit, where he was treated with the utmost rigour. More than once they offered him his liberty, on condition of giving his word of honour that he would not again bear arms against the Russians, but on his repeatedly and indignantly rejecting the offer, he was conducted to the fortress of Pilau, and thrown among the common malefactors. After the capture of Warsaw he was set at liberty; but General Sthilpnagel refused him the consolation of going to embrace his aged father, a refugee like himself, in Prussia, and a victim, at the age of sixty, to the cause of freedom and public virtue.

At last, after great fatigues and numerous vexations, Wollowicz arrived in France. He was joined there by his father, and by his friend and companion in arms, Przeclawski, who also, after having made several fruitless attempts to escape, had been set at liberty at the same time, and had selected France as the land of his exile.

JULIAN SIERAWSKI.

Julian Sierawski was born at Cracow, in the year 1777, and educated in the university of that city.

When the Polish revolution of 1794 broke out, Sierawski, impatient to serve his country, under the illustrious Kosciuszko, offered himself as a volunteer, although bearing the rank of officer in the army, from a degree he had taken at the university. He was immediately appointed a subaltern officer of engineers, and received orders to proceed to Warsaw, to assist in the fortification of that city. Sierawski greatly distinguished himself in the course of this heroic struggle, particularly at Wyszograd, where, at the head of a considerable detachment of light infantry, he maintained a guerilla warfare against the numerous cavalry of Cyeyanow.

When, at last, the day of disaster arrived, when Kosciuszko, overcome, had uttered the cry of despair, "Finis Poloniæ"—Sierawski was made prisoner at Grodno, by a horde of Cossacks. The Russian General Cycyanow in vain offered the young officer promotion in the Russian service; Sierawski declared, like Kosciuszko, that he would prefer banishment to Siberia to offers that would dishonour him. The Russian was struck with his noble pride, and restored him to liberty, after treating him with marked respect.

All hopes for Poland appeared now at an end, and yet a handful of brave men still resolved on another effort. The wrecks of the Polish army were re-organizing in Wallachia, where they had been received with every mark of sincere and generous hospitality. Sierawski joined them. Sent by the general to make a reconnoisance on the banks of the Dneister, at the head of three hundred and sixty horsemen, he traversed the river "*a la nage*," and routed and put to flight a squadron of Russian cuirassiers. But the last hope of Polish independence soon vanished, and what remained of the gallant Poles were dispersed by the superior forces of the enemy.

Sierawski took refuge in the dominions of the Grand Signior. At Constantinople, having learnt from the French ambassador that some Polish legions were forming in Italy, he immediately took his passage for that country, in a Ragusan ship. Captured on his passage, by two Algerine frigates, and conducted to Tunis, he owed his liberty to the generous intervention of the French consul. At last, having escaped

both slavery and shipwreck, he arrived safe and sound at Leghorn. On his arrival at Pesaro, he was introduced to General Dombrowski, who appointed him adjutant-major of the second Polish legion. From this period until the downfall of Napoleon, Sierawski continued to serve France. In 1812, he was promoted by the Emperor to the rank of General de Brigade, and received for his bravery, at the battles of Gobel and Leipsig, the cross of officer of the Legion of Honour.

In 1814, when the French capital fell into the hands of the allies, Sierawski took the route of Poland with the mutilated wreck of the Polish army. From 1815 to 1817, he was charged with the instruction of the Model battalions. He afterwards commanded the foot guard, and was appointed, by the Emperor Alexander, knight of the grand order of Stanislaus, and colonel in chief of a regiment of grenadiers, with which was incorporated a regiment of chasseurs. In this post, Sierawski drew down upon him the suspicion of the Grand Duke Constantine. The attachment of the soldier to his general always excited the distrust of this pro-consul, when he did not find in theofficer that servilism and corruption which he wished to introduce into the Polish ranks.

Persecuted for this honourable motive, Sierawski several times during the year 1818 offered to resign, and applied for leave of absence and a passport for the United States. But the Emperor, doubtless with a view of punishing this brave officer, for preferring his honour to the rank of general in the guards, instead of acceding to his wishes, appointed him commandant of the fortress of Modlin, which at that period, demolished and abandoned, was considered as the Siberia of Poland. Here Sierawski resisted the orders of the Grand Duke, by treating his prisoners with humanity, and by substituting the articles of the military penal code, for the arbitrary and "*bon plaisir regime*" of the brutal Constantine. He was, in consequence, recalled to Warsaw, where he remained till the revolution broke out, exposed to all kinds of vexations, and strictly watched by the police.

When the revolution broke out, Sierawski was on horseback, but stopped by a Russian detachment, he was indebted for his liberty to the precipitation with which they evacuated the city. Joining the 4th regiment of the line, he was received with cries of enthusiasm. He was then called to the administrative council. He demonstrated the necessity of organizing the revolution, by placing a chief at its head; and, sacrificing his own self-love, was the first to propose Chlopecki as the most ancient in grade. Sierawski took upon himself the internal defence of the capital. Despatched, afterwards, to take the command of the fortress of Zamosc, he first set at liberty 1,400 victims of Russian despotism, and then, in a very few days, he placed the city in a complete posture of defence, and forwarded to Warsaw twenty-seven pieces of cannon, of various calibres.

He was still at Zamosck, when the Russian General Kreutz sent in a flag of truce, to summon the place to surrender. On reading the despatch, Sierawski assembled his staff, in order to read in their presence a confidential letter from the enemy's general. In this letter, Kreutz, after making the most brilliant promises, told Sierawski that the Polish revolution had been effected by young heads. At this passage, Sierawski, turning round to the officer commanding the flag of truce, said to him, "Take back, as an answer to your general, that you have seen these gray hairs, and that I shall not betray the national cause." At a

subsequent period, sent as military governor into the palatinate of Kracow and Sandomir, with positive orders to defend the Vistula from the mouth of the Pilica to Sandomir, Sierawski, on his arrival, found scarcely 2,000 recruits in a state of organization. Still he fulfilled his mission with success, until the arrival of General Dwernecki, in conjunction with whom he fought the splendid action of Swiezyny. On the departure of General Dwernecki for Wolhynia, Sierawski received orders to defend the banks of the Vistula from the mouth of the Kamiona to Zawechost. Although he had but three thousand men under his command, to defend such an extent of ground, he nevertheless accomplished his object. All the works for constructing bridges, commenced by the enemy, were destroyed, and every detachment that attempted to effect the passage, was repulsed.

The enemy having been defeated at Igania, the army of Sierawski was reinforced by two regiments of scythe-bearers; and at the same moment, in virtue of his orders, he passed the Vistula near Josefow, took Kamien, and defeated the Russian infantry, with the brigade of Mloksoiewiez. From thence, hoping to be supported by General Pac, he crossed the Vistula at three points; but in the mean time, Pac had received another destination.

Profiting by this respite, the Russian General Kreutz concentrated his forces in the environs of Belzyee, and waited for the Poles. At the sight of such a superior force, Sierawski fell back in the night, and took up a position at Wronow, where he received despatches from headquarters, instructing him, with his corps alone, to attack the Russian forces that were retiring after their defeat at Igania, to throw provisions into Zamosck, and to second the operations of Dwernecki in Wolhynia. The Russian army had, however, pushed forward some strong columns of troops, with a powerful artillery, in front of Woronow. Sierawski had no longer the alternative—he must either give or accept a battle. While Colonel Lagowski was combatting with advantage near Belzyee, the general maintained his position until near four in the afternoon. During the night, having destroyed the bridges at Opola, he retired in good order into the mountains of Kazeemierz, and maintained this position during the whole of the next day. Hotly pursued by the enemy, he effected his passage near Janowiec and Golembic, without losing either arms or baggage; his most sensible loss was in men.

In the various councils of war of which he was a member, Sierawski exclaimed against the inertness that appeared to preside over the military movements, the conduct of the government towards Lithuania, and their negligence in profiting by the most brilliant victories.

Sierawski, at present in France, carries with him into exile the consolation of having always done his duty, throughout the course of a long career. The first of the Polish generals to rally round the banner of independence, he remained faithful to her to the last. As modest as brave, he never seeks to lead; he only asks to serve his country, careless in what capacity or grade. The rival of the generous youth of Poland, who have done such glorious things, he shows himself, with his gray hairs, as ardent and intrepid as they. Even now, proscribed as he is, this gallant old man does not despair of that cause which he has so long and so gloriously defended. Let but the star of independence again burst on the horizon of eastern Europe, and the sword of Sierawski will not slumber in its scabbard.

THE CURRENCY DUEL.

The effects of the speeches of the two distinguished leaders of the widely opposed parties upon the question of the currency, recently delivered at Birmingham, in pursuance of the challenge of Mr. Cobbett to Messrs. Jones and Attwood, will probably be felt in the influence of this controversy upon the government, and a change of those imbecile and tyrannical financial measnres which have made England rather the scoff or pity, than the envy of surrounding nations. The true cause of all our national calamities is to be found in the senseless intermeddling with the trade in money, by which every minister of modern times from Pitt to Vansittart and Peel, has deranged the entire machinery of the commercial world, and brought a nation superabounding in the blessings of Providence to a condition of famine, rebellion, and despair. Passing by that most fraudulent and tyrannical measure, the Bank Restriction Act of 1799, to which is to be attributed more than four hundred millions of the national debt, we come to the succeeding ministerial folly committed in 1819, and at length to that darkest period in all our commercial history, the panic of 1825, since which time not a ray of joy has shone upon the land. It has since been common to attribute this panic to innumerable visionary causes: over-trading, over-speculation, over-production, and over-population, and, true to the grand characteristic of folly, which ever rushes to extremes, our ministers thenceforth, to restrain the spirit of future speculation, adopted measures which, at least, must destroy the commerce and one half the population of this empire. For the panic was in reality an accidental and very temporary stoppage of the course of trade; and prosperity would soon again have returned to our workshops and our fields, had not the government aggravated, and a thousand-fold increased the misery of the time, by the draining off the life-blood of a commercial country, a small-paper circulation. It is indeed the wildest chimera that ever entered into the mind of man, to suppose that in this great commercial country, the vast transactions of twenty millions of people, can be made to move round without a medium more plentiful than gold; or that a nation, burthened already with eight hundred millions of national debt, can bear to have that sum increased to the amount of sixteen hundred millions, which is the real effect of a compulsory payment in gold, in which it was not contracted, or ever intended to be paid. A government which thus continues to levy a revenue of fifty millions in gold, or more than a hundred millions in paper, can only proceed in such a course for a few short years, until the entire capital of the nation be absorbed, and the merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and the general mass of the people, are drawn into one vast vortex of irretrievable ruin. Already disaffection, hatred, and incendiary fires, are seen all around; our workhouses, jails, and hulks are crowded with the victims of hunger and involuntary crime; the standing army compelled to be increased to save us from the revolutionary fury of a starving population; and yet, in the midst of these accumulating horrors, we are coolly answered by the minister, "It is now too late to retreat." The most implacable enemy to monarchy could not have desired to see these ministers approaching to a more inevitable pit-fall of destruction; and should the Whig ministry persevere

in the folly which has ruined their predecessors, and if the opinion of Lord Althorpe continue to prevail, "that it is now too late to retreat," we fear that it requires no great political sagacity to foretell, that not only will the Whigs themselves retreat, but kings, lords, bishops, and boroughmongers, will all retreat together.

To retrace our steps is now the only remaining method of escape from the labyrinth of troubles and darkness into which we have entered since the panic of 1825. A single breath; one act of parliament, giving back the right of the bankers to issue one and two pound notes, according to the wants of their respective districts, and upon the credit of their own estates, would instantly let loose the pent-up waters of plenty, and spread peace, prosperity, and joy throughout this now miserable land. For the business of banking is the well-spring and the fountain of our trade; obstructions to the free circulation of paper are felt throughout all the subdivisions of the commercial machinery of the nation; and a stream of water is not more required for the revolutions of the wheel of a mill than an issue of paper-money for the revolving transactions of this great commercial nation. The vulgar clamour against bankers and a paper circulation is in reality absurd and senseless in the very utmost degree; for the invention of the system of banking has produced all our national power, prosperity, and glory; and it is not in the nature of human affairs that any system, how convenient soever, should arrive at perfection, or be free from partial disadvantage. But we hold that the banking interest has ever been found comparatively far more solid and upon a better foundation than any other trade whatever, the number of bankers who have failed bearing no comparison to the number of cotton spinners, iron masters, and silk manufacturers; nor is the aggregate amount of loss by the insolvency of bankers a hundredth part of the loss sustained by the bankruptcy of other traders in the various subdivisions of our great commercial system. The failure of a bank in a commercial town is only an occurrence of a century; nor is it then usual that an operative should be holder of more than one or two bank-notes, the earnings of the labour of a week; but the failure of a rich manufacturer may throw a thousand families for months upon the parish. Bank-notes are the credit of the banker: his estate and mansion are always open to inspection; and no man is compelled to receive the notes of a banker, more than to give credit to a corn-dealer or a draper, whose habits, expenditure, or capital are deemed unworthy of his confidence. The self-preservation and self-interest of the banker will regulate the amount of his issues within the bounds of prudence; and in the event of mismanagement and bankruptcy, it is rare that the banker is not possessed of an estate producing a dividend superior to that usual from an insolvent manufacturer; yet the pretence of protecting the labourer in the enjoyment of his wages in solid gold, was the most prominent reason advanced for the suppression of a paper circulation, and wisely it has proved a protection indeed, by which to secure him from the loss of a few shillings in the course of an entire century, we have doomed him to the horrors of perpetual poverty, nakedness, and hunger, with pining children, an early death, and a parish grave. We hold, then, that the suppression of the small paper circulation was an act of the foulest tyranny, and a violation of the common rights of human intercourse and barter. A law prohibiting the banker from issuing less than five pound notes, is not less tyrannical than a prohibition to the

butcher and the baker not to sell less than five loaves of bread, or five pounds of meat. And when it has become apparent after five years of miserable experiment, that a gold standard is impracticable in the widespread and immense transactions of this great nation; when our commerce, manufactures, and foreign trade are daily sinking into a condition of inextricable ruin; our industrious population crowding to the workhouse, the jail, and every foreign land; and when an instantaneous remedy is at hand in the relaxation of the barbarous laws by which this national anguish has all been brought about, we trust that the first measure of the ensuing parliament will be an instantaneous liberation from its shackles of the trade in money.

The remedial measures proposed by Mr. Cobbett we hold to be useless and absurd. Allowing that his commissioners had travelled throughout the kingdom, and executed the proposed work of an "equitable adjustment," and that every debtor had been in the due proportion released from responsibility to every creditor; still this change being universal, would be nominal and nugatory, since the man who is thus absolved from his own just debts, is at the same time despoiled of his claims upon others, and matters would in reality remain in their present state. The proposal to reduce the interest of the national debt, by violent means, is another most atrocious proposition; for the holders of government stock at the present time are persons who have purchased a year, a month, or a week since, who are wholly innocent of the original contracting of the debt, the stock being now a part of the general capital of the nation; and to reduce its amount would be to single out a few accidental individuals to pay the engagements of the whole community. It appears, moreover, that the national debt is now subdivided into an infinity of small shares, for it is asserted by Mr. Alexander Baring that more than a hundred thousand persons possess stock whose dividends do not amount to ten pounds per annum; these, therefore, are all persons in very humble circumstances, and to diminish the interest upon the national debt would thus drive to the parish the majority of these hundred thousand holders of stock, thereby increasing tenfold the real payment in the shape of poor-rates for their maintenance. However imprudent and extravagant may have been the ministers who contracted this debt, still individuals are not to be robbed for the errors and crimes of a government over which they possessed no controul; and if criminal proceedings were now any satisfaction, still Pitt has gone to his long home, and the drivelling Vansittart is not worth the expense of an impeachment. For better and for worse we are now wedded to the debt, and we trust that no English parliament will ever adopt that most partial, unjust, and dishonourable expedient which is most falsely termed an "equitable adjustment."

There is, therefore, no remedy so just, practicable, instantaneous and easy of execution as a recurrence to the paper circulation in which the national debt, and all other debts of recent years, have been contracted. It is in vain to expect prosperity without again adopting the only measure out of which all our former prosperity has arisen. A paper circulation has brought into existence almost all our useful inventions, it has covered the sea with ships, and the land with cities, roads, bridges, and canals; it has brought activity and plenty into our workshops, mines, and foundries; it has built asylums, hospitals, and schools. In other countries the wonderful consequences of a paper circulation have

been equally apparent; for the United States of America, notwithstanding the falsities of Mr. Cobbett upon this subject, have derived almost all their prosperity and power from the freedom of the trade in money. Speaking upon this subject at Birmingham, Mr. Cobbett remarks, "that Mr. Attwood has appealed to America, so should he. Mr. Attwood has said, that there the banks can make what money they choose. That is a slight mistake, for no bank can exist in America without a charter. Why was it so? Because, as in the recent transactions with regard to the charter of the Bank of the United States, it has been deemed improvident to renew that establishment, for the President knew that paper money makes the rich richer, and the poor poorer. After such truths would the people of Birmingham have paper money among them? He pledged himself to the truth of the facts he had mentioned." Now we who happen to have recently travelled in the United States, pledge ourselves, on the contrary, to the entire falsehood "of the facts he had mentioned." First, it is not true that no bank can exist in the United States without a charter, for every city in the Union contains innumerable private bankers; witness the instance of Mr. Stephen Gerard, the celebrated banker of Philadelphia, who has recently bequeathed a fortune of five millions of dollars to the public institutions of Pennsylvania. Though there are also many chartered banks in the country, it does not follow that all banks are obliged to be chartered, any more than in this country. The existence of the Bank of England, and many other incorporated joint-stock companies, is a proof that there are not private banking houses in every provincial town. Nor has the refusal of the President to sanction the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States, the most remote connexion with the question of a paper circulation; for the reasoning of the President is directed to the existence of the Bank as a monopoly of the trade in money, and the renewal of the charter is opposed by the people upon principles similar to those upon which we oppose the renewal of the charter of the Bank of England. There exists no limitation whatever to the issuing of paper money in the United States, for the entire circulation of the country is composed of paper in a country drained of its specie by the disadvantageous nature of the trade to Great Britain and China. Dollars, half dollars, and quarters of dollars in paper are the universal circulation of the country; and the traveller may journey for hundreds of miles in the western states without receiving or paying a single dollar in specie. The notes even of insolvent banks continue to pass current. Millions of dollars are regularly circulating of the notes of banks which have gone down many years since; and we ourselves have received and paid the notes of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Cincinnati after the establishment was closed, and the place converted into the shop of an ironmonger. When we witnessed the wonders effected in that city, where a particle of gold and silver is never seen in the transactions of business, yet all is prosperity in a place containing a population of seventy thousand souls, with streets, churches, markets, and public institutions vying with the proudest of the cities of Europe, we saw the entire needlessness of the precious metals in the business of the world, and the blindness of our own government, which obstinately chains down the energies of this country; whilst our transatlantic brethren, uninfluenced by this golden folly, are advancing with gigantic strides to a rapid supereminence among the nations of the world.

Not that attempts have not been made at various times in the United States to imitate the restrictive policy of this country in the regulation of the trade in money, but owing to the determined resistance of the people such measures have invariably proved abortive. Of the spirit with which these senseless inroads upon the common transactions of life are met by the people of that country the following anecdote will afford a specimen. The legislature of Pennsylvania, a few years since, passed a law that no paper money of any other state or country should pass current within the bounds of that state; a short-sighted measure, intended to force the circulation of provincial money, but the true operation of which went to cut off Pennsylvania from all the advantages of a foreign trade. The tavern keepers were particularly injured by this law, for travellers from other states, in their ignorance of such a regulation, were seldom provided with provincial paper, and found that money of universal circulation in the other divisions of the Union, was unaccountably forbidden in Pennsylvania. The tavern keepers were therefore compelled to continue to receive and pay the paper money of other states, and upon one occasion a young traveller from Philadelphia, upon departing in the morning from an inn near that city, tendered in payment of his bill a five-dollar note of the State Bank of Pennsylvania, for which the tavern keeper offered him in change three dollars of an excellent bank in the State of New York. "I cannot take that money," said the young Philadelphian, "it is against the law."—"Oh, but we tar and feather every body that obeys that law," was thereply of the tavern keeper, whereupon the young Philadelphian pocketed the change, and wound him on his way.

In conclusion, we repeat our conviction, that to liberate from its shackles the trade in money is the one only remedy for the present misery, and the thousand times more awful condition of the nation which must inevitably result from the continuance of our present restrictive policy. Reform and the utmost practicable extent of retrenchment will give no relief to our thousands of famishing labourers and mechanics, nor save our merchants, manufacturers, and farmers from sinking into ruin. The early demolition of our aristocratical system will inevitably follow; and the downfall of the monarchy itself will result from the continuance of a condition of national anguish, from which men will see no remedy but in the reduction of our establishments to the republican level

"TO BE CONTINUED."

I KNOW not whether Beelzebub ever contributes in person to the Magazines—we all know that he writes by proxy in one or two of them—but were he to do so, there is not the shadow of a doubt upon my mind but that he would break off his article with a "*to be continued,*" in italic characters, between brackets. It is an odious phrase, and worthy of all reprobation, that "*to be continued.*" I hate it as I do the gentleman I have just named. I eschew it as I do—not Satan, but the author of Satan—and all his works. How many Magazine readers has it prepared for St. Lukes; how many Magazine proprietors has it committed to the Fleet; how many innocent Magazines themselves has it caused to be gathered prematurely to the Spectators and Tatlers, and the others fathers of periodical literature! Oh! you "never ending, still beginning" writers, who, like the evil genius that haunted Brutus, cannot leave us at Sardes without promising to be with us again at Philippi, were there any wholesome discipline in the commonwealth of letters, a winter in Siberia, and a speech of Sir Charles Wetherell daily, would be the sure recompense of your misdeeds! I wish I were an autocrat for your sakes. Willingly would I see the British constitution overturned to reach you. To your accomplices—I mean those who print and those who read you—I bear no malice. To the former I wish a cell and a keeper; to the latter the guardianship of my Lord High Chancellor, the proper protector of unhappy individuals whose foreheads are inclined to the horizon at the angle of hopeless idiocy. Are you wise, Mr. Editor! Let not the wisdom of Solomon, edged with the wit of Swift, prevail on you to send that paper to the press which, like a scorpion with a sting in its tail, concludes with a "*to be continued.*" To the flames with it incontinently, or the tenure of your chair is not worth a week's purchase. Let any devil take it, but the printer's devil. Were it an esssay of my Lord Verulam, your Magazine would not survive it. For myself, at least, I hate it as did Horace garlic,—Voltaire, Piron,—Mirabeau, a bishop; I abhor it as churchmen do Cobbett, and the boroughmongers the memory of Jeremy Bentham. "*To be continued,*" is at the bottom of half our calamities. The Irish tithe-system was tolerable, until Mr. Stanley informed us that it was "*to be continued;*" the aggravating feature of the Marquis of Londonderry's fooleries in the House of Lords is, that from session to session, and from night to night, they are "*to be continued;*" we shudder at the thoughts of an Easter pantomime, because we know, by sad experience, that for nearly half the season they are sure "*to be continued;*" the knock of our tailor with his bill pierces us through and through like a drawn sword, for no other reason but our conviction that day after day, until the rascal is paid, it is "*to be continued;*" we could endure one day, or even two, of that fellow with the monkey and hurdygurdy, but what uncenters and unmans us is our consciousness that, unless we assassinate him or procure his assassination, his performance is far more certain "*to be continued,*" than our practice of breakfasting or dining. I could go on through half the woes that afflict humanity; but of all our grievances of the "*to be continued*" class, there is none so hard to bear as an article in a Magazine; for which reason it is, Mr. Editor, that this paper, like the rottenborough system, and (I think I may add) the Bench of Bishops, is

"*Not to be continued.*"

EUROPE AND HER DESPOTS.

No. II.—THE EMPEROR FRANCIS.

An astonishing change has of late years taken place in Europe. The mysteries of courts have been laid open; the influence of negociation on the relative situation of states has declined, and the studies of those men whose public spirit or ambition devotes them to the service of their country, have been diverted from the intrigues of cabinets and the details of the diplomatic code to the liberal and manly pursuits of political philosophy. It would, however, be inculcating error to advance that the reign of diplomatic intrigue had entirely terminated; it still, unfortunately, exercises its evil influence on the destinies of Europe.

Of all the sovereigns in Europe, or even out of it, there is not one whose character is so antithetically mixed as that of the Emperor Francis. It combines an unassuming simplicity with despotic hauteur, a prepossessing frankness and *bonhommie* with jesuitical craft; while under an affectation of kindhearted indifference there lurks the most disgusting egotism and innate deceit. If to this singular admixture of opposite qualities we can discern a predominatiug principle, it is that of a phlegmatic indifference, "*à toute epreuve*," which amidst all the disasters that have marked his reign, when his throne itself was tottering, has never for an instant forsaken him. When quite a child his uncle the Emperor Joseph read his character with a discerning eye. "This good for nothing boy," said the reforming monarch, "will undo all that we have done." Prophetic words; for the death of Francis will disclose scenes of which Europe little dreams.

From the moment of his accession in 1792, up to the year 1812, he was solely guided by the Austrian oligarchy. All are aware of the animosity evinced by this body to the principles of the French revolution. Francis, during this period, deserted by his allies, betrayed by his generals, army after army scattered in the field by the all-spreading power of Napoleon, continued the contests with an obstinate pertinacity that neither treachery or defeat could weary. When the news of the battle of Marengo was brought to him, which wrested the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom from his grasp, and proved the grave of Austria's military glory, Francis listened to the details of the fight with a phlegmatic indifference, of which it is impossible to convey an idea; and on the aid-de-camp's finishing his relation, he rose, and without making the slightest comment, said to his chamberlain, "*Come, let us go, and feed the pigeons!*"

With such a prince at their head, we view with astonishment the immense exertions and heroic sacrifices of every class of his people during the fatal campaign of 1801. In the year 1813, Francis held the fate of Europe in his hands, and heedless of the ties of consanguinity that allied him to Napoleon, he decided it by joining the coalition against France. This was the work of Metternich; who, taking advantage of a wily indolence of character, that, feeling its own inability, throws itself on another, had gained an entire influence over his mind. From the moment that he threw himself into the arms of this minister it was observed that all his former simplicity forsook him, and was replaced by an overweening hauteur that could ill brook the slightest encroachment on his imperial authority. The nobles were neglected

their privileges invaded, and a system of moral degradation set at work calculated to break down the spirit of the proudest people, and render them the willing tools of despotism. A well organised system of espionage pervaded every part of the empire, and glided into the bosom of every domestic circle. So well known is the fondness of the emperor for secret information, that the vilest of his subjects approaches his palace as a welcome guest, provided he brings with him some venomous secret; he is then sure to be rewarded. A smothered discontent pervades every part of his dominions. Francis is too well aware of this, and seeks to neutralize its operation by remission of taxes, and such like half measures. But though the system may last out his time, a fearful storm will burst upon the head of his successor.

We have alluded to one marked feature in the character of this monarch; one that it is almost impossible to ruffle: we allude to his phlegmatic indifference. Yet there is one talismanic word that has the power of kindling his eye and shaking his attenuated frame; this word, one that jars on the ear of every despot, is "Constitution." Shortly after the "pacification" of Europe, the Tyrolese, who were again transferred from the Bavarian to the Austrian sceptre, soon found the difference to their cost. Their mountains were overrun with Austrian douanniers; every vestige of their ancient constitution annihilated. A deputation accordingly, composed of two prelates, two noblemen, and two commons, waited upon Francis to pray for some alleviation, and the exercise of their right. "So you want a constitution, do you?" said the Emperor, trembling with rage. "We do, Francis," replied the commons, with mountaineer bluntness, while the more courtly prelates and nobles almost kissed the ground. "Well, you shall have one," said the Emperor; "but let me give you to understand that the army is mine; that if I want money I shall not ask you a second time; and, look ye, put a bridle on your tongues; I'll have no talking." To which eloquent improvisation the Tyrolese replied, "In that case we are better without any." "And so I think," said Francis, turning on his heel, and leaving the apartment.

But the nature of the most evil is not all evil. In his private life Francis is irreproachable. He rises early, devotes the forepart of the day to the despatch of public business, and twice a week holds a public levee, to which the meanest of his subjects has access. He dines about four, and if the weather be fine, takes a drive to the Prater, or amuses himself with his favourite pigeons. The evening he passes in the apartment of the Empress. He is fond of music, and excels on the violencello. His family he governs with the same despotic sway as his empire. Of the Archduke Charles he is jealous; John he calls a bookworm, and the Palatine a madman. His favourite is Reynier. But of all the members of his family the young Duke de Reichstadt possessed the greatest share of his tenderness. The death of this young prince has been almost immediately followed by two events, the probable influence of which on the political state of Europe must be looked forward to with anxiety. 1st. the arrival of his uncle, the ex-King Joseph, and now the elder branch of the imperial dynasty of Napoleon; and, secondly, the approaching departure for the Austrian dominions of Charles X. and the exiled Bourbons. Our own ministers, as well as the cabinet of Louis Philippe view their departure not without some secret misgivings—Metternich, as he has done all along, is playing a deep game: he no sooner loses the

lever he possessed in young Napoleon, than he skilfully repairs the loss by drawing the Bourbon family into his clutches.

The period for commencing a fierce crusade against the revolutionary principles of the three days, a project that has never slumbered, is on the eve of its development; the military despots have protocolled till the favourable moment for executing their machinations against freedom has arrived. The political elements of France are rife for an explosion and Louis Philippe is "*aux abois.*" This will be found no vague conjecture —the offspring of a over heated imagination. A single glance at the map will convince us of its truth, and show us the allied armies taking up the identical basis of operations which they occupied in 1815; a line extending from the ocean to the Alps. The Austro-Bavarian army have their right on Mayence, their centre on Switzerland, and their extreme left on the passes of Piedmont. The Prussians extend from Mayence, or, rather, Sarre Louis to the frontiers of Holland; while the army of this latter power threatens the ephemeral kingdom of Belgium, and the Russian columns are cantoned on the Oder. In a few weeks these powers can bring 800,000 men in line. What has France to oppose to these formidable masses? We hear a great deal of the effective force of her army, of the project of *mobilizing* the hundreds of battalions of the national guard; the recollection of the memorable campaign of 1792 is still fresh on our memories, and may dazzle the imagination. But they will err, who seek to trace an imaginary future upon the recollection of this period, so fertile, we admit, in prodigies. The circumstances of the times are widely different. Then, a feeble coalition directed by paltry interests, and by a spirit of conquest sought to dismember the French territory. When effects can be traced to their cause, the results, however, cease to astonish us. The system of warfare pursued by the allies was absurd—an extended line of cordon, against some point of which it was only necessary to precipitate a powerful mass to insure success. It was to their superiority in strategy, and not to the superiority in the tactics and the composition of their armies—which at that period as in the present day, were as inferior *en masse* to the allied army, in every military requisite, as they are individually superior; thus Jomini, in his "*considerations sur les guerres de la revolution,*" attributes the splendid successes of the French. But it must now be recollected that the strategy of Napoleon and the leading features of his *system de guerre,* are as well understood by the northern despots as by the marshals of France themselves. Again, we may look in vain for the patriotic elan that blazed so fiercely forth at the outbreak of the revolution, and produced such magnificent, such triumphant results. The present political horizon of France is overclouded with the shadows of coming events. The Carlists, undaunted by defeat, are again mustering in the south,—the republicans are assuming an imposing attitude in the capital; while the moderate party, disgusted with the timid policy, the *paix a tout prix* system, that sacrificed heroic Poland, and abandoned Italy, are deserting the king whose throne rocks beneath him. A few months, we predict, will bring about great events, and Louis Philippe will be awakened by the fire of the enemies bivouacs, to the galling conviction, that his abject crouching to the military powers has excited their attack. Late, too late, he will discover that his true policy consisted in seizing the initiative and marching with the movement.

THE CHÂTEAU.

A PAPER OF MY UNCLE'S.

"We have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is, that we make trifles of terrors; esconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

EVERY man who is disposed, as he imagines, to retirement, should try its strength when totally divested of its pleasures. Loneliness is a formidable antagonist, to those, at least, whose lives have been expended in the daily intercourse of towns; of which we seriously admonish their habitual inhabitant, on no account to take a peevish leave, without a little previous probation of the woods and groves in winter. Let our half-intended *solitaire*, without the aid of extraordinary stimulants, whether bodily or mental, seek his hermitage on an inclement day, when the atmosphere has touched his temperament; when his pulse is low, the spirits flaccid, and the heavens are overcast; when the horizon is a hard outline, resting on a sullen, sunless sky: no sound around him but a fitful gust, or the lugubrious moaning of an autumnal day; when the rooks commence their visits to their nests, and the greenfinches flock, and the sere honors of the wood are scattered by the breath of heaven, like the deciduous generations of mankind. He will then find the "*genius loci*" arrayed in his repulsive influence, and may infer from his impressions whether he is equal to that conflict, in which the gaiety of youth, and even more, the staid sobriety of age, have so frequently, so forlornly, and confessedly succumbed. If thus conditioned as to heaven and earth, with a bottle of good Bordeaux, for we allow him *that*, and a Seneca in his pocket, he can relish both the author and his wine, the hermit is victorious. But we admit, in this experiment, of no stiff reeking mixtures, half and half, no shutting out of daylight ere the time, no cribbage-board and pot-companion; no, we admit of no such monstrous odds against the mute and invisible spirit of seclusion as the coward asked against the ghost—"with the fellow of his heart, and brandy, and a blunderbuss, he *dared* it to approach him!"

It is the business of the reader to remember where we left "my uncle" in our last; and if he has forgotten the tenor and conclusion of the "Table d'Hôte," we commend him to our August number, that his memory may be refreshed, and his combining faculty enabled to pursue the course of our relation; for it is absolutely necessary that a narrative should be intelligible, indeed, parliamentary speeches are the only species of intellectual effusion exonerated from the vulgar laws of reason and deduction; whence it is, that nineteen out of twenty contributions which assail us from the villas of senatorial ease are rejected, as requiring the Sibylline exposition; for, notwithstanding all our gallantry, we hold it an inviolable rule to close the porch of our fastidious coryphæus against all intrusions of old women, a resolution taken with the less compunction, as we see so many sanctuaries opened as the refuge of their harmless dotage and prolixity.

There is something so ungracious in the frequent introduction of that selfish pronoun which supplies us with the *etymon* of egotism, that we

shall take the due precaution of recording the opinions of our relative, as if he formed a part and parcel of the subject-matter of his narrative. He had formed his notions of a solitude on one of those comfortable misconceptions, under which the unreflecting portion of our species are led into adoptions, at once delusive and instructive. In the joyous beauty of a summer's day, he beheld his château with inexpressible delight. The bright sun, the glowing foliage, the refreshing shade, the song of birds, the murmur of his fountain, the luxuriant fruit and flowers, alike delicious in their hue and fragrance, had imparted to his fancy that creative foretaste of delight, which, like the credulous happiness of youth, appears too fresh and vigorous to be subjected to the mortal law of gradual decay and ultimate cessation. The natural beauties of his retreat elect were of that simple, wild, and gay exuberance, which conveys the image of its own profuse fertility and joyance to the mirror of a fond imagination. The preliminaries of his lease had been discussed; the items yet remained for settlement. On the day of his induction he was led through his future mansion by his landlady, the countess; a *çi-devant enjouée* of some fifty years; wordly, and, but for the obtrusions of her selfishness, well bred. She dilated on the beauty of much faded finery; pointed out the dim remains of gilding which occasionally struggled through the dust with which her furniture was covered; offered to my uncle's use a vast variety of mildewed portraits, in the riant costume of the æra of the *grand Louis;* exhibited with perfect nonchalance the various appointments of the bedchambers, at which my uncle's *mauvaise hônte* was laughably elicited; and from the practice of profuse laudation, for she was a large proprietor, bestowed as many eloquent encomiums on a compilation of incongruous rubbish, as Mr. Robins, in the rostrum of appraisement, could confer on some ancestral mansion, which the pleasures of St. James's have subjected to the disposal of his estranging hammer. On the discussion of the lease, my uncle had to battle every clause with much exception and minuteness: every point was pregnant with suspicion; precautionary in the extreme, anticipating and restrictive. But my uncle's firm composure easily defeated all the countess's concerted plans of overreaching, and after much apparent earnestness on her part, she conceded with an air of infinite contentment and affability such points as to my relative appeared essential to his comfortable occupancy of the château.

When the countess had mounted her ass, on which humble animal she usually made her *tours* in the vicinity, herself and retinue withdrew, and left my uncle to the contemplation of the ruins, of which he was now the inhabitant. It seemed, from the long line of irregular building, that the château had been the work of opulence and fantasy at one time, and of poverty and mere necessity at others. Each successive generation had added something to the old original, and mostly in the style and taste of its respective æra. There was still remaining much of that carved foliage and tracery, in which the French delighted and excelled in former times; pilasters, and compartments with classic subjects in relief. Then came a solid mass of simple masonry, in which several former windows were blocked up with naked brick. The niches, here and there, retained a mutilated statue of some sylvan deity, and at the extremity of the more ancient portion of the pile, were discoverable some concomitant emblems of the crucifixion. The chapel was transformed into a cow-house, and was still surmounted by a clocker, where

the clock and weathercock no longer owned the influence of time or wind.

The spirit of solitude could hardly have been stronger than it was on this occasion, to a person of my uncle's feeling heart. The scene around him spoke of days of splendour past, of generations gone—perhaps forgotten. How Jaquez could have moralized on such a spot! The labours of the limner, in spite of damp, and the profuse pall of the spider, still exhibited on the walls of the interior forms of youth and beauty, which my uncle's retrospective faculty could conjure up into their living loveliness, and see them in their shadowy *bosquets*, the beauteous, happy beings of their transient hour. The church bell of the village was tolling the *salut*, and the slanting sunbeams hardly gave a cognizable form to the lengthened shadow of the trees that were gilded with his parting rays. Every ingredient in the potent spell of loneliness asserted its pretension ; the shattered *volans*, the dismantled dove-cote, the sun-dial overgrown with moss, the rank luxuriance of commingled bramble, dog-rose, weed, and wall-flower, that gathered round the porch, impressed my relative with serious fancies and unexpected recollections, which subsided into musing melancholy. He had much to do, yet, how to move, when all the host of blighted hopes, and love's remembrance, and the loss of friendship, and the memory of childhood, home, and parentage, beset him at so helpless, at so weak a moment? He felt himself an isolated exile, in the forsaken mansion of another; and I doubt if Democritus himself had smiled to see the placid tenderness that dwelt upon my uncle's features, as he sat on a reclining tree, more like a statue than a thing of life, with his sympathizing spaniel, on his haunches, looking sadly in his face, before him.

My uncle, at the conclusion of his reverie, retired to bed. He slept well, rose early, ate with appetite, felt the invigorating influence of good pure air, and his heart was beginning to dilate with that real luxury of retirement, which is based on the independence of pursuit, and a rational fondness for books, and exercise and meditation—when, to his inexpressible amazement and discomfort, he saw two English figures at his gate, as close in their resemblance to each other as a penny piece and halfpenny of any coinage since the abolition of the Tower coppers.

My uncle instantly and rightly guessed that these were two compatriots, resident in his vicinity. The *call*, though somewhat troublesome to one accustomed to the choice of his associates, being one of pure civility, commanded a polite reception. The two visiters were a Mr. Smith and his only son ; the former a man of easy circumstances, retired from business, and though an absolute *vulgarian*, infected with the mania of turning "gentleman" abroad. No personage could be imagined more purely English of his kind than Mr. Smith—John Smith—as he emphatically called himself, apparently glorying in the vulgarity of his laconic names. He was a precise specimen of a man, who carries to the last extreme of supposition the exercise of personal rights; and the fact was, that with these indisputable pretensions, he was a very just man, a very good man—particularly ill-bred, a boring politician, and most insufferably disagreeable. He was a constant student of an old abridged encyclopædia, which he held to be the standard and extent of human knowledge ; and as he attached the highest possible respect to *his* edition, chiefly on the score of age, he treated all the novel points of science and discovery as mere "new-fangled humbug," which he scouted as the

prejudice and jealousy of later "authors," who always thought themselves superior to their predecessors. Mr. Smith's peculiar delight was the hereditary rudeness and moroseness of his son, another John Smith, the counterpart in person, soul, and conduct, of himself. He had the same turnip-shaped head; the same two dabs of red on the flesh above the cheek bones; the same cocked-up nose, and expanded nostril, in which was manifest the very residence of civil impudence and obnoxious right. The son was governed precisely by the father's *maxims;* his every rule of life (and John Smith, senior, had a fine *fasciculus* of these important axioms) was gathered from his oracular parent. Mr. Smith's costume was the result of *right;* for every man undoubtedly has the inherent privilege to run counter, if he will, to all the usages of dress. His coat not only was out of fashion, it was directly opposite to fashion; an immensity of width and length in back and skirts, and a double force of convex buttons. His waistcoat was of thick-cut plush, and his breeches—for it would be absurd to abuse the English language to denominate them *small clothes*—were of honest corderoy, and of so permanent and stiff a character, that you could hear John Smith approaching by the friction of his *inexpressibles,* as easily as the Hellenics knew Apollo's advent by the clanging of his quiver. Every assertion of the son and father rested on the dictum of each other. When Smith had taken a position, with an infinitude of ill-bred, stolid dogmatism, and when he had concluded what he called *his argument,* which was usually a string of unsupported asseverations, his grand "*probatum est*" was "Ask John Smith, else." The son, reciprocating the politeness, and following the logic of the father, wound up, as stoutly and as certainly, "Ask father, else." As we shall have occasion to encounter John Smith's society hereafter, we shall cut him here as shortly as we can. Any man, who ever has been fool enough to take a ruin, and attempt, on slender means, to adapt it to the purposes of living, may remember what a pleasant thing it is to be supplied, on every call, with the suggestions of a visitor. It therefore will suffice to let the reader know my relative's impression of John Smith, when he is told that he bestowed upon my uncle a multitude of plans and maxims, and favored him spontaneously with his advice, a thing my uncle cordially detested, as he knew that great advisers rarely take the trouble to consider; that if they did, not one in twenty has the judgment requisite to form a just conclusion; and that gratuitous admonition is usually the offspring of a fond loquacity, wherein the counsellor designs to show off his ability at our expence of patience.

My uncle heartily congratulated himself on the departure of the Smiths, and having usefully worn out the remnant of his morning, was tranquilly seated at his soup, when his *Flamande* told him he was wanted by a *gentleman.* My uncle rose, and found it was a beggar, who was sitting smoking by the kitchen fire, and had waited on him for a pair of shoes, some bouillon, and three sols, with which to purchase some tobacco. The latter two requests my uncle willingly complied with, but as to the shoes, he said, that at the moment he had none to part with; that when he had a pair which he should use no longer, he would certainly reserve them for the modest mendicant. The beggar, who had eyed my uncle's range of *chaussure* on his boot-horse, seemed rather disconcerted at this delay; but having particularized the pair which he judiciously preferred, (for they were new) consented to the

hard necessity of waiting for my uncle's shoes, and promised to return for them before the expiration of a month. As the mendicant appeared by no means anxious to depart, my uncle left him at his ease, and returned to the discussion of his dinner; during which, he heard his visitor applying every question to the Flamande on the subject of his means, his character, his pursuits, the objects of his coming, the quality and number of his wines, his strength of stock—in short, acquiring, by a point-blank catechism, an inventory of his personal effects, and an account of every thing about him. The Flamande answered with as much detail as if she had been a heretic replying to the grand inquisitor. When the list of his inquiries was exhausted, he walked before my uncle's window, and, looking wistfully upon his wine, adverted to its cost. My uncle answered, and regaled him with a glass. He next inquired if the utensils on the table were of solid silver, or mere plated ware, continuing still to smoke, to expectorate, and gaze upon my relative, who little relished the intrusion; which the mendicant observing, plucked a flower, and bid my uncle a good day, a *démarche* occasioned by his seeing in the avenue a string of his profession, who were flocking to the *Anglais* for their Friday's sou. These visits of the mendicants are troublesome at first, but like all other minor evils, are rendered tolerable by the strength of habit, and an effort at endurance. Not so the depredations practised on my uncle's fruit, an offence to which not even custom (and it was of quick recurrence) could reconcile him. His garden was his hobby. In many instances, these spoliations were the evident effect of wanton mischief; in others, they appeared the work of sheer starvation; and an Englishman's domain is looked on as the ground of lawful plunder, where the rigors of the law cannot protect the gardens of the natives, even from the midnight outrages of penury and wretchedness. But there is an art in being happy; and that art my uncle understood. He accommodated himself to disagreeables, and disarmed them, as he might, by the exertion of his temper. His grand project of retirement was, however, utterly destroyed; for no sooner had he found the quiet *quartier* of his solitude, that "haven of his hopes," than the vicinity became the haunt of many of his countrymen; and shortly after his establishment in what he had prospectively beheld as a seclusion, he was thoroughly surrounded by a colony of economizing English. My uncle's neighbours will be better known, if we relate the humours of a party, to which he was invited at the *campagne* of the nabob; our old acquaintance, Mr. Blunt. The pompous Indian's residence was chosen for its towering aspect, and the length of face which it presented to the passer by. It was plump against the road, and seemed a curious experiment in architecture, of the smallest given quantity of brick and mortar that could combine the largest number possible of doors and windows. It looked more like an English cotton manufactory or paper mill, than the abode of any private individual. It was almost all window, roof, and door, with an enormous yellow ochre column on each flank; the one surmounted by a grinning Pan, the other by a Dutch-built, masculine Bacchante, who held a chalice in her hand, and owned such peculiar conformation and rotundity, that the beholder trembled for the fabric on which she had reposed her overgrown dimensions.

Mr. Killjoy, Mr. Thompson and his wife, the two John Smiths, the Oxford scholars, a Major Dry-rot and his lady, besides my uncle, were the number asked to honour Mr. Blunt's display. The interlopers we

shall mention incidentally. As certain of the persons present had come some leagues to the repast, in open carriages, the first attempt of Kill-joy was to throw a gloom across the party, by predicting a tremendous storm; he sat apart from all the company, his eye directed wistfully towards some gathering clouds; emitting now and then a languid sigh, and doing all in speech and manner that could possibly affect the spirits of the guests. John Smith, who held him in ineffable contempt, retorted his forebodings with a most emphatic "Fudge!" The major, who affected infinite good breeding, assented with a ghastly smile to every observation, which came upon the party like a minute gun: he had neither time nor thought for conversation, being hopelessly employed in the conciliation of a mind and heart that had been basely bartered by avaricious parents for his wealth, and ultimately sacrificed to his disgusting importunities. The major was a stingy, little, ugly sensualist; his heart absorbed by money and the hope of Mrs. Dry-rot's love; he was perpetually casting (what he meant for) loving looks at her perfections, which were answered by an eye of meek but cold aversion, in which the duty and decorum of a wretched lovely girl, were struggling with the insurmountable and strenuous feelings of confirmed disgust. She seemed ashamed of the hypocrisy that entered in her form of speech, as occasions rose of calling such a living skeleton "my dear;" and notwithstanding this, the pertinacious dotard lavished still his chilling assiduities on the unwilling girl, and looked all things unspeakable as he turned his bilious eyes upon his *purchase*, and clothed his parchment coloured features with a frightful leer. Thompson never spoke, by any chance, unless addressed; and then his manner and response were those of an awakened man; he shook his very frame, assumed a new position on his chair, and rubbed his hands; and if he could escape with so much brevity, his answer was a pat enunciation of "Ha! ha!" Not so, the partner of his bed—*the endless Mrs. Thompson*, as they curiously called her; the fond encomaist and idolater of her obnoxious offspring, Theodosius. There was quite sufficient of the dull ingredient here to give a sad complexion to the party. Besides there mostly is a something *triste* among the English before dinner; their discourse is *fade;* their gaiety, if any forced; they need the stimulant—an Englishman's a very sombre fellow truly, till he has his bottle. Blunt was disconcerted; the Oxford scholars had been asked, and neither came nor sent excuses for their absence; dinner was an hour later than the time appointed, and the guests were either looking vacantly upon each other, or voraciously upon the door.

But the crown to all these evils, was the unexpected honour on the part of Mr. Thompson and his lady, of a visit from their uninvited son; whom they had taken the liberty to bring with them. He was a boy between eleven and twelve, who having passed with eminent stupidity through all the superficial trash of an inferior English school, had come abroad to finish, what they called his education, by a dozen lessons from a foreign dancing master. He was naturally selfish, domineering, rude, and petulant, and had become, of course, beneath the government of an indulgent foolish mother, that most obnoxious of all animals—quadruped or biped—a perfect specimen of an ill-mannered child. The urchin's face and figure were indicant of his abominable disposition. His hair, which all the plastering and combing of the mother, in vain attempted to distort from its resemblance to the bristles of a hearth-

brush, were something like so many bunches of unkindly parsnips, and protruded like a ruined house-thatch over a pair of sunken greedy pig's eyes, and a little cocked up snout, with an odious expanse of gaping nostril. Where other beings usually *sport* their ears, the beloved Apollo of Mrs. Thompson, exhibited the likeness of a pair of swinging oyster shells, of which the upper flaps had been subdued into the shape of ledges, by the constant habit of depressing them beneath the margin of his hat. His mouth reminded you of a patent rat-trap, and when "the love" was pleased into a grin, developed an irregular but formidable force of sharp, and round, and broad demolishers, which to the eye of fancy might have seemed a model of the mountain scenery of Switzerland. The charmer had as fair a quantity of dew-lap, as any bloated Spanish pointer. Two high round shoulders, and a pair of undeniable supporters, constituting, from the knees, a good sized Roman V subverted, will complete the reader's notion of Master Theodosius Thompson's Phœbeian face and symmetry. All the boy's untoward inclinations had been senselessly confirmed by the fatal weakness of an ignorant and doating mother; reproof of the susceptible Theodosius was forbidden, lest his spirit should be checked, and his every fault was amply extenuated on the plea of childhood. He was helped first at table, because he was a mere child—allowed to lie, because he was but a child—to bear false witness and tell tales against the servants and his comrades, because he was but a child; and to be a general torment and incessant nuisance, wheresoever he might be, with the same omnipotent apology in his behalf. Through the creature's obtuse and contracted faculties there ran a vein of craft, sometimes mistaken for capacity, and vulgarly for shrewdness—to be brief, though yet a boy, he had the *juste morale* of an adult attorney of the worst description; and to give due credit to the discrimination of the loving parents, he is designed to practice in the Marshalsea, and hold his court of persecution in the classic soil of Clifford's-inn.

It so happened that in the interval between the arrival of the guests and the service of dinner, this very amiable *mélange* selected no less a personage than John Smith the elder, as the object of his assiduities; and as the conversation of that important gentleman with a tiresome child, supplies a happy model of its kind, we shall first recite—precisely in my uncle's words—the colloquy that passed between the *ingenuus puer* and his astute examiner. "Well, sir; and, where do you go to school?" said Smith, laying his hand upon the parsnips, with what the Latins termed a fond *poppysma*. "*I* know;" said looby. "Oh! my pippin, tell the gentleman," said Mrs. Thompson. "No I sha'n't;" said looby. "Oh, dear! that's naugnty!" said the amiable Mr. Smith. "No, it a'n't," said the cub. "He goes to school at Islington, sir:" said Mrs. Thompson, "don't you Theodosius, darling?" But Master Thompson took the sulks at this untimely intimation of his mother's; and was just upon the point of blubbering, when Mr. Smith's revived inquiries restored the boy's serenity. "I dare say, master Theodosius, you were very sorry to come home."—"No, I wasn't, though;" replied the animal, as he leaned half over a chair back, and kicked his heels up to the seat of honour. "And what *book*, sir, are you reading now?" said Smith, with that kind of pompous confidence, which cowards use at the approach of danger, for he felt that he was treading upon perilous ground. "*I* know," said the boy. "Come let

me hear then," said Smith.—" No, I won't; ah! you can't tell what book I'm reading now."—" *Cordéry*, perhaps," said Smith. " No, nor it an't Cordéry, neither;" said Master Theodosius Thompson. As Smith had tried the erudition of his partner in this dialogue, to the extent of his own puerile researches, he now began to question him diffusely on more erudite particulars. " Can you tell me who Julius Cæsar was?"—" The first King of Rome," said the boy, pat. " Good boy!" responded Smith. " And who was Moses?"—" Ah! we haven't come to *that* yet;" said the youthful proficient. " Come, then," said Smith, as he gained courage from the child's enormous ignorance, " then tell me, who was Telemaque?"—" The son of— of— of—" and here he hesitated in his prompting, being somewhat doubtful—though retaining a confused remembrance of his school-books—" Of Gil Blas," said the cub, guessingly. " Good boy;" said the *instruit*. " Oh, yes, madam, I see your little boy has had great justice done him."—" Oh! dear sir, yes;" said Mrs. Thompson, " Mr. T. and me is so particular, I think that education is *such* a blessing!"—" Oh, ma'am, its every thing," said Smith; and this Athenian dialogue would, doubtless, have been much protracted but for the enlivening summons, which announced the readiness of the repast.

Mr. Blunt's *chevaux*, as he called them, borrowing from the rich vocabulary of the East, were of that comprehensive character, that they united on the cheapest of all possible plans, the pomposity, discomfort, and confusion of a large repast, administered by a superfluity of inexperienced attendants. He was a man of too much consequence to seat his friends to three good wholesome dishes, and the service of two well-trained domestics. No; he must place before them all the mysteries of Comus, and employ an inexpert and careless multitude to give an air of grandeur to his retinue. The conduct of the feast was wholly governed by a Mrs. Simpson, a kind of forward, self-sufficient *slammikin;* a questionable kind of being, half the friend, a distant relative, and secret confidante of Mrs. Blunt's—and worse than all, a person " who had seen better times;" a character, in short, so conflictingly composed, that it defied the tact of casuistry itself, to treat her on an equable consistent footing, with reference to her duties as a servant, and her claims on friendship and affinity; in each of which important characters, the *rights* of Mrs. Simpson would infallibly rear up, when Mr. Blunt's magnificence required the plain unqualified subordination of an ordinary servant. Blunt's obtrusive hints on any point of cookery, excepting curry, country-captain, and cabobs (which were confined to him by covenant) were met by Mrs. Simpson's asking, whether he or she were the cook? Blunt had but to specify and Mrs. Simpson to perform. He had, on this occasion, consequently launched out into the pride of nomenclature, and proposed a most entrancing series of refection, every article of which, beneath the jealous powers of Mrs. Simpson, was an act of absolute high treason against the soveriegn authority of Beauvilliers; so that the *carte* and the *effet*, even like the witches of Macbeth, " who kept the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope." Mrs. Simpson's zeal too, which was all show and flurry, was odiously irksome. She looked like Thalestris animating the bands of Tanaïs, by fiery exhortation and example; her velocity would sometimes upset a tumbler, or spill the liquid contents of a dish; while the loosened lappets of her cap would, occasionally, flap the nose or cheek of some

defenceless guest, as she leaned over him. She eyed the errors of the servants with a kind of pugnacious ferocity as she called out "no—*ici*—no—*là*—" and as the attendants for the day had never served in such capacity before, the word of command from Mrs. Simpson, in execrable French, and always in the shrill accent of reproof, inspired the obedience of the servitors with such precipitation, that their rapid counter-marches, advances, retreats—with the recurring collision of things brought in and things withdrawn, supplied an admirable representation of a sham engagement.

Blunt's very soul was concentrated in two or three dishes, on which he had bestowed the acme of his oriental skill, and as he was bustling through the honours of the table, with a sort of petulant anxiety, his ardour of despatch was painfully checked by the would-be courtesy of certain of his guests, who deferred to the precedence of each other, or "preferred to wait a little;" so that the Indian, who was ready to to dispense the reeking contents of a soup tureen, was left in the *auxiliary position*, with a plate in one hand and a ladle in the other, till the contest on priority had subsided. But there was one distinguished individual at the table who had no doubt whatever on the subject of precedence; and this was Master Theodosius Thompson, who was pouting like a moulting bull-finch, and just arranging his lovely features into unison before he treated the society to a burst of blubbering. Mr. Blunt, who wished the urchin at the devil, attempted some pacificatory remark, which Master Thompson treated with becoming sulks, and as the charming youth's indisputable rights had been so rudely violated by the host, he chose to rise from table, with his face as red as scarlet, and saying he did not *want* any dinner, retreated, to the Indian's consternation, to the garden, where the *élite* of Mr. Blunt's self-destined wall-fruit, of necessity, became a prey to so intractable and greedy an intruder. As to the repast, where the aspiring host expected a discriminating approbation, the Smiths, who *ventured* upon every dish, inquired its name. Thompson, like a steady workman, carried on his operations in unbroken silence. Mrs. Dry-rot drooped. The major, who, notwithstanding his proverbial stinginess, was all for grandeur and effect, pretended to a fund of delicate research and information; for he had studied all the *cartes* of the Parisian *cafés*, though he never had the soul to order any dish exceeding half a frank in cost; and though pomposity itself, the tyrant passion of an Indian, could never drive him to expand the *battans* of his *salle à manger* to a guest, he talked magnificently of his *chef* and *valet;* the former a half cast Frenchman whom the major had met *on board* on his return from India, and who had picked up his perfections in the galley of a country-trader—while the valet was a pining starveling in a guady coat, a ghost in livery, who daily stunned the neighbourhood by his performance for an hour together on his master's dinner bell; so serious a prelude to so sad a sequence, that the music of the famished child was likened by the jesters to the singing of the swan before its dissolution.

MURAT ON AMERICA.*

The volume before us affords some evidence of that variety of fortune which, since the fall of their chief, has befallen the Buonaparte family. While the ex-king of Spain has been living in one part of America, in the midst of wealth and profusion, the Prince-Royal of the Two Sicilies, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish himself as a farmer in Florida, and after measuring his strength at the bar with "brother Jonathan," has been compelled to seek his living as a soldier of fortune, first in the service of King Leopold, of Belgium, and since in that of the young Queen of Portugal.

The letters, of which the volume consists, are addressed to the author's friend, Count Thibeaudan, and are dated some of them from his farm in Florida, some from his subsequent place of residence at Lipona, one or two from London, and the rest from Brussels. In returning to Europe, soon after the French revolution, he tells us that he expected to find the frontier open to him, and that having been disappointed in that expectation, he was compelled to seek employment in a neighbouring state. His previous changes are thus alluded to in his first letter from Brussels:—

"My life has been greatly agitated. Chance has placed me in many singular positions, many of them contradictory to each other. I have always obeyed her dictates, curious to see where the stream would lead me on which I had embarked; and, in faith, I have never found myself far astray. I have gathered flowers on the banks to which I have been carried, without knowing well how, and the shore which I expected to find the most barren, has often proved the most fruitful in agreeable sensations. Established in a new country, like that I have described, a reverse of fortune placed my finances in a situation of embarrassment. At the age of six and twenty I resolved on becoming an advocate. I purchased from one of my neighbours, who was leaving off practice, his professional library, for which I gave him a pair of oxen, and a bill of exchange payable at a distant date. During the following winter I applied myself to the study of law, without, however, abandoning my plantation till the spring, when I finally withdrew from the business of farming."

The change here spoken of is trifling to that which he elsewhere describes of a New England carpenter, who, like the Americans in general, had been well educated, but who, had he remained at home, would probably have been a carpenter for life. This person left his native town, and went to one of the new countries of the West, to establish himself on the banks of one of their great rivers as a builder. Although without capital, he found no difficulty in contracting for the erection first of private houses, and afterwards of public edifices, on credit. His workmen were paid on credit, and he himself lived on credit at his inn or boarding-house. In spite of these disadvantages the

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* Esquisse Morale et Politique des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique du Nord, par Achille Murat, Citoyen des Etats-Unis, Colonel Honoraire dans l'Armée Belge; ci-devant Prince Royal des Deux Sicilies. Paris, Crochard, 1832.

builder began to thrive; he bought a piece of land, built mills and manufactories upon it, and so became a miller and manufacturer. With his first cargo he went to New Orleans, and was there induced to enter on other speculations. He purchased a steam-boat for the convenience of his trade, and ultimately established himself in that city as a merchant. A great speculation soon presented itself, on which he readily entered, and in consequence of an error in his calculations, he lost all that he possessed. There was nothing to prevent him, however, from beginning the world again. Being known as a man of enterprise he soon found an individual or a company who confided to him first the direction of a wood-yard, then the management of a plantation, afterwards the erection of a house, and finally the command of a steam-vessel. In the course of these changes he was not idle. The savings of his salary he applied to the purposes of speculation, and at the end of a couple of years was able to start once more from a higher point than that at which he had first set out on leaving his native town. He set up an inn, and undertook, in addition, to contract for the execution of works of all sorts. He made himself exceedingly popular, was elected first an officer of militia, and in succession a justice of the peace, a member of the state legislature, and finally a member of Congress. Finding himself admired as a public speaker, he resolved to cultivate his newly discovered talent. During the interval of two sessions he applied himself to the study of the law, and before the next meeting of Congress was regularly called to the bar. In the meantime, while thus applying himself to the business of the state, his own affairs were neglected. He was once more reduced to poverty, and had the mortification to find that he was not re-elected to his seat in the legislature. He applied himself, however, with zeal to the practice of his new profession, and with corresponding success; he became a director of the Bank of the United States, the governor of his native state, and ended his career as a judge in one of the supreme courts at Washington.

In spite of his own failure, M. Murat speaks of the period he passed at the American bar as one of the most agreeable of his life. He expected, he says, to find it extremely irksome, because it was so completely opposed to all his previous habits, tastes, and ideas; but, on the contrary, he says that he could pass his life there with pleasure "even if forced to be silent." In America he tells us that the lawyers are the only statesmen, the true aristocracy of the country, and that, in general, the members of the same bar, however warmly they may dispute in court, live together in the greatest harmony. Of the assizes he speaks as of a sort of festival, at which the principal inhabitants of the assize town are the entertainers, and the court, its officers, and its bar are the guests. In his later letters from London and Brussels, he compares the style of oratory in the United States with that of England, and does not hesitate to give his preference to the former. "I have had opportunities," he says, "of hearing the principal speakers in Great Britain, but I am bound in conscience to say that there is no man in the English Parliament who speaks like Clay, Webster, Wirt, Berrien, Hopkinson, or Haine. Had they subjects half as interesting to discuss, with what lustre would they not surround them! But the time is coming when the American Congress, like the British Parliament, and the forum of ancient Rome, will become the *arbiter gentium*."

The personal history and adventures of the author are not often

obtruded on the reader's attention in the course of his work. Had he been less chary in this respect, the book would have been at once more attractive and more valuable. His opinions, however, although not always supported by the soundest reasoning, are expressed without fear or favour, and where they relate to subjects on which he has had better opportunities of being well informed than ourselves, we are bound to receive them, at least, without prejudice. In "diminution of the record," however, as to the style of parliamentary eloquence in England and America, it may not be unfair to suggest, that as our critic's knowledge of the English language was acquired on the other side of the Atlantic, he could scarcely be sensible of those blemishes of style which are peculiar to the New World, and, on the other hand, it is not perhaps impossible that when he heard the language spoken in its purity, he may have mistaken that very purity for error, because it did not coincide with the models which his previous education had formed for him.

Our author's professional duties were not so overwhelming as to prevent his making a campaign against the Indians, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to a General of Brigade, who marched against the red people at the head of a corps of three hundred mounted riflemen. He tells us that he alone formed the whole staff of the army, and that he returned from the campaign with the rank of Colonel, but probably without finding his finances much improved by the acquisition. Of these sharpshooters he speaks in terms of the highest commendation. They are men, he says, inured to every sort of hardship and privation. Each mounted on his own horse, every pace of which he knows, and armed with his faithful carabine, to which himself and his family have often been indebted for a dinner in time of need, he treats a campaign as a party of pleasure, and makes light of every species of fatigue. His dog assists him in following the track either of a stag or of an enemy, and he is himself so well acquainted with the woods that he can find his way through them guided only by the sun, or by the bark of the trees. He wears no uniform, but joins his corps in his ordinary dress, made of stuff which has probably been spun and woven by his wife, from the produce of his farm. An otter skin, skilfully folded and sewed, contains his store of amunition and tobacco, the means of striking a light and making a fire. A wallet behind his saddle contains a supply of provender for himself and his horse, the steed being as little of an epicure in his tastes as his master. A few handfuls of Indian corn is all that the horse requires during the day. On reaching the place of encampment at night he is disencumbered of his accoutrements, and two of his feet being tied together, he is let loose into the wood, where he makes a frugal supper of the grass which there abounds. The discipline of such a corps is not, of course, very rigorous. Each man makes war on his own account, and as if by instinct, in a sort of hunting party on a large scale. It was troops of this species, however, that most distinguished themselves at the battle of New Orleans.

"I shall never forget," says M. Murat, "the midnight passage of the ford of Whitthlicootchie, lighted up by our camp fires, and by the brighter but more distant blaze of the wood, which the Indians had ignited to cover their retreat. This great river, in all the majesty of virgin nature, flowed between two perpendicular banks of rock, nearly sixty feet in height. A steep and narrow path led from each

side to the ford. The full moon was reflected in the water, the brightness of whose surface was only interrupted by the long dark line of troops, marching in single files."

"In this state we continued for upwards of six weeks, on horseback all day, and encamped in the woods during the night. We did not fall in with the Indians more than three or four times, but it was easy to see from their traces that they were swarming in our immediate neighbourhood, and that we were, in fact, constantly surrounded by them. One night they attacked our camp, and in the attempt lost two of their men. Another day they disputed a ford with us, and lost three of their party in the skirmish. At another time seven were taken prisoners on a small island at the mouth of a river, and were brought to trial, but acquitted by the jury. The original cause of this war was the massacre of a white family in my neighbourhood, under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity. Six white children, from two to twelve years of age, had been burnt alive, and their father not less horribly butchered. It was to arrest the murderers, to compel the other Indians to retire within their own boundaries, to secure the tranquillity of the neighbourhood, and protect it against a general massacre, that we took up arms on this occasion, and I may add, that our efforts were attended with success."

The manners of the Americans are spoken of by M. Murat in a very different tone from that of Mrs. Trollope. "It is the spirit of independence," he says, "produced by their form of government, which chiefly distinguishes them from the English; for physically and externally they are very much alike. If you go, for instance, into what is called the best society of New York, you will find very little difference between them and the corresponding classes in London. At New York this circle is composed of merchants who have just reached the top of the wheel, where in all probability they will not long remain. They avail themselves of their day of prosperity to make a parade of as much luxury and folly as their means can command. They have all made a voyage to Europe, and endeavour to ape the exclusive manners of which they have been the victims on the other side of the Atlantic; affect to imitate whatever is foreign, and to regard America as a barbarous country, where nothing elegant has ever been invented, not even the *gallopade*, or sleeves *en gigot de Mouton*. The first European swindler who takes the trouble to pass himself off as a Duke or a Marquis is sure to be received with open arms, until he begins to dip too deeply into their purses. In this class of society there is also an affectation of avoiding politics, at least in conversation, because it is supposed to be bad taste 'in London.'" Their great object is to teach what M. Murat calls the *nullity* of London conversation, and in general he assures us that they are tolerably successful.

Among the merchants of New York, however, there are many who make no attempt to copy our European manners, and who, with the lawyers, the physicians, and the local magistracy, may be regarded as truly American, although it cannot be doubted that the whole mass of society in the city of New York is more deeply tinged with the manners of the old country than any other part of the Union, just because their intercourse with Europe is more constant, and the number of foreign residents among them more considerable.

The proverbial tranquillity of Philadelphia has not escaped the

notice of M. Murat. There is no rattling of carriages, he says; the need of them being superseded by the admirable cleanness of the streets. There is no broadway which he thinks only inferior to Regent-Street, to serve as a rallying point for the *beau monde* of the Quaker city. Chesnut-Street, however, is becoming an exception to the general sameness; and Carey and Lea's Library, about mid-day, is the place to see the sad-coloured gaiety of Philadelphia. In the society of the Pennsylvanian capital, however, there is a greater show of learning than in that of New York. The professors of the university give the tone to it, and naturally bring with them a certain degree of pedantry. The periodical meetings of the savans of Philadelphia are well known to all European travellers who take the trouble to provide themselves with the necessary letters of introduction. They take place, on stated days, at the houses of the leading members of this class of society, where the entertainment consists of conversation on science, literature, and art, without excluding an occasional infusion of politics, and regularly terminates with a supper; the whole conveying an idea, to a stranger, of the intelligence and urbanity of the inhabitants.

It is of Charleston, however, that M. Murat speaks with the greatest zest. It is there, he says, that you enjoy what he calls the luxury of American society, consisting of planters, lawyers, and physicians. The manners of the South, he says, are unexceptionable; the minds of the inhabitants are highly cultivated, and conversation turns to a thousand topics with ease, facility, and grace. The affectation of frivolity and of foreign manners, is as completely banished, as that of pedantry and religious hypocrisy; all is intellectual, rational, and virtuous. Charleston is the ordinary residence of many of the most distinguished statesmen of the Union; and he tells us that they do not scruple to explain their views to their fellow citizens, when they meet together in society.

In Virginia, what is called good society, is more spread over the whole surface of the state than in other parts of the Union, in consequence of the want of a great capital, to form a point of attraction, and to give it an exclusive tone. Virginian hospitality is proverbial, even in America, and M. Murat assures us that the character has been justly acquired. The town of Richmond, he says, is more like Charleston than any other of the American cities; by which, of course, he means to speak of its society in terms of commendation.

New Orleans, he tells us, presents a complete contrast to all the other cities of the Union. Here, he says, there is no education or intelligence, and, of course, no conversation, learned, literary, or intellectual. There are, he says, but three booksellers in a town containing sixty thousand inhabitants, and their stores are filled with the trash and the refuse of French literature. But if they do not talk, they eat, dance, make love, and play. *Les bals de quarteronnes,* he describes as quite peculiar to New Orleans, the free women of colour being admitted to have the honour of dancing with their lords, the whites, while men of the same shade are rigorously excluded. It is a most extraordinary spectacle to see several hundred young women, all extremely well dressed and handsome, and of every variety of tint, from that of *café a la creme,* to the most delicate *blonde,* assembled in the magnificent drawing-rooms of New Orleans, to exhibit their venal graces to the fashionable society of that dissipated and voluptuous city. The gaming-houses of New Orleans are also numerous, and have become the ruin of many of the young

men of Kentucky, who go to spend their carnival in this Babylon of the West.

But the place, he says, where American society is seen with most advantage, is Washington, during the winter. In summer, the American capital is, as every one knows, almost deserted, being inhabited only by the members and *employés* of the government. The first Monday of December, the fixed period for the annual meeting of Congress, is the time when the senators and representatives, accompanied by their families, and followed by a long train of *solliciteurs*, may be seen flocking in crowds to Washington. The change is instantaneous. To-day the town is a desart, and to-morrow it overflows beyond the means provided for the general accommodation. The ministers and the diplomatic body give evening parties, and many of the members of Congress give dinners; so that if the day is passed in a whirlwind of discussion, the night has also its vortex of gaiety and pleasure. Once a week, the President receives company in the evening, when the house is open to all who choose to go there. Nothing, says M. Murat, can be more simple than the etiquette of the chief of the government, whose receptions are only to be distinguished from the *soirées* of private individuals, by the circumstance of their being more numerously attended.

What chiefly surprises us, in this work of M. Murat, is the apology he makes for that system of slavery by which so many of the American states are still tainted and disgraced. There are other points of heterodoxy in politics as well as in religion, which present themselves in the course of the volume, but which we have only left ourselves space to notice with this general *caveat*.

SOLITUDE.

* * * *

And yet I yield thee an unwilling heart;
The rebel spirit thou hast made thine own
Has sternly struggled oft, to rend apart
The capturing net thou hast around it thrown;
For higher, haughtier impulse it hath known,
A banned and baffled thirst for lofty fame,
Which hath but worn away a withering frame,
And tempered its hot heart to live for thee alone.

Thou hast constrained me to thee from a boy,
When life's fresh spring-tide through my veins was welling,
And Hope stood pointing to far-glancing Joy,—
My breast was even then thy chosen dwelling,
All else shut out for thee,—too well foretelling
The shadowy gloom that cannot melt in tears,
Shrouding the lustre of life's brightest years,
And to their charnel-goal their goaded flight impelling.

Thou hast constrained me to thee, Solitude!
Though I have striven to dissolve the spell
Coiled round my heart by thee,—in merry mood,
When revelling with the few I thought of well;
But in my soul thy sad voice, like a knell,
Has summoned my deserting thoughts again
Back to the thrall of pensiveness and pain,—
And 'gainst thy potent hest they never dared rebel.

W. G. A.

TO RICHMOND.*

"Britannia rules the waves."—THOMSON.

"By the bye, Twaddel," said Jones to me, in one of the fine days of June, "you and I and our set have had all sorts of parties but a water-party;—what say you to one?"—I hemmed and ha-ed a bit, and replied, "I have no disinclination to such a trip, certainly; but can any of our friends pull an oar,—or even handle a skull?—"I can't," said Jones, candidly, "nor, I believe, can Wilson, nor Smith, nor Tomlins; but what of that? we can learn, I presume? Rowing is easy enough."—"Except when it is hard," said I. Jones smiled and went on. "Tchew! what *can be* easier?—You have only to pull *so*,"—suiting the action to the word,—"and you row."—"But with inexperienced persons," I remarked, "there is at least some danger."—"Danger!" exclaimed Jones, pulling up his collar, and putting on a look of wonder—"what is that?"—I was silenced by his superior daring, and said, "Well, I'll be one. Who are the selected?"—"Wilson, Tomlins, Smith, you and I."—"And the indispensables—the ladies?"—"Why, we will say the two Miss Browns, Miss Simpson, and Fanny and Fatima Smith."—"Very good. When, where, and what time?"—"To-morrow at nine, at Searle's, and Richmond our destination."—"Well, I will undertake to get you there, if you will yield the entire command of the expedition, as I may call it." "It will be, if we get there in half the usual time," said Jones, chuckling over the jest; (Jones is not, however, by any means so dabbish at wit as he thinks he is)—"You interrupted me," I resumed; "but who is to arrange the preliminaries and accessories—the eatables and drinkables, and all that?" "Leave the *all that* to me," said Jones. "Well, then, to-morrow at nine;" and we shook hands and parted.

At nine the next day I was on the Lambeth side of Westminster-bridge, and at a quarter past nine we were all mustered, the crew gallantly, and I may say, nautically dressed in striped shirts, white trowsers, white hats, and black neckcloths tied seaman's fashion; our boat—(a shallop with a white awning) manned in no time; the ladies safely got on board and seated; our provisions stowed away fore and aft, and every thing ready for starting. Expectation ran high, and the tide was about to do the same: we could not have had a finer morning; the ladies, though timorous on the one hand, relied on the other, upon the courage and steadiness of the crew; Mr. Searle considerately said, "Now is the time, gentlemen, to start—you could not have a finer tide;"—I took my station at the helm, Jack-of-the-water pushed us off the roads, and we were committed to the mighty deep. Some confusion as to the duties of stroke-oar, &c. followed;—three of the four wished to row on the larboard side, but that was impossible, as they soon discovered; and then Jones very awkwardly dropped his oar with the blade flat in the water, which flung up a spray that wetted Miss Simpson as thoroughly as if she had been in a shower-bath: but she bore it with a partiality for Jones which nothing could diminish.—

* See the direction post at Kew Green.

(Jones is, in many respects, a very great favourite with the ladies, and deservedly so, for he is a young man of very good expectations, and plays exceedingly well on the German flute with additional keys.) Smith and Wilson, equally awkward, sat down with their foolish faces towards each other, and began to pull, of course, different ways, which gave rise to considerable merriment on shore: but I put them right on this nautical point, and they placing them as they should be, directed what they should do. Tomlins was my next vexation, for, before his partners had dipped their oars in the limpid stream, he began to pull away as strong as a —— as a —— no matter what—I have not a comparative at hand; but the effect of his obstinacy was, that the boat's head was turned to the right about, notwithstanding my keeping the helm hard aport. Then Jones began to put out *his* shoulders:—I must confess that I felt quite ashamed of their obstinacy and ignorance. The first pull he gave, I thought he would have drawn us under water; at the second he could not move his oar at all. "What the devil has got hold of my oar at the bottom?" he roared out, half laughing and half alarmed. "It isn't a shark, I hope!" said Miss Simpson, and she turned as pale as her lemon kid gloves:—how simple of Miss Simpson! —I explained to her that sharks in the Thames were impossible—there might be such things on shore, but they were not amphibious. And I also explained to Jones, why it was that he could not lift his oar: he had, in technical phraseology, "caught a crab:" I told him he should skim the top, not rake the bottom. "Very good," said Jones; and the next stroke he made he missed the water altogether, hit himself a most unmerciful thump in the stomach with his double-handed oar, which tumbled him heels uppermost, with his head in Wilson's lap, which broke poor Wilson's watch-glass, Miss Simpson's salts-bottle in his pocket, and knocking Wilson backwards, pitched him with his head into the hamper at the bows, which fractured two bottles of double stout, and cut his occiput clean across the organ of cautiousness. The ladies shrieked, but Wilson, who is in some respects a wag, said, very gaily, "he didn't mind it no more than a foreigner." Several other amusing accidents attended our starting, but as they were of minor importance, I shall not narrate them here.

With scarcely any pulling at all—wafted along by the silver tide,—we had reached the Red house at Battersea: but now we set to in good earnest, and our oars dropped in alternately, one, two, three, four, as regular as the chimes. Here some of the natives on the shore, who had been observing the gallant style with which we pulled along, bawled out, "Go it, tail—(I write the word with the hesitation of reluctance)—tailors!"—It is written, and I breathe again!—They, no doubt, mistook us for a party of tradesmen of that sort, than which nothing could be farther from our thoughts. However, that we might not be annoyed by such mistakes in future, I determined on putting the boat out into the middle of the stream. "Don't Twaddell!" exclaimed the whole of the party, as with one voice, for we had hitherto kept close in shore, because the water being shallower, it afforded us some chance of succour if anything should happen to our daring and adventurous crew:—as Smith observed, in his dry way, "It would be very disagreeable to be picked up wringing wet and very dead." But the command being in my hands, I was resolute on being obeyed, and so out I steered into the dangerous bosom of the Thames.

I now, I may say, we, went on swimmingly. The rowers were attentive to their duty, and perspired with pleasure at their successful exertions: the ladies chatted pleasantly with each other on the fashions and upon Miss Wilkes's expected marriage with the gallant Major Morris of the Middlesex militia; and now and then encouraged our endeavours to please with their lovely smiles, we had every appearance of being as happy as beauty and bravery could render us. About this time, I noticed that Jones looked somewhat deploringly at his hands: they were as red as beet-root in the palms, with symptoms of blistering. If there is anything on which Jones is sensitive it is on the whiteness of his hands: it is an amiable weakness, which even the mighty mind of Lord Byron gave way to. Smith, who has a deal of malicious humour about him, comforted him, by telling him that he would lose all the skin they had "to their backs," (his own expression) but in three months he would have in its place a new and a much whiter one. Jones looked quite horror-struck!—Miss Fanny Smith, then advised him to put on his gloves, which he did, and that made them considerably worse. A boat full of persons passed us at this moment, and we were again saluted with, "Go it, tailors!" Jones, who was sore in one respect, and is in many other respects very mettlesome, was for running them aboard, and calling them to account: but I explained, that it *was* possible that a party of those very serviceable tradesmen were expected up the river that day, and we might probably be mistaken for them. Jones seemed pacified, and pulled on till he declared he could pull no more, his hands were so blistered; and so they were, like a newly-painted shutter in the dog-days. We all sincerely pitied him, save Smith, who laughed and looked all sorts of droll things at his misery. "Gentlemen," said I, "to relieve you for a time from your labours, pull in your oars, and let the boat drift with the tide, which is almost strong enough to carry us to our destination."

All *hands* I could see were agreeable, so that the oars were taken in, but in a very unseamanlike manner, for Wilson nearly brought down the awning and brained Miss Simpson with his, and Jones hit Smith such a pat of the head with his that it made it ring; we all set it down as a "trifle from Margate," in return for Smith's raillery, at poor Jones's expense. Smith, however, only laughed—nothing can disturb his good humour. Jones then produced his German flute, with additional keys, and every one was restored to harmony. He played us, out of Wragg's Preceptor, "In my Cottage near a Wood," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "At Kew one Morn was Peter Born," "The Jolly Young Waterman," "Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself," and many other naval and national melodies, very delightful indeed. Miss Fanny Smith also kindly obliged the company by singing the first part of "All's Well," to Mr. Jones's second part on the German flute. Nothing in human nature could be more beautiful!—the waters seemed to glide silently past us, as if listening with every attention to their dulcet strains; and all Nature was hushed, save a west-country bargeman, who whistled responsively, as he plunged a sweep every now and then into the silver waters. After this Wilson gave us a song, set, I dare say, as he sung it, for thus ran the opening line:—

"When forced from thee to—o—o—o part;"

and then he paused. Smith, who is always alive to the ridiculous, said.

in his dry, droll way, "Try back, Wilson." Wilson, however, could not remember the second line. "Then," said Smith, "I'll sing it for you;" and he struck up—

"When forced from thee to pooh—pooh—pooh—part."

We laughed for an hour, and Wilson would not sing another note. "A Muggins to the rescue!" Tomlins volunteered a song, and all was silence, as he struck up "Love's Young Dream."

"But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream;
Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life."

"As lump sugar!" chimed in that provoking fellow, Smith, with a vociferous jollity of voice that put all the sentiment of the song to immediate flight. Our laughter must have been heard along both shores. Wilson, being one of the Grocer's Company, thought the joke a little too personal; but who can take a lasting offence at the frolics of Smith? Throughout this memorable day he shewed himself a wag of the first water. We all, except Jones, who was rather jealous of his success, allowed him to carry away the palm of preference; the ladies eyes, too,

"Rain'd influence, and adjudged the prize."

By this time we neared Battersea Bridge—it is the Scylla and Charybis of amateur aquarians; if you escape S. you come bump against C., and *vice versâ*. The station of steersman is therefore one of serious responsibility, and requires the steadiest skill, an eye like a mathematician's, a hand like a watch-maker's, and the most undaunted courage. We were shooting cleanly and cleverly, and in the most seaman-like manner, through the centre arch, when Jones, perhaps over anxious for the success of this fine evolution, dipped his oar in, and giving a pull, drove our nose plump between the starlings. All was immediate confusion! the ladies shrieked in the most piercing manner—Wilson turned as white as his waistcoat—Jones trembled—Tomlins was terrified—Smith looked as if all the joke were taken out of him—and I in some measure gave up all for lost. The tide rose like a rampant beast at the stern, and our boat pitched deeper and deeper still at the head. To add to the agonies of such a moment, a savage in human form, who was coolly hanging over the balustrades, bawled out in a jeering manner, "Say your prayers, you tailors, while I run for the drags!" "Tailors, again!—d—n it!" said Jones, indignantly;—all his mettle was in arms—he became desperate; and, seizing an oar, with a superhuman push he set us clear again, but broke the oar short off; this, however, was of no consequence, as we had had the precaution to take an extra pair, and this accident brought them into play. Jones was blamed by all, but it was of little use, for he was so proud of his powers in getting us out of the scrape, that getting us into it seemed quite a merit in his eyes!

Some close observer of nature has remarked, that "after a storm comes a calm." We were soon restored to that complacency which men feel who have done their duty in trying circumstances, and Smith, who had recovered his good humour, told us a capital story about Battersea Church, and how the Emperor of Russia wished to purchase it for Petersburg; but as the parishioners would not part with their

church without he took the parson into the bargain, and the Emperor would not do that, the negociation went off, and there the church is to this day. This amusing story was, no doubt, a piece of invention of Smith's, for he has a very happy originality in that way.—We laughed prodigioiously, and Smith was satisfied.

Here I took occasion to address a few words to the gallant crew. "Gentlemen," said I, "as we came out with the intention of reaching Richmond by water, allow me as the commander of this expedition, to press upon you the necessity of putting your shoulders to the wheel, if you mean to complete that great enterprize. I need not remind you that in order to reach Richmond it is necessary that you should get there. (*Hear, hear!*) Gentlemen, the eyes of Cornhill—I may add, Cheapside, are upon us! If we succeed, we shall be crowned with success; if we fail—but no—I will not fear—that is to say, Gentlemen, I cannot—"—(Here I was completely put out by that Jones, who kept winking his malicious eye at Smith, as much as to say, "only hear the future Deputy of Dowgate Ward!" Jones, I am sorry to say, is in many respects a very envious young man. I resumed—)—"In short, Gentlemen, as some one has said, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, will, if we faint not, bring our enterprize to a happy end. For as Mr. Shakspeare, the dramatist, has said—

"'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the full leads on to——'"

"Richmond!" was the inspiring cry of the whole crew, with the exception of the ladies—who shared, however, in our truly British ardour. Every man grasped his oar, jackets and hats were immediately thrown off, as incumbrances, Jones in his enthusiasm forgot his blisters, and we pushed along gaily and gallantly—

"Swift as an arrow from a Tartar's bow."

and Putney seemed to stare with astonishment at Fulham—Hammersmith at Barnes, to see the rapidity of our flight. To make our labours light and cheer our way, Miss Fatima Smith, at her brother's request, read to us the "*Choice*," of Mr. John Pomfret, that divine poet; and Smith himself,

"Possess'd beyond the Muses' painting,"

broke out all over with an original sonnet, keeping time with his oar to the measnre. When it was over we all expressed our regret that he did not put his high poetic powers to more use. "If I did," he remarked, "how should I be known 'from many another Smith'?" "Take another name," I suggested. "Call yourelf Jones," said Jones, in his very happy way, and we laughed amazingly. Jones is inimitable when he likes to be so.

Absorbed in this delightful interchange of poetry and pleasantry we progressed agreeably along, and

"Panting time toil'd after us in vain."

"What place is this we are athwart of?" asked Tomlins. He was informed it was Kew. "I thought so," he added; "and that little gentleman in the nook of the wall is, I suppose, Q in the corner?" We had never heard Tomlins perpetrate a pun before; but we encouraged

him with our smiles. He is not a favourite with our party; I don't know why, except that he is very stupid. Tomlins makes pretensions to Miss Fatima Smith, but with very little chance of success. Miss Smith will become a Mrs. T., but it will be Mrs. Twaddell, not Tomlins, if I know her heart. "By the by, where shall we dine?" said Jones. "Yes, where shall we dine?" cried all. I saw that he had the sense of the company with him, so I replied, "Where you please." "Why not here?" he rejoined. We were at that moment in sight of a lovely lawn, that ran with an easy slope down to the water's edge. It was one o'clock—the place was propitious—and the labours of the morning had whetted our appetites to the keenest edge. I was not, therefore, taken by surprise, when I heard the four exclaim, as with one voice, "Here we dine!" I immediately rounded the rudder for land, and in a minute we touched the shore, and all hands leaped on the lawn. The ladies, the giblet-pies, bottled porter, and sherry, were landed in a giffy; and while a detachment was sent out to select a pleasant spot for our spot, Jones was as active as a harlequin, in unpacking and preparing all things. A delightful nook in a quickset hedge, and under a shady elm, was marked out for the happy occasion; and every thing being in no time removed to it, a clean cloth was spread on the green turf; the pies, bread, salt, knives and forks, plates, glasses, and every thing was in apple-pie order—the word was given, "to your places,"—the ladies were handed to their's, and down we all squatted, like a Turkish dinner-party, hunger and expectation being remarkable in every countenance.

"Jones," I directed, "cut up the pie." "With all the pleasure in life," he promptly replied, and began to operate. "A cursed hard crust to begin with, and as thick as the Serpentine in skating season," remarked Jones, as he grinned and groaned, and vainly endeavoured to make an impression upon its outworks. "Never mind its hardness," said I.—(Miss Fatima Smith had made it with her own fair hands.)—"I shall venture on it." "Yes," said Smith, "it will *bear* you."—(*Roars of laughter.*)—"Upon my soul," said Jones, "I cannot cut into it—my hands are so tender." This set the ladies giggling, and then he threw down the knife and fork in a pet. "Here, hand the pie to me," said Smith; and, oh, monstrous! he made no more ado, but jobbed his elbow upon the cone of the crust, which broke it in sure enough, but at the same time sent half the gravy with a spirt into our eyes, all over Wilson's white waistcoat, and down Miss Simpson's black satin spencer. "You awkward fellow!" exclaimed his sisters; and they blushed as beautifully as Aurora. "Oh, never mind my spencer," said Miss Simpson: "I don't care about my waistcoat," said Wilson, "since we have got at the giblets, which I had given up in despair." We then laughed heartily, and heartily we ate. I never saw, at a Guildhall dinner, such appetites and such expedition. As for Jones, he might eat his way up to the civic chair, with any man in the city who has not yet arrived at that honour:—for a young liveryman, his performance was wonderful, and his promise more. In ten minutes the eatables were *hors du combat;* and one bottle of porter, and three of sherry, were all that was left of the drinkables. Filling a bumper of sherry, I then gave from the chair (the stump of a tree)—"The ladies, our fair *compagnons de voyage!*"—(*Drank with three times three, and one cheer more—a miss-fire of Wilson's.*)—Jones was then called upon for a song: he complied, and struck up—

" Oh, nothing in life can sadden us,
Whilst we have wine and good-humour in store—"

" Holloa, there, you sirs! who gave you leave to land here, I should very much like to know?" roared out a fellow six feet high, and brawny as Hercules, as he jumped over the hedge, and alighted with one foot in the pie-dish, and the other in Jones's new white beaver. " Nobody," said Jones, hurt at having his hat injured. " Well, then, I warn you off these grounds," continued the out-of-town barbarian, and laid hold of Jones by the collar. " Stop, stop, my good friend," said I, " no violence, if you please: we are gentlemen, and if——" " I don't care whether you're gentle or simple—you've none of you no business here—so bundle, bag and baggage." At this we were all indignant; and as for Jones, I never saw him so *up-ish:* he was for throwing the ruffian into the creek on the other side the hedge. " Do, Jones—it will serve him right, if he'll let you," said Smith, laughing contemptuously at his presumption. Jones, for a slight person of five feet, is a very well-meaning young man; but this fellow, as it happened, would be a little too much for two Joneses. In many respects Mr. Jones is very conceited of his powers; but, on the other hand, his attentions to his grandmother, who will leave him *all* when she dies, is excellent and exemplary. I pacified the blue-aproned Cerberus, by handing him a bumper of sherry, with half a sovereign at the bottom: he swallowed the one, caught the other between his teeth, and immediately became as gentle as ' Una's milk-white lamb.' " Well, gentlemen, all I meant to say was this here—don't pick the flowers, nor damage the shrubs, and you may stay as long as you please, because master *is* out; and so, good morning." This he said very civilly, and touched his hat as he turned off.

No sooner was he gone, than Jones began to vapour about, and upbraid me, because I had made peace:—" He would have taught the cabbage-cutting rascal what it was to insult gentlemen and young liverymen:—we should have seen what he would have done to him, &c. &c." " Yes," said Smith, sarcastically, " with the aid of a good microscope." Jones looked unutterable things, but said not a word. To divert attention from these unpleasantnesses, I proposed a ramble round the grounds: agreed to *nem. con.;* and off we set. Jones soon recovered his temper; and, to exhibit his prowess to the ladies, wagered Smith a bottle that he would hang by his heels from the lower limb of a tree for five minutes. The bet was taken—up jumped Jones at the branch, caught it, threw up his heels, locked his feet across, let go his hands, and there he dangled, head downwards, as pretty a calf as you'd see in Leadenhall on a market-day, as Smith sarcastically said. One, two, three, four, five minutes elapsed, and he was declared winner. " Help me down," cried Jones. Nobody stirred, but all laughed. " Now, do help me down!" he beseeched rather pathetically. Not a foot moved. He then tried to help himself, but could not recover the branch with his hands. Then he began to swear, and the ladies very properly ran away. We enjoyed his quandary amazingly; but no one felt inclined to end it yet. At last, seeing him turn black in the face, with rage and his inverted position, I and Smith took pity on him, and placed him right end upwards, when he turned so giddy, that down he dropped. I thought Smith would have died with laughing; but Jones triumphed still, for he had won. It was ridiculous to see his exultation, and hear his crowing.

A rookery was overhead. Jones, bent on mischief, must now have

a fling at its black tenantry. Up went stone the first—down it came with a rebound over a low wall, and a crash followed, as if a hundred hot-house panes were shivered: at the same moment a head and red night-cap popped up from the other side, surveyed us in silence, and disappeared. "Now, for heaven's sake," said I, "don't destroy people's property in mere wantonness!"—"Pooh!" said Jones, "I sha'n't hit 'em again, if I try!" and up went stone the second, and fell as before, with the same awful clatter and crash. "That makes five shillings!" said the head and night-cap, popping up again. "Nonsense," said Jones, "it was an accident!"—"Well, gentlemen," said the head and night-cap, "you sha'n't go till you do pay, for I've grabbed your oars." "Oh, pay the man," we all advised. "Here, then, you night-capped numskull," said Jones, flinging a sovereign up the wall with a munificent air, "give me my change!"—"Break four more, and that's a pound's-worth;"—and down went the head and night-cap. How that Smith did chuckle! "Well, then, I'll have some fun for my money," said Jones: "here goes;" and up flew stone after stone, but not one of them told, for the wary gardner, we supposed, had covered over the remainder of his glass with matting. And now we had the laugh fairly against Jones—he was matched. He pretended, however, to admire the fellow's cunning, and tried to laugh too, but 'twas "with a difference." "I never saw you look so foolish, Jones," said Smith. This was quite enough; Jones turned quite pale with rage, and instantly walked down to the boat, Miss Simpson following him. Then up spoke Tomlins; "Let him go, and be ———"—"Wiser," I interposed, "when his pride is subdued to reason by reflection."

This incident cast a damp on the delights of the day; and the ladies looked, and were, very uncomfortable; but we gallantly redoubled our attentions, and smoothed the raven down of their displeasure till they smiled, as some one, I think, has somewhere said. To show our philosophy, we sat down again to the sherry; and Smith, perfectly to restore harmony, gave us a song which he assured us was written by the footman of a person of quality, and addressed to a hard-hearted housekeeper who had jilted him. Smith introduced it as a genuine specimen of the cupboard-love school of poetry.

When first my Sally Jones I knew,
I thought her face was pretty.
I liked her eyes of Saxon blue,
Her locks so raven-jetty,
Her teeth, her lips, her hips and waist,
Her nose that did not *look* awry,—
I loved her arms and charms so chaste,
But I adored her cookery;—

And laid my person at her feet—
(She'd put to bed the children);
She smiled consent with looks so sweet,
Oh, Love! 'twas quite bewildering!—
She did not say she would be mine—
I thought so naturally;
She ask'd me, though, to stop and dine—
(The Colonel was at Calais):—

I did;—it was my favourite dish,
And drest in great perfection;
'Twas then I gave words to my wish,
And told her my dejection:—
She said that I might live in hope;
I left her at 11;
And, ah! I thought, without a trope,
Pall-Mall the path to heaven!

"Mark the passionate change in the measure," said Smith, "so descriptive of the tumult of his feelings:—"

But, ah! one Corporal O'Hara,
Of I know not what dragoons,
Went off next day with Sarah,
Who sent me back my spoons!—
Then break, my heart!—thou art betray'd,
And in the trap art taken,
Caught by a luring bait well laid,—
Calves' liver fried with bacon!

This unexpected climax took us all by surprise, and even the most sentimental of our party laughed, as may well be supposed. I suspect that the song is Smith's, and no footman's—it is beyond the powers of the plush-breeches gentry.

"But what in the name of wonder, has become of Jones and Miss Simpson all this while?" exclaimed Wilson, with an expression of anxiety which I shall never forget, it was so amiable:—Wilson is, indeed, a very amiable man in many respects. We had forgotten them—there is no use in mincing the matter; but as we were not quite indifferent to their welfare, we walked leisurely down the lawn to the boat, where we expected to find them. What was our surprize!—they were not on board, nor could we perceive them anywhere around. Our anxiety now grew serious. "He has not jumped into the river in his tantarums," said Tomlins—"Trowsers," said Smith, interrupting him.—"And Miss Simpson plunged in after him?" continued Tomlins. "Cork cannot sink," said Smith, sarcastically.—I never knew him so severe. I put an end to this unseasonable levity by remarking, that it was our duty to discover what had become of them. "That is no hard task," said Smith, laughing, "for there they go in a wherry to Richmond!"—We looked, and there they were, sure enough. Jones had hailed a waterman sculling by, and had deserted us in high dudgeon.

"Man the boat, and give chase!" I commanded. The ladies were put on board—the rudder shipped—I grasped an oar, and we were once more on the bosom of the deep; but what with Wilson's wilfulness and Tomlins's awkwardness, we made little or no way for some time; and the wherry distanced us so rapidly, that we at last lost sight of it altogether. At length we got into better working trim, and pushing along, came, after an hour's hard chase, in sight of Richmond bridge. As we neared that beautiful structure, the Diana steamer pushed off from the shore, and almost ran us under water. What was our astonishment, at that trying moment, lo! behold Jones standing coolly on the paddle-box, with his hands in his pockets, laughing at us in the most insulting manner. "This is too bad!" I exclaimed, with all that energy of which I am master. "It is—it is!" cried one and

all. "Well, what will you do to mark your sense of Mr. Jones's unhandsome behaviour?" "I know," said Smith—"Diana, a-hoy!" he bawled; the steamer stopped her paddle-wheels. "You have room for eight?" inquired he of the captain. "For eighty," replied the fresh-water wag. "Well, then, ladies, get on board;"—they did;—"jump on board, gentlemen;"—we did;—Smith, then, in a most masterly manner made fast a tow-rope to the Diana's stern-rails—and then jumped on board, over the cabin-windows, with the gallantry of a Nelson. Scowls of defiance were, as I expected, exchanged between Jones and him, they even went so far as to exchange cards, which I thought very unnecessary, as they live next door to one another. I took care to prevent any further collision, by tearing Smith away from him. After we had taken tea, that mild beverage, sacred to friendship and the social feelings—the smiles of the fair—the dulcet strains of the harp and violin, and the dance on deck, softened down the asperities of the belligerents, and before we had arrived at Westminster, we were all as good friends as when we started. And so ended our first trip to Richmond by water.

Dowgate. T. T.

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.

Ferdinand the Beloved, the Prince of Embroiderers, the "*beau idéal* of a tyrant and a bigot, as it has been the custom to describe him, is no more. He has descended to the tomb universally execerated, for both liberal and servile will sing pœans on an occasion so auspicious to their hopes.

The characters of few men of the present age have been more misrepresented than that of Ferdinand. He cared little in his heart for religion, and if he embroidered a petticoat for *La Signora Madre Deis*, it was merely to cajole the clergy. While those persecuting decrees and apostolical denunciations, which were considered the immediate emanations of his will, and have drawn upon him every epithet of obloquy and reproach, were the work of his evil counsellors. In fact throughout his whole career the total absence of what the French call "*force de charactère*," rendered him equally open to good or evil, according to the direction given to him towards either of these ends. In 1808 he was the idol of the nation, and when surrounded by such men as Jovellanos, and others of his stamp, he evinced that his nature was not all evil.* Indeed the vices of Ferdinand, or rather his weakness of character, was owing to his defective education. No care was taken to prepare him for his high station, and he was allowed to pursue, unrestrained, nay even encouraged by the infamous Godoy in the gratification of those sensual pleasures that sooner or later sap the foundation of every noble and generous sentiment. Ferdinand when young was considered remarkably handsome, and was one of the best horsemen in his dominions. In the latter part of his life he was affable and courteous in the extreme, he would receive the meanest of his subjects, listen with attention to their complaints, and promise them redress, but no sooner had they left him than his promises were forgotten.

* It is told of him that observing one day his mother stooping to arrange the knee-buckle of her favourite Godoy, he exclaimed, haughtily, "My mother stoops indeed."

Ferdinand was born on the 14th October, 1784. He was married four times: 1st, to Marie Antionette, daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies; 2dly, to the Infanta Maria Isabella, of Portugal; 3dly, to the Princess Maria Josepha Amelia, daughter of the Prince Maximilian of Saxony, and lastly, to Maria Carlotta, the present dowager Queen, daughter of the late King of Naples, by whom he had issue Maria Isabella Christina, whom he declared his successor, in contravention to the law established by Philip the Fifth, the grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, on his accession to the Spanish throne.

This last published act of his life is fraught with consequences of the deepest importance to the future destinies of the Spanish monarchy —one that renders still more complex the present position of European politics—on the horison of which, in spite of all the protocols of diplomacy, the clouds of a war of opinion are gathering thicker and faster.

The ancient public right of all the kingdoms that at this day compose the Spanish monarchy, admitted the succession to the throne of females, in default of males in the same degree. It was in virtue of this law, declared fundamental in the code "*de las siete partidas*," that Isabella "*La Catholica*" brought as a marriage portion the kingdom of Castille, to Ferdinand of Arragon, that Charles the Fifth inheriting his dominions by right of his mother, placed upon the throne of Spain the House of Austria, and that the House of Bourbon ascended it at a later period. Philip of Anjou, already the father of two sons at his accession, and his Queen again enceinte, introduced into Spain the French Salic law, by abolishing the old national law of Spain, to which he owed his crown. The Cortes which he assembled in 1713, and to which he made the proposition immediately rejected it, and was imitated by the Council of Castille. Irritated by their refusal, Philip ordered their *consultum* to be burnt, and by the advice of the Council of State directed that every counselor of Castile, every deputy of the towns in Cortes, and every representative of the nobility and clergy should give their votes individually in writing.

It was in this illegal manner that the Salic law was introduced into Spain; but a condition was added, that the prince of the collateral line, called to the throne to the exclusion of the female branch, should be bred and born in the Spanish peninsula. When Charles III. assembled the Cortes to obtain their recognition of his eldest son as Prince of Asturias, the deputies loudly opposed the Salic law; and the king, apprehensive that the condition annexed to it in 1713 would exclude his sons from the throne, who were both born in Naples, ordered a new edition of the laws of the kingdom, in which this condition was suppressed. But the opposition to the Salic law appeared still more decided in the Cortes assembled on the accession of Charles IV. in 1798. On this occasion, menaces, presents, and even poison was resorted to, to stifle the opposition of its members. Again: the Cortes of 1812, in their Articles 170 to 178, abrogated the Salic law—a measure principally brought about by the Servile party in that assembly, who, apprehensive that neither Ferdinand, nor his brother Don Carlos, would ever escape from the hands of Napoleon, wished to assure the throne to the Infanta *Carlotta*, the late queen of Portugal, of absolute memory, and mother of the hopeful Miguel. Ferdinand, on his restoration, on abolishing the Cortes, re-established the Salic law; but when his fourth wife at length promised him an heir, wishing to secure the crown to his issue, of whatever sex it

might prove, he again re-abrogated the law; and, by his famous decree of the 30th March 1830, declared his daughter, the Infanta Maria-Isabella-Christina, his successor.

We have given these historical details in order to shew on what grounds rest the claims of the Queen. But should a struggle for the succession eventually take place, the *prestige* in favour of royalty, so strong among every class of the Spanish people, will vanish. Men will be actuated by interest and calculation, and will expect in return as much they give. From this earthquake of political elements, freedom may again raise her head; for it is on the Constitutional party that the hopes of the young queen must rest. Some liberal measures, therefore —such as a general amnesty, and the convocation of the ancient Cortes —may secure her the crown, and raise Spain from that political degradation to which it has so long been reduced, by the union of a superstitious court and a sanguinary priesthood. It is to be wished that the dowager-queen may, in the hour of need, find honest and upright counsellors,—men who have at heart the real interests of their country,—to direct her amid the shoals by which she is surrounded; otherwise, the assistance and support of the Constitutional party may be alienated,—nay, arrayed in favour of a third pretender to the crown. The ex-king Joseph Napoleon, now in this country, who, after a long exile from the theatre of political events, may, by the chapter of accidents, again be called upon to enact a leading and distinguished part in the great European drama.

On the other hand, Don Carlos, with the "Loi Salique" in his hand, may boldly claim the throne to the exclusion of his niece. He may advance, what his adherents have long ago done for him, that Ferdinand, absolute in every thing that regarded the administration of the kingdom, had no power to alter its fundamental laws without the consent of the Cortes de los tres Estadas. Whether Don Carlos ever protested against this act of his brother, we know not; but Charles X. formally did so, as the head of the house of Bourbon; and likewise the present King of the French, Louis-Philippe.

The queen having again declared herself *enceinte*, the issue of her accouchement must be awaited, ere events can assume a definitive direction. In the mean time it must be recollected (leaving out of the question the direct personal interest of Don Carlos, that will of course powerfully influence his conduct), as a *chef-de-parti*, he has scarcely a will of his own. He heads the ultra-Apostolical party, formidable not so much by their numbers, as by their union and determination, and who, now that the period for consummating their darling projects has arrived, will act with the energy and decision that so strongly characterizes them. On the other hand, the young queen will be naturally supported by the ministers of the existing government, and all the members composing the actual machine of government; though, in the only political body existing in Spain—the Council of Castille—the majority of votes, we fear, will be in favour of her uncle. Latterly the authority of Ferdinand rested solely on the habits of long-trained obedience, reverence for ancient usages, and, above all, a veneration for the kingly authority. His immediate party (the Fernandos) scarcely extended beyond the precincts of the court, and was composed of the moderate Liberals and Apostolicals—the *juste-milieu* party of Spain.

A VISIT TO THE ILLINOIS.

When, in the year 1817, the political dissatisfaction of the people of England induced great numbers of our most intelligent and wealthy farmers from the southern counties to take refuge in the western world, from the real or imaginary evils of their native land, I was then, though little more than a youth, amongst the crowds who were hurrying to the western Elysium.

I do not propose here to describe the thousand times described voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, nor the cities, roads, and taverns of the Union; nor the peculiarities of the people, country, laws, manners, or natural productions; nor, indeed, to dwell upon any foreign matter whatever, in this narrative; proposing solely to exhibit, as through a telescope, a distant community of English men and manners in the bosom of the woods and prairies of the Illinois.

The person who first directed the attention of emigrants to the natural meadows of the western settlements of America, was Mr. Morris Birkbeck, a gentleman farmer from Wanborough, in Sussex, whose travels and scientific writings are well known in the literature of this country. Upon my arrival, in the following year, at the settlement in the Illinois, I found that this gentleman had fixed his residence upon the edge of an extensive and very beautiful prairie, having made large purchases of land, both woodland and prairie; and he had at that time built a substantial log-house, planted an orchard and garden, and enclosed and ploughed about fifty acres of prairie land. He had also laid out the scite of a future town, called Wanborough, but which, at that time, consisted of only a few straggling log-cabins. His views were apparently grasping and ambitious; for, with a capital altogether inferior to so extensive a design, he had petitioned the government of the United States, to grant him a tract of country more than thirty-two miles square. Indeed, many circumstances induced to the belief, that personal dissatisfaction with his station upon the political ladder in England, and a belief of his ability to ascend to a great height upon it in a foreign country, had been his principal motives for emigrating to America. Nor is it out of the course of human feeling, that such should have been his expectations; for the opposition to a tyrannical government does not so often proceed from motives of generous commiseration with the victims of oppression, as from a selfish and envious resentment of the power to oppress; nor is it material, perhaps, whether envy or humanity be the means implanted in our nature, to counteract the evil intentions of arbitrary power. Whatever might have been the designs of Mr. Birkbeck, it is certain that imagination entered too much into the composition of his mind, for their well-directed accomplishment. And his settlement upon the prairies of Illinois, though amongst the most refined and magnificent virgin scenery of nature, eminently fitted for the retirement of the scholar and the man of contemplation, was removed, as it were, beyond the ways of men; being more than forty miles from the river navigation of the Ohio; almost a thousand miles from the Atlantic sea-board; and thus excluded altogether from this money-getting world. Though the prairies consisted of land of a high degree of fertility, and though the climate of the Illinois was wholesome, mild,

and invigorating, yet these advantages of nature were useless without the labour of the hands of man; and, amongst roving Indians, and gouging backwoodsmen, labourers there were none. The disadvantages of the inland situation of the settlement became very soon apparent; the influx of emigrants from England, after the first season, became materially diminished; the lands in which the capital of the projectors of the settlement had been extensively invested, remained unsold, and Mr. Birkbeck was already dispirited at the prospects of his family. These consisted of several sons and daughters, grown up, and all educated in the utmost degree of refinement. Mr. Birkbeck being himself a widower, apparently about fifty years of age. Another circumstance was thought to have added much to the mortification produced by the failure of his projects, being no other than a disappointment in love, which, even at that late period of his life, had affected him in a remarkable degree. The object of this strange occurrence was a Miss A—, a lady of the Jewish persuasion, who had accompanied his family from England. She possessed very brilliant conversational talents; and whether specially engaged to the patriarch of the party, it is certain, that when the lady announced her intention to enter into a matrimonial connection with Mr. F—, the companion and co-partner of the journey, the most inveterate hostility, which time appeared in no wise to abate, was the consequence upon the part of the elder rival. In due time, however, the bright-eyed Jewess consigned her charms to the younger of these competitors—maugre his wife in England. This affair contributed very greatly to the disadvantages of the settlement, substituting the most inveterate hostility for that co-operation of plan, which, in so retired a situation, was essentially required for success. In this state of things, about five years wore on, the settlement becoming gradually more deserted and impoverished, until at length the instalments due upon the extensive lands of Mr. Birkbeck, being unable to be paid, the entire property reverted to the government of the United States; the ruin of his family was the consequence of this too sanguine speculation; and his own unfortunate end, in the waters of the Wabash, completed what Mr. Cobbett has too truly called "the melancholy history of Mr. Birkbeck."

About two miles from Wanborough was the skeleton of another town, called Albion, in the centre of the lands of Mr. Flower. This town consisted of a few straggling log huts, with two or three houses built of stone, a brick tavern and two well supplied stores, with several inferior whiskey shops. Beyond this the place did not appear to advance, and a deficiency of water, none being found at a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, rendered its progress extremely dubious. This town, however, was otherwise in a well chosen situation, being upon an elevated ridge, and the spot healthy in the highest degree. Mr. Flower had the misfortune to become very unpopular amongst the backwoodsmen of the neighbourhood, for which there appeared certainly to be no foundation, other than the anomaly of a wealthy proprietor, living in some appearance of refinement, amongst a lawless and Tartar population. In any of the older settlements of the Union, this gentleman would have been much respected for his intelligence, enterprise, and wealth; but here the most lawless outrages were committed upon his property. Various were the attempts to burn down his dwelling-house. At length, the murder of his younger son completed the list of his mis-

fortunes, and his death occurred in circumstances little less lamentable than that of his unfortunate neighbour.

About two miles westward from Albion, is the village Prairie, the property of another wealthy speculator from the city of London. This gentleman had been a merchant tailor in the city, who, being known to the family of Mr. B., and an admirer of one of his accomplished daughters, conceived the romantic notion of going out with the party to America, in hopes of being rendered happy in her possession, in the tranquil solitudes of the Illinois. For some time after his arrival upon the Prairies, the worthy man prosecuted his enclosures of land and his suit with the fair lady with uncommon perseverance, not perceiving how common it is for weak-minded men to be led about the world in triumph by feeble-minded women. After some months, an accidental circumstance opened the eyes of the astonished gentleman from London. A party had been formed for the purpose of visiting Vincennes, an ancient French settlement, about twenty-five miles from the English Prairie, in which were included Mr. L. and the lady of his love. During the ride, the usual course of indifferent civility had been manifested by the lady, when, upon arriving at the tavern at Vincennes, and the party being dispersed into the different apartments of the house, L. overheard the damsel of his heart inquire from another lady of the party, "I wonder what that tailor follows me about so for?" And oh! what a thunderbolt was that! In three days poor L. disappeared from the Prairies, travelled with all haste to New York, and embarked for England, where he is cutting cloth to this day in the city of London. His enclosures, garden, and frame-buildings were all deserted, and left to the wolves and the backwoodsmen, and the cause of the disappearance of L. from the Prairies was long a secret of state. It was afterwards maintained that L. was a greater man than Lord Byron, for when Byron, upon a similar occasion, overheard the contemptuous expression about "the lame boy," it appears that he only ran to Newstead, whilst L. ran a thousand miles across the continent of America, and clear across the great Atlantic Ocean.

Scattered round the various Prairies, were many other English settlers of note, amongst whom was Mr. Hunt, brother to the member for Preston. Unlike his brother, he had the misfortune to be *dumb* from his infancy, but was a man of tremendous muscular power, and a scientific bruiser. Among the backwoodsmen, the superiority of the system of boxing, over their ferocious method of gouging and biting, was much disputed, and a trial with Mr. Hunt was very eagerly coveted by "the best men" amongst these worthies. One day, a very famous man of this description, in passing near the cabin of Mr. Hunt, perceived him in the act of ploughing in a neighbouring field, and thereupon he got across the fence, for the purpose of provoking a quarrel. As he advanced, it happened that some derangement in the tackle of his plough, compelled Hunt to stop the team, and being a man of a very passionate temper, he was seen to level one of the horses with a blow of his fist. Upon this, the backwoodsman hastily turned back, and re-crossed the fence; and from that time it was observed, that nothing more was said upon the superiority of the gougers. Hunt soon afterwards died at this settlement.

About nine miles from Albion, and upon the Wabash river, was the town of Harmony, a German settlement, under the direction of the Rev.

Mr. Rapp. The settlers consisted of many hundreds of persons, of every variety of age, trade, and profession; and, by an excellent system of management, and the artful manner in which the people were kept in ignorance of the language and free institutions of the people around them, wonders were here effected in the way of agricultural improvements, and the useful manufactures. It resembled a scene in Germany, to view the church, the dwelling-houses, and the mill, with the dress, manners, and boorish Teniers-like appearance of the people at Harmony. It is, indeed, one of the most desirable peculiarities of the United States, that the traveller, in his route, occasionally views the transplanted people, scenery, and manners, of all the European countries. As Harmony is a miniature picture in Germany, the vine-growers at Venay, upon the Ohio river, exhibit the simplicity of Switzerland; and, descending to the lower region of the Mississippi, for a hundred miles, the sugar district of Louisiana preserves the language and manners of France. Harmony was, at length, purchased by Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, a gentleman whose schemes, for the welfare of his fellow men, appear to embrace all the hemispheres. He purchased the lands, towns, mills, and other appurtenances of the place, for the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; the two bells in the church alone being estimated at the sum of six thousand dollars: and here this worthy man commenced his plan of labour co-operation. He did not, however, calculate sufficiently upon the difference of the habits and manners of the people of whom his settlement was composed, from those of his German predecessors at Harmony; for high-spirited and unsettled republicans were soon found to be very different materials from German beasts of burthen. Discontent and discord soon became the prevailing characteristic of the place; and Mr. Owen, having abandoned his injudicious purchase at Harmony, has returned to the sphere where the efforts of the man of philanthropy are a thousand times more required.

It was the greatest disadvantage of the prairie settlements to be filled with a class of persons altogether unsuited, from previous habits of life, to undergo the privations and labours peculiar to a new country. The glowing descriptions of the prairies of the Illinois, when read in a drawing-room in Bond-street or the Regent's Park, are certainly calculated to excite the most rapturous anticipations, and numbers of persons who were already in possession of elegance and luxury at home, yet encountered the toils and privations of the sea and land to reach the El Dorado of the Illinois. These adventurers forgot that the conveniences of life are altogether unattainable in a new country, and that the charms of the finest natural scenery disappear in a few days or weeks, whilst toil and hunger, and repining after home, endure to the end of the days of man. Thus amongst the settlers in these wilds were Londoners of every grade, publishers, painters, stock-brokers, lawyers, bankers, cousins to a lord, and every variety of men who could least be expected to be found in the land of labour. The greater proportion of these persons soon found themselves with exhausted means, the illusion wearing away, and themselves disappointed and dejected at the prospect of a perpetual continuance in this, now to them a Siberian exile. Others, more prudent and wealthy, returned, disgusted and disappointed, to their native country, convinced that there is a time and a place for all things, and that transitory causes of discontent ought not

to induce the man, possessed of a luxurious native home, to abandon his position in society, and fly to the wilds and solitudes of a foreign land.

Still the scenery of these prairies is most sublime and impressive; and, to a traveller who has journeyed for days through the monotonous and gloomy roads of a woodland country, the first view of these wide-extending meadows is enchanting in the highest degree. The scene is picturesque and magnificent: the prairies, undulating and rolling away for miles, combining the grandeur of the ocean with the beauty of an English park. The prairies are of various extent; three of the largest class being upwards of fifty miles in circumference: but these, from the deficiency of timber, are uninhabitable, excepting at the edges of the woods, by which they are surrounded: and from this circumstance, great bodies of land, comprising a considerable portion of the state of Illinois, will for ages remain uncultivated. The land is generally fertile, and water is invariably found a few feet below the surface of the ground. And thus a settler, who pitches his tent at the edge of the woods, possesses the convenience of timber for fencing, building, and firewood, and enjoys a ready made farm upon the prairie. The origin of these singular meadows is an object of much controversy; some naturalists having conjectured them to be the bottoms of lakes of the antedeluvian world; but this opinion is not supported by appearences, there being no deposit of marine remains, nor is there any appearance of the banks, which to enclose the waters must have risen many feet above the surface of the lake, whereas the woods are usually upon a level with the prairie. The more common conjecture assigns as their origin the annual burning of the woods by the Indians, for the purpose of enclosing the deer; but many striking objections occur to this theory, for it is still the custom of the Indians to burn other tracts of country for similar purposes without any material injury to the woods, nor is it easy to determine upon this ground why other tracts of country are not found to be divested of their natural timber, there being no prairies in all the great regions of the continent, eastward of the Ohio river. It is, therefore, difficult to assign any satisfactory conjecture for the origin of these natural meadows, and they have probably existed in their present condition since the creation of the world, a variation in the works of nature similar to the oasis of the deserts of Arabia. They are covered with a rough natural grass, which grows to the height of six feet, but this contains little nutriment, and is useless for cattle. The thickly matted roots of this grass make the first ploughing of the prairies a most difficult operation, but the soil is afterwards remarkably easy of cultivation, being invariably a rich vegetable mould. The productions consist of Indian corn, wheat, cotton, and tobacco; but owing to the deficiency of negro labour, Illinois being amongst the free states of the Union, cotton and tobacco is only partially cultivated, and corn and wheat form the staple productions of the state. The fields of Indian corn present a magnificent appearance, and, both in utility and beauty of appearance, this invaluable plant is the pride and glory of the continent of America, and the first of the gifts of providence in every country, the climate of which favours its production. The atmosphere of the Illinois is remarkably pure and salubrious, being free from moisture and the variations of temperature so common in the states to the eastward of the Alleghany mountains. To natives of England the effect of this dry and equable climate is observed to be very salubrious,

old persons being here very rapidly freed from long affections of rheumatism, paralysis, and other disorders incident to our damp and unexhilarating climate. The remarkable clearness of the atmosphere adds much to the beauty of the scenery upon these wide extended prairies, and nothing, even in the mixed landscapes of England, can compare with the splendour and solemnity of the scene when the descending sun mantles these vast meadows with a crimson light, and the belt of the woods is darkening in the shades of evening.

The presence of human society and the labours of a dense population alone are wanting to render these regions a paradise—the garden of the western world. In the recollections of a chequered life there are few scenes and times to which my memory reverts with more satisfaction than the years which I have spent upon the magnificent prairies and in the Italian climate of the Illinois.

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS OF A POEM.

TO MRS. HEMANS.

O Lady of the Lyre! whose magic song
Hath ever been to me a treasured spell,
Powerful my waking cares to charm and quell
With its sweet melody, when night grew long;
For thee my rhyme is woven—canst thou deign
To stoop thine ear awhile to its rude wandering strain?

I know thou lovest a song of ages gone,
The lofty mountain and the leafy dell
Hath each for thee its legend—and the swell
Of voices mingles with the night winds lone;
Thou hast heard these, and with awakened fire
Hast breathed their echoes forth in music on thy lyre.

And thou hast gathered of the bright and fair,
And pure, and high—making a store thine own
Of earth's most precious gems—yet is thy throne
So near that earth, that still thou lovest to share
In all the kind affections which endear
Heart to true heart, in trust unshaken and sincere.

And not because I deem it offering meet,
But that, perchance, my legend may beguile
One hour to lose its chain of thought and toil,
I lay it all imperfect at thy feet,
Pleased, as a careless infant, when he pours
On some indulgent lap his wealth of worthless flowers.

H. F. C.

A LOST ART, OR THE POTTER OF POMPEIA.

WHENEVER the Centurion was tired of abusing Nero, which he did rather because he received the imperial pay, than because he eschewed the imperial vices, this being the fashion in which some men indemnify themselves for the degradation of taking hire, just to shew that they are not to be bribed; marry, Fabricius "knew a trick worth two of that!" But our Centurion, I say, if he happened to exhaust his patience on this inexhaustible theme, would refresh himself, if not his hearers, with a little egotism; the next best pleasure to censuring the faults of others being that of praising the virtues all our own, at least in our own opinion.

"Ye know," would he say, and yet go on to tell them again, "that I am a son of 'that famous Campanium town, Pompeia,' and nephew to the chief wine-vender, in the chief street thereof; that is, he lived there, while he lived. Nevertheless, though I had thus a right to as much pride as any Roman of ye all, I thought it might be worth while to look upon your vaunted city. Therefore, being exceeding brave, I joined the Legions; but, peradventure, it is not of mine own acts that it behoveth me to speak before their witnesses. Enough that one of them was my rescuing an aged man from fearful odds with some of our soldiery, who, having no better exercise for their valour were beating him, in pure love of the wine-skins wherewith he was heavily laden; and, lo! he proved the brother of my dead sire, and had journeyed hither to sell his merchandize. Now it so chanced that I, being somewhat wounded in this encounter, and high in favour with him whose horse and fiddle all terrible deities take pains to hamstring, got leave to wend homeward with my kinsman; he, all the way, urging me to name some guerdon; I, all the way, refusing, which furnished us with discourses of singular newness and variety. But when we had won the threshold of his door, there came forth to welcome him a damsel clad in white and flowing raiment, marvellously unlike the handmaiden of a vintner. She was tall, and of comely presence, with a high white forehead, darkly golden hair, and very noble features. The almond-blossom is not more tender than the bloom of her cheek; the buds of a pomegranate not so rich as the crimson of her lips, that smiled not, even when she spoke; and in her deep set eye was a mysterious radiance, so chaste and still, that it fitly mated the almost stern music of her low voice. She blushed not 'neath my gaze, neither looked she in any way astounded at my goodly armour. Ye will wonder how I, who have cast awe o'er the spirits of so many lovely ladies, should bend my regards on her; yet her image was so strange to me, that I did. Then mine uncle said unto her, 'Junia, this is thy cousin, who hath saved my life.' So knew I who it was, for I had not seen her since she was a babe, but forgot even that. And she kissed me like a sister; whereupon, with no great care as to the issue, I spake, 'Thou who so hungerest to reward, give me this virgin to wife!' And he made answer, 'She is too young, and mine only one; thou art a soldier, and dwellest afar off. I pray thee, ask of me some other thing.' But now that he denied my request, I was resolved; so, to make it appear for his own interest that he should grant it, I said, 'When thou art too aged for toil, will any other friend of Nero's save thy life, and then come hither to cherish her? I hold thee

a thankless word-breaker, until Junia be made my plighted spouse, to claim when it likes me.' Upon this, he joined our hands, as she, like unto one in a trance, said after him, 'I betroth myself to the preserver of my parent, and will rather die than forfeit my faith. Witness it, ye gods!'

"I said nothing; for after I had bound her to me, what need of binding myself to her, secure of inheriting the house and custom, they having no other kindred? So I sojourned with them some days, for my bosom yearned towards the old man; moreover, his wine was good. But it came to pass that, one eve, as I fared forth alone, I beheld a lad quitting a mean stall, and making for the high road; and I bethought me that this was one who moulded earthen vessels for our publicans. He was swarth, lean, wan, and brief of stature; but with starry eyes, and curls black as ebony; a patient, cheerful aspect; also a pleasant voice, though used shyly, or, as one would have said, with pride, had it been in reason to suppose that any right to pride ever entered even the dreams of such a fellow. The father of Junia had told me that this Caius, having no home wherein to lay his head, our city had offered him a piece of ground that no man would buy, or indeed take as a gift, by reason that it was accursed; so the credit of donation rested with them, and the shame of unthankfulness with those who refused; which they made sure that he likewise would do, being but a weak and lonely creature; yet, with small thanks, he built up his habitation there, and our magistrates hoped that, if he dwelt unmolested, some rich man might take heart to purchase the ground, when they could easily turn him out, such being the best use for so abject a thing.

"The idle legend of the place was this.—Upon it had stood the house of one who was banished for slaying a Roman of high rank, because he had seized on a girl beloved of this murderer; who, a year after, finding himself dying, stole back to his confiscated and still vacant house; but the friends of him he slew hearing this, beset the door at night, to take the criminal, that he might die the death; when, suddenly, there appeared a youth, who cried unto them that whosoever entered the sick chamber, must do so over his body. Therefore, the leader cut him down, and, as the death-cry reached the ear of him they sought, he sighed forth, 'Oh! woman, faithful to the end!' and died too. It was even so: his mistress had disguised herself to defend him. Then the chief who smote her went into the garden, and standing over against the well, said, 'Here bury I my hard heart. Gods, if ye accept the expiation, here punish ambition, covetousness, and revenge; here reward long-suffering, charity, and love; but let none approach this spot until Pompeia be warned to fall, and then let its mightiness cease.' So saying, he cast himself down into the water, and was seen no more. Since then no one had abided among the ruins of that house, save Caius, and even he, though no shades, he said, appeared to him, neither drank of the well, nor used its waters in his calling. On the eve whereof I speak I followed him, and he knew it not, but murmured to himself, 'Beloved birth-place, never will I leave thee. My destiny must find me, I cannot seek it—must be made to my hands, for I can do nought but shape cups, and gaze on Junia.' I was half-minded to ask his meaning, but there were other Junias besides mine; who, having seen me, could never, I deemed, waste a thought upon this beggar; in sooth, I heeded not; there were elsewhere women. I was sure of her

in the end: so, not stooping to question with a potter, I went my way, and came again into Rome, where time tarried not. But, behold! a year was scarce gone when an epistle was given me, which I paid a scribe to read and answer, for what hath a court soldier to do with arts so mechanical? In it my cousin besought me to release her, saying that, without my will, she would wed no other, yet could never be mine and live. So the scribe wrote, at my bidding, that she must be mine and die, for I would by no means free her; at which Lais, the pretty Athenian who was with me, laughed Junia to scorn! Another moon had well nigh waned, when tidings came that mine uncle was dead; and I sent word that I would claim my wife in a brief season. But when I came into her house, there was much mourning and sore dismay. She was gone, none knew whither. Now, though I, being assured of possessing all her goods, might little be expected to sorrow for one who loved me not, yet was it natural that I should nevertheless chastise Caius the potter; for he, I thought, must have caused all this. Wherefore, with many others, I ran to his shed; but we found only he; and the children who stood round about held me, sobbing, 'Harm him not, our friend is in despair!' Yet he rose up, haughtily, and said unto me these words: 'Well know I, oh! Centurion, whom thou seekest: it is in vain; she is lost and found, false and true, dead and immortal. Ha, ha! how sure thou wert! This hand is guiltless of her blood; but it was not for thee to win her as she was, it were not for thee to love her as she is; therefore depart, or seek farther at thine own peril; accursed be he who disturbeth her sleep!' So we thought him possessed, and I was devising tortures for him, when he cried again, 'Words and tears, from the poor, do nought with such as ye; here are jewels, of many colours and great size—take them, and leave me to weep my Junia!' It was as he said; we stared on one another, and wist not what to do with him; but what to do with his gems I well enough knew; some of them sent to Nero (would they had proved choak friars to him!) raised me higher than before in his grace. 'How camest thou by these?' quoth I; and Caius answered, 'When any ask *thee* that question, tell them thou hadst the toys from one who will give thee more to be rid of thee.'—'Nay,' said I, 'hadst thou offered me such reasons at the first, thou mightst have married all the Junias in the universe.'—'What!' he shouted fiercely, 'wouldst thou have taken a price for Junia living? Worlds should not have purchased her of me! A little wealth may do much then, if we gain it but in time; it will save life, but can never restore. I had nothing but her glances; in them, an empire in riches; without them, the bitterest poverty. Had we, but a few days since, known thee for the sordid, bloodless reptile that thou art, she were now my living bride. Pupil of Nero, this is thy work!'

"Again I was tempted to kill the slave; but he hurled a great chrystal at my head, to pick up the which was a braver occupation. Then the chief magistrate, who was by, said, 'All this serves not; it importeth me, Caius, to learn, the source of thy so sudden wealth.'—'There may be no such matter, thou upright lawgiver!' laughed he; 'take a handful of these to the cunning Jews of our city; if they give thee nothing for them, punish me; if otherwise, enjoy it, nor trouble one who can enjoy no more. Sweetens it not for ye, somewhat, a sight like this, to know that I gain it by the loss of what was most precious to me? that the blessing I craved turneth to a cause of wailing when possessed?

that I am mocked by the outward means of comfort, just when I am robbed of the outward power to feel it? Rejoice, ye who can, for awhile; I tell ye that your doom is nigh!' And the magistrate, being a wise man, put up the stones, and was satisfied. Others followed; to all, though with despiteful words, did Caius throw diamonds in such heaps, that we knew his found treasure to be without end; yet feared that, if we imprisoned him, it might cease. So the magistrates now executed justice at his word, even on some offenders among the great ones of our city, because he was greater than all; though scarce any could be called poor, so vast was the bounty of the potter. He did good to the afflicted, and the Israelites bowed before him; yet, though he had a house built on the site of his shed, he feasted none, took no one to wife, albeit our women much courted him; but wore plain apparel, hiding himself in a part of his garden overgrown with briars, as if to study, in what sort his servant trembleth to guess, as, listening without, he often hears a low whispering sound, and, being a man chosen for his trustworthiness, would doubtless tell more, if more he knew; for having little to do, and much to spend, it is natural that the fellow should oft leave so dull a place, and talk with any who will hear. But the greatest wonder is, that, whether Caius had long secretly practised with the clay in which he worked, or is all at once gifted with the power, Pompeia is now adorned by his hand with likenesses in stone of flowers, fruit, and animals. Among men he giveth but the images of the dead; as if themselves, asleep, pale, but not white; with ringlets and habits coloured as when they lived. No eye hath looked on him while he wrought these things. Even those for whom he hath done them, know not how; or, if they do, bless him, and are silent. Truly, though these be days of strange doctrines and new superstitions, it may not be well to meddle with the consciences of rich men, at least till they have made us rich as themselves. But for me—no longer one of repute in mine own land, compared with this my rival, shall I owe him an equality with himself and not hate? while of Junia I know no more, and feel that my townsmen will soon be willing to aid me, so curious grow they to learn how got he the hoards he parteth among them. No! I purpose to possess my master (whose hair may the Furies pull out of curl!) with these facts, and work my will upon the potter, in the emperor's name!"

Such were the rumours which spread over Italy, and, fortunately for my purpose, were preserved by the sensation which the fall of Pompeia created. These traditions slept, but to awaken refreshed, by the discoveries of our last century. It was then that our exploring party, passing through a strange house, came to a mound of ashes in its garden. After some digging, they reached a tangle of crushed and withered branches: this also they removed, till they found some, still verdant, which resisted their axes. These were twined into a circular bower, and must have met over head, till crushed by the lava and cinders. No eye could penetrate the interior. On one side was a wicket, of the same material, but securely fastened; without it lay some human bones, and a sword, such as worn by the Roman soldiers. At last this wicker-work so indurated that it broke like stone, gave way, and they beheld a sparry grot, with its exquisitely-shaped bath, into which water must once have fallen from the rock, and thence flowed over a wide chasm beside it, now nearly choked with dust. In that marble cradle reclined a female figure, of

uncommon beauty and symmetry; her eyes were closed, but a smile lingered on her still roseate mouth; and auburn hair was braided o'er her brow. In her hand she held a scroll, on which was written, "For Caius, and mine oath!" At her feet knelt a skeleton, in ghastly contrast with her life-like grace, though there was much expression in its attitude; for the head was upturned, as if life's last look had been fixed upon this idol, on whose lap lay a stylus, and a roll of fragments, they were decyphered, and may serve to explain this affecting spectacle.

"Without strength, genius, learning, birth, friends, fortune, powerless of fair means, too honest for foul ones, dead to vanity, averse to strife, loving a scene to which I owe but my birth, a maid who can never be mine, what have I to hope? Yet to tell those who neglect or insult me, fancying that I am content, nor fit for a better fate, how deeply I scorn their oppression—to have them in my power, and use it but to serve them—this were revenge! To be free from menial toil, to hold communion with the glorious dead, to ascertain the force of mine own mind, this were life! To breathe my worship before Junia for ever, this were felicity! Wondrous dreams, why do ye torture an unoffending worm?"

She knows all, she pities, yet would not approve, but that we hear her blighted one is false and base. She hath written for release; her father would adopt me, we would give up all his store to this centurion. I could labour for the old man, for Junia, for our babe, should we be parents. She says she would work too; but, though she knows it not, this is said with so goddess-like an air, that it overwhelms me. What were fame or gold to us?

He loves not, yet will not yield her. Our father is stricken to the heart. Our priests say there is no help; our citizens—that if we offend the Gods, (they mean the emperor's minion, who will, at best, seize all we have) they can, in no way, employ or aid us. I shuddered lest Junia should ever toil; must she even taste want because of her love for me? We have sworn not to quit the place of our nativity. Yet here we shall soon have no friends.

He comes to claim her. It is known that he saved her father's life; it is not known that in sport, by chance, or for his own purpose he did it. The old man is dead. We feel that this centurion's cold wantonness of power, his reliance on a faith in others which he himself derides, shortened our good sire's days; but dare we say so, while we are poor, and he in prosperity? Why rejoiced I that he loved not. Oh, if he had, though, to our sorrow, he must have suffered more, he would have been too proudly kind to wed her; but then I should have felt myself an ungenerous wretch. Junia too, even in gaining happiness, would have lost some portion of her worth.

My beloved hath just said unto me, and with a smiling countenance, "Caius, take comfort! stealing through thy house, while thou wert absent, I have been where thou hast not, to the well of which no man drinketh; and the fall of a leaf upon that water revealed to me how I

may escape from my vow, without sin, without exile. Thou mayst call me thine for ever, and possess wealth, and honour. I will show thee how; for I have offered sacrifices to the gods, who have made me solemnly brave and patient; nay, there is rapture in my resolve. Go thither, when the orb of Dian rises o'er the plain. Thou shalt find me, with pearls for my garland, and rubies for my wine! Therefore live, oh, my dearest, to bring down the pride of those who trampled thy humility, sparing only the centurion, because he is my cousin, and once did serve my sire. All good gods guard thee! we shall meet again." This speech I understood not, yet I hope, and will obey.

Inexorable Jove! Oh, Junia! Child of love and honour! What hast thou done? Now ye earthquakes—now, Vesuvius, home of infernals, send pestilence—yet, no; she bade me live for justice; is this life? The pearl-browed queen of night arose. I glode into the thicket, and beheld my love—but where? Sleeping, as it seemed, beneath the slow fall of that mystic spring. I called on her, but she answered not, nor stirred at my bidding. She was deaf to my frantic cry, blind to my tears. I strove to raise her, but it would not be; she was now as the rock itself, the scroll she held, the garb she wore, petrified. I brought a brand, and kindled the boughs around her, nor noise, nor light, nor heat, availed. A vase of wine stood in the water. I dashed it to atoms; but the liquid flowing not forth, clove, in sparkles to its urn; and I saw the truth, crying, "Oh, ho! fair, quiet stream, thou art like the cold ones of the world, who go on unimpeded in their own course, yet stagnate every thing more genial which comes near them. I pay mine all for thy terrible secret." Junia had found it first, and voluntarily died, that she might shamelessly remain with me. I imagined her waiting for death, with a smile—my name washed from her lip, as it changed to stone, Yes, unpolluted by another's embrace, she was mine. The faith of her spirit had frozen and hardened her warm and tender heart. Passion had purified the same, and was now, of itself, quenched. She might defy her foe. She was with the gods, yet with me; and, though she ate not at my board, I might sit beside her bed. The fire had her not, nor the air, the earth, nor the worms thereof. Ever young, she, herself, and no copy, would weepingly smile on her adorer, even if he lived to be aged. The murmur of the well should seem her deep sweet voice, the perfume of the flowers her delicious sigh. We were happier than the first lovers of this scene. I had slain none for her sake; no conscience was burdened by her death. Think, ye who love, what it must be to keep, as if embalmed in tears, changelessly, incorruptibly, the aspect of the beautiful, bequeathing it to all time, as a proof that ye did not falsely rave. This power was mine! and many of us have such statues, if but in our own hearts, sources alike of pride and of despair. But to conceal my treasure I must try the virtue of this spring still further. Accordingly I devoted that night to forming an osier-work temple around and above this shrine, with an entrance, which I might secure within. It was done. I sprinkled the branches with that gifted water, and they formed a wall. This barrier, however, if detected, might be broken down. The only armour against this world's cruelty is wealth. I gathered up the splinters that once were wine, and, at dawn, bearing them to a lapidary, asked how many pieces he would give me for

them; after using sundry tests, he replied, that the jewels were of a kind wholly new to him, which variety, as well as their size and brightness, tempted him to risk a large sum. So he gave me one indifferent small, evidently hugging himself on having cheated me in the bargain; but what cared I how little I got for things which I could multiply to infinity. Then went I back, and, to avoid suspicion, dropped into smaller cups some mead, milk, fair water, and the clear dyes with which I had been wont to tint my ware. These, placed so that my fount of splendour might run round, presently became equal to topaz, pearl, diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires. I clipped off the clay from about them, and lay them up in my house. Now let the centurion come.

Mine enemies are silenced on every hand. I am famous. I am flattered, and, beside Junia, I pore over the thoughts of poets and of sages; but she bids me leave her sometimes, that I may do good to others. A selfish lover is unworthy of her.

How many bereaved friends have I partially consoled! How many fair creations perpetuated. Those to whom we give wealth may betray, but they who truly love can be secret. The last look, be it what it may, a real mourner is loathe to lose. They confide to me their dead. I restore them statues; but I tell to none how this may be. I bear the water to their houses, for none shall lie near my Junia. It is usually covenanted to say that these bodies are burned, or embalmed; and I pass for a great sculptor, from no merit of my own. I was the same, or a better man, when they slighted me; for then mine every act the the world was welcome to see. I was all truth.

When I was poor I deemed that the rich had no distress. I have reached the pinnacle, all around is danger. The novelty decreases. My rival, buying arms with my gifts, turns them against me. Many are the ungrateful envies, jealousies, and slanders, with which I am beset, because they understand me not. The changes of my fate have taught me to know mankind and myself; have made me hardy and immoveable. Perchance this may be philosophy. Let a man win fame never so easily, so accidentally, he will, in the end, pay but too dearly for it. Let him content himself with but the coldest semblance of a blessing, he will find it begrudged him, even by those on whom he hath bestowed substantial comfort; but they shall not make me a cynic; they shall not drive me from my beloved Pompeia. It is something that I *have* had my day. I will tell them all. Myself divert this wondrous spring, so that it may flow into a public place, for their use; no eye, save mine, must look on Junia; with her, ease, and obscure competence, I may yet be happy in the twilight of our evergreen bower.

Divinities! do I live to write this? It was evening, most of our citizens had retired to rest, and I—to continue this record, at the feet of Junia; when the centurion called on me aloud, saying that, empowered by our new ruler, Titus, he had opened the tomb of certain Pompeians; they were empty; the statues had been hacked up, indications of their nature were evident; and I was accused of sorcery.

Vexed with myself for having waited to be forced into confession, I opened the wicket for his party, offering to shew them my well. Alas! the seeming good which brought me into this peril, had failed me at mine extremest need. *It was dry!* They would have dashed my Junia from her sacred throne, and slain me, but for the maids and matrons whose dear ones I had saved to them, until this accursed day. All was tumult, when, suddenly, the earth rocked beneath our feet, the mountain sent forth a roar—and crying "The Augury!" they all fled. I secured myself against their return, and now, by the hot flashes which break the horrid gloom, trace these lines, while friends and foes expire together. The general doom terminates all lesser causes. I pity and forgive. What shrieks of madness! and there sits Junia unmoved. A gentler death was thine, beloved! than, hadst thou longer stayed, thou must have met. I could not have borne to feel this hopeless sympathy for thee; to see thee suffer it, to look on thy blackened corse. Thy beauty will survive, if the world doth; its sublime calm mans my heart; let terror rage without, all here is quiet. I had a home that is not, a fame that I outlive, a wealth that is buried, a power that is past away. Now I have nothing but thee; and shall not long be more sentient them thyself. Gods! may we not unite in Elysium? The next crash must end all. It will be welcome, for I see thee no more, but die in thy presence Junia!"

The last word was imperfect. Some bigot, calling the statue a Pagan abomination, either destroyed or concealed it; but doubtless many fossil remains still exist, that were dipped in the well of the potter; and many noble ladies may wear his gems, who dream not of their origin.

Assuredly there are others, like Caius, by no fault of their own, destined to ill-luck, till their misery seems so essential to the order of nature, that, should they ever begin, in any way to thrive the next thing to expect were *that the world would come to an end!*

H.

SONNET.

See! the untried morn is on her way;—
Through the deep shades of night, deeply serene—
She steers two wide divided worlds between,
Starless or star-led, never gone astray.
So let us, weak, her ministry obey;—
Though outcast pilgrims of a wintry scene,
Though clouds surround—and darkness intervene,
Yet, may we never our own steps betray,
But through the dim obscurity of fate,
In our own patience let us still abide;
Still rais'd above our own sad mortal state,
To count the ebb and flow of fortune's tide.
Content, fair moon, to seek our welcome shrine,
And fade away—in purity, like thine.

MILITARY TOPOGRAPHY OF OPORTO.

Posto fora de Brazil vem Pedro avantureiro
A roubar-nos, com estrangeiros sem pao e denheiro
Mas logo Mostraremos a este ex Emperador de Maucacos
Que poco caso fazemos d'elle et dos seus Polacos.
Marchamos Luzitanos e no campo da gloria
Vengaremos, o altar, o trono, e a patria,
A devisa nossa es esta—Morra infame Pedro
E vera el Rey Senhor Don Miguel primeiro.

Miguelite War Song.

The City of Oporto, upon which the eyes of all Europe are at present fixed, is situated near the mouth of the river Douro, and contains about seventy thousand inhabitants. It is built on the declivity of a mountain, the height of which is from thirty-five to forty toises, and occupies the inclined plane that extends from the summit to the very edge of the water. The Douro is both deep and rapid, and about three hundred yards wide; a bridge of boats connect it with the suburb of Villa Nova. The city, from its locale, is extremely narrow. A convent (de Terra), which commands the Faubourg and the city, occupies a mountain equal in height to that on which Oporto is built. Three routes branch off from the city: one northwards, to Brôja; a second to Amarante, eastwards; and the third to the southward, through Coimbra, to the capital. All these are bad, hilly and rocky, and unfavourable to the evolutions of cavalry and artillery.

Oporto is undefended on the north and east sides. On the south it is covered by the Douro, and on the west by the ocean and by the forts constructed at the mouth of the river. In 1809, the Portuguese endeavoured to defend the city against the advance of Soult and his army: for this purpose they threw up a line of entrenchments, and redoubts placed upon a chain of rounded hills, on the north side, and when the hills failed, the defences were continued by earthen ramparts, loop-holed houses, and felled trees. This line rested on the right on the Seminario, and was carried over the crest of the mountain to the mouth of the river on the left.

The Portuguese, led by their bishop, had collected in this entrenched camp upwards of forty thousand men, among whom were many regular troops. The French, however, carried the place, with immense loss to the defenders. Soult having, on the evening of the 28th of March, discovered, by a feint attack, the weakest part of the Portuguese position, boldly resolved to attack the strongest point, force his way through the city, and seize the bridge, in order to secure the passage of the river. Dividing his army into three columns, he commenced the attack by the wings, reserving his centre until the enemy, believing the whole attack was developed, had weakened their own centre to strengthen their flanks. Then the French, held in reserve, stormed the entrenchments and the two principal forts. The Portuguese army thus cut in two, the French carried in succession nearly all the forts, and drove the enemy back on the city with great slaughter. The victory was certain, but the battle continued within the town; for two battalions having burst the barricades at the entrance of the streets, had penetrated to

the bridge, and here all the horrid circumstances of war (says Colonel Napier) and the calamities of an age, were compressed into one doleful hour.

More than 4000 people, of every age and sex, were seen rushing forward in a frenzied tumult and confusion; some already on the bridge, others striving to gain it. The batteries on the Villa Nova side opened their fire when the French appeared, and at the same moment a body of Portuguese cavalry, flying from the fight, came rushing down one of the streets, and dashed at full gallop into the midst of the flying crowd. The bridge, unable to sustain the increasing weight, sunk, and the foremost of these unfortunate fugitives kept tumbling into the river, from the pressure behind, until their heaped bodies, rising above the surface, actually filled all the space left by the boats that had sunk. The French, horror-stricken at the spectacle, forgot the rage of combat, and hastened to save the survivors. The ill-fated city was now delivered up to an infuriated soldiery, whom Soult in vain endeavoured to restrain. The Portuguese, to this day, entertain a grateful sense of his conduct on that occasion. The frightful scene of pillage, murder, and every other enormity that war brings in its train, lasted for some hours. Upwards of 10,000 Portuguese fell on that unhappy day.

The surprise of this city, in the month of May following, by the Duke of Wellington, was as bold an operation as any recorded in military history.

The British approached the city from the southward, and dragging up some artillery to the Convent of the Serra, they pushed across the river and seized the Seminario; while another division crossed at Arentas, and, after a smart action, remained masters of the city.

The present line of defence is much more contracted than that occupied by the Portuguese in 1809. It extends from the Semanario to the Torre da Maria on the left. There are thus in position fifty pieces of artillery, and some mortar batteries, besides a train of fifteen field pieces, ready to move at a moment's notice. Barricades are erected at the head of each street, defended by a trench externally, with a platform for a gun on the inner side, and a breastwork for infantry. On the Villa Nova side, works have been erected, and the Convent de Serra placed in a posture of defence. Videttes on this side are thrown forward as far as St. Osidio. Don Pedro's force consists of about 14,000 men, one half of which are of the line; but his defences would offer no material obstacle to a regular attack. Miguel has about 16 or 18,000 men on the north side of the Douro, and about 6000 on the south side. This latter corps has some very heavy artillery. On the other hand, every thing that could cover the advance of an enemy in front of Oporto has been levelled, and the population disarmed.

Vallonga, the scene of the affair of the 23d July, is a small villa, about three leagues from Oporto. Amarante, the head-quarters of the Miguelites, is a very strong position; it is a small place, fortified in the ancient manner, but possesses a double *tête de pont* upon the Tamegan, a small river that disembogues itself into the Douro. General St. Martin, unable to make any attempt by the Coimbra road, because he would have been obliged to cross the Douro, and not being master of the sea, he could make no demonstration on the west, seized Amarante, while the reinforcements advancing from the capital would menace the city on the south side.

Don Pedro's position, in a military point of view, is extremely critical; for if he only executes a day's march, either to the north or the south, he leaves Oporto uncovered, and abandons his communications with the sea, by which he draws all his supplies. His only resource would be to ascend the river, and attack the royalist positions, but they are uncommonly strong, and it took Loison's corps of 7000 men near an entire month to master them.

If Don Pedro is allowed to take up his winter quarters at Oporto, and to organize his resourses for the next campaign, he may yet succeed; though by going to Oporto, instead of making a dash at Lisbon, where his party was in the greatest force, (for without the intimate conviction of the existence of a strong party in his favour, the enterprise was absolutely Quixotic,) he threw all his chances into the scale of his adversary. We await the next arrivals with considerable anxiety, for it is the decided policy of Miguel *de brusquer l'affaire*, and if he only acts with ordinary energy, he has certainly a force, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, sufficient to annihilate at a blow the army of his brother. When we reflect that the success of the liberal cause depends upon the absence of only a single man of head and execution, we look with fearful anxiety to the result.

THE SPECULATIONS OF A HUNGRY MAN.

Canada—the Swan River—South Africa—where shall a single gentleman, unembarrassed by an hereditary sixpence, plant himself in these days? Shall he look for a commission in the new police, or a puisne-judgeship in Greece, or a bishopric in Nova Zembla, or a majority in Don Pedro's service? What direction shall he give a mind unprejudiced by education or profession? 'Tis a hard matter!

At the present day, when starvation is the universal horizon of every one's prospects, it is rather amusing to observe what pains some people take to incur a gentlemanly sort of famine, and avoid a poor-house style of life, that they may perish with credit as members of a profession. The very word makes me laugh. I have tried, or at least I have reflected upon them all; and the result has been a firm conviction, that to undertake any is a sign of an unphilosophic and undisciplined character. Hunger, that now stares me in the face during all but six hours of the twenty-four, would probably extend its impertinent intrusion still further had I to save a moiety of the sum, which now purchases my single daily meal, in order to supply myself with that profligate object of expenditure, a yearly new coat. That which well-dressed men call society would, amongst other unnatural exactions, demand from me more than a weekly charge of linen; and were I compelled to talk delicate English, I should be compelled to make my chin pliable by means of a razor; whereas my present free-and-easy discourse requires no relaxation of beard, no locomotion of muscle. I move as I please, and my toes are not pinched by any unkindness on the part of the side-leather.

But one cannot baffle long the great foe, the continual spectre, that stands so visibly in one's very front. Starvation is close by, and something must be done. Let it not be in mad England. I am quite per-

plexed whenever I think of this our country—with all its internal wealth and external resources—its pure government—its noble institutions—its generous sons—its valour—its religion—its beauty; and then to reflect upon the price of beef in London! Does it not turn one's patriotism into rebellion, as it substitutes appetite for digestion, to calculate that a single mutton-chop costs five-pence! So much for the table—next the wardrobe. In what other country, it may be asked, would the year play such abominable pranks with a man of forethought? When, at any time, did the three months March, April, and May, shuffle and change places with each other in so unprincipled a manner as here? When I had suffered all my cloth to go into the country for the summer, and, through the kind negociation of a gentleman from Holywell-street, managed to obtain an adequate supply of merino from some unknown friend, for a consideration almost nominal; was it not hard, in the second week of May, to be accosted by a northerly frost, and to wander through a sea of mud, that gave my un-talk-about-ables a resemblance to a pair of strange-shaped zebras? A man of small means has no chance in such a climate. I had formed a party to visit the Exhibition on the 12th; but, instead of going there, I was left at home to scour up an old pair of gaiters for a ball that night. None of this would have happened in Greece. And then the taxes! Not that they much affect me individually—only one views these things on public grounds; and with this view I cannot but recommend a property-tax in lieu of all others; for I do think, when a man has not a farthing in the world, he should not be obliged to pay the horrid sums he now does—indirectly of course—for the attic-window and the small soap he may chance to employ. I must confess I like the post-office and stamps, and many other sources of national revenue; but when a man or a minister makes your landlord contribute to the land-tax, by which means your rent is raised one shilling per week, I do say, that these are crying grievances in this country, and no independent man, like myself, can be perfectly contented in it.

Well, then, with regard to foreign parts, what shall we say. Does not Algiers offer a glorious prospect?—and Greece and Turkey?—Russia and Calabria? Who is there so helpless as to be sh ut out from a presidency of a South American republic, should he choose to "call one into exisience?" Who may not be Lord High Admiral or Master of the Rolls in the empire or kingdom of Prince Leopold? Why should not a sly fellow ingratiate himself with the sultan, and induce him to cut off the heads of all the dignitaries, according to the precedence and number of their tails, that stands between him and the office of grand-vizier? Or let him call himself Sir William Congreve, and whisper his vocation in the ear of the Pacha of Egypt; and might he not instantly be made generalissimo of 40,000 Bedouin Arabs, arch-defender of the harem, and superintendent of their works? No, Don Pedro's service promises best. The notion is ecstatic. How fortunate was it that I found a sixpence the other day (on a shop-counter.) It enabled me to get a cup of what is called by a sort of poetical licence, coffee, for several successive mornings, and to see the paper. But then, again, how *un*-fortunate was it, that the first I heard of the exploits of the Don's agents in beating up for recruits here, was their retreat from the Thames police officers, who had taken it into their heads to enlist *them*. So that my application was only just in time to be totally inapplicable. I would follow the expedition; but the credit of this country is so shaken, that

I question whether any captain of a vessel would trust me to the amount of the passage-money, though a British-born subject; and till that national credit is restored, I know not that I have the means of putting any one of my plans in execution; for the shameful negligence of agriculturists in the payment of their rents, together with the over-speculation of the commercial people generally, or some cause at present not stated, deprives me of affluence, not to say competency. My purse has become the receptacle of two steel keys and a pen-knife; and if I dine to-day, it embarrasses me to ascertain what remuneration I can have to offer for the outlay incurred by the tavern-keeper in providing me with bread and cheese.

Now, as for home-appointments, it must be confessed that my friends are not very influential with the present ministry,—partly from ancestral prejudice, partly from a want of sympathy on other grounds. At any rate, I cannot expect any adequate advancement from them. Nor, indeed, would there be the slightest gratification in a mere gratuitous elevation. No man like myself can understand the pleasurable feelings of those favourite protegés who are lifted up without muscular effort into fat deaneries and snug secretaryships. The exertion of obtaining makes the object worth obtaining; aad for this reason I am resolved to carve out my own fortunes by my own means, and having neither money nor friends, present employment or future prospects, my wit must supply their place; and thus follows its first exercise, in the shape of a humble appeal to the first, if not only, Mæcenas of the age—

Robert Warren, Esq., of No. 30, *Strand.*

To Mr. Warren, then, do I appeal as followeth:

"Sir,—I am a young man, particularly worthy your attention, either as operative shoe-black, manufacturer, distributor, or panegyrist of your easy shining and brilliant jet or japan blacking. Either or all of these offices I will undertake at a peculiarly low rate of compensation. Much as I admire the transcendant talents of your present household poets, I cannot but think I have a stock of double rhymes hitherto unknown to the English language. Greatly as I appreciate the elegance with which your portable placards are suspended from the neck of your peripatetic retainers, I may venture to hint that my shoulders would support a basket-load of your heaviest bottles for sixteen hours per diem, and this would lead to a notoriety which no vulgar advertisement could hope for. There is no man in London who has so perfect a knowledge of compounds as myself. In its simple state I am acquainted with nothing; as a medley of adulteration I am well versed in the secrets of all abominable filthiness, whether of sight, smell, taste, or touch. I was for some time employed as a person in the Cape-wine trade, and understand something of the principles of preparing genuine London porter; and this, I trust, will give me a claim to your notice as a subordinate manufacturer.

"Oh! Robert Warren, this is an opportunity not to be neglected. Write to me by return of post (taking care to pay it, or I shall not be able to take it in); or, as I have no particular direction, look for me, any time between sunrise and midnight, beneath the statue at Charing Cross—for that is my favourite resort. To make recognition easy, I shall leave off my shoes on that occasion, and, as a private token, I shall possibly be without a coat!"

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

BALIFF-BRUTALITIES.—A case of assault by a Sheriff's Officer, tried lately at the Westminster Sessions, will serve to call attention to the character and practices of a class of men, who, in these debtor and creditor days, are, we fear, in unprecedented requisition; and who, notorious as they are for being quite destitute of everything like "conscience and tender heart," are not very likely to be improved or humanized by the increased calls upon them for exertion, and a multiplication of the misfortunes upon which they grow prosperous at the expense of the impoverished. The case we alluded to is sufficiently aggravated; an officer named *Levy* having, on the strength of the writ wherewith he was armed, burst into the dressing-room of a lady of respectability,—an invalid, and moreover at the moment nearly undressed—and struck both her and her female servant—although not the slightest attempt was made or intended, by the gentleman whom he was in quest of, to evade the execution of the writ. This brutal and unprovoked assault has cost the perpetrator of it a paltry fine of "20*l* to the KING;" an amount for which the defendant "immediately wrote a cheque," and then left the Court amidst the condolements or congratulations of a numerous muster of the baliff fraternity; instead of being mulcted, as he should have been, in five times the sum,—and sent for six months, in a different capacity to that of gaoler, to a different species of "lock-up-house" to that over which he presides.

It is to be feared that the assault, thus leniently dealt with, disgraceful and barbarous as it is, is by no means a case of rare occurrence. It may perhaps be taken as a specimen of the outrages that are daily happening, unheard of and unpunished, under the sheltering cloak of law, in every county in the kingdom. In the metropolis, it is assuredly not an unfare example of the mode in which these ruffians too often riot in the privileges which their warrant gives them, and insult and wound those whom that warrant places at their mercy. The "insolence of office" is, perhaps, manifested in these fellows more than in any other class of official hirelings. They belong by nature and habit to the coarsest and most vulgar grade of society; money is to them the great distinguishing principle of life; they recognize but two classes of men, the creditors and the debtors—those who, having no money, cannot pay—and those who are arbitrarily resolved to have their due, whether it is to be had or not. Their interest teaches them to take part with the exercise of power, qualifying them not only to discharge their functions without delicacy or remorse—without the slightest courtesy or respect towards the misfortune of the unhappy debtor—but also, as in the instance we have adverted to, to break through the boundaries of common humanity and decency, and to violate the law by open assaults and indignities upon any persons, gentle or simple, that they may encounter in their search.

The Law of Arrest—the subject of Imprisonment for Debt, of which such frighful and ruinous examples are hourly happening under the eyes of persons of all conditions in life—except the richest of all, who choose to shut theirs to evils from which they are themselves exempt—this arbitrary law, and this destructive and dreadful system of imprison-

ment, are topics of daily-deepening interest; they are daily becoming better understood; and are far, very far, from being the least important of the thousand stirring and pregnant subjects of consideration, which now provoke discussion throughout the whole immense range of society. In the abominations of the law itself, the malpractices, extortions, and brutalities of those whose profession it is to carry its despotic provisions into effect are, although, as glaring and notorious as the noon-day, too frequently overlooked. They are ranked as matters of course among the distresses and disasters to which every debtor is liable; and are taken to be part and parcel of the law itself, and, therefore, things to be borne with as the sufferer best may, so long as the present law may last. Nor, it must be confessed, is there any remedy, except in actions like this against LEVY, actions which involve a certain outlay to the complainant, who it may be presumed is, generally, too poor to go to law—a great risk of failure, as in all other cases of application for legal redress—an exposure of private and painful circumstances, to which few like, or can afford to give publicity to—and when all this hazard, expence and mortification have been encountered with success, the result is, as we have seen, a fine of "twenty pounds to the King," and a vulgar and cheaply purchased triumph to the rich baliff, who "writes a draft" for the costs of one injury, and swaggers off to commit a hundred others with impunity.

THE DEMON DUKE AND HIS DOUBLE.—The tea-table circles of the United Kingdom have been thrown, for the last fortnight, into a state of curiosity and consternation, by an event, quite unequalled by any thing that has happened above-ground since the days of the Dragon of Wantley. We allude, of course, to the "affair" at Barnes, in which the Duke of Cumberland has so distinguished himself, as to render his equestrian exploits more famous, from this time forth, than Ducrow's.

The story is as well known as that of the Duke's rival, the Dragon alluded to above. Certain young ladies were walking quietly upon a footpath, when a certain horseman, "with white mustachios," galloped up, and (all but) rode over them. They were not hurt, it is true—that is, their feet were not trampled upon by the horse's hoofs, nor did the rider exercise his whip upon any body but his fellow-brute beneath him; but they were sufficiently alarmed, and with sufficient reason; for, if not in actual peril of their lives, they could not fail to think themselves so. The horseman "with white mustachios" saw their alarm—heard their exclamations of terror—and, as he galloped off, turned round his head—*and laughed!*

Now, whosoever this horseman "with white mustachios" may be, it is plain that he can have no further claim to be considered as a gentleman, even if some good-natured people should be charitable enough to think him a step higher in the scale of nature than his horse.

The immediate consequence of the insulting outrage, was a letter in the daily papers, charging the Duke of Cumberland with being the owner of the identical pair of white mustachios in question. Deep was the disgust—loud were the execrations—but small, small indeed, was the surprise! The Duke offered something like an explanation, or half-apology, for the insult, and the tea-table discussions were in imminent danger of breaking up; when up steps the celebrated Colonel Quentin, with a personal visit to Hammersmith, and a letter to the *Morning Post*,

taking upon *himself* (!) the whole odium of the transaction, and protesting that the duke was in no way whatever entitled to the smallest share in the ignominy which was the natural result of it. *He* (the colonel) was the real Simon Impure, and none but he had a right to the execrations of the public. In proof of his assertion, he pointed to his horse, to his accoutrements—even to his gloves; which the ladies who were called forth to pronounce judgment as to the identity of their insultor, declared to be the same. But alack! for Colonel Quentin, one point of resemblance was wanting—one, the most conspicuous and characteristic of all. *The white mustachios were missing!* The colonel had forgotten the crowning peculiarity of his prototype. He looked like the Duke of Cumberland—but it was the Duke of Cumberland *shaved!* It was *Othello* with a face innocent of blackness. It was *Bottom, without* the ass's head.

As long as this world lasts, will every body believe the Duke of Cumberland to be the hero of the Barnes brutality; and so long also will they regard Colonel Quentin in the light of a person who has volunteered, in a spirit of the most unaccountable and almost frantic friendship, to encounter the public contempt to which another was lawfully entitled. The colonel is beyond all denial the boldest captain in the universe. He not only consents to brave the obloquy of an action which he never committed, but he is even willing to have it supposed that there is some personal resemblance between himself and the duke. He stands courageously forward, and confesses that the Duke of Cumberland has been *mistaken for him!* We can picture nothing that involves so much moral heroism as this—such marvellous self-sacrifice! such perilous an excess of friendship!

Magisterial Morality.—One half of the acts of the existing race of Magistrates will, we hope, be regarded by their successors as beacons to set them upon a different tack. Nothing can better serve to show how justice is *not* administered, than those frequent decisions of the several "benches" that dignify the metropolis, which people read with incredulous amazement, and a fit of exasperation against the reporter, for libelling a class of men who claim to be denominated "Your Worship."

Such was the feeling with which we read the account of the detention of a watch and other property, belonging to a man whose misfortune it was to be brought before Mr. Gregorie of Queen Square. He was found guilty of being suspected of a burglarious attempt, and was sentenced to a short imprisonment as a rogue and vagabond. On being removed he applied for his watch, a handkerchief or two, and a few shillings, which had been found in his pocket. The magistrate signified his intention of keeping them. The "vagabond" represented, with all deference to the magisterial power of detention, that the articles were *his own*, and offered to produce the person of whom he had purchased them. "That," said Mr. Gregorie, "is the very reason why I retain them. If I thought they belonged to others they should be returned to them."

We are lovers and advocates of economy in all its branches, and carry our notions of saving as far as most people. But Mr. Gregorie out-Humes Hume. This scheme of seizing upon silver watches with gold seals, and selling them, to save society the cost of a few weeks' bread

and water, would, if instituted by a Radical in the Reformed Parliament, have made every magistrate in the three kingdoms start astounded upon the bench, or swoon in the arms of his clerk. But magistrates rush in where moralists fear to tread. "Robes and furred gowns hide all."

Where the system thus commenced is to end, we care not to predict. Of course Mr. Gregorie, after this, will be for confiscating the property (although acknowledged by himself to be lawfully obtained) of all subjects that are committed by him; but we do not choose to speculate upon the possibility of the plan being extended to the watches of prosecutors as well as prisoners, though it is plain that the powers of the bench have few limitations under the present system. All that can be done is, to hope that he will sell the watch, &c. to the highest bidder—that no officer may be permitted to buy it in at a convenient sum—that he will see that the governor actually *gets* the money—and that the balance, if any, will be paid to the prisoner upon his discharge. Otherwise he will be more than ever prepared to steal watches, seeing that the law itself sets him a practical example, and shews itself superior to all vulgar prejudices thereunto approaching.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY.—All that was mortal of the Author of Waverley, has at length partaken of the common fate of mortality. The magician has worked his last spell—his wand is withered—his book is clasped—and his appointed labours are done! Wonderful have they been, and grateful should the world be to a spirit to whom it is indebted for such manifold moral blessings and intellectual enjoyments.

The Author of waverly is dead! He expired at Abbotsford, on Friday, the 21st of September. The event had been too long and too surely anticipated to create any sudden shock upon the minds of the thousands that had fed for so many years upon the fruits of his genius; yet the grief and regret are not less deeply seated, because we had been prepared for their coming. Even if it were so, the event itself is coupled with other things of which we had no previous knowledge, and which must impress every reader of the magnificent productions of the mighty novelist—every lover of literature—every respecter of the rights and claims of genius—with unaffected sorrow on the one hand, and resentment on the other.

We allude to the information concerning the insolvency of Sir Walter Scott, and the anticipated necessity of bringing Abbotsford—the scene of his triumphs and his trials—where he enjoyed his unprecedented fame, and endured his pecuniary reverses of fortune—the spot which he loved in life, and which, when struck with death, he was so eager to breathe his last in—Abbotsford; of bringing this his chosen retreat to the hammer. But if such a termination to all his labours be calculated to excite the most saddening reflections, it also awakens a corresponding depth of resentment towards those who could calmly look on and contemplate the inevitable result, while he whom they professed to venerate, whom they almost worshipped, whom they hailed as the intellectual monarch of Scotland, was hourly sinking under the trials, exertions, and mortifications which it inspired. The fact is now undeniable. Sir Walter Scott has fallen a martyr to his pecuniary embarrassments! A fact more mournful it itself, more humiliating, more degrading to the aristocracy of this country, and to that of Scotland, especially, can scarcely be conceived.

DEATH OF MR. GODWIN, JUN.—Among the victims of the cholera this month, is to be numbered the son of the illustrious and venerable author of *Caleb Williams*, who was suddenly carried off in the prime of as healthful and vigorous a manhood, as ever gave hope of a long life. William Godwin, jun., who, though of a social and enjoying disposition, was no less temperate and regular in his habits, was seized, "after a flow of his ordinary good spirits," by a disease which baffles the speculations of the most skilful, and steals upon the human frame without note or warning. He lingered for two days, and died on the morning of Saturday, the 8th of September. He was in his thirtieth year.

Mr. Godwin had been for some years upon the establishment of the *Morning Chronicle*, as a parliamentary reporter, a capacity in which he was distinguished for more than ordinary ability and conscientious exactness. He was the author of some miscellaneous papers of high merit, in various periodicals works; among others, in the "Monthly." He was one of our most valued contributors—as he was also one of our most intimate and social friends. What he has written has appeared anonymously, and may never be collected; but his literary performances, no less than his character and principles, are of a nature to attach no dishonour to the name he bore. We can say this, not only from our own conviction, but on the authority of a writer in the *True Sun*, (a writer, the gracefulness of whose pen, and the kindliness of whose disposition, are sure to reveal him, whatever subject he touches upon.) It is there remarked, that "Mr. Godwin was not unworthy of his origin, either in natural ability, or spirit of speculation."

NOTES ON LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, &c.

WE intend in future to devote a space to the passing topics of the month more especially connected with Literature, Fine Arts, Music, &c. It is too late, however, this time to do justice to our intentions. We can merely advert *en passant* that there are many forthcoming claims to the public attention which the late unusually dull season has kept the publishers from speculating upon. The Annuals likewise are beginning to shew themselves, enlivening the present dearth with their bright colours and gilding, like crocusses in the spring. The first in the field is the Landscape Annual, with a series of splended illustrations from Harding's drawings, forming the last volume of Italy. Mr. Thomas Roscoe has executed his share of the work with his accustomed ability. Indeed, we question whether any writer of the present day is so well qualified to treat of the land of poetry and romance as the son of the biographer of 'Leo X.' and 'Lorenzo.'

'Friendship's Offering' is likely to support its claims to distinction. We have received specimens of plates, some of which are of the very highest order. That of Affection, by Davis, is worthy of the artist. Female Pirates is a beautiful subject. We have only had time to glance them over. Next month we will enter more into detail.

The oldest of the Annuals, "Forget Me Not," will not disgrace our recommendation. The names of Martin, Leslie, Prout, Richter, W. and E. Finden, Rolls, Carter, &c. &c. speak for the high character of its embellishments; and in the literary department will be found the names of the best writers of the day.

A new feature in literature, or rather a variation upon an old one, is about to be introduced by Mr. Thomas Roscoe and Mr. Leitch Ritchie. On the first of January will be published the first monthly volume of a cheap series of original tales and romances by the most popular authors. It is to be called Schinderhannes the Robber of the Rhine.

Mr. Taylor has a life of Cowper now ready for publication. The new volume of the Continental Annual is in a state of forwardness; likewise Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering. Historical and Antiquarian Notices of Crosby Hall is just published.

The Penny National Library—who would not have a library on such terms?—numbers of the History of England,—Universal Biography,—Grammar and Dictionary,—Law Library—Geography and Gazetteer,—Ancient History,—Shakspeare's Plays, besides Standard Novels, &c. "all for the small charge," as the showmen say, "of one shilling." At that rate the whole catalogue of the British Museum ought to be embraced for five pounds.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Lord Brougham Displayed. By Jeremy Bentham. London. 1832.

We think that the executors of Bentham might have shown their discrecretion, and evinced their regard for that illustrious man by suppressing the present pamphlet.

We honestly confess our opinion that this production is not calculated to raise him in the estimation of the world either as a philosopher or as a man;—and, however strange and audacious it may appear to his disciples to avow that belief, we do not hesitate to say that we think Bentham was not altogether the amiable and upright philosopher that they have taken so much pains for years past to represent him. We think we discover no small portion of unbecoming acrimony—of bad feeling, and of mean envy in many of his writings, and in none more than in this attemted exposure of a friend. Far be it from us to insult the memory of a great man, but when we see daily the arrogant insolence with which all who presume to differ from Bentham's views and utilitarian philosophy are assailed—when also we find, as in the work before us, a total disregard of all such ceremony as common feeling and common decency would dictate, we cannot restrain ourselves from the natural inclination to protest against such an unworthy exhibition.

The object of Mr. Bentham's pamphlet is to throw ridicule, and to bring odium and contempt upon Lord Brougham's recent improvements in the Chancery Practice, with many observations upon the Bankruptcy Court Bill recently passed, and much gratuitous information of bad, if not base, motives of the Chancellor. All this was hardly to have been expected from Mr. Bentham, and we are led to the unavoidable conclusion that the philopher was impatient of all legal improvements that did not directly emanate from himself.

But we will say no more upon this point. Jeremy Bentham's fame will rest upon other works than pamphlets of this description, in which we discover but the dregs and lees of a great mind converted into an offensive weapon of attack against a friend, whose only present fault appears to be that he has dared to reform the law without consulting Mr. Bentham at every step.

Historical and Practical Treatise on Elemental Locomotion. By Alexander Gordon, Civil Engineer.

Lectures on the Steam Engine. Fourth Edition. By Dionysius Lardner, D.D., F.R.S., &c., &c.

In these works there is so striking a similarity in some of the plates and indices that we are compelled to suppose that there has been unfair play in one or

the other, and to add our impression that the plagiarism has not been perpetrated by Mr. Gordon. It is frequently necessary, in the compilation of lectures, to draw largely from the works of others, but no author, especially one whose labours are but recently before the public, should be paid off, as it were, with a negative compliment; a proper acknowledgment is alike honourable to each.

Of our own knowledge we can say that Mr. Gordon's views of Elementary Locomotion have made many converts to the opinion that steam conveyance on the highways of this country, will be found to be a better mode than conveyance on railways, whether effected by steam or animal power; and this he establishes, in the work before us, by the apothegm of political economy, that all waste of capital or of labour is a natural evil. He gives us the law of gravitation to work out for ourselves, to bring us to the conclusion that a railway for general purposes is not the best mode of transit when the line of traffic is not on a *perfect level*, and this he demonstrates so clearly that we strongly advise all parties who are interested in the existence or formation of railways, or in opposition to their construction, to peruse his arguments, calculations and deductions, with more than ordinary attention. We have never found, until now, in any report on railways, or in any description of them, a proper consideration of the laws of gravitation; a law so potent that its force is felt in an enormous ratio when the rail is inclined even as little as it is on the Liverpool and Manchester line.

Mr. Gordon has gone into some curious calculations as to the relative cost of conveyance by the common road, and by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway; calculations which seem likely to form the groundwork for considerable discussion, and of which we shall only refer to one item, which he states to be the annual amount of tear, wear, and repairs of the locomotive engines. Is he correct in quoting these expenses at 1,500l. each engine? If so, such of our friends as are canal proprietors may take a little comfort, particularly when they recollect ths speed that has been attained on the Scotch canals even by horses. Dr. Lardner has passed over the latter important fact in rather a careless manner, by just glancing at it in a foot note, from which we gather his opinion, "that the effect alluded to in these experiments (which by the way we should call *demonstrations*, for the regular trips of a boat with sixty passengers for upwards of twelve months is something more than experimental) would not be produced if the boat were propelled by a steam-engine *in it*. It seems to be in some degree dependant on the peculiar mode in which the boat is drawn by the power acting on the banks," i. e. the horses. Can the Doctor inform us how, in this wonderful exhibition of the forces, the laws of dynamics are so different from the laws of projectiles? Or must we suppose that the increased speed of a goose swimming on the water, is regulated, not by any power in the goose, but in some line of attraction on the banks? We admit it to be possible that the progress of many men in the good opinion of the world may arise out of some power that is not inherent in them, from some "peculiar mode" consequent upon external circumstances. Mr. Gordon's Treatise on Elemental Locomotion does not appear to partake of this peculiarity—*the force is in it*—it has a straight forward aim towards the elucidation of the truth, and we recommend its perusal to every one who wishes to obtain the best information of the progress and improvements in the construction of steam-carriages, and of their applicability to every necessary purpose on our common roads.

VENICE. A POEM. ROMANUS AND EMILIA. A DRAMATIC SKETCH. WISBECK. 1832.

NOTHING is more difficult than to criticise a work like "Venice, a Poem." There is a prize-poem like about it, equally provocative of criticism and repulsive to it. It is a theme chosen by the author to be elegant upon; and the result is rather a work of memory than of genius. Men read Pope and the bard of his vastly inferior imitators; and as nothing in life is easier than to imp the monotonous jingle of the good old Queen Anne's heroic measure, these pieces

are written—read—perhaps not read—but certainly forgotten. "Romanus and Emilli" is by another "hand"—and is *not* written in blank verse, the author may take our word for it.

THOUGHTS ON SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS. BY DR. WHATLEY. LONDON. 1832.

WE should think as meanly of the head as of the heart of the man who should take exception to the spirit in which this excellent work has been conceived, and is written. We have known, seen it denounced in particular quarters, in a manner that leaves our charity in the predicament of supposing that political animosity and rancour have set apart no room for the cultivation or the encouragement of the more amiable and less exclusive feelings.

To some men every thing, of whatever nature, that tends or purposes to tend towards the amelioration or happiness of their fellow creatures, become instantly, because its end—a question. They are for things as they are;—they have gone on so long under the old system—innovation is dangerous—and the like. Such men are like the traveller in a circle of whom Dr. Wately speaks, and should be left to jog on at their own convenience and leisure, and a pleasant journey to them.

We wish our space permitted a fuller attention to this book than we are, unhappily, enabled to bestow; but we cannot refrain from extracting the following rather long passage, which, we think, propounds the theory of punishments in a philosophical spirit with which we could hope our modern legislators were likewise imbibed.

We may be allowed thus to premise the remark, that there are three, and only three objects, with a view to which punishments can be inflicted or threatened:—1st, *Retribution*, or vengeance;—a desire to allot a proportionate suffering to each degree of moral guilt, independent of any ulterior consideration, and solely with a view to the *past* ill-desert of the offender. 2dly, What may be called correction; the prevention of a *repetition* of offence by the *same* individual; whether by his reformation or removal. 3dly, The *prevention* of the offence, generally, by the terror of a punishment denounced; whether that object be attained by the *example* of a culprit suffering the penalty, or, simply, by the mere threat and *apprehension* of it. To these appropriate objects may be added another, *incidental* advantage, not belonging to *punishments, as such*, but common to them with other legislative enactments;—the public benefit, in an economical point of view, which may be, conceivably, derived directly from a punishment; as when criminals are usefully employed on any public work, so as to make in that way some compensation to society for the injury done to it. Such a compensation, however, we should remember, must necessarily be so very inadequate, that this object should always be made completely subordinate to the main end or ends proposed in the denunciation of punishment.

And what *is* to be regarded as the great object? All probably would admit, in the abstract, whatever they may do in practice, that it is the *prevention* of crime. As for the first of the purposes just enumerated, the infliction of just vengeance on the guilty, it is clearly out of *man's* province. Setting aside the consideration that the circumstances on which moral guilt depends, the inward motives of the offender, his temptations, and the opportunities he may have had of learning his duty, can never be perfectly known but to the searcher of hearts—setting aside this, it does not appear that man, even if the degrees of moral turpitude could be ascertained by him, would have a right to inflict on his fellow man any punishment whatever, whether heavy or light, of which the ultimate object should be the suffering of the offender. Such a procedure, in individuals, is distinctly forbidden by the founder of our religion, as a sinful revenge: and it does not appear how individual combined into a community can impart to that community any right which none of them individually possessed; can bestow, in short, *on themselves* what is not theirs to bestow.

FAMILY LIBRARY. No. 34. LIVES OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES. VOL. II. LONDON. 1832.

THE second volume of Mr. Tytler's interesting little work contains the concluding portion of the life of Robert Bruce, and the lives of Barbour, the early historian and poet—of Andrew Wynton, the ancient Chronicler of Scotland—of John de Fordun, an historian contemporary with Wynton, and of the royal poet and warrior, James the First of Scotland.

These lives are written in an easy and attractive style, and are well calculated to be popular with those—and where are they not?—to whom the early history of Scotland has been endeared by the works of that great man now lost to us for ever. But this is not the appropriate place to pay that affectionate respect.

THE MOSAICAL AND MINERAL GEOLOGIES. BY W. M. HIGGINS. LONDON. 1832.

WE perfectly agree with Mr. Higgins that they who deny the propriety of examining the Mosaical History, for the purpose of comparing it with science, insinuate its falsehood. It were indeed useless to argue the point with such persons. If they suppose that the world is to take things for granted upon bare assertion they are altogether under a mistake, and if the Mosaical History was true, as they profess to believe, surely no stronger confirmation of it can be afforded than its accordance with geological facts.

To compare the principles of Geology with the Mosaical History of the Creation, with a view to substantiate the latter, has been the object of the author in his very ingenious book, and we congratulate him upon the success with which he has been enabled to carry on his researches.

THE NEW GIL BLAS; OR, PEDRO OF PENAFLOR. BY HENRY D'INGLIS. 3 Vols. LONDON, 1832.

MR. INGLIS has been taken somewhat severely to task, for his presumption, in calling his book "THE NEW GIL BLAS," and for his scepticism in doubting, or, rather, for his audacity in denying the fame of the authorship of the celebrated "Gil Blas" to Le Sage.

In our opinion, he has been, in both cases, unjustly attacked. We grant that, on the first blush, it might be thought somewhat presumptuous in Mr. Inglis to appropriate to himself the title of a novel, which has been, perhaps, as extensively read, if not so universally admired, as the Don Quixotte, or the great work of our admirable Fielding—thereby seeming to insinuate, or to direct the public attention to the fact, that his own novel was equal to the original performance. We have ourselves been disgusted, of late, to perceive a vulgar and brawling coxcomb, with much modest coolness, sign himself "Junius Redivivus," as though his claim to that title were indisputable; *because* he possessed no one requisite that could justify his assumption of it. But we are inclined to believe, that it was from no motive of vanity, that the author of "The New Gil Blas" was induced to christen it by that name. It is impossible to read three chapters of his book, without perceiving that he has had that novel perpetually in his eye; and, forasmuch as he must shrewdly have suspected that, under any other name, it would smell as strong of its origin, he was led to adopt the title at once; thereby to glance off the stigma of servile imitation, which would otherwise attach to it.

With respect to the other matter—the authorship of Gil Blas—we opine that there cannot be much longer a question upon the point. We think that itlhas been decided, to the satisfaction of all those who choose to trouble themseves with a perusal of the several arguments for and against;—and of all who will consent, however reluctantly, to unshrine a favoured idol of many years' worship—that Le Sage was *not* the author of "Gil Blas." It is not, however, to be supposed, that so practised a writer as Le Sage would have worked up his Spanish manuscript materials so awkwardly—or, rather, that he would have

contented himself with so slight an alteration of them, as must inevitably have betrayed their Spanish origin; and we have no doubt, accordingly, that some portions of the work are interpolations of his own. We hold, that the ignorance of Spanish customs, displayed in some parts of the book, contrasted with the intimate knowledge betrayed in the remainder, go far to prove our position, that Le Sage was a mere compiler of other men's matter.

We frankly confess our incompetence to enter into this question, though with much personal examination into original sources; but, in addition to the very strong evidence adduced in two articles;—one in our own Magazine, a few months since; and the other, in the North American Review, a year or two ago, we have been furnished, by a Spanish gentleman of great learning, with one or two facts, that still further and more decently lay the question at rest.

The original "Gil Blas" is well known, by the learned in Spain, to have been a satire upon Philip the Third and Fourth; and its publication was consequently prohibited. The MSS. fell into the possession of the uncle of Le Sage, an attaché to the French Embassy; and hence its transference into the hands of Le Sage himself. Now, it is remarkable, that Le Sage, probably ignorant of the satirical intention of his manuscript, has retained, in his fourth volume, the names of certain courtiers satirized; which indicates its origin satisfactorily enough to the Spanish scholar. But there is another fact. The reader of Gil Blas will, doubtless; remember an episode entitled, or concerning, "The Canon of Valladolid." This is altogether a translation from an obscure Spanish writer, by name Marcos de Obregon, whose works are not so very scarce but they may be met with in the libraries of Spain. Whether, however, the authorship of "Gil Blas" is clearly proved to belong to Querubim (Querubin?) de La Ronda, as Mr. Inglis believes, we do not know.

A word or two about Mr. Inglis's book. It is written in a very easy and agreeable manner, and with a light and graceful humour, not a little pleasing to the reader. The incidents are many and various, such as occur in the life of a young Spanish scapegrace, Pedro of Penaflor. We must, however, in justice say, that we take no prolonged interest in the fate of any of his characters; and, whether Mr. Inglis meant it or not, we cannot say, but he has drawn his hero a selfishly light-hearted, light-heeled, light-fingered, and light-principled vagabond, whom it is taxing our sympathies rather too highly, to care a pin about. Our hero, indeed, who, like Gil Blas, tells his own story, speaks of murders, deaths, and other matters, wherein he either officiates as minister, or in which he acts as principal, in a *procurante* style that altogether forbids our concern to expend itself. Mr. Inglis well knows the Horatian precept, "*Si vis me flere,*" *&c.*; and when a man can paint well in oils, we are disappointed if we are presented with an outline in chalk.

Mr. Inglis, then, has, in our opinion, failed of making a very interesting novel, but he has given us a very vivid picture of Spanish habits, customs, and manners; and we are very much mistaken if Gil Blas itself does not owe its deserved celebrity to this latter merit, rather than to the interest of the story, or the drawing of his characters.

THE NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL RIGHT OF PROPERTY CONTRASTED. LONDON. 1832.

We have overlooked this book too long, and we proceed to make amends to the author for our unintentional neglect of his effusions. They are presented to the reader in the form of letters addressed to the Lord Chancellor, and are professedly written with a view to enforce the right of property, as the author is pleased to term them, against the artificial rights or claims of capital.

Without wishing to insinuate that our epistolary author intends to undermine what the great majority of the world has been hitherto taught to consider the indefeasible rights of property, by which, and property, we take leave to mean that which a man inherits, or attains by his own industry:—and certainly, without suspecting that he has the slightest notion that such is the tendency of

his writings, we must, nevertheless, assure him that his principles, once admitted to be true, and begun to be acted upon, would sweep away all rights whatever, now established, to make room for " natural" rights, which, in four and twenty hours after, would again be subject to the encroachments of " the artificial claims of capital."

Let us, however, hear, (for we have no space to enter upon this question at much length) how far our author is disposed to admit the efficacy of legislative interference in the affairs of the community.

" Allow me, first of all, to notice that the pretexts which the legislator puts forth, about preserving social order, and promoting public good, must not be confounded with his real object. The public good is not cognizable by human faculties ; and he who pretends that his actions are guided by a view to that, is an impostor, who looks only to his own interest and ambition. To make that the pretended motive for action, is so obviously a mere pretext, as to need no further refutation. Nor is the pretext, that he promotes social order better founded. Social order is the mutual dependence of all those who contribute to the subsistence and welfare of society. It includes the manner in which they assist and protect each other, and provide for their mutual wants by the interchange of their respective products. If by social order, be meant the great scheme of social production, mutual dependence, and mutual service, which grows out of the division of labour, that scheme, I boldly assert, the legislator frequently contravenes, but never promotes—that grows from the laws of man's being, and precedes all the plans of the legislator, to regulate or preserve it. In fact, his attempts to keep in one state what is continually in progress are mischievous. We must then set aside as mere pretexts, the assertions of the legislator, that he intends to preserve social order, and promote the public welfare; and we must deal with legislation as solely intended to preserve the power and privileges of the legislator.

" Has he preserved that power? Is the authority of the legislator undiminished? Is it not rather questioned on every side? Look at theories overturned! and laws established ; by the legislator? No ; but by the great body of the people. Look at every one of his acts questioned by the press, and by the press set aside, or confirmed ; the dominion which it has now acquired and which it exercises throughout Europe, being a full and complete refutation of the opinion that the legislator has preserved his power."

And again,

" Deceive yourself, my lord, and others no longer, but learn, from the history of the last few years, to study the laws, which impose on the legislator a necessity of obeying them. Since the time when I first began to take notice of public events, the conduct of the legislator, not merely in England, but in every other country of Europe, has been dictated by a tardy and unwilling, and in his case, a disgraceful obedience to public opinion. This power, my lord, has every where passed into decrepitude, and is merging in that possessed by the press, as the representative of the public reason."

But a little further on he adds,

" I admit that the legislator has wished to promote the happiness of nations, but I affirm that where he has interfered most, prosperity has been least, and I concluded, on this general view, that he has every where failed in his object."

Now, we should like to ask, what is the meaning of this prate? Our Letter-writer, starts with an assertion, that the professions of a legislator, are mere pretexts, the better to conceal his usual objects, which invariably tend to the maintenance of his own power; and within a page or two he admits, that " the legislator has wished to promote the happiness of nations."

But the legislator has, it seems. not been able to preserve his power. The great body of the people has always been of sufficient strength to keep him in check. We admit it ; and also admit that it is well that it should be so. The object of the people should ever be to keep its own public functionaries in check. But under any conceivable form of gavernment there must be legislation, and

there will be legislators; what then is the meaning of this use of the word "legislator" in a noxious sense?

Our author is one of the many half-formed and presumptuous meddlers in politics whom circumstances like the present, or a state of things like that which has just now past, and, we hope, is ere this subsiding, call into feverish and unquiet being. The race of political and superficial sciolists is never so numerous as when the state requires men of a far higher order; just as a man is never so certain of being pestered by quacks as when he is at the last gasp, or in the most urgent extremity.

THE LIFE OF ANDREEW MARVELL. BY JOHN DOVE.—LONDON: 1832.

WE heartily thank Mr. Dove for this well-timed publication; not but that we think a more copious and discriminating life of the patriot might easily have been compiled; at the same time that we are grateful for any account of a man who, far above the temptations of power or the allurements of place, kept his political faith unshaken and his political integrity unseduced and unmoved during as corrupt and unprincipled a reign as ever disgraced our English History —that of Charles II.

We think that the author of this interesting little book has hardly dwelt with sufficient earnestness of regard upon the friendship that subsisted between Marvell and the illustrious Milton, not only during the life of Cromwell but until the death of the poet. To have gained the confidence of Milton, and to have deserved his friendship, are of themselves sufficient evidence that Marvell was no common man.

Marvell was not only a signal friend to his country and to the people, but, emphatically, the real representative of his constituents. Had not his successors, at the same time that they guarded the best interests of their country, vigilantly watched over and enforced the peculiar claims of their constituents, as Marvell invariably did, we should never have heard the recent outcry for pledges, which, while they convert a deliberative assembly into a hapless mob of passive delegates, afford the anomalous spectacle of a synod of slaves sent to legislate for a nation of free men.

We strongly recommend the life of Marvell to the perusal of our readers.

A TREATISE ON THE EPIDEMIC CHOLERA. BY FRED. CORBYN. CALCUTTA: 1832.

OUR readers must bear with us while we record our opinion of this work. We know full well that the subject is not a little repulsive, and that the bare mention of it is sufficient to derange the propriety of the family circle. They may, perhaps, be prone to imagine that,

> Though we are not *choleric* nor rash,
> Yet have we in us something dangerous;

but we assure them that we are the most uncontagious of mortals, and that our blue stage is at most but a periodical visitation of ague demons by which the brotherhood of the quill and inkhorn are especially afflicted.

Mr. Corbyn's work is the most elaborate treatise which we have ever had—shall we say the pleasure? of meeting with, upon the epidemic cholera of India. We must confess our inability to decide the disputes between the contagionists and infectionists; nor can we settle to a certainty the point at issue with the faculty, whether the English cholera be a modification of the Indian pestilence, or a disease set up on its own account. We should, probably, by our decision, even if we felt our own competence, more embroil the fray.

We can only say that Mr. Corbyn's book not only comprises a history of the Indian cholera, but is fraught with all the conceivable information upon the subject which a long residence in India, and a most extensive practice, have furnished him with the means of obtaining.

THE DOCTRINES OF MAN. BY ROBERT MILLHOUSE. LONDON. 1832.

WE are not of those who conceive that because a tailor turns his attention to rhyme he must therefore be a natural genius; or that there is any thing very extraordinary in the fact that cobblers write verses in these times. The elements of the English language acquired, and the composition of verse is equally open to all.

The marvel then (if there be any cause of wonder at all) when a poem like the one before us is produced, is not that Robert Millhouse, a Nottingham weaver, should have written poetry, but that he should have possessed sufficient energy of mind to overcome the circumstances with which he has been surrounded. Genius is not aristocratical; and, a Millhouse is a better poet than my lord.

If the poem before us were of the common order;—if there were no evidences of genius in it; if it were, in short, "very tolerable, and not to be endured," we should feel it our duty to discourage the author from proceeding in a vexatious course of labour which usually brings with it more trouble and anxiety than profit or pleasure. We are unlike Mr. Southey—we do not choose to encourage some great obscure, *because* his lucubrations should rather tend to keep him in obscurity; nor do we think that the itch for rhyme is in itself a meritorious sensation. We rather imagine that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred verse writing is another of the many resorts of vanity, and is pretty much on a par with the cultivation of arranging whiskers—the ostentation of inordinate rings, and the careful negligence of the shirt collar.

But our friend Millhouse is a man of the right stamp. He has a spark of the fire in his breast, and it is our duty, no less than our inclination, to help to kindle it into a glowing and equable flame by the breath of our applause.

"The Destinies of Man,"—*quasi*—a poetical contrivance has few claims to approbation. It is made up for the most part of reflections upon the works of God, and the doings of human kind, equally illustrative of man's destinies—and is carried on without much self-progressive or convulsive motion. But there are several passages indicating real genius, and we present our readers with a specimen which we think will establish that opinion with them. It is a portion of a description of the Deluge—so often attempted.

> "What congregated multitudes were there!
> Men of five centuries, still fierce in crime;
> Those giants of their race, unused to fear,
> With looks majestical, but not sublime:
> There matrons old, in nothing grave but time;
> And warriors, ardent in the bloom of years;
> And virgin beauty, fading in its prime;
> And youthful brides, sad wasting in their tears;
> And wild despair, and madness, scowling towards the spheres."

> "And there came on, in resistless love of life,
> Domestic flocks and herds, with hurrying pace;
> And beasts of prey, not yet subdued from strife;
> The antelope, and roebuck of the chace,
> Bounding to 'scape from death—and in that space,
> The reptiles crept along the slippery ground;
> Or clung to man, with horrible embrace:
> The vulture, over head, in wheeling round,
> Screamed; or alighting fierce, his dying victim found."

Mr. Millhouse has published his little volume with a view to aid, by its sale, his meritorious but insufficient daily labours for his family and for himself. We call upon the lovers of poetry to do themselves a pleasure and a service by the purchase of this book, and we promise them that they will find much reason to be delighted with a fresh taste of the genuine Helicon—in these days of spirituous puriency and Thames water filth.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY, LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. BY M. DONOVAN, ESQ. LONDON. 1832.

THERE is a vast mass of instructive information to be met with in this volume by the student of chemistry. We cannot, however, altogether approve of certain omissions designedly made by the author, upon the plan that such information, so omitted, and confessedly considered necessary and useful to the chemical student, is to be found in distinct treatises contributed to Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia. We think that the several volumes comprising that Cyclopædia, of which the Elements of Chemistry is one, should have been kept entirely separate and distinct, and that rather than any reference should be made to the volumes which are especially devoted to those parts of science of which it is indispensable that the student of chemistry should possess some knowledge—a brief explanation should have been given of them. In all other respects Mr. Donovan appears to have executed his task with the greatest ability, and we have no doubt that in the estimation of those competent to judge, this work will run high as a popular scientific treatise.

THE FAIRIES' FANCY BALL. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS AT COURT." POOLE AND EDWARDS. 1832.

LIGHT and airy, elegant and graceful as every thing belonging to fairies ought to be, this is a charming little poetical pursuit for youth. It is calculated to instruct as well as to delight, for the author—evidently a lady—gives proof of an intimate acquaintance not only with the "mystic spell of verse," but with the beautiful arcona of entomology and botany. Want of room alone prevents our extracting the truly picturesque lines illustrating the beauty and magnificence of the Swiss landscape.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM. A POLITICAL SATIRE. LONDON. 1832.

THIS is like "Venice, a Poem," altogether a mistake on the part of the author. We had hoped that the school of theme-writers in verse was at an end. What possible good can come of this forcible seizure of all the recent but worn-out political questions that agitate Europe, for the purpose of introducing the old cant—for it is cant—about liberty, freedom, and what not—very good things in their way, no doubt—as no one can or dare deny, but impertinencies when their names are used as mere words to which every reader may affix any meaning he pleases.

Nor is the execution better than the choice of subject. When we see in a poem an allusion to the deadly influence of the upas tree—a reference to Greece—to Sparta—a hint about Marathon—an old line revived, like this:—

"Oh Liberty! thou precious boon of heaven."

we see, with a heavy heart, that the author is far gone. We close the book, and can read no more.

Let us, then, kindly hint to the author that he is no poet, and in all human probability never will be—and that a sundry repetition of phrases from Goldsmith, Campbell and others, is not only wearisome and nauseous, but uncalled for and unkind. We also have read these authors.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WE have observed general complaints from the western and part of the northern districts, of the lateness and backwardness of the harvest. This has resulted materially from the week or ten days rain towards the end of last month, and in too many quarters, from the want of expedition in the farmers, who now complain that this lengthened harvest has eminently contributed to shorten their

stock of two important stores—beer and bacon. In the most fertile and forward counties harvest was finished by the middle of this month, one or two backward crops excepted, which were then in hand. The first week of next month is expected to exhibit a universal finish. In Ireland, as usual, they precede us by a week or ten days, but we do not receive from thence such magnificent accounts of the crops as have been circulated in this country, they even report this year's crop of wheat inferior to the last in quantity and quality. As we had taken for granted, and for the reasons which are assigned in our last, the farmer generally have raced with each other which should be first at the ending post of the market; this, joined with the import, has contributed to a considerable reduction of price, which some say will not be permanent, but the constant import of corn, seeds, &c. from the Continent, from Ireland and Canada, will no doubt prevent any considerable rise of price, and should the next be a plentiful harvest, we shall subsequently see wheat and bread at lower prices than have been witnessed of late years. The crops on the best parts of the Continent have been good, and the farmers, like our own, and probably for similar reasons, have been alert at furnishing the markets, even by forced sales at auction, in the mean time their stocks of old corn are considerable. The harvest, in their earliest counties, finished early in the present month, but we are not aware as yet of any import of wheat from thence.

The superior samples of new wheat outbid the old in price, but there is a considerable quantity in a soft and moist state, and otherwise damaged and unfit for grinding, the case also of the barley, that crop, however, seems to have been generally abundant. As to the wheat on the best soils, experience and the state of the markets have, in a great degree, confirmed the general opinion of a rich crop, and in certain of those favoured districts which we have before pointed out, they boast of carrying from the harvest field ten loads of wheatsheaves per acre. This surely promises from the richest soils upwards of a load of wheat from an acre of land. We lately adverted to the error of cutting wheat green, and have since been informed from many quarters, particularly westward, that the practice, in the present season, has prevailed to excess, and been attended with serious ill consequences.

The crop of oats appears equal to our former good opinion, and they have suffered less injury than other corn from the late unfavourable seasons. Tares, though plentiful in the market, are in general demand, as also seeds, our deficient quantity of which is made up by the foreign supply, which, however complained of by our farmers, has been of late years, and is always, to a certain degree, literally indispensable for the support of our greatly encreased population. Our stock of old wheat seems proved to be full as low as has been generally stated, had it been otherwise the markets would have had a fall indeed. This year's wheat crop has also been superior in the number of acres, and such is the report from Ireland, and materially from the Continent. Another favourable turn of fortune's wheel—the week's rain before adverted to in a different sense, have so benefitted the *lost* turnip crop, that the roots are improved to such a degree as to promise even an average upon the best soils; the case also of the mangel wurtzel, whilst those pasture lands which had been fed bare, and burned up by the solar heat and by drought, are now in a flourishing state. Rape and summer cletches, particularly in the western counties, are unproductive. Potatoes are a fine and productive crop, though slightly specked with blight. Peas, every where a short crop, are of fine quality. Beans, perhaps an average on the best lands, come to market in a soft state. On hops we must wait for information; on some sheltered situations they are improved, on the exposed, covered with blight and vermin. Independently of a former opinion of public forbearance in the consumption of fruit, it has proved that the crop is generally productive, of vegetables—eminently so.

As usual, our markets, town and country, have been amply supplied with live stock, with some slight autumnal depreciation. Notwithstanding our very considerable losses of sheep by the rot, during several seasons, there need be no apprehension of a scarcity of mutton; at the great fair of Wilton there

were ten thousand more sheep penned than in the last year. The wool market is still a blank, and even lower prices are offered. Our great foreign supply of a superior commodity, in all but the long combing wool, seems likely to continue this state of the market. Pigs hold their price, with some advance in the bacon counties; they are, moreover, likely to be much wanted to make riddance of the damaged barley. The common run of horses have sold rather more freely at the late fairs; but as rail-roads become more general, and should the steam-carriages succeed, the need of horses must be greatly diminished.

In the late annual shows of improved sheep, the great and patriotic Coke, of Holkham, exhibited the finest lot of South Downs, yet with the objection that they were too large. Generally, it would be well if the farmers and stock-breeders of the country would take lessons from this long-experienced, able, and most successful cultivator and improver. A sale of the whole flock of pure Leicester sheep, also, of Mr. Stone, of Barrow, has lately taken place, the principal purchasers being Mr. Pawlet and Sir Tatton Sykes. The average price of ewes and sheaves, we believe, was 3*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*, somewhat less than was expected; but the important business of harvest and other considerations operated against any numerous attendance. Some of the rams were unsold, though the lot was much admired for growth and symmetry. Old Bakewell certainly succeeded in his plan, both of public and private interest, by satiating the craving maw of the great leviathan with economic grease.

The letters from the country, whether MS. or in Essays P. P. do not cease to teem with the subject of CURRENCY*—a more extensive currency, which is to remedy all our mishaps, and to fill our empty pockets. Now we do not mean to dictate, but merely to doubt; but after long and painful consideration, we are compelled to attribute our national trading impediments to a different cause. We are ready to allow, that an entire paper circulation would be far more economical than a metallic one, but such an advantage is infinitely outweighed by its obvious danger. Now there would be probably a portion of similar peril under existing circumstances, of any addition to the present stock of paper money, since it would have the effect of increasing that spirit of overtrading and excessive speculation, which some of the most profound and experienced judges of the subject deem the real and only cause of the present distress. It is not in *proof* that there is any present deficiency, whether of gold or paper, or that any speculation or transaction, public or private, is impeded by such a cause; for who ever hears, in these golden days, of a disappointment in the building of a church, a playhouse, a bridge, or a bazaar, from a want of the needful? Nay, were it expedient or practicable to construct a rail-road reaching to the world in the moon, there is not a shadow of doubt but that subscriptions for so noble a speculation would be instantly filled. Suppose a man has a desire to make a purchase, of whatever kind, granting that he possess the *right*, money or good paper will flow spontaneously into his hands. If otherwise, and he is aided by an increased paper currency, he incurs a debt which he must somehow or other repay. No wonder that country bankers are enthusiastic advocates for more paper.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*—Mutton, 2*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.*—Lamb, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 10*d.*—Veal, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.*—Pork, 3*s.* to 5*s.*; Dairy ditto, 5*s.* 4*d.*

Game.—Hares, 4*s.* to 5*s.*—Grouse, 8*s.* Birds, 4s. the brace. The very extensive sale of Leverets in the metropolis and great towns, since the Game Act, must have the effect of ultimately reducing the stock of that species of game.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46*s.* to 64*s.*—Barley, 30*s.* to 39*s.*—Oats, 17*s.* to 25*s.*—London Loaf, 4lb. 10*d.*—Hay, 55*s.* to 84*s.*—Clover, ditto, 65*s.* to 115*s.*—Straw, 30*s.* to 36*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool as per our last.

Middesex, Sept 24.

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* We insert these remarks on currency from respect to our old and valued correspondent; our own opinion on that subject will be seen elsewhere.—Ed.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIV. NOVEMBER, 1832. No. 83.

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MEETING OF THE WORKING CLASSES TO SUPPORT THE TRUE SUN.

We had not space among our Notes of the Month to notice an event which is certainly one of the most remarkable features of the times. We allude to a meeting of nearly three thousand persons assembled at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in aid of the fortunes of the *True Sun*, a paper very recently established; but one that, in its short career, has established itself in an unprecedented degree in the confidence and attachment of the working classes. Its funds, however, have proved inadequate to its full and complete establishment; and the proprietors have determined upon the hazardous, but, as it turns out, most successful experiment, of throwing themselves for efficient support upon those classes in particular whose interests it has especially advocated.

The merits of the paper have been acknowledged by men of all parties. The *Examiner* says—"On the merit of the *True Sun* it is unnecessary for us to dilate; it became conspicuous in a very short time; indeed, no paper within our recollection has obtained such high distinction for ability with such rapidity. At once it took its place in the foremost rank of the champions of truth and justice, and became recognized as a leading power." And the *Standard* remarks, that "we believe the writers of this journal to be perfectly honest men, and we know that they are men of talent."—"No one," it is observed, "can charge the *True Sun* with want of *talent*, or its patrons with want of *zeal*; it is by the contemptible weakness and want of money of the *party*, that the difficulties of the journal must be explained."

The Radicals, we are happy to say, are repelling this charge with alacrity and decision. Committees in aid of the paper are being formed, and public meetings convened in various districts of the metropolis, and in most of the large towns throughout the kingdom. The poor man is finding out what he can do with his penny. A Penny Union is established; and the Radical party will soon secure to itself a permanent representative in the Daily Press.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XV.] NOVEMBER, 1832. [No. 83.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.*

SIR.—You take higher ground of pretension to impartiality and candour, than perhaps any other Journalist; and must therefore not wince at the pertinacity, with which a sincere admirer of your talents, one who is anxious to give you full credit for good intention, applies himself to the detection of what he deems your weakness, where you think yourself most strong.

The motto at the head of your paper, you will allow, to constitute a current profession to the public, that its contents shall exhibit strict fairness towards all parties. The hackneyed quotations, "*Tros Rutulusue fuat nullo discrimine habetor.*" "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," are, I presume, adequate exponests of the sentiment implied in your motto. You will, no doubt, allow me to understand, "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few," to mean, as coming from the Examiner, "We will not praise or censure, *to promote the views of any set of men.*" Other papers may deem it justifiable to use *disingenuous means* for the promotion of *laudable ends*: we are far wiser, in this respect, than other Journalists. Our innate candour, moreover, shrinks with instinctive sensitiveness from *the coarse illiberality of common politicians.* We are too high-minded for such dirty work as theirs. *We* will *examine* before *we* conclude; having examined, though the result should falsify our expectations, and be *unacceptable to our political friends*, down shall our sincere convictions be written, nor shall any love of approbation, or fear of censure, deter us from publishing them." You see, Sir, I am resolved upon a thorough understanding with you. If you mean less honourably and candidly than I suppose you to mean by your motto, as a high spirited man and gentleman, you will afford an admirer of your powers *a hint*, (only *a hint*,) towards disabusing his simplicity of its mistake concerning your principles.

Pray do not suppose I mean to affront you. Were you and I discussing a question in private, I should not presume to catechize you thus. But, Sir, you are a public writer, and may exercise great influence for good or bad, upon public interests; and I have a right to consider *myself* towards you, as *one of the public*, and to sift your pretensions accordingly. You are yourself, you know, a most strenuous

* The character of our Correspondent, and the character of the admirable writer whom he addresses, furnish a double reason why we should not hesitate to depart from the common practice, and give insertion to this letter.—ED.

advocate for testing the sincerity of public men. I want to know how far I can trust you as a public writer. You are a representative, I a constituent. If I am to approve of, and support you, it behoves me to look to it, that I place my trust where it will not be abused.

I must argue with you at present, on the supposition of your entire honesty of purpose. If there are suspicious appearances against you, the trying position of a talented Journalist with strong feelings, and strong prejudices, engaged in the thickest of the fending and proving fray, plead your excuse with me so powerfully, that you have at present my good opinion. I award you in this respect, *full benefit of clergy*. But to the point of your delinquency.

It would, Sir, be very unfair and uncandid in you, to abuse the clergy for trying to make their debtors pay their dues, even if they insisted, which they never do, upon the whole of the reserved produce, as provided for in the contract of lease; or, if not provided for, waived in the contract, soleley for the knavish profit of the landlord. You are too knowing a man *really*, to wish a body of men to pretend absolute indifference to the good things of the world. Is it worthy of you, then, to aggravate the demerits of the clergy, by quoting *apostolic* disinterestedness against them? You have no right, as a candid and liberal man, to avail yourself of *the old church bombast*, applying apostolic descent and pretensions to the clergy. You know very well, *the modern clergy are not to blame for these absurdities;* and you know, that *the question as to their usefulness, is quite independent of their bearing very absurd names, and having a deal of nonsense predicated concerning them in very old books*. You must be aware, in your cool moments, that, *as far as the clergy discharges the obligations binding on all christians, and perform the services to society, hitherto by society deemed essential from them, they do not deserve the gross vituperation they get, at the hands of many of their fellow countrymen*, and amongst others, I grieve to say it, from you.

Your *employment*, Sir, and *location*, do not admit of a personal acquaintance with the conduct of the great body of the parochial clergy. Is it becoming in a philosopher, and one, who is for ever advocating manliness and fair dealing, to decide against a large body of his fellow countrymen, because, every now and then, he hears of a true case of ill conduct amongst them, or *is "credibly informed by a most respectable correspondent,"* that Parson so and so is not quite so good and amiable, as he ought to be?

How indignant were you, and properly so, at the carelessness of the Times, the other day, in reporting a police-case so unfairly, to the prejudice of the police-man! How far ever do we hear from you, of the culpable indifference to truth exemplified in the haste of other journalists to fill their columns *with information!* Ought not you to let parsons, as well as police-men, reap some advantage from your consciousness of the abundance of misrepresentation afloat in society? You are not, I trust, yet so far gone in bitterness against any class of your fellow countrymen, as to refuse consideration to testimony such as mine in their favour. You have every reason to suppose me a sincere man. You will not refuse me some claim upon a radical reformer for a hearing, when you reflect how I have shot a-head of the prejudices of my education, and that I am, though a parson, a radical reformer.

Pray, then, Sir, award me the same favour you so *gladly* concede to your respectable informants of the delinquencies of clergymen; and till

you can from *personal investigation,* prove me wrong, let, what I aver in their favour, avail at least to mitigate the acrimony of your hostility.

I have for many years been intimately acquainted with clergymen; not always from choice, because they are not, as a class, masculine and free enough for my taste; but because circumstances have thrown me amongt them. My disinclination to them, as companions, *in comparison with sober men of the world,* has certainly been augmented, rather than otherwise, by the suspicion with which I have been regarded by them on the score of my opinions. I have experienced from them the effects of the unsocial caution, "Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto." I have never met with one of the class, with whom I would agree on the subjects of Religion, Moral Philosophy, or Politics. I solemnly protest I am not now creating, or embellishing even, in order to gain attention to my testimony. But I am sure you will give me credit for this, at least, without such protestation. I am a parson to be sure; but my being a parson, instead of setting you at all against me, ought in reason to have a contrary effect; because it is, as I before hinted, a proof, *pro tanto,* of my power to preserve myself from prejudices; seeing that in spite of my education and interests, I have persevered in differing, toto cœlo, from all the parsons I know. I profess the most complete indifference as to what my radical friends might deem a suitable remuneration for my services as a church-man. I am not merely quite content, but positively desirous, to throw myself on the thorough reforming party, for the amount of income to be enjoyed by *myself* out of the tithe proceeds of a parish, should I ever possess a living. I would not let the landlord, richer than myself, cheat me out of the property, *reserved for me by my country,* though you (fie upon you for such truckling to vulgar prejudices, such unphilosophical partiality) would abuse *me for taking* my tithe-pig, instead of *the landlord or farmer for trying to bully* me out of it. But, I repeat it, I would gladly pay up *to the country* all the proceeds, beyond what the least liberal set of my own radical party might deem me deserving of. Nay, more than this, I would not grumble if the country, however unwise I might deem the measure, should oust me amongst other parsons of all emolument from the public property of tithe, and bestow it all upon a system of public education, in which parsons should take no part; if, instead of compelling parsons to reside, and paying them very moderately, and forcing upon them the education of the poor, as their main work, (all which improvements my spirit yearns for, and all which the government may easily bring about) the whole parsonic body were to be turned adrift to make way for a less refined class of public servants.

I would never submit to keep a religious shop, and thus *depend upon the custom of my less informed neighbours for a maintenance* (as I find from you, amongst other *philosophers,* would have to be the case, by recommending payment of clergy by *voluntary* subscription of the neighbourhood.) But I would at once admit the right of the country to dispense with our services altogether, and retire with a good grace into private life, where, if other means of independent support were precluded, I could at least enjoy the independence of digging for my livelihood, rather than cant myself into support by subscription, as methodist parsons ordinarily do.

The possession of these sentiments qualify me, you will allow, to give evidence in favour of parsons, before the arch-radical of all our party, whoever he may be.

It is, I assure you, the opinion of the radicals of my acquaintance, educated men, with eyes and ears open to the state of the country, well acquainted from personal observation with the characters of the clergy; it is the opinion of my acquaintance of this stamp, that, however just your general political views, the parsons are treated in an unmanly and uncandid style by the Examiner. These friends of mine are hostile to tithe as *a mode* of payment; but they are not disingenuous enough to quote the spirituality of inspired apostles against the modern clergy, for endeavouring to force their debtors to do them justice. They and I have been used, when boys, to laugh at the representation in the *gallanty show*, or a caricature, of a bloated parson struggling against Mr. and Mrs. Bumpkin and household for the possession of a pig; but they are too candid and well-informed to deem such pleasantry *conclusive*, or *fit to be used* in a serious argument, as the Church question is now become, against the body of the clergy. We should all of us be ashamed of lugging in the pig head and shoulders, as you did in your leading article article, September 30th, in order to fix upon the clergy the detestable and excessive criminality of causing, by their extortion and pugnacity, general ill-will and hatred in the country. You cannot escape from the charge of the most culpable levity at least, if it be not downright inhumanity, for having thrust in, where it appears in last Sunday's paper. "*Nothing in existence fights like a Church.*" *Gratuitous* taunts and insults, Sir, are the most conclusive proof of an uncandid, unphilosophical, unmanly enmity; and surely this insult to the clergy was *gratuitous*. The argument for the ballot was not in the least aided by it. You were very properly treating with contempt the absurd plea of supporting manliness by artificial contention. But the plea is not in fashion now, as you well know, and even were the permanency of the Church, as it is likely, (which you are always asserting to be impossible,) you could not therefore have wanted the instance of the Church to urge as a set-off against the peacefullness of the ballot. Certain, as you declare yourself to be, of the approaching dissolution of the tithe system, this attributing of gross wickedness to a whole body of men is most palpably a piece of gratuitous uncharitableness, and in the very teeth of your boastful pretensions to philosophy and candour. Depend upon it, Sir, no man of education, no manly liberal-minded man, who knows the state of the country, and the existing tenure of landed property, would, however a radical a reformer, blame the parson for claiming his tithe-pig; but would, on the contrary, admit the man who withheld it to be a knave, and the parson a fool, if he submitted to the injustice. Recollect, Sir, that, though here and there a canting fool or hypocrite amongst them may represent himself as an apostle, on the authority of antiquated Church pretensions, the parsons, as a body, do not pretend to be above worldly wants and desires. Recollect they have families to support like other men. Recollect, especially recollect, (for surely you cannot always have been ignorant of the fact) that, whatever *your philosophy* may expect of them, other men do not want them to be content with the worldly condition of inspired apostles, and then put these queries fairly to your conscience. Do I not conduct my general argument against the clergy, as uncandidly and illiberally, as the lowest and most ignorant scribbler of the day? Do I not gladly take advantage of any instance I can rake up of clerical misconduct, in order to villify the whole body; thus arguing from particulars to universals, though a loud exclaimer against

this practice in other writers? Are not my habits of life, my employment and location, as little suited as any, to afford me knowledge of my own, of the general body of the clergy? Do I ever take the least pains to find out the proportion of the bad subjects amongst them to the good, so far good at least, that I have no right to abuse them? In short, do I not, as far as regards my clerical brethren, act in the teeth of the pretence of my paper; am I not towards them *a bitter party man*, and a *Taker-forrgranted*, instead of an *Examiner?* If you can think yourself justified in refusing to question your conscience thus in a matter of such serious consequence; or, having done so, can feel satisfied with yourself for the spirit of hostility to the clergy, you are not so good a fellow as I hope you are at bottom.

You see I do not mince the matter with you; I speak plain, though I hope not offensively, I have, I feel, a right to be more severe than I have been, should I think it would serve my purpose; nor would you, I believe deny me this right. You are yourself a dealer out of full measure of chastisement to public characters, who suit not your views, and a warm encourager of others to pursue the same course. Witness the letters of Junius Redivivus to Burdett, not that I object to these letters; but they are calculated to wound the public man's feelings deeply. Equal severity if I chose to inflict it, I should think you, as a public man bound to tolerate from me, as one of the public, and should expect your good sense to agree to this. Now then, Sir, pray do me the favour and justice to receive my evidence of knowledge in favour of the parsons You attack all the parochial parsons (though you sometimes affect to possess a certain degree of respect for curates; who by the bye, *are still paid by the levy of tythe pigs*) for your abuse extends to the incumbent of every parish that can produce a tythe pig. Take my word for it, you are quite abroad respecting the behaviour of the parochial clergy. I have lived amongst them, and know all about them, and am as much better informed as to their general conduct than you are, as you use more cognizant with the habits and behaviour of the newspaper reporters of the metropolis than I am. You have a notion, that parochial parsons care about *nothing*; but their own sordid interests, under the figure of your eternal *tithe-pig*; that they are a curse, rather than a comfort to the poor; that the tithe-payers have need of all their vigilance and ingenuity, to save their goods from unjust appropriation by these cormorants; in short, that whereas others, their neighbours may be worthy men, and useful, and set a good moral example, parsons are generally the reverse of this, and the main cause of anti-social mischief in their respective parishes: add to this that very few of them reside ons their benefices.

Now Sir, with respect to all these notions, you labour under gross delusion. I have been used to observe the parochial clergy, and can vouch for their being generally conscientious, aud anxious to promote, in what the country has hitherto encouraged them to consider the best way, the interests of their parishioners. If you and I think we know how they might make themselves much more useful than they are, as I believe we do, can that warrant us in abusing them for unconscientious neglect of duty? You, and your vituperative coadjutors of the press, may be, and doubtless are very sharp fellows; but surely you are not so far gone in egotism, as to expect the clergy to act in concert with you, instead of with the aristocracy and middle ranks, who, even now seem to consider the old womanish practise of the clergy, with their stupid

sermons, and catechizings, and patting little boys and girls on the head, &c. &c., the best way to enlighten and christianize a parish. Depend upon it, the clergy do, in the main, make themselves what is by others, as well as themselves deemed very useful in a religious point of view in their parishes. Be assured then, unless you are a very immaculate person indeed yourself, you are not, I will not say religiously, but philosophically justified in rating the parochial parsons on the score of neglected duties. Again, as regards the poor, take my veracious testimoney to the fact, that the clergy are the largest alms givers of any class of men of the same incomes; and, as for taking an interest in the concerns of the poor, there is hardly a country parish, in which the parson is not the advocate of the poor, at the expence of ill will to himself from the overseers. Item, with respect to tithe-payers I have taken no slight pains to inquire, how far the clergy, stand acquitted of rapacity in collecting their dues. A radical friend of mine, an old country doctor, assured me, the other day, that he never knew a parson, who was not grossly cheated out of his dues; while he laughed outright at the notion, of a parson ever in a single instance getting *more*, than the law sets apart for church property. This accords entirely with my own observation; and, if you are willing to be informed, as I hope and trust for your own sake, you are, as well as for the sake of public peace and charity, you will be glad to be edified by an instance which has lately occurred between parties of my acquaintance.

A neighbouring rector has a very good living. The proceeds of tithe are much above what you and I should deem adequate remuneration for his services. But this is foreign to the question; for a relation bought the presentation for him, and he of course has as good a right to the tithes, as you have to the watch in your pocket: it would be treating you like a child to argue with you upon this fact. Well, this rector has, for one of his tithe-payers a man of fortune, who of late years has taken to farming on his own account. This gentleman though a tory, as soon as he commenced farming, found it inconvenient to pay the rector his tithe-demands. The rector knew he had not set his tithe at so much as half of its real value, and therefore recalcitrated, or according to you, struggled for his pig, recommending the gentleman farmer, who 'till then had been his intimate friend, to get his rent lowered, to the amount of the required relief (for he did not farm his own land) the parson used some such expostulation as this "I have a wife and children to support, and besides, had I not, the *poor* should have all I could give away: you are a rich man; how absurd for me to make you a present of so much money! if you have made an unfavourable bargain with your landlord, beg him to be equitable, and reconsider the lease." Gross, anti-apostolical selfishness this, Sir, according to your present notions; but which I hope and trust you will not persist in entertaining much longer. The gentleman farmer holding the same opinion as yourself perhaps, respecting the obligation of parsons to put up with cheating, from this moment foreswore friendly acquaintance with the parson, and proceeded to harass him by the most petty and illiberal stratagems in the collection of his tithe. The parson, thongh not being quite such an angel as you would have a parson be, set himself to counteract the machinations of his quandam friend, and has hitherto succeeded in getting all he required of him, i. e. not quite half what was due. You will admit it to be rather an aggravation of the rough treatment this parson experienced, that this friend of his had, some years before he

commenced farming himself, rated the person for allowing himself to be so cheated as he was, and actually pointed out, how he might do himself justice.

Now, Sir, had one of your common purveyors of clerical misconduct happened to come in contact with this gentleman farmer, he might have heard from him, how unlike an apostle Parson so and so had demeaned himself; and down then would the *Information to be relied upon* have gone in your paper, under the head of "*Clerical Rapacity*," "*More Tithe Pigs*," or some such expressive and ingenuous advertisement of parsonic wickedness.

I have not here detailed a case forming an exception to the very general treatment parsons experience from their liberal and *christianity-requiring* tithe-debtors. Receive this instance, Sir, "*from a most respectable correspondent*," which, without boasting, I really am, as a sample, in his immediate neighbourhood, of what he knows to be general anti-parsonism in other parishes. On this subject suffer yourself to be instructed, for once, against your will. I know all about these matters; while you know, or write as if you knew, nothing about them. Be for once convinced, against your wishes, that in all *country* squabbling about tithes, (I know nothing of the London clergy) the parsons are the considerate and self-denying gentlemen, the tithe-payers, the unreasonable and bullying knaves.

Should your zealous informants have detected, any where, *one* instance to the contrary, which I don't believe they can; pray do me the justice I have a right to expect from one of your intellectual calibre, and let this one opposite instance avail no farther than, by the rules of evidence, it ought to avail against my direct and well-informed testimony to the general truth.

And now, Sir, supposing the consequence of this general galling treatment of the parochial clergy to be, in some instances, a *sourness* and *want of cordiality*, indicating a not entire good will of the parson to his tithe-payers; would any literate man, with your high pretensions to candour and free-hearted manliness, visit the weakness harshly on a fellow-creature? But I forget:—I am writing to one, who *professes* to expect apostolical spirituality from clergymen! and I must therefore make some concession to the weakness of judgment, and slight knowledge of human nature, from which alone, if such professions be sincere, such unreasonable expectations could arise. As, though, you seem pretty well read in the Bible, it is fair to interrogate you thus:—From what you collect of the character of St. Paul, do you think that, had a provision for his maintenance been set apart by the laws, he would tamely have put up with the gross injustice of individual attempts to deprive him of it? Do you not rather suppose his natural manliness would at first have induced him to resent such conduct, in mere self-defence; and that, when his indignation, on his own account, had passed off, as it soon would, he could still have persisted in maintaining his rights, if only for the sake of discouraging thievish selfishness in others? Give yourself but a fair chance of correcting your unphilosophical prejudices respecting the required spirituality of parsons, and this hint for a true estimate of the apostolic spirit, which you are for ever mis-quoting, will work a thorough change in your sentiments on the subject.

Believe me, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

October, 1832. A Radical Parson.

A BACHELOR BALLAD.

Aye, call me cold if beauty's snares
No more my heart decoy,
I've seen too many happy faces
To wish to share their joy;
I've heard the words of union read,
The bells rejoicing ring,
I've brothers four—and how they sped
My task is now to sing;
I tell you that I would not wed
To make myself a king.

My eldest brother needs must seek
A bride of high estate,
Whose sire's achievements in a week
You hardly could relate:—
Alas! poor Grey!—when Lady Anne
His lady deign'd to be,
Her tongue like water ever ran
Its theme her ancestry—
God help, say I, the simple man
That weds old family!—

George made a vow his love should know
The name of every shell,
And all the flowers, and trees that grow
By root, and leaf, and smell.
Yet more than these his charmer knew
And never was content,
Save when on brown and sandell'd shoe
To botanize she went;
And to his chamber he withdrew,
To mourn his money spent.

Poor John, the third!—Alas! a sigh
His stony bust may tell;
He, choose, for cheek, and foot, and eye,
A proud triumphant belle.—
Her heart was with her glass,—or where
Her gems in caskets lay,
From night to morn her only care
What flattering tongues could say?
She teas'd the jealous to despair,
And then she ran away.

His warning by the elder three
Sagacious Jasper took,
No dainty lady of degree,
Of beauty, or of look:—
His thrifty spouse disdained to sit
Her time with thought to kill,
To roast, to boil, to spin, to knit,
Her hand was never still;
She ruled the keys—she ruled the spit,
She ruled her husband's will.

Then call me cold, if woman's snares
No more my heart decoy,
I've seen too many happy pairs
To wish to share their joy.
Grey hath grown deaf—and George—he fled
From all his duns in spring;
John, of his broken heart is dead,
Could hen-pecked Jasper sing?
He'd join my stave—"I would not wed
To make myself a king!"—

E. F. C.

PARTIES AND PROSPECTS IN PARIS.

Paris, Oct. 20th.

Of the new ministry anon; it is a wearysome subject.

You are aware what theorists the French are well—the affairs of Ireland, and the Birmingham refusal to pay church-rate, have set the Parisian world chattering about religion, about different *cultes*, their nature, and the rise and fall of them.

Your journalists, with the exception of Dr. Black perhaps, and one or two others, have in England no theory whatever. You write on, as if there was no such thing as ethics at all, or as man's moral nature. And ye argue the merits and the fortunes of the Church of England and the Church of Rome, just as you would those of an individual—that is, is he well-behaved? is he well-endowed? without ever considering his temperament, his peculiarities, and their influence upon his acts and fate.

The French, on the contrary, philosophize every thing, sometimes with pedant no doubt, but sometimes to the establishment of a truth, and the opening of a general view. The press in Paris is the school of Athens, where fifty philosophic creeds jostle and struggle to show themselves. The Catholics have numerous gazettes, Protestantism has the "*Semeur*," St. Simonism has its organ; and a very clever sophistical dispute they all carry on.

Now how do you think they view the religious affairs of Ireland and of Birmingham? I will tell you by transcribing the conversation of a *salon* last night; and don't be incredulous if I assert that ladies were the profoundest disputants. But I can only give you the sums. And this was, that the Church of England was the exclusive religion of the aristocracy. The Catholic religion had this good at least in it, that it provided for the spiritual wants and weaknesses, and united itself to the sympathies of both rich and poor. That if it was gorgeous and powerful, it was also humble in certain respects, courted the poor, took a great portion of its clergy from the lowest ranks, and left them in that low station, which gave them fraternity with the poor.

The Church of England does none of all this. Its clergy are all well born, university-bred, gentlemen, of the upper castes in society, or affecting to be so—men who necessarily look down on the larger and poorer numbers of their flock, who can know no sympathy or have no veneration for them.

The existence of such a religion for the aristocracy, necessitates another for the middle classes, since the spirit of the English Church, not its dogmas, necessarily disgusts the latter. The religion of the middle and lower classes is to be found then in *dissent*.

Now the Dissenters are rapidly gaining ground in England; the number of their congregations has doubled since 1812. This, the French say, (and I believe them) is not owing to any thing peculiar in their doctrines, but merely to the humble zeal with which they work, and to their addressing principally the middle classes. *Dissent* is the religion most congenial to these classes, and hence its gradual gaining of ground upon the Church of England is a proof, that the middle classes are gaining ground upon the aristocracy. Whether the premises of this

French argument be true or not, I will not say. I give them as they were spoken: but that the conclusion is true no one will deny.

Now this, which is but doing in England, is *done* in France. The aristocracy has disappeared, and men of the middle rank in birth, in wealth, in life, wield all the influence in society and in the state. They are the uppermost class, and they are resolved to continue so. They will have no lords, no seigneurs, no hereditary privileges. This is the dominant, universal, fixed principle of the French nation. Yet the French king has just appointed an administration, the sentiments of which are directly opposed to this general spirit and determination. The *doctrinaires*, De Broglie, Guizot, &c., are admirers of the English constitution, not that of 1832, mark me, but that of 1831. They believe that no state can subsist without an hereditary aristocracy, liberal if possible, that is, understanding its own interests, but still a privileged aristocracy.

These men, in political creed, are pretty much what the Whigs are in England. They are the same abstractedly. But what immense difference doth not their respective positions place between them? In England the Whigs are for *progress*, since liberty has not yet reached their maximum. In France, the Doctrinaires, instead of being for progress, are for *reaction*, because liberty has passed their ideal limits. And what limits! Good heavens! when the electoral franchise is confined to those paying ten pounds of annual taxes. Therefore you are not to judge of the enormity of the administration just constituted by their opinions, but by the contrast of those opinions with the ones prevalent here. Wellington created *premier* of the English cabinet at present could not be a greater blow given to the ear of the public, than the appointment of Guizot has proved to France.

It is the opinion of a number of persons here, that Louis-Philippe is seriously disgusted with his quasi royalty; that his secret purpose is to resign in favour of the Duc de Bourdeaux and legitimacy; and that in order to pave the way for this, he has undertaken to disgust the French as much as possible with the *monarchie de Juillet*, and to draw from it as many absurdities as possible. These good people are no doubt very much mistaken; Louis Philippe is not so blind to the charms and solid revenues of royalty, nor so very susceptible of disgust. But certainly his acts give no small colour to the supposition. For not only does he, whose crown was yesterday the gift of the people, put himself in opposition to that very people, but he selects the same moment to destroy for ever the remaining respectability of one of the pillars of the said *monarchie de Juillet*.

I allude of course to the Chamber of Peers. When it was proposed to change the name of this upper House to that of *Senate*, as more appropriate to a set of poor, unknown, unillustrated, unhereditary notorieties, it was negatived. Its dignity, forsooth, was to be upheld. And this Falstaff's regiment of legislators, this ragged rout, preserved its title of the peerage. M. De Broglie, and his party, exerted all their powers to bestow hereditary rights upon its members; and the majority of the Chamber desired no better than thus to secure a temple of honour for themselves; but they were ashamed, and durst not. Perier added forty recruits to the number; and lo! sixty now are marched up to join the squad.

I do not think that there is one man of 1000*l.* per annum independent

of place and pension amongst the sixty. And some are absolute paupers. There is poor Cousin, for example, *Sa Seigneurie Monsieur Cousin*, as the *National* calls him in derision, who had not cash to buy himself that green-embroidered uniform in which councillors of state go to court, and who went in consequence in a tatterdemallion of a robe, its tail stuck in a kind of girdle that the philosopher had invented. I remember the whole court of Louis Philippe, not excepting the monarch himself, holding their sides with laughter, at the inexprimably queer figure cut by Cousin; and yet this man is now his lordship. But why should poverty be an obstacle to advancement? Why indeed? But at least when a king gives a coronet, he should give a new coat.

The only excuse for making these peers, is to out vote the Carlists. Yet in the list we find, De Caux, the old sub-minister, and the Duc D'Angouleme and Colleague of Villele, De Berbis, De Mezij, De Freville, De La Briffe, De Lamoigner, De Montguyer, De Montlosier, De Nicolai, De Preissac, De Rayneval (the friend of Polignac) all old *Marquises* every one, men whose sole aim will be to embarass the government. And why are these dregs, these younger brothers, and hangers on of the old noblesse elevated to the peerage. Simply Louis Phillippe coquetting with the royalists, and begging them to rally to his side for the sake of a tarnished, gingerbread coronet, to be accepted too in company, will aides-de-camps of the national guard, with ex-professors from the university, ex-chimists from their laboratories, ex-deputies from the chambers of the restoration, all *exes*, because employers or electors would have no more to do with them.

The fact is this, that for an upper chamber in the legislature, there is no medium betwixt hereditary and elective right. Hereditary right without great property, and privileges is absurd. And between this, and the senator elect, there is no possible mode of framing a legislator, so as to endow him with the sacred character, necessary to command respect. For in fine, the day is come, when men will not reverence laws, unless they can reverence those who make them, which is the secret of our own Reform, and which is not the secret, but the precise, and inevitable cause of the fall of the French Chamber of Peers.

When some months back, the *National*, the great organ of the Republicans, gave out its manifesto, or that of its party, which demanded an upper chamber elective, and based upon the possession of large property, there was a general out cry against the proposed and proposition. Not so now. Every person begins to see the exceedingly great good sense of it. I meet with men in society, who support Louis Philippe, nay Charles X. who praised the Pope's regime, and Napoleon's and Polignac's, and what you please. But any one hardy enough to defend the present Chamber of Peers, and to say that it ought to endure, is not to be met with. The very members of the batch are ashamed of their elevation. And one personage, who was highly delighted, and solicitous of the honour in prospect, has kept his room since he was gazetted, for fear of being overwhelmed by ironical congratulations.

But its condemnation lies in the fact, that Roger Collard, the prince of the *Doctrine*, refused to be peerified. He would devote himself for them, he said, to the infernal gods, but not to be sacrificed on the altar of Monaus.

Now, what was the Senate, which the *National* and its Republican party demanded? Was it such, as would please the Jacobins? It was

this, a Senate, chosen by electors, each of whom should at least pay 1,000 francs, or £40 of annual taxes. In other words, it was to be an upper chamber, composed of, or at least, chosen by the aristocracy of wealth. Now I will venture to assert, that this elective chamber is far more aristocratic than the present tag-rag and bob-tail, which is at once the laughing-stock, and the arbiter of a great nation.

The party of the *Milieu* and of the old revolutional of 93, mock at the idea of any upper chamber; but Lafayette and his friends wisely acknowledge the necessity of this check, and certainly it is with a view more to strengthen than to undermine royalty. They wish to give it a healthy limb to walk and lean upon; whereas the *Doctrinaires* have given it merely a broken crutch.

I conclude with an anecdote from the Memoirs of the Duc de Mortemart.

„ In 1815, *Monsieur*, Count d'Artois (since Charles X.) lodged at Ghent, in an hotel situated on the great *Place*, or Square. Alleys of magnificent trees rendered it a charming promenade, which in consequence became the favourite resort and rendezvous of the *emigrés*. Often have I seen Chateaubriand pacing up and down here with Bertin de Vaux (editor of the *Journal des Debats*, and one of the new peers). M. Guizot came hither also every day, and although not having the honor of a previous acquaintance, I still accosted him as a friend in our common exile. Nevertheless, we were far from following the same career. He was in plain clothes, and I in the uniform of a Colonel of Hussars (*Chasseurs*). The French are a communicative people, in bad or in good fortunes, so that M. Guizot and I met with pleasure every morning upon this *Place* of Ghent just as old fund-holders approach each other at the *Luxembourg*, or in a warm corner of the *Thuilleries* gardens. M. Guizot conversed well, and I listened to him as an oracle. I was then a fool of a poor fellow, who, with my brain turned by studying the History of France, had imagined to imitate the old *preux* of Charles VII., in following their exiled and discomfited king, rather than to stay at Paris to receive the favour of Henry the VIth, King of France and England.

"We paced sentimentally, M. Guizot, and I, on this beautiful square of Ghent. From time to time my companion would stop, and point to me the hotel where the Prince lodged, observing "I came here only to behold an instant that good Prince, and true chevalier. Ah! the French do not deserve to have a king like him." I verily believe M. Guizot must have wept in uttering these words, so deeply did he seem affected. "Yes," said he, "the French are great criminals, but we must make them happy in their own despite, and for this we must muzzle them, which can easily be down by means of *cours prevotales* (drum-head courts martial.") No I had never heard of *cours prevotales* even in my regiment, and I begged M. Guizot to enlighten me on this point, which he had the amiability to do. He explained to me precisely the nature of this military mode of government. And I, as a soldier, found it quite as good as any other.

"Who could have told me," concludes M. de Mortemart, "that fifteen years after, I, who had turned book-worm from a colonel of *Chasseurs* should have been dismissed from my place, by M. Guizot, Minister of the Interior to King Louis-Phillippe, and that I should have been so dismissed for resolving to remain faithful to that prince, before whom I had seen M. Guizot in tears of wrapt adoration."

EUROPE AND HER DESPOTS.

No. III.—THE DUKE OF MODENA.

THERE are several distinct systems of depotism in full operation on our European continent. First in the dominions of the imperial autocrat Nicholas (the grog-drinker), we behold the despotism of the sword. Beneath the sway of the "Miscreant" live fifty millions of human beings, scattered over a territory embracing thirty-eight parallels of latitude, and 120 meridians of longitude. But bad as it is, this is not after all, the worst system in the list. If the Russian government denies even the shadow of political liberty to its vassals, it freely tolerates, nay, openly protects every form of worship; while, like ancient Rome, it leaves to the conquered provinces, their language and customs, dearer to semi-barbarous races than even political independence itself. In fact, stern and uncompromising as it is, the Muscovite government leaves no exertion untried, rapidly to develope the resources of the empire and extend its political influence. By a profound writer this government has been defined as an enlightened despotism.

In England we have long ago thrown off the despotism of the sword, but only to fall under that of another and a worse evil—worse even than the sword—the law! Since the creation of the world no system, perhaps, ever produced so full a measure of social misery as this. In every other country the laws have generally been framed for the welfare and happiness of the community at large, but in England they have been made for the exclusive advantage of the law itself. It has been remarked that there is not an act of parliament through the flaws of which a road waggon may not be driven; and by twisting and turning some of our numerous statutes, there is not a man in his majesty's dominions, who is not exposed every hour of the day to use the language of Napoleon, to be "*dûment et légalement pendu.*" And yet we consider ourselves the freest people in the universe, and are constantly recurring to the priest-ridden Spanish and Portuguese for tropes and metaphors, to illustrate the combined effects of superstition and despotism. We much doubt, however, if ever, in its best days, under the reign of the second Philip, the church in Spain ever exercised so baneful an influence on the social condition and happiness of the Iberians, as does the law at this day on the people of England. In this sense we would ask, does a Spanish inquisitor cause more misery than a Master in Chancery? or are the judgments of a corregador more despotic and unconstitutional, than many of those that emanate from our bench of magistrates? Is a Spanish alguazil a greater rogue than an English sheriff's officer? Whatever may be the answer, to these queries, we can carry our comparison no farther, for we defy Spain or any country to produce any thing so elaborately vile, so basely wicked as the common herd of English attornies. In the Austrian dominions, the government pursues its end, neither by the despotism of the law nor the sword, nor by the spiritual terrors of the church, but by the slow and surer method of moral degradation, that secretly saps the foundation of every principal of independence, every generous aspiration, and renders man the fit tool of despotism. Espionage and corruption are its arms; but in spite of the machiavelism of the arch-Metter-

nich the fiery Hungarian, the proud Bohemian, and simple Tyrolean, remember that they once possessed such a thing as a constition, and will, before long, we venture to predict, teach the Austrian government, that it has scotched the snake—not killed it; that their liberties, however depressed, are not utterly extinguished.

Now if there really walks the earth a being so enamoured of tyranny and oppression, as to wish to behold them in their abstract perfection, it is not in any of the countries that we have passed in review, that he will find it; but if he directs his steps towards a small Italian principality at the foot of the Appenines, there, under the government of Francesco the Fourth, Duke of Modena, he will have the glorious spectacle of 400,000 of his fellow-creatures groaning beneath a studied aggregation of every abuse that can tend to desolate and oppress, to break the spirit of a people, to damp their industry, to quench their hope. This pigmy sovereign is the abstract perfection of a despot and he sports with the lives and properties of his subjects, as if they had been created by Heaven as mere objects to gratify his caprice.

When Napoleon overrun Italy, this duchino was sent to the right about to Venice, on a pension from the directory, while his Lilliputian state was incorporated with the less-Alpine republic, and afterwards with the kingdom of Italy. On the downfall of the French emperor, he was recalled by the Holy Alliance from his retirement, and reinstated in his dominions. The long interregnum had sharpened his appetite for ducal power; he no sooner found himself once more in his dominions, than he set to work in good earnest, to make up for lost time. His first measure was to abolish every trace of the French administration, and to substitute for their admirable judicial system, his own arbitrary "*bon plaisir.*" The next was to re-establish the jesuits, who soon commenced a bitter crusade against freedom and intelligence. They established a sort of inquisition to watch over the observance of religious duties. The books of every private individual must be submitted to the controul of two commissioners appointed for that purpose; the domicillary visits of the police are frequent, and often are made in the middle of the night. On one occasion a book was found in the lodgings of a young student: this work was not even one of those prohibited in the "*Index expurgatium,*" of the ducal government, but it merely wanted the seals of the two commissioners alluded to. It was in vain that the unfortunate student alledged that the book in question had been in the possession of his family long anterior to the enactment of the law; such a defence availed him nothing, he was thrown into a dungeon and his property confiscated.

Avaricious in the extreme, confiscation has become the order of the day, and Carbonarism the pretext for the most iniquitous proceedings. In fact this "little tyrant," bleeds his people in all their pores, and exhausts every refinement of cruelty and oppression. The baneful effects of such a system in a small state, where interests and families are united, can easily be conceived. Every class of society has been implicated, and there are at this moment, wandering in the exile of a foreign land, hundreds of his subjects condemned to death not for any well-substantiated charge, but on mere suspicion. Thus terror and distrust reigns on every side, and a veil of mourning hangs over the land.

Of all the sovereigns of Europe the Duke of Modena is the only one

who has not yet acknowledged Louis-Philippe. Since the memorable three days his tyranny has been observed to assume a concentrated malignity. Several French liberals were actually ordered to quit the Modenese territory, and woe betide any of his subjects found reading the *Constitutionel*, or any other liberal journal. Every foreigner is under the strict surveillance of the police. Some time ago, a foreign tourist expressed himself rather freely in a café on the subject of the Modenese government, the conversation was almost immediately related by a *sbiri* to the Chef de Police, who, in his turn, laid the affair before the duke. The result was a ducal mandate to the audacious foreigner to quit his dominions in twenty-four hours. On receiving the intimation, the foreigner observed to the messenger, "Why then I have still twenty-two hours to remain in Modena, for two hours ride will carry me across the frontier." In fact a man may with ease make a tour of the duchy between breakfast and dinner.

How much longer will human nature put up with the freaks of such a monster? There is no guessing to a month or a day, but such things must have an end. The electric lights of freedom have penetrated with their subtle power, into the strong holds of ignorance and fraud. The day cannot be far distant, when these strongholds, shaken to their base, will perish in the wreck of matter, and fade like a hideous dream; when men, on reading the history of the part, will look with mixed feelings of wonder and pity—perhaps with contempt, on those degraded spirits, who so tamely submitted to the chain, when a single blow would have avenged and vindicated humanity.

TO FRANCESCA.

I LOVE thee, Francesca, thy tresses of jet,
And the dark glancing light of thine eye,
On my heart an impression of magic hath set,
That will leave thy name there when I die.
But what is mere beauty? the brightness of spring—
Of autumn, when summer's sweet days are gone by,
A flow'ret that once touch'd by time's blighting wing,
Will be left all neglected to wither and die.

I love thee, Francesca, I doat on thy charms,
But how many have charms like to thine,
How many whom I might enfold in mine arms,
And call them this moment all mine;
Yet they have but beauty, the bloom of an hour,
They know not, they feel not, the love they impart,
But fade in our arms like a cold senseless flower,
From its stem torn asunder and blighted at heart.

I love thee Francesca, and firmly believe,
That my love is as warmly repaid,
Those eyes beaming fondness, they could not deceive,
Some glance had their falsehood betrayed.
Thou shalt be the blossom, and I'll be the tree,
And when the cold winter of death shall come o'er,
When its blight my Francesca, shall fall upon thee,
The tree shall grow sapless and blossom no more. M. G. L.

THE MARGATE HOY.

It is many years ago, on a bright morning in August, that I detected myself descending the City Road from Islington, on my route to Thames Street, having determined to treat myself to a view of the natural beauties of Father Thames. To accomplish this craving after the picturesque, I had taken my passage on board a Margate-hoy. Many will doubtless have occasion to inquire of their elders and betters, the meaning of the term *hoy*. To be perspicuous, then, hoys were small vessels plying to and from Margate, at much less cost, less trouble, and less risk, than your modern nuisances, steam-boats.

But these were days when people were not bitten with the mania of innovation; when they were contented with what their fathers had before them; when radical reform was voted treason, as it ought to be:—when people made money, and enjoyed themselves, and did not grumble and starve. If the king—bless his memory! he was a pattern to princes,—if he dipped his hand pretty freely into their purses—why, "there was plenty there, and plenty to spare," as they used goodhumouredly to say. I've never seen better times than when a man could pick your pocket, and you none the wiser. In those days we had no unnatural combinations with the French. The French were our natural enemies; and every free-born Briton, that was not a disgrace to the name, was bound to hate all Frenchmen and frogs, and wooden shoes. Those were glorious days, and England will never be herself again till the same wholesome natural feeling returns. However, all that has nothing to do with the Margate-hoy.

Arrived in Thames-Street, I rapidly embarked, and surveyed my position. Here was food for the imagination!—what a glorious commixture of antitheses!—what abrupt and terrific variety in the mental polarization of individuals! In a Margate-hoy, at least, extremes always meet.

Although the vessel was scarcely "under weigh," the work of masticatory destruction had already begun. Baskets and panniers unfolded their stores, and a host of sallow, sore-eyed children gazed in agonizing gluttony upon the contents. Bottled porter, brandy, peppermint, gin, and rum, were, even at this early hour of the morning, steadily resorted to, anticipatory of sea-sickness. Every species of eatable abomination was discernible on deck, in every variety of envelope, from the decent wicker-basket to the dirty neck-cloth or pocket-handkerchief, tied in repeated knots upon the treasures within. Here was displayed the trembling delicacy of the grey cow-heel, the shining slice of single Gloster cheese, the tooth-drawing $\frac{3}{4}$-inch sandwich of "genuine Irish ham," straining the lid of the japan sandwich-box—and even—oh! horror!—cold roasted potatoes, with large flattened spheres of suet dumpling!—All these were present; and, lastly, that horrific pestilential abomination, termed "bubble and squeak," to the swallowing of which, cannibalism is a classic virtue.

Many were the features of disgust at this scene, exhibited by the hebdomidal pretenders to aristocratic notions. But farther forward stood a group of three elderly individuals, whom the powdered hair and foreign cut of their dress and hat, of a truly national shape, pronounced,

without a possibility of mistake, to be Frenchmen of the old regime. They were grouped apart from the scene, and talking their own language; nor was their attention directed to what was going on, until fixed by the report of a bottle of porter, and the general eruption of the contents upon the "*parley-woos*," from the hands of a disciple of that non-descript animal, a "marine store-keeper," whose profession was betrayed, from under his Sunday suit, by his smutty and iron-rusted nose, and hands speckled with putty and green vitriol.

The elder foreigner, after wiping the froth from his dress, and slightly running his eye over the "felon-field" of heel, dumpling, and squeak, as instantly withdrew his glance, apparently regardless of the roar of laughter from the "free-born Britons." An almost imperceptible elevation of the eye-brows and shoulders, with a solitary "Mon Dieu!" concluded his comments, and the expression of his countenance seemed to shew, that pity and commiseration had taken the place of disgust.

Meanwhile the hoy made good and easy progress before a fair wind, in smooth water: while two or three melancholy examples of disastrous musical pretension, were exhibited, at intervals, upon respective instruments; the individuals were refreshed, during the pauses to recruit, with porter and gin by the company.

Here sauntered, humming in responsive melody, foot and hand keeping time to the "measure," in foppish and exotic effeminacy, a member of the cloth-yard "linen and hosier train." Even then we had our dandies.

The specimens of this spidery tribe are now perfect in their imitation of their exclusive aristocratic originals. The fossil rigidity of this India-rubber-belted animal, and its efforts at locomotion, are splendidly amusing; though the thing has lost much of its moral interest, from the "spurious imitations," exhibited as "dressing-blocks," in the doorstead of every tailor, of any pretension, in the metropolis..

Opposite with contemptuous scorn at this fleshless abortion of a rush-light, sat the portly proprietor of an extensive *à-la-mode*-beef shop, fresh from the neighbourhood of Drury. The moral effect produced upon the man of "beef," by the proximity of this "araneous" fop, was ludicrous beyond description, from the torturing effects of his attempt to force into a full expression of hateful disgust, a set of features, whose chaotic assemblage were incapable of exhibiting any defined moral expression at all. His rubicund neighbour and friend, the publican, was clearly of his party. They were plainly and reputably attired. They had adhered to the respectable old English fashion of kerseymere breeches and jockey-boots, long before the locust-like swarms of French and Prussian emigrants, and knights of adventure, had introduced their fashion of sloppy, bulgy, broken-kneed trowsers, judiciously adopted by themselves to hide their calf-less, stocking-less, leg bones.

An interminable catalogue of various professionals were availing themselves of the endless resources for killing time—city clerks, apprentice sprouts, fractional parts of perfumers, wholesale ditto, whose conversation, in noise, rapidity, and infliction, resembled a cannonade of wash-balls. Here were wholesale and retail merchants, and manufacturers of Macassar oils, "genuine" and "un-genuine," "label'd" and "un-label'd;" those who would not be responsible for the fatal effects attending the use of the "spurious imitation," and those who

were so unguarded as not to profess to care a curse for the ultimate unhappy application of their "oils," even if their customers became as bald as a new-tinned saucepan through their use.

Here again, holding the "fluid hair-conservators" in withering contempt, ranged the "lump and retail" inflicters of solid animal fat. Had Prince or Atkinson been there, they would, amongst the less lights, have ranked as the ursa major of the tribe.

"Velut inter ignes Luna minores."

How would they have exposed the base and "un-genuine" practice of exhibiting an old, fat, Scotch ram's hind-quarter, duly "fettled," in the window, with the "affiche,"

☞ A Bear has been killed here to-day!"

Reader, the venerable subject has had his inquest pronounced—"Died from over-driving."—He had been intended, barring this accident, for exhibition in the shambles, as three-year-old wether mutton; a section of him is now transmuted into the quarter of a bear; his remainder is now mincing, or has been minced, in a private pork-butchers:—already is the larger proportion of him converted into pork sausages. This hind-quarter, when it becomes too offensive for the perfumer's window, will follow the rest of the carcase to the sausage shop—its "hire" being duly paid.

Now, on the other hand, the "really genuine" importers and exporters of this hair-compelling trade, exhibit to their customers the "living bear," under that due state of obesity requisite for supplying the "unexampled demand" upon them. In these cases, a splendid index announces,

☞ "A Bear *will be killed* to-day, at 12 o'clock."

Here are none of your lying participles-past;—in the future there is every thing to hope. Thus the avenues to fraud and "un-genuineness" are completely guarded. No customer of common sense can hesitate a moment in the choice of his tradesman.

Looking forward, in the group we distinguish a host, composed of lawyers, potatoe and cabbage-merchants, tinkers, fixed and locomotive, dentists and farriers, debiteurs of those inviting luxuries, Indian-rock, bull's-eyes, and hard-bake; retailers and detailers of blacking and poetry, from the Parnassus-sprung "Warren," to the humbler penny-paste-peripatetic.

Again, we have "Italian oil sellers," and Italian image sellers, green-grocers, and brown-grocers, master tailors and drapers "inclusive," master tailors "exclusive;" with infinite gradations of this latter profession, down to the stepping-stone, the apprentice, or assistant youth of the "Mendin dun neetly hear."

There is a faint and "goosy" smell elaborated from the exhalents of this gradus of the craft, which I consider strictly pathognomic of their calling. Not so easily describable is the aristocratic master tailor, or (many pardons for the ignorance of my expression) the army-clothiers: he of the cab and blood-horse, liveried groom, and ultra-fashioned investment—he, the classical rival in scientific knowledge of the graduates in the learned professions:—he who has indignantly kicked down the fanciful and feeble fence, which erst separated the sciences of human

anatomy, physiology, and even pathology, from that respected theatre of universal science, the tailor's board.

Remember, reader, we are now treating of the theory of the profession, free from all allusion to the humble "acupuncturist."

"Mens agitat molem."

How the soul springs with intoxicating elasticity, at the bare thought of such towering ambition in the profession!—Heaven forefend that any modern Brutus should attempt to sink the planetary splendour of its members, in premature assassination. Long had the trenchant "shears" of the profession cut deeply into mathematics and geometry, as was evinced by the delicate graduation of the "measuring tape," the laboured formula for readily ascertaining angular calculations:—the special application of spherical trigonometry was impressively indicated,—a knowledge of the sine, co-sine, tangent periphery, and cylindrical accuracy, were glaringly indispensable. As decidedly was a sufficient knowledge of botany peremptorily called for, as applied to the fostering culture of that delicate exotic, the "cabbage." Now, however, the art is reaching its climax. An interview, during which an order for a coat or waistcoat used to be given in former days, is now converted into an anatomical lecture:—physiological discussions are necessarily entered into, to account for this or that variety of structure or shape. In fact, the "tailor is now abroad;" therefore the "schoolmaster" may go home as soon as he pleases.

The captain of the vessel, the steersman, the steward, and the working department, were inundated with questions, remarks, and rejoinders, varying, in intensity of interest, according with the profundity and acquirements of each party, in philosophy, mechanism, meteorology. and even in the ornithology of the ocean.

Practical efforts were making, by here and there a cockney hero of the "gut and horse-hair," to catch mackarel or whiting, with hooks baited with lob-worms, or maggots of Islington nativity. The finny tribe of the ocean, however, did not seem to appreciate, or perhaps were not competent judges of Islington dainties. On the forecastle was to be seen and heard a notorious terrifier of yellow-hammers and tom-tits, exhibiting a real Brummagem "Manton gun," which was incessantly discharged, to the indisputable benefit of the gunpowder companies, the crying nuisance of the passengers, and the quiet contempt of the loitering sea-gull. Apart was to be seen a sallow, unshaven bird-catcher, in a frousy shooting-jacket, smelling strongly of German-paste and dung-hill worms. He was occupied in feeding, and whistling to, some score or two of well *painted*, docked and cropped sparrows. More ingenious than the metropolitan wine-merchant, who requires 'two' qualities of the Cape and Teneriffe grape, with which he is enabled to meet the demands of his customers, for wines of any flavour, or age, of any vintage, in any clime; this humble artist simply demands a solitary but adequate supply of the common sparrow, to produce the most brilliant variety of European songsters. They are always warranted, and offered to be taken in exchange, if they do not sing. What can be possibly fairer than this?

Notwithstanding the usual gastric disturbance consequent upon most sailing excursions, even in smooth water, there still assembled at the

cabin-table, to dinner, some twelve or fifteen candidates for physical refreshment. Two boiled legs of mutton, roast breast of veal, two roast quarters of lamb, two couple of boiled fowls, and one couple of roast, ham and tongues, formed the nautical 'spread.'

As only a single "course" was affected, the above were flanked by cold pigeon-pies, apple-tarts, &c. &c. The entertainment was clearly calculated for more than double the aspirants. Be this as it may; there was one male "customer" at table, whose practical powers of obliteration, made up for any lack of company. He was a tall, gaunt, raw-boned, practical opposer of the doctrine of "gastrotomy"—of course an enemy to all depletion. He appeared to have reached very nearly to fifty years of age, with a nose, which must have had "a *weary time of it,*" in progressing over so extended a facial surface as it shaded:—it resembled, in shape, the semi-lunar knife used by the cheesemongers, freely projecting over a mouth, whose cavernous irregularity of expansion brought to mind the geological convulsions of nature. With the wary manœuvring of an adept in such cases, he had taken his position at table, exactly between the quarter of lamb and two boiled fowls, having one of the tongues, within hail, on his right hand. Here, having no dish immediately facing him, he could not, with propriety, be expected to carve for the company. Here, however, fortune baffled his preconcerted immunity from labour; for he had scarcely spread his pocket-handkerchief over his knees, when the steward (assuredly a man of poor discriminating powers) lifted an enormous ham over his shoulder, and placing it on table, just before him, regaled him with the prospect of both work and food. To attempt to describe the collapse his countenance underwent at this apparition, would be in vain. His face became ghastly; he fidgeted with his knife and fork; began making his bread into pellets; and the anxious eye, which erst had glanced, in watchful though complacent satisfaction, at the distribution, quantity, and quality of the viands, now sunk before the monstrous task prepared for him. What would our ham-stricken victim not have given for a private interview, in a snug parlour, with the very object of his present horror, attended simply by the two boiled fowls, roast lamb, and pigeon-pie.

At this moment, a gentleman handing his plate, on which reposed the wing of a fowl, electrified our gastronomist by a cool "Sir, I'll thank you for a slice of that ham before you." Our friend actually leaped in his chair. Merciful powers!—the ham, too, was so apparently excellent, that the prospect of his employment was indefinite. The sight, however, of the wing of fowl in the plate of his persecutor, determined him in making an effort to obtain at least some certain provision for himself: he, therefore, whilst still officiating in the ham line, handed his own plate toward the dispenser of fowls, requesting a leg and a wing, which he covered with an extra plate, and placed beside himself. His anticipated terrors regarding the ham were not unfounded: the flavour and excellence induced many, after the demolition of the fowls, to eat ham with the pigeon-pie; and the excitement and disappointment of the carver threatened absolutely to make him physically ill.

A very gentlemanly man at table, seeing the state of things, offered, and did kindly relieve him from farther anxiety, by taking up his task. Our hero now leisurely commenced his attack upon his covered plate,

to which was added two fairish slices of ham. The first stroke of his "engine" proved its terrific mechanical power; and it was chiefly in the extensive range of the "lateral" movement of his lower jaw, that the mechanist could trace the destructive energy of its action. The contents of the first plate were replaced by three ribs of lamb, including the kidney of the loin. With these he decided to eat three slices of tongue, having observed that the "*best cuts*" of this latter were likely to be lost to him, from the great "*run*" upon that dish. He was now evidently regaining his confidence and spirits, and his eye was detached upon a silent reconnoitre of the state of esculents. A cheque at sight was now drawn upon the brisket and ribs of veal, to which he again added two slices of tongue, and one slice of ham, as the tongues began now to cut up very "scanty," and threatened shortly to wane into the state of Mr. Irving's "unknown." Still there was an evident restlessness exhibited by him, as his glance hovered in the direction of the pigeon-pies; but his decision was promptly taken, by asking the attendant steward for a plate, and sending him with a request for a portion of the pies, while he, at the same time, got forward with the demolition of the contents of the plate already before him.

On the return of his messenger with the pigeon-pie, he deliberately covered the plate over beside him, and requested another "small cut of the leg of lamb, near the "pope's eye," with a little of the fat of the loin." Emptying the boat of mint-sauce beside him, and pricking his fork into a huge cauliflower, which he deluged with melted butter, he appeared to enjoy a degree of moral tranquillity hitherto unknown to him All was now secure; and taking leisurely three successive glasses of sherry, and two tumblers of bottled porter, he gained an opportunity of cursorily looking over the table, to see if he had missed any desirable dish. But no—he had done pretty well—and, after slightly reminding the company, that "courtesy" allowed the "carver" an extra quarter of an hour, he confined his present attention to the apple-tarts, custards, and other parts of the dessert.

I have often mentally reflected, that no being in existence suffers the horrors of "Tantalus" so acutely as the out-manœuvred, embarrassed, and undecided glutton. Ranking gluttony, as I do, among the lowest grades of sensuality, I have felt a sincere satisfaction in witnessing the agonies of a baffled disciple of this class, and in endeavouring to figure to myself the intensity of his disappointment. At a public dinner, the irritation and anxiety, inseparable from calculating the chances of possession of the best "cut" of each dish or joint, while each is hot, must prove a powerful drawback upon the greedy luxuriance of enjoyment. The very race against time, upon these occasions, must of itself be seriously heart-breaking. Neither the eye nor the heart of the "Apicius" is ever at rest while one good dish remains untasted, or unsecured. Each successive plateful is simply a preface to the work, until the last chance is in his power and possession: then, and then only, do his emotions subside into any thing like calm and leisurable fruition.

While I gazed in astonishment upon the elaborate performance of the favoured artist before me, I was curious to know how far nature would accommodate herself to so excessive an ingress of material matter;—my mind dwelt upon the chances of invasion of some rapidly fatal disorder:—apoplexy, paralysis, or soffocation naturally presented themselves to my imagination;—but my meditations were soon dispersed by the loud

swinish snore of the patient, whose chin and face, reposing in the palms of his hands, were supported in an upright posture by his elbows on the table. The monster was fast asleep.

"I say, maester," said a north country grazier, thrusting the brass end of a heavy riding whip against his ribs, "rouse ye mon, ye're rawting at such-un-a rate, ye're fit to flare the woman and bairns out of the vessel."

Something between a gasp and a grunt alone escaped the sleeper.

"Holloa! mon! we mun brod these ribs a bit sharper, fur, my word thou's a rare hide to cover them, as ay guess'd:—folks cant have a bit o' talk, and lizzen each other, whiles ye keep up sic-un-a clattering din with that great rauming nose o' thine. Blame his foul carcase! an' he gangs this gate, we'd as weel ha' been in a mistal, with a lot o' new calven kye."

So saying, my plain dealing neighbour thrust the snorer's hands from under his chin, and allowed his nose to fall plump into the tumbler of porter between his elbows; the cool porter, fractured glass, and concussion and hæmorrhage of his "leading feature," effectually aroused both the sleeper and his ire.

My neighbour and I walked on deck. I now approached a squad of females;—a motley assemblage of every grade of cockneyology, arrayed in all the lustrous insolence of cheap silks, and oyster-shell bonnets,—varying, in flagrant vulgarity of assumption, from the tittering, wide-mouthed, lisping, straw bonnet 'prentice, to the more recognized pretension of the mistress of a 'leg of beef soup house.' I know not whether the observation may have occurred so familiarly to others, but I have uniformly noted that, upon the casual collision, or even premeditated introduction to each other, of females, moving in the atmosphere of life I have alluded to—the first object, to which each individual addresses her attention is, the elaborate survey of the "mise" of her opponent, and of the texture and quality of her apparel:—here then, to me at least, is one un-erring test of the essentially low-bred, vulgar mind. It is not requisite that the ludicrous bend of the head, or body, in salutation, or that the expulsion of slaughtered language from the mouth should confirm the fact of which I speak, it suffices to notice the greedy and repulsive roll of the eye, as it ranges from the head-dress, over the whole toilet, even to the shoes, to stamp the truth.

All the little, narrow, shabby feelings of wooman-hood, are let loose, in magic-lanthorn,perspective, on these occasions:—all the delicacy, all the amiability, all the brilliant, noble, and endearing qualities of the heart, which render their love and attachment so sacred to our own sex, all are here most cruelly caricatured, and trodden down under the colossal stride of envy, jealousy, and detraction.

As the breeze continued to freshen, the ruffled sea yielded in boisterous submission to its powers: all comfort was now at an end—the hoy pitched and rose again, in the trough of the deep, with concussive and provoking re-iteration;—this execrable change was sickening and heart-lifting even to delirium.

What a sudden metamorphosis in posture of body, but above all in expression of countenance does the company exhibit! Here are features, erst cheerful and blooming, now struck with the pallid torpor of the grave:—here, is the expression of agony and anxiety indiscribable;—there, a corpse—like indifference to every thing around,

and to every thing which can happen. Behold here, a face struggling to smile away the convulsive horror to which its owner is a prey.

This latter is a miserable calico-skinned 'lusus' of Cheapside, who, lately, was insultingly vociferous in jests, and cachinnatory grimaces at the sufferings of both sexes. To two delicate and really respectable females, his conduct was atrociously insulting. Dearly is he now repaid in the scoffs and resonant laughter of the by-standers, for the wanton exhalation of that primitive cold-drawn oil of Cockneyism,—that incrassate vulgarity of his 'caste.'

Who again is this prostrate in the 'lee scuppers,'—the inverted action of whose gastric organ has waged eruptive warfare with the by-standers' boots and shoes, and the by-liers' general apparel? It is he who was lately pressing his suit so urgently in the fore part of the vessel, with that simple blooming country girl, who has obtained a few day's holiday from her service, to visit her friends in the neighbourhood of Margate.

It is a fresh importation from the British colonies of Boulogne and Calais, whither he had emigrated to recruit his 'physicals,' after performing due quarantine in Farringdon-street. Should his stars prove still propitious, he will shortly re-colonize to avoid a second quarantine, after having duly 'exculpated' the pockets of his friends and tradesmen. His appearance, as he now lies, does not, at least justify the suspicion that he is a systematic debauchee; how different is the expression of his features, to what they were half an hour since, when the viper-like treachery of his smile, and language, was exerted, to allure and destroy the innocence of that vain unthinking girl, Those despair-dashed lines of face, now offer a startling antithesis to the former expression of profligate sensuality. 'Que fugit Venus.'

And now Margate Pier came in view, seen distinctly over the 'weather bow:'—the breeze still freshened, and though any thing but fair, it was the opinion of the captain that we should 'fetch' the pier in two or three 'tacks.'

New life and energy seemed to be given to the passengers, at the thought and hopes of soon reaching land. Much of ordinary sea-sickness is to be successfully combated by the exertion of great moral energy, though, in the more aggravated cases, such appeal and exertion are in vain.

However, a great proportion of the company were now seen on their legs, inquiring into the state of their luggage. Bottoms of bottles were swilled off—fragments of 'grub' either munched or thrown overboard, according to the state of stomach of the party,—silk handkerchiefs and travelling caps taken off, and thrust into great coat pockets:—neck-cloths re-adjusted—hats re-sumed—and, not 'Marmion,' but my 'portmanteau!'—'where is my portmanteau?' 'was the cry.' Each person sought his own luggage, with that eager and greedy industry so truly exhibitory of the most deformed and loathsome features of our nature, heedless of the suffering or convenience of those around him.

On these occasions of broad and hateful selfishness, which every one must have noticed on the breaking up of a party on similar excursions, I think the 'Bagman' has the art of illustrating a more cool and revolting insolence, in ascertaining and securing his damnable 'bags' and other branches of his travelling kit, than the members of any other 'equally learned' professions can display

In a short time the vessel was safely moored to the pier :—the arrival of a hoy of passengers used formerly to constitute an event in Margate ; the pier was lined with lookers on. Amid the bustle and confusion of disembarking, our very small aristocratic share of passengers, exhibited no ill-timed or indecent eagerness to fly from the deck :—they remained patiently awaiting the efflux of the bulk of the cargo ; our demy-aristocrats did the same, by imitation ;—and other more remote subdivisions of this species observed a tolerably temperate demeanour. Foremost in the rush, strode two bagmen over the gangway, armed with ponderous great coats, carpet-bags, driving whips, &c.—near the gangway, stood our friend the a' la mode beef 'appreteur', and his neighbour the rosy publican ;—their present occupation was at the same time classical, and 'typical',—they were taking a parting bottle of stout, which the bagmen, in their rude blustering movement, knocked clean out of the hand of the 'beef' man :—it fell, and was broken upon deck. Some hasty remark was instantly made, and replied to ;—brief time was allowed the bagman for 'shrift or prayer', for the brawny restaurateur, whose passion-colour'd cheek glowed with a tint, deep as the beet-root of his sallads, lifting a fist and arm broad and sinewy as the 'shins and briskets' which ornament his shop-window, leveled the bag-encumbered sputterer at a blow, and very nearly consigned his bags and himself to the deep ;—this was simply by way of 'parenthesis'—he '*now*' proceeded to argue the point of ill-manners with him.

The remaining bagman indignantly remarked upon the assault—talked about un-gentlemanly conduct: (!) and thence descending to his more natural idiom of gross abuse, exhibited some threat of 'showing fight' : —but, upon a closer inspection of the opposing force, it was evident that the publican was also to be taken into the hostile account, he already began to 'frame for work' (as the Yorkshire grazier observed, who was at the time a near spectator) and, as he was clearly 'none a worster', the Yorkshiremen counseled the bagmen not to 'come on'. The advice did not appear to require much insisting upon, for the 'travellers' beat a retreat, amid the hearty laughter and some hooting from the passengers.

And now all were dispersing, or had dispersed :—no leave-taking, with solitary exceptions, either brief or formal, passed among the company. Each was in possession of, or had stalked off with his own luggage, the dearest object of his attachment ;—each made strait for his 'own' inn, his 'own' home, or his 'own' lodging house :—all and sundry, save a few ministering guardians of that classic Samaritan Club, the "Swell Mob", whose ideas and notions of philanthrophy were too 'liberally extended' to admit of their confining their thoughts and 'occupations' solely to the selfish insulation of their own luggage and themselves.

K. K

THE DUKE DE MORTEMART'S ADMINISTRATION!*

WITHIN a few weeks of each other two works have issued from the French press on the subject of the revolution of 1830, the one the production of a determined republican, the other of a devoted Carlist. M. Sarrans, the author of the first, was officially connected with General Lafayette; M. Alexandre Mazas, to whom we are indebted for the second, had been for two years attached to the household of the Duke de Bourdeaux in the capacity of private secretary, and being also the personal friend of the Baron de Damas, the prince's governor, he was recommended to the Duke de Mortemart, and appointed his secretary when on the 29th of July, 1830, the duke consented, on the urgent solicitation of Charles X., to undertake the hopeless task of restoring his abused authority, and recovering a crown which had apparently passed irrevocably from himself and his dynasty.

The account which the duke gives to his secretary of the circumstances attending his appointment, is thus reported by M. Mazes:—

"I had set out for the waters, and was already, yesterday, (Wednesday,) two hours on my way from Neauphle, on the Paris road, when the paymaster of my company overtook me, and informed me of the events which had taken place in the capital, and that the foot-guards had been ordered to St. Cloud. I took the officer into the carriage with me, and in exchange for my own, procured post-horses at Versailles, but the people, knowing that we belonged to the king's household, assailed us with stones by which my servant was wounded. The officer who accompanied me received a paving-stone on his thigh, and I was struck on the back but was saved by the cloak I wore. A party of the National Guard came in time to relieve me, and escorted me to the barrier. I arrived at St. Cloud about ten o'clock in the evening, and expressed a wish to see the king, that I might tell him of the situation of Versailles, but as he was going to bed, he sent to say that he would receive me early in the morning. During the night I sent my servant to Paris to bring me my uniform, as going to the waters I had none with me. Scarcely had day broke this morning, when a great many people of the court came to urge me to go to the king and impress on him the danger of the situation in which we were placed. The king, perhaps, ill-informed, had refused to believe that there was anything seriously wrong. I went to him a little before six this morning, (Thursday,) informed him of what I had seen at Versailles, and what I knew of the events of Paris, and besought him in the name of his own interest, to take some new measure, for I was persuaded that the throne was seriously compromised. The king took my hand, and pressing it, said:—'You are an honest and loyal servant, I know how to estimate your worth—but you are young—born in the revolution, you see matters according to new ideas, and the slightest uproar surprises you. For my part I have not forgotten how the events took place forty years ago. I am not disposed, like my brother, to get into a cart, *je veux monter à*

* Saint-Cloud, Paris et Cherbourg.—Memoires pour servir a l'histoire de la Revolution de 1830. Publiés par M. Alex. Mazas, Secretaire du dernier President du Consiel des Ministres nommé par le Roi Charles X. Mission de M. le Duc de Mortemart, pendant la Semaine de Juillet. Nouveaux details politiques sur le voyage de Cherbourg. Paris, Octobre, 1832.

cheval.' 'I believe, sire,' I replied, 'that the moment is not far distant, when you will be obliged to do so.'—'*Nous verrons, nous verrons,*' the king rejoined as he gave me my leave.

"I rejoined my company and remained constantly with it, sending detachments wherever they were asked for. About three o'clock in the afternoon I received a message from the Prince de Polignac, whom I was greatly surprised to find at St. Cloud, requesting an interview. M. de Polignac informed me that M. de Lemonville, and M. de Vitrolles had come on a conciliatory mission, to announce that the composition of a new ministry, of which M. de Mortemart should be the chief, might lead to an arrangement. The king has, in consequence, decided on naming you the chief of a new cabinet. Have the goodness, I answered, to assure his majesty that I will defend him, at the head of my company, with the last drop of my blood, but that I will not mix myself with politics, and least of all in a matter like this.

"With these words I left him, and without losing an instant took the road to the yellow gate, which is the extremity of the Trocadero. I had been told that the insurgents were about to attack it; a part of my company was already there for its defence, and I was desirous while sharing their danger, to withdraw myself from the solicitations of M. de Polignac. I had not yet reached the Porte Jaime, when I heard myself called by several of the king's valets, who came running after me to intimate to me that his majesty required my instant attendance on his person. I obeyed with a groan. The king was quite changed, not in physiogomy, for he never lost his tranquillity, but in sentiment. 'You were right,' he said, 'the situation is more difficult than I thought it this morning; it is thought that a ministry, of which you should be the chief, might arrange every thing; I have named you.'—'I do not think myself capable, sire,' I replied, 'of fulfilling your wishes; I beseech your majesty to choose some other person.'

"The king did not accept my refusal: I insisted for a quarter of an hour. He then drew a paper from his pocket, and said, 'Here is your nomination counter-signed by M. de Chautelauze; from this moment you are minister for foreign affairs, and president of the Council.' I refused to take the paper; the king pressed it on me, and approached me to place it in my hand; I drew back several times, until I was touching the tapestry. The king still followed me, and having put me literally to the wall, while I kept my arms pressed against my body, he put the paper into my girdle. I hastily withdrew it, to return it to him. 'You refuse then, sir,' he said 'to save my crown and the heads of my ministers!'—'I cannot resist such language as this, I keep my nomination. But let not your majesty forget what I have now the honour to say to you. If I succeed in re-establishing the royal authority in Paris, it will only be by means of the most painful concessions which necessity has exacted. I shall doubtless be made responsible for all the consequences. If I fail in my negociation, I shall not be less upbraided, and shall be but too happy if I be not called a traitor!' It was thus that I was invested with the dignity of premier, which is generally so much an object of envy and jealousy."

Thus it appears that it was not until late in the day, on Thursday the 29th of July, that the king began to feel that his crown and the heads of his ministers were in danger. He was still confident, however, that all might be saved by recalling the Ordinances, and submitting to the

counsels of such men as Mortemart, Gerard and Casimir Perier. The habitués of the court were more clear sighted than the king. It was early on Wednesday the 28th of July, that M. Mazas, who had been absent on leave, returned from Paris to St. Cloud, in consequence of the momentous events which had taken place in the capital. He offered to his superior, the Baron de Damas, to remain with him, a proposal which was the more readily acceded to, as every one was already disappearing as if by enchantment, and even the menial attendants were not to be found. Something very like anarchy was beginning to prevail. Madame de Damas, for instance, was preparing to set out with her children for La Touraine, but her coachman refused *tout net*, to put the horses to the carriage. About four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, a rumour was circulated in the palace that envoys had arrived from Paris with overtures of accommodation. The panic which had become general was now calmed for a moment, and was replaced by torrents of abuse against Prince Polignac and his colleagues. "To me," says M. Mazas, "who knew nothing of the prince, it was petrifying. He who saw St. Cloud during these three days, may well be disgusted with courts and courtiers for life."

In spite of the urgency of the case and the extreme value of every instant to the cause of royalty, M. de Mortemart was detained the whole evening at St. Cloud waiting the return of a messenger who had been sent to Paris to ascertain the progress of a previous negotiation. M. Mazas is at great pains to exculpate Charles X. from the charge of indulging in his usual party at whist while the cannon of Marmont was thundering in the streets of Paris. He says, it was remarked by himself and others in the anti-chamber, and in the court below in the course of the evening, that it was easy to see that the king had not the heart to play. He was seen repeatedly at the window and on the balcony of the *salon* where the card tables were laid out, looking anxiously in the direction of the Tuileries, and M. Mazas tells us, that he had occasion in the course of the evening to seat M. de Mortemart, and advanced for this purpose to the threshold of the *salon*, from which he says he could see the whole of the interior.

"In the right corner of the apartment, the Dauphin was engaged in conversation with a general officer who was examining a map. The king was seated at a table with the Duchess de Berri and M. de Duras. The fourth person, a lady I could not recognize, as her back was towards the door. On the subject of this whist party, the Procureur general, during the process against the ministers, reproached Charles X. in terms so solemn and severe, that the historian who writes the monarch's history will be obliged to notice the incident, but if he reflect with some attention, he will speedily be convinced that the reporter attached a degree of importance to the incident which it did not deserve.

"The manners of a court present a grievous uniformity which is so much the more difficult to change, because so many private interests are involved in it. Charles X. did not say; "come now I wish to play, let the card tables be set out." He found every thing prepared, and the first gentleman of the chamber came to him and said: "sire, it is the hour of play, your party is arranged." On Wednesday as on other evenings, the same thing took place, and the king seated himself mechanically at

the card table. When a man arrives at a certain age his habits become invincible."

Such is the apology of M. Mazas. It is to be feared that the historian will pronounce a severer judgment on the monarch who could think of indulging in such frivolous pursuits at the moment when his capital was exposed to carnage, and that the artillery which shook the air in which he breathed, was carrying death and desolation into the families of thousands of his subjects.

It was half past two o'clock on Friday morning before the perverse obstinacy of this unhappy old man on the subject of the ordonnances was finally overcome. At this period, it appears, that the Count d'Argout, M. de Simonville and M. de Vitrolles, were with the king while the Duke de Mortemart and his secretary, were waiting in the apartments of M. de Cossé in another part of the palace. M. M. d'Argout and de Vitrolles came to announce the king's change of purpose, and to desire the duke to go in person to receive his majesty's commands. Before his return the day began to dawn. He came back out of breath, and desired his secretary to set instantly to work in preparing the ordonnances which are given in the appendix to M. Mazas' book. It was decided to be absolutely necessary, that the duke in going to Paris should be provided with the necessary documents under the sign manual of the king. They are six in number; the first recalling the ordonnances of the 25th; the second re-establishing the National Guard of Paris; the third, appointing Marshal Maison to the supreme command; the fourth, appointing Casimir Perier minister of finance; the fifth, General Gerard minister at war; and the sixth, convoking the Chambers for the 3d of August. These new ordonnances were written by M. Mazas and another person to the diction of M. d'Argout, the present minister of commerce. M. Mazas tells us, that they talked so much while he wrote, that he committed the somewhat ominous blunder of spelling the word session with a c instead of an s. On this, he says, M. de Vitrolles exclaimed in a passion, "*avec ses gros yeux à fleur de tête;*" but sir, you are mistaken, the king as yet has made no cession of his rights. The secretary coincided in the remark of M. de Vitrolles, and hastened to correct his error by substituting a capital s for the unfortunate c.

It was five o'clock before the ordonnances were finished, and nearly seven before they received the king's signature. When M. Mazas came to announce to the Duke de Mortemart that his carriage was in waiting, he found the duke in conversation with the Prince de Polignac, who at parting, made use of the following expression, which he says, are traced on his memory as with a red hot iron:—"*Quel malheur que mon épée se soit brisée dans mes mains! Si j'avais réussi, j'etablissai la charte sur des bases indestructibles.*" M. Mazas expresses his firm conviction in the good faith of the Prince de Polignac, and tells us it is known that the representative form of government was his *monomania*. The author, all Carlist as he is, will surely admit that the Prince de Polignac, if he really counselled the ordonnances of the 25th of July, took an extraordinary mode of evincing his love of the charter and of representative institutions.

The new president of the council and his secretary with the fresh ordonnances carefully pinned up in the pocket of his redingote, the

Count d'Argout and M. Langsdorf, the assistant secretary, made the best of their way to Paris about seven o'clock on Friday morning. They soon found it necessary, however, to leave the duke's carriage and take different sides of the way, the better to escape observation. The picture which is given of the journey is quite characteristic. It is impossible to doubt either the author's devotion to the cause in which he had embarked, or his utter want of that courage and self-possession which are necessary to the humblest partizan in such an enterprise. In passing through the Place de la Revolution, which had been the scene of so many horrors, he pressed his hand to his breast and felt, he says, as if every one could read on his forehead, that he was the bearer of ordonnances which bore the hated signature of Charles X. Nothing occured, however, to interrupt their progress. It was half past eight o'clock, and every door and window in the Rue Royale was closed. "How dreadfully tranquil," said the affrighted secretary. "*C'est le calme de la force,*" was the philosophical reply of the Duke de Mortemart. They were proceeding by the Rue des Maturins towards the residence of M. Lafitte, when they met the deputy Berard, the author of the first draft of the charter, who was, of course, known to M. d'Argout, although not to the Duke de Mortemart. On hearing the duke's name, and learning the object of his mission, M. Berard assured them it was then too late, and that his personal safety would be compromised if he attempted to enter the house of M. Lafitte, which was then surrounded by the rabble in an extreme state of excitement. Deterred from his original design, the duke resolved on proceeding to the Luxembourg, where a number of the peers were assembled, and from thence addressing himself in the king's name to the deputies, at the Palais Bourbon, and to the provisional government at the Hotel de Ville. The fruitlessness of these negotiations proved how truly M. Berard had estimated the chances of the duke's success. It was, indeed, too late; but let us rejoice in the interest of humanity, that the obstinacy of the king which made it so, was accompanied on the part of his ministers by such a degree of mismanagement as to make the struggle a short one, and give an easy victory to the cause of freedom.

In several parts of this book of M. Mazas, indications may be found of an attempt to make practical use of the maxims *divide et empera.* The difference of opinion between the deputies and the self-constituted provisional government, is said to have been suggested as affording the means, if adroitly acted upon, of producing such a state of things as to make the acknowledgment of Henry V. a sort of political necessity. The offer of the ministry to Perier and Gerard, in conjunction with the Duke de Mortemart was evidently made on the same principle. And in the course of the journey to Cherbourg when all hope had fled, the poor old king could not deny himself the satisfaction of distinguishing between the commissioners who were charged with the unwelcome task of attending him to the place of embarkation, treating two of them with all the hauteur of royalty, and receiving the third with those smiles of condescension which courtiers and kings know how to value and bestow.

The whole performance, although a volume of some four hundred pages, would probably have been passed over in silence by the liberal press, if it had not contained an attack on the new minister, M. Guizot. Introduced *apropos de rien,* and written in a spirit of virulence to which

there is no parallel in the rest of the work, the fair presumption is, that M. Mazas has suffered his habitual good nature to be imposed upon by some one who has no good will either to M. Guizot or the cause of legitimacy. The new minister of public instruction is charged with the most preposterous adulation of *Monsieur* afterwards Charles X., in a conversation between him and the author during the celebrated sojourn at Ghent. M. Guizot, who, till the revolution of 1830 was considered one of the most liberal men in France, is made to instruct this M. Mazas in the mysteries of prevotal courts and exceptional tribunals; and all this for the purpose of discrediting a minitry which is henceforth to be stigmatized with the nickname of *doctrinaire*. But if the Duke de Broglie and M. Guizot are out of favour with the Carlists because their opinions are the nearest shade to those of pure legitimacy, the policy of the liberals is extremely short-sighted in grasping at the apocryphal anecdote thus palmed on M. Mazas, since its ulterior tendency is to widen the breach between the *doctrinaires* and the Carlists, and to deprive the liberals themselves of that attempt at identification, which with the phrases quasi-legitimacy and semi-restoration, has heretofore succeeded so well with those classes of the community who take their political opinion on credit.

Can it be, that M. Thiers is keeping the house department warm for M. Dupin? and that the honourable and learned deputy for the department of La Nièvre, is unwilling to compromise himself with the present cabinet, until a majority is secured for them and for him, by his election to the presidency of the Chamber?

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

Greenly budding Hawthorn tree,
Gladly do I welcome thee;
Mark each modest looking flow'ret,
That entwines around thy bow'ret.
For altho' the snowy lily,
To the eye may lovely be;
Yet, not e'en the snowy lily,
Hawthorn tree can rival thee.

Sweetly blooming Hawthorn tree,
Who, doth feel no love for thee?
Who that ever chanc'd to meet thee,
Past thee by nor deign'd to greet thee?
For altho' the mossy rosebud
Sweet to view and perfum'd be,
Yet not e'en the mossy rosebud,
Hawthorn tree, can rival thee!

Softly speckled Hawthorn tree,
Human life doth emblem thee;
Pleasures, mortals deem the sweetest,
Ever pass away the fleetest.
Thus the rosebud, thus the lily
Fresh and fair to sight may be,
When decay's relentless fingers,
Hawthorn tree, have blighted thee.

M. G. L.

THINGS THAT HAPPEN EVERY DAY.—No. I.

HANGING and marriage go by destiny. It was Edward Dacre's destiny not to hang, but in escaping the Charybdis of hemp, he fell into the Scylla of matrimony. Men marry for love or money, saith the general rule, but every rule hath its exceptions, and Dacre married for neither. Love he did not feel, gain was out of the question. He wished to be generous, and surrendered his own happiness to ensure that of a woman he pitied, but could not esteem. He was a mere boy, and knew less of the world than a youth bred in Saturn or the Pleiades. Women he believed to be angels; deceit their abhorrence, and truth the idol of their constant thoughts. His mother was purity of mind personified, his sisters artless as before the fall; and he concluded that the rest of the sex differed from them only in name, person, or complexion. Their "yea" he knew to be "yea," their "nay," "nay;" and sooner than dream of falsehood from a female tongue, he would have listened for thunder from a lute, or discord in the spheres. He had the knowledge of good, but half the fruit remained uneaten. The knowledge of evil does not desolate the heart till man bites the pippin to the core.

Foggy November clouded the earth, the mist hung over the brook, the wind came shivering from the north, and blew the withering leaves along the aisle, as Dacre entered the church where his earthly doom was to be sealed for ever. The martyr is ever punctual at the stake; and long ere the priest appeared, Dacre and the partner of his life stood before the altar. He closed his eyes, and leant forward in deep reverie. He thought he stood on a fair eminence, lit with the gay beams of the morning sun. Beneath him spread a gloomy valley, filled with melancholy caves and drooping trees. A river, cold and sluggish, strayed along the vale, and bore upon its bosom a shattered boat. A silent figure sat within the barque, and, sunk in gloomy thought, appeared to wait with patient grief the slowness of the voyage. Far as the eye could reach, the sombre valley seemed to stretch, till distance veiled it from the sight. Dacre shuddered. The huge door of the church banged like thunder, the vision fled—and the curate whisked up to the altar, and muttered the fatal spell.

'Twas done—irrevocably done! Was the bride beautiful, or young, or rich?—of noble birth, or lofty mind, or spotless fame? Alas! how terrible is truth—how eloquent is silence! Swift is the passing of a year over the heads of the young and happy. Summer comes again before they think it cold, and, wandering on the virgin turf, they listen to the birds, whose merry music seems the lingering echo of their last year's song.

But to the dreary and forlorn, how slowly cruel is the lapse of time. Philosophers and moralists may say what they please, a man can break his heart, but he cannot force it to love. Long before the anniversary of his wedding, Edmund Dacre found the bitter truth of this assertion. His heart was formed for love—love, not like the summer's noon, as fierce as quickly passing, but soft and lingering as the twilight hour, dying, yet living—vanishing, yet for ever there. It was that love in which intellect mingles with sentiment—calm, yet generous—chaste, yet glowing as the sunset of an autumn sky. His mind was cultivated

and refined. The vision of romance, which first absorbs our youth, had given place to reflection, and to be good was the secret aspiration of his heart, to merit honest fame the stedfast purpose of his soul. But had he linked himself with a congenial spirit? Did the fervour of his breast awake a kindred feeling in the bosom that he strove to love? Or was his sigh re-echoed by as soft a sigh; his warm embrace returned with equal warmth; his gaze, that would have looked immortal love, with love more deep and infinite returned? He spoke of glory and eternal truth—of deathless fame, the just reward of virtuous toil; but who responded to his earnest voice? or gazed with rapture as he spoke, and, comprehending all, seemed happier than he?

It cannot be denied, the human heart is mercenary. The Jew pours forth his treasure when he expects a good return. Refuse him interest and he seems a beggar poor and pennyless. Give back no recompense to a generous heart, or less than it demands, and then, farewell to all its bounty. Your prodigal becomes a miser. The plea of poverty is vain, you will not give your gold for copper, and affection must receive the metal of the stamp and fineness that she gave. As man is in the market of the busy world, so we find him in the bowers of tenderness and love. Mercury demands his *quid pro quo*, and cupid is as venal every whit.

All the blankets and embraces in the world would never have changed Zenobia into Sappho; as soon might you expect the shivering moon to raise a moisture on your brow, or stamp, like Sol, a burning shade upon your cheek. Dame Nature seems to have two breasts, one whereat the children of chilliness are suckled, and the other whence the children of warmth draw their nourishment. Had Sappho been nursed at the former, she would have economized her favours; and had Zenobia drained the latter, she might have had an emperor for her slave, an empire for her toy. They sleep in silence in their separate graves of water and of earth; their forms again are mingled with the dust. The eye that passion never dimmed is dim for ever, and the heart that loved so madly is at rest, cold as the pebbles in the tranquil deep. But others of the same natures walk along the shores of life. The warmth of Sappho rose above the wave and found a refuge in some living breast; and the coldness of Zenobia was not buried with her corpse, but survived for other hearts. It is but the dust that mingles with the dust and dies; thought and feeling escape from the sinking wreck and into other forms transpose themselves. The coldness of the Eastern queen had fallen to the lot of Dacre's spouse. The thermometer of his heart stood at summer heat even in the shade, but the spirit in his lady's tube could scarcely rise to temperate in the sun.

> Passion with passion linked gives boundless joy,
> But love to coldness chained is worse than death.

So thought the unfortunate Dacre, and to escape from the insensibility of his Daphne he would gladly have hazarded a voyage across the Stygian pool: but heaven hath set her cannon against self-slaughter, and what he could not fly from he endured.

Nine times, or nearly nine, the moon had filled her yellow horn since Dacre pledged his faith; and nature, ever constant in her course, prepared to bless him with the fruits of wedded life. But from that

event, towards which a happy husband looks with anxious hope, he turned away, and wished it never might arrive.

The heir apparent to a throne, when ushered into the world, is surrounded by an obedient crowd of accoucheurs and nurses. Even when the child of a private gentleman first sees the light, how great is the array of caudle cups and comfortable things that greet his infant vision, and how sweetly do the affectionate cares of a sister or a friend soothe the sufferings of the mother of the babe. Truly it may be said, that affluence and friendship in the hour of nature's sorrow pluck the sting of suffering half away; while niggard poverty and cold neglect, add sharpness to the barbed arrows of that adverse time. Lodged in a miserable room in the suburbs of London, without a friend on earth, save the man who had constrained himself to be her husband, to cheer her drooping spirits as the hour drew nigh, the wife of Dacre must have felt with crushing weight the curse which Eve's transgression called from heaven, "in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." Dacre did not love—he could not love the being whom he strove to cherish and console. Compassion filled his heart, he commiserated her sufferings, he watched her looks, he hastened to anticipate her wants; yet, he felt, not as one loving, feels when tending his beloved, but as a generous stranger when he strives to soothe a stranger's woe. She leant her head upon his breast, he pressed her forehead with his lips, but pity, cold and distant pity, chilled the pressure; the warmer one of undoubted love was more than he could proffer or bestow.

We pass over the birth—the christening—the burial of the infant—for it died within a few weeks—and come to a separation of the parents. Ill sorted pair! Youthful desire on the one side, necessity on the other, brought them together; mistaken generosity made the casual bond indissoluble; and experience daily added to the sum of their misery.

"Out of sight out of mind," is a proverb of the falsity of which Dacre soon became intensely conscious. A journey of one hundred miles removed him from the object of his aversion, but her shadow still haunted the precincts of his recollection. A hundred days of solitary musing, a hundred rambles through the mountains, or by the lonely sea, a hundred midnights of unsleeping grief, left his spirit worn and dejected, but effaced no record of the past, nor dimmed one lineament of the face remembered with despair.

The veteran mourner knows how to foil the assaults of grief. She talks to him the live-long day—he shuts his ear to her discourse. She plucks him by the skirt—he heeds her not. She follows him where'er he goes:—her frown calls forth a steady smile; her threat extorts, at most, a gentle sigh. She lifts her murderous arm and strikes him to the earth; he falls with patient dignity. A single groan suppressed disturbs the chamber of his heart, and when the agony is past he rises to his feet again, and smiles triumphant through his secret tears. But Dacre was in his noviciate. He was a raw recruit on the battle fields of life and suffering, and knew not how to fight the insidious foe. He saw he had committed a grand blunder—he was the victim of life's most stupendous misfortune; and instead of resolutely thinking of something else, he thought incessantly of that. He felt he was in the toils; but he could not lie down quietly and die.

How incomprehensible are the arrangements of this world! Behold

a herd of graceful deer sipping the morning dew; chequering the forest glades, they steal beneath the long-lived oak. The skulking huntsman comes with deadly aim, and the gayest forester falls lifeless as the turf he lies upon. Why does he perish and the rest survive? What has he done to merit assassination rather than his companions? "And why," exclaimed Dacre, "am I marked out for misery while thousands smile around me? Am I more worthless than they?" He examined his heart, but could detect no malignant feeling there. He reviewed his past life, but his memory was unburdened with the recollection of any crime. One act stood out in bold relief, like a fair promontory stretching far into a troubled sea; and he scrutinized the motives that led to that act. They were mixed, but the better ones appeared to preponderate. He had married from no sordid desire, he had much to lose and nothing to gain, except the pleasure arising from the consciousness of self-sacrifice. He had sacrificed himself, but where was the promised pleasure? He had joined the noble army of martyrs, but he would not enjoy the exquisite hallucination of martyrdom.

Evening threw her shadows over the fragrant earth. The sun of summer shone through the branches of the forest; the leaves trembled in the gentle wind, and the echo of the distant brook tantalized the ear as the breeze rose and died away. The shepherds were busy on the hills folding their sheep, and the rustic maidens singing in the valley, milked the patient mothers of the herd. Groups of happy children gathering garlands in their favourite fields, sauntered slowly homeward as the supper hour approached. The labourer with shouldered shovel, retreating from his toil, met, as he hied along, the urchin crew, and answered to the sacred name of "father." Fair earth seemed sinking to repose, and wooing her children to partake of her rest. At this hour Dacre was wandering through the woods, envying the blitheness of the birds and pondering on his fate, when suddenly a hand, gently laid upon his arm, disturbed his reverie.

"You are not happy," said a voice expressive of all human tenderness.

"Why are you not happy?" inquired a look which the angels hardly wear.

"Can I make you happy?" whispered the earnest expression of a face which seemed the throne of every deep emotion blended.

Pen and ink are incapable of carrying on the dialogue that ensued. The palavering of senators, the wrangling of theologians, or the squabbling of philosophers, may be set down in writing; but the dream of heart unto heart uttering speech, and soul unto soul showing knowledge, as far transcends the powers of description as the rolling mist, the summer brook, or the fugitive lightning. Dacre told the tale of his misfortunes. Myrrha listened with compassion, and compassion, like the crescent moon, waxed slowly full until it ripened into deep unclouded love. Days passed away, and Dacre and his companion breathed their sighs to the autumn winds, mirrored their smiles in the crystal brooks, and watered the earth with their tears. Their hearts were congenial, their minds fashioned in the same mould, and the current of their thought like twin fountains, flowed together. They were formed to be united. But alas! invisible to eye, impalpable to touch, immoveable, insurmountable, a barrier stretched between them and their hopes. The ocean may be passed, the Andes traversed, the desert left behind; the

fetters of physical restraint may be snapped by the hand of man; but the seas, the mountains, and the deserts of the moral world defy our power; and the metaphysical manacles of moral obligation, mock the rebellious efforts of myriads of captive minds. A few words carelessly uttered had interposed a lasting bar; and the nuptials of a mortal and a virgin of the moon were not more impossible than those of Dacre and Myrrha. Nevertheless, sometimes when gazing upon each other, their spirits mingled in the dream of love, and seemed absorbed in perfect unity; but ever and anon the maddening thought returned, and swept between their hearts, like a dark river, dividing with its flowing breadth two friendly shores. Why then did they permit their hearts to fall a prey to love? why were they so weak?—so wicked? Go to the moth, he'll answer your question as he flutters round the flame that singes his wings: or, ask the bird that falls a victim to the serpent's gaze: or, the child that gambols on the sands regardless of the circling tide that threatens him with death. They knew not their danger. Love steals over the heart imperceptibly; like fatigue from the fresh air, we drink it in slowly, till our insidious languor triumphs over our strength.

Let us leap over the gulf of misery (innocent misery) through which Dacre and his beloved passed before they could summon resolution to tear their hearts asunder, and part for ever. They did part—parted as thousands have done—as thousands will do—victims of that undying anguish which springs from the beautiful dream of sympathy, and desolates divided bosoms that have loved too well.

When the human heart has once been attuned to tenderness it can hardly relapse into his former state of indifference. If the deep fountains of affections are broken open, their waters *will* find a channel *here* or *there*. In vain did Dacre lavish the torrent of his love upon the mental image that alternately soothed his spirit and maddened it to despair. Exhaustion followed the quick alternations of imaginary bliss, and real misery; and subdued in heart and mind he reviewed the past and mused upon the future. He perceived the folly of indulging a hopeless passion, and questioned the wisdom of defying fate by rejecting the woman to whom he was irrevocably united.

Days were spent in deliberation; nights in the conflict of contending emotions; and finally, he resolved to force his affections into the channel they had hitherto spurned. He determined to recal his wife. He wrote to her, but sometime elapsed without an answer. A second letter shared the same fate, and Dacre felt, or thought he felt, *anxiety*. A third letter brought no reply; and flinging himself into a stage he came to town. Could he ever forget the morning of his arrival! It was mid-winter. Feeble daylight struggling through the smokey canopy, dawned greyly as he rattled over the stones. Before him lay the lengthening line of Oxford-street. On either side, the still closed shutters of the shops, the dying lamps, that scarce survived the vigil of the night, and here and there an early artizan hastening to his toil, announced at once the lingering reign of Nox, the coming empire of the day. Now and then a slip-shod wench with trundling mop appeared to cleanse the threshold of her master's door. Benumbed with cold, and desolate, the houseless vagrant on the lordly mansions ample steps, dozed and woke, and dozed again, enduring misery with patient mien. The morning coaches with their prancing nags; their muffled passengers

and knowing "whips," passed with triumphant vigour outward bound to many a distant province of the land. The draggled watchmen homeward reeled with lightless lanthorns, and in their stead, the Hebrew connoisseur in clothes with hoarse and husky cry, disturbed the dreary silence of the morn. Then cantered by the gaitered grooms on pampered steeds, the favourites of his lordships stud to snuff the freshening morning in the misty park. The coffee woman at her stall dealt out her smoking drink and snow-white bread, and many a hungry son of toil seemed really feasting on the frugal pittance of her board. The hackney-coachmen lingering on the stand, with straw-bands twisted round their hats, eked out their morning sleep beneath a dozen dirty capes, and the jaded steeds with drooping necks, forgot awhile in slumber's ease, the whip, the spavin, and the raw. The coach stopped at the Green Man and Still, or, as the French ingeniously translate it, *L'home vert et tranquil.* A dozen filthy cads offered their services to call a "jarvey," but in mercy to his frozen veins, Dacre resolved to walk to his destination. He reached —— street, but as it was yet early, no inmate was stirring, and his repeated knocks were only answered by the echos of the empty street. At length wearied with rapping and ringing, he tried to open the door, and to his surprise it yielded to his hand, and he entered the house. He stole softly up stairs to the room his wife used to occupy: but his heart beat loud, he breathed quick and trembled with prophetic fear. He entered the chamber. The shutters were closed, and a lamp burning by the bed-side cast a glimmering light on a human countenance. The face was dark, darker than a woman's face, and a moment's inspection, served to show that it was the face of a man. Dacre, supposing he had mistaken the room, was on the point of withdrawing, when a sigh recalled his steps. He passed to the opposite side of the bed where the curtain was drawn back, and in the face of the sighing sleeper, he recognized, or thought he recognized, the features of the woman he had espoused. Could he be mistaken? He approached closer. The convulsive shudder of dismay shook his soul, the vigour of existence died within his heart, and tottering with the weight of life, he bent his trembling footsteps from the house.

Years have passed away. The green mind of youth has ripened into manhood, the ineffaceable lines of thought are drawn across the brow, and Edward Dacre is no longer the ardent creature of a buoyant soul. The tears of many nights have dimmed the lustre of his liquid eye; his his heart that quivered like the aspen, beats with a measured pace, and his deliberate step and compressed lip, appear the outward signs of subjugated emotion.

ABUSES IN THE PUBLIC HOSPITALS.

WITHOUT minute inquiry no just estimate can be made of the extensive ramifications of the monopolizing, or anti-social system; without deep reflection no adequate idea can be formed of the baneful influence of this system on the prosperity and happiness of the human race. Every where we find it in operation; every where we see its injurious results. Happily, however, on the more palpable monopolies and abuses, the press has exerted its all-powerful influence; hence the public are alive to their mischievous effects on society, and the motto for them must soon be "*fuerunt.*"

Yet there is one, the hospital monopoly, which (if life and health be of essential consequence to all) is second in importance to no other, and has received only partial consideration, although for the profligate disregard of the general welfare, for the selfishness and reckless contempt of opinion displayed by those upon whom the obnoxious priviliges have been conferred, it is the most remarkable of any; indeed, so clearly has avarice been the sole spring of action, that it is to be feared the very barefacedness, nay, the positive absurdity of the acts of our medical corporations, and hospital medical officers, may throw an air of improbability over our statements; but we shall be careful to select only well authenticated facts, from which the reader may draw his own conclusions, but no statements must be rejected merely because they appear disgusting and extraordinary.

An important department of the police of this empire, the power of prohibiting individuals from practising the science of medicine and surgery without previously submitting to an examination as to their qualifications, and being able to acquire a certificate (diploma) of their possessing the requisite knowledge, has been entrusted by law, ostensibly for the benefit of all, to certain corporations, denominated the "Royal College of Physicians,"—"of Surgeons," and "the Society of Apothecaries." Far be it from us to weary the reader, or trouble ourselves with a detailed history of the medical corporations—of the time and circumstances of their origin: such inquiries may be safely left to antiquarians, and to the more curious in the history of chartered nuisances. We purpose to be more practical—to show the injuries resulting from corporations so constituted, to call attention to the execrable spirit in which the privileges thus bestowed have been abused by those entrusted with them, to point out how science has been sacrificed on the shrine of avarice, how the student and junior practitioners are debarred all opportunity of obtaining practical knowledge, by the most monstrous pecuniary exactions, and daring monopolies.

The College of Physicians is perhaps the most contemptible of the medical corporations, although practically it is the least injurious to the public; it enjoys no power, even nominal, beyond seven miles of the city of London, and within this district the collegians have only the miserable privilege of insulting the scientific physician. To be a "Fellow" (socius) of this medical college, it is necessary by their laws to be a graduate of a university where medicine is NOT taught. Those who have obtained a degree after years of hard study at some celebrated

school, as Edinburgh, Paris, or Dublin, are stigmatized by the name of "Licentiates" (permissi), and are shut out from any voice in the management of the affairs of the college, probably out of revenge for the latter bearing off so large a proportion of practice, and of course of fees. The *charter* of the college does not, however, interdict receiving into communion the graduates of any university; it is a mere bye-law, which restricts the privilege to those of Oxford and Cambridge. What can be urged in defence of this invidious and ridiculous regulation? Nothing. Why then is it persevered in? Are "the Fellows" blind to the signs of the times? Is the gift of prophecy required to foretel that the same power which transferred to Manchester and Sheffield, Birmingham and Leeds, the privileges vested in the proprietors of Gatton and Sarum, of Corfe Castle and Callington, will also be exerted to open the gates of the esculapian temple in Pall Mall to all British graduates of unexceptionable character, and of competent knowledge, whether they have studied on the banks of the Cam or the Clyde, on those of the Isis or the Forth.

Turn we now to the consideration of the charter of the College of Surgeons, which indeed is nothing less than a license granted to a few individuals, by which they are enabled to pilfer enormous sums of money from the public with impunity, under the pretence of teaching medical science. Its provisions are so utterly at variance with every principle of right, that it must be entirely done away with before any salutary change can be effected in the government of this college; for although its close nominated and self-electing executive might be exercised with liberality and judgment (which assuredly never yet has been the case), there is no controlling power to compel a continuance of measures so founded. Let us look at the legislative acts of this self-elected and irresponsible Council upon one subject only,—on the regulations of the course of study imposed on candidates for admission as members. This *Council,* having the privilege of precribing the course of study, nay, the power of dictating when and where it shall be pursued, and of naming the very individuals from whom knowledge must be obtained by candidates for examination, consists of twenty-one individuals, all of whom are teachers of some branch of medical science, four-fifths of them being at the same time hospital-surgeons, and moreover are men of fashion, delighting during the summer months in "cottage ornées," or gay watering-places. These facts must be steadily kept in view, because they explain extraordinary and otherwise unaccountable circumstances.

It is somewhere observed, that "an examination of the laws of a people will show which class has made them. If in the case of high-roads, it be forbidden that a plantation should grow by the hedge-side in a common farm, but the same plantation be permitted in a park to the injury of the road, it is thence clear the park owners have made the law. If privileges are accumulated by any particular set, we may be sure it is this set which has been employed in law-making."

Should we find then in the regulations of the Council of the College of Surgeons, that a course of lectures attended from June to September is rejected, while a similar course from October to January, or from February to May, is received; that knowledge obtained in one place, even although picked up in winter or spring, is deemed worthless, compared with the acquisition of the *same* knowledge in another place; that lec-

tures in the approved place, and in the approved season, to be available, must be delivered by the medical officers of certain hospitals, or by individuals "recognized" by the medical officers of one of these "recognized" hospitals; and that while hospital attendance is enforced, very few are "recognized," or, in other words, certificates of attendance upon which are received as qualifications for examination,—if we find such regulations as these, we cannot fail to entertain a strong suspicion (and it will be a correct one) that the framers of them are surgeons to the "recognized" hospitals, teachers of medical and surgical science, and, moreover, members of the aforesaid Council, but who find it somewhat inconvenient to lecture during a particular part of the year. These regulations, palpably for nothing else than establishing a monopoly in favour of the Council of the College, were issued forth under the hypocritical pretence of promoting "sound chirurgical knowledge."

If any doubt could, however, be entertained as to the odious spirit in which these regulations originated, the execrable manner in which they have been followed out sets the matter at rest. Some of the most disguished teachers in our own country have been refused "recognition," and at the avowed instigation of the Council. The great time-server, Mr. Canning, declined any interference in behalf (even to a word) of the English medical students who, by monstrous exactions, monopoly of teaching, shut up hospitals, and scarcity of subjects for dissection in their own country, had been driven abroad, especially to Paris, in quest of medical knowledge.

These, and other equally wicked transactions of our medical corporations, have placed them on the bad eminence specially set apart for those men who, having been entrusted with privileges for the benefit of mankind, have prostituted them to their own base and selfish purposes.

The circumstances just now adverted to principally affect the members of the Faculty; at least the public are concerned only in a secondary degree: but we are now about to allude to that by which the latter are chiefly injured, and by which the most intense miseries are inflicted on society.

Can any thing be more shameful, than that a youth, before he can put his foot within the gates of one of the public hospitals, (there are a few exceptions,) must pay these monopolists the sum of 40*l.* or 50*l.* per annum; which nine-tenths of our students being unable to pay, they are consequently driven to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or to the hospitals abroad, to seek that knowledge they are prevented acquiring in their own country; or they start in practice without possessing any practical information, to the destruction of their patients. Thousands of pounds are from this circumstance annually spent in Paris and elsewhere, by English students, where they have free access to the hospitals; a sum, which, if circulated in our own country, would help to support numbers of famishing artisans and their families. One would think this consideration alone would induce some relaxation of this practice; but no, the pecuniary tax levied on our students, for admission to the hospitals, is screwed to the highest pitch with unrelenting rigour, to the great injury of them and the community. To use the words of an able writer, "the system of demanding exorbitant sums of money from students, for admitting them to see the practice of medicine and surgery in the hospitals of the country, is a direct violation of the objects of these public charities, a flagrant perversion of them to private purposes, a

most cruel, iniquitous, and oppressive tax, levied on a most useful and necessary science; which, by obstructing its progress towards perfection, and by impeding the attainment of the knowledge essential to those who practise it, inflicts an incalculable injury on the community;" and, he might have added, without in the least benefiting those who levy this obnoxious tax.

The utility and importance to students of hospital attendance is undeniable, and is universally acknowledged. It is in the hospital where theoretical is converted into practical knowledge, the symptoms of diseases only heard of in books or lectures, are here seen; the art of recognizing these symptoms, of appreciating their relative importance, of connecting them with diseased alterations of the internal organs, and finally, of becoming acquainted with the best and appropriate means of relieving them, can be learned NO WHERE but in a hospital. Wherefore, then, are these institutions closed against our students, by demanding fees which the majority of them are unable to pay? Mark! these fees are exacted only at the "recognized" hospitals; but what then? A certificate from any other will not be available to a student going for examination.

It has been justly observed, that other branches of medical education may be cultivated at different times, and according to a certain order of succession; anatomy demanding one period, chemistry a second, materia medica a third; but with hospital attendance it is otherwise. From the commencement, the student ought to witness the progress and effect of sickness, and persevere in the daily observance of disease, during the whole time of his studies. Convinced of this, we denounce the exaction of a penalty of 50*l.* for one year's attendance on a hospital, as an act of the most extraordinary and monstrous injustice, and as a complete prohibition to the acquirement of the most essential part of medical science. What are the consequences? Inefficient, and (what are still more dangerous) rash and ignorant practitioners.

To this system, operating, as it does, in an extensive manner, must be referred those mistakes in practice which unfortunately so frequently occur, which inflict irreparable injury on the sick, ruin the reputation of individuals, and impair the general character of the profession; but the loss of credit to the practitioner, and the injury to the patient, are not the only ill effects resulting from unskilful treatment. The latter may be a poor man, having a large family; he is *now* no longer able to support them by his labour; he becomes, with them, a burthen to society. This is no imaginary case.

Impressed with a sense of the deep, the vital importance of this part of the subject to the community, we have been led to devote more space to it than we intended. We shall merely further observe, that the governors of our national hospitals are greatly to blame; they conceive that when their names are enrolled as subscribers, their work is complete, and will yield the expected fruit. Egregious mistake! If the farmer merely sowed, without cultivating, manuring, and clearing the land, what kind of crop would he have? Weeds. So the best institutions may be lost, or become baneful to society, from the mere inattention of those who support them. We have time only to glance at one other evil attending the monopolizing system of which we complain. No doubt can exist, but that to it we are indebted for the introduction of "burking." Have we not seen that immense numbers of students

flock to Edinburgh, where this crime was first committed, drawn there not more by its celebrity as a school of physic, than by the free range of the hospitals afforded them, at the trifling charge of 5*l.*, whereas the charge for the like attendance on the recognized hospitals in England is at least ten times that sum? Was not the demand for bodies for dissection rendered so great by this circumstance, that the supply afforded by the *natural* deaths could not keep pace? Hence arose the difficulty of procuring them, and the enormous price given for them was the temptation which Burke and his associates could not withstand. Thus we see the hospital monopoly in England and "burking" are related to each other, as cause and effect. The evil that has been done can only be lamented, but let us learn wisdom from the past.

It may now be inquired, by what method these gross abuses can be remedied? The answer is plain. Nothing will so effectually bring them to light, as a full and complete inquiry, before a committee of the Commons, into the whole system of medical education adopted in these kingdoms. That such an investigation is urgently called for, no one acquainted with the working of the present system can doubt; and that it will be attended with beneficial results, both to the profession and the public, is equally certain.

But here another obstacle presents itself. The faculty is wholly unrepresented in either House of Parliament. Unlike the law, the church, the army and navy, the manufacturing and agricultural interests, each of which have many able advocates, the members of the medical profession are destitute of a single organ in that assembly, through whom they may declare their wants or wishes. If the idea of a medical man attempting to legislate for the law or the church be absurd, not less ridiculous does it appear for a ship-broker or timber-merchant to be meddling in medical legislation. In a word, the interests of the whole profession, the advancement of general science, and the safety of the community, imperiously require *that the members of the medical profession should no longer be unrepresented in the great council of the nation.*

LIVES OF THE POLISH HEROES.—No. II.

THOMAS ZAN.

Thomas Zan was born of a noble family in Lithuania, in the palatinate of Nowogrodek, about the year 1791. At an early age he was sent with his four brothers to the Gymnasium of Minsk, which he quitted in 1813, for the schools of the district, at *Molodeczno*. Even at this early period Zan perfectly understood the power of a spirit of association, and he sought to introduce it among his companions. By his exertions a society was formed, the object of which was to keep alive the old Polish patriotism. The students who were members of it, assembled in the most retired part of the country, to sing in choir their national hymns; sometimes feigning a war, they formed themselves into battalions, and by a mimic struggle, preluded more serious combats. Zan was the chief, the soul, of these significative games. It was he, who to deceive surveillance of the masters, conceived the idea of giving to his comrades mythological names, and who first set the example, by assuming that of Apollo.

In 1815, Zan quitted *Molodeczno* to repair to the University of Wilna. The son of parents but scantily blessed with the gifts of fortune, he was reduced to be at the same time, a student in the class, and tutor to a nephew of Kassemir Kontrym, and, subsequently, to the sons of the president John Chodzko. At this new period of his life the ascendancy which the young patriot was destined to exercise over all who approached him, was revealed in a most characteristic manner. The University of Wilna was resorted to by all the youth of Lithuania, Samogitia, White Russia, Wolhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine. Ancient provinces of Poland, whose children thirsted for union and nationality. Zan felt all the power of such elements, and he sought to connect them by an association.

Having taken a degree of M.A., he acquired an unlimited influence over his class-fellows, and founded a philantrophic society, of which he was unanimously elected the president. He soon felt that he had now to play a part political as well as social, one of amelioration and progression, and he resolved to devote himself to it. A thousand young men, at least, at that period, frequented the university, some rich others poor, some of high others of low birth. To form into one body characters and ranks so dissimilar and unequal, it was necessary to operate by the conviction of a great moral reform, bring together men separated by prejudices, maintain them all on a level of fraternal equality, and, lastly, to rally them round one common centre—the love of country and of letters.

In order to accomplish such noble projects, Zan first considered upon what basis he should found an association that should give no umbrage to the government, he turned first his eyes towards the German universities, but preferring rather to create than to imitate, he founded, in 1820, the society of "The Radiant Brothers," and drew up the statutes of it himself, which were approved of by the rector of the university, Simon Malewski, and by the Bishop Knudzicz.

The society prospered, but as is always the case, prosperity begot envy, and drew down upon it the hatred and jealousy of its contem-

poraries. Another association was formed, called the "Anti-Radiant Brothers," which finding no readier arms, made use of those of calumny against Zan and his adepts. They were accused by their adversaries of having outraged religion, in their songs and their writings. The affair was first carried before the Bishop Kundzicz, and reached the ears of the Russian governor-general, Runski Korsakoff, who referred it to the Rector Malewski, the latter forthwith ordered the dissolution of the society.

Being unable to realize his favourite plans openly, Zan pursued them in secret. From the kernel of the society of the Radiant Brothers, he formed the secret association of Philaretes (friends of virtue) it was sub-divided into seven sections, taken from the seven colours of the rain-bow. A committee of twenty members, who exercised over the rest of the society an occult influence and supremacy, took the name of "Committee of Philomates." And organized the society received an immense developement. The study of the Polish language, and of the arts and sciences, formed the basis of the organization of the Philaretes. By means of an assessment, a library was formed for the common use of all the members; and thanks to this assistance, Francis Malewski and Marjan Peasecki were enabled to be sent at the expence of the university into foreign countries, in order to improve themselves, the first in natural law and the second in political economy. Joseph Jezowski opened a course of public lectures on geology; Joseph Kowalewski, gave private lessons in Latin; Fortunatus Zurewecz lectured on zoology. All those who were farthest advanced in the physical, chymical, and mathematical, courses, repeated gratuitously what they had heard. Thus the youth who repaired to Wilna, found in this association moral resources and family ties. A typographical committee was created, in order to reprint the Polish classical authors, and to dispose of them at such a moderate price as should render them popular; it was even, in fact, intended to publish a scientific journal, in which each of the members should have consigned the fruit of his labours and investigations.

But after two years of an active and brilliant existence, the secret society was on the point of being undermined by dilation and calumny. Anthony Wyzivicz, professor of mathematics, denounced its existence to Prince Adam Czartoryski, curator of the university, and passing at that time through Wilna. The prince, partial as he was to the studious and scientific, could not, however, dispense from appointing a committee to ascertain the fact, but he took care to entrust the inquiry to the excellent professor Brianus, who after a short interrogation, declared that there were no grounds for further proceedings. The Philaretes and the Philomates, however, to avoid implicating any one, resolved spontaneously, to dissolve their associations. An extraordinary sitting was held, at which Zan presided, in which all the writings were consigned to the flames, and in which all the members, after having taken leave of each other in the most touching manner, swore never to betray the secret of the society. It was dissolved in the spring of 1822. Thus ceased the cause and pretext for all prosecution. However, an accident, trifling in itself, led to the most fearful consequences. In the month of May, 1832, Michael Plater, a student of the fifth class, of one of the schools of the Gymnasium of Wilna, amused himself with writing on the walls of the school-room, "*The Constitution of the* 3*d May*, 1791,

for ever!" Nothing more than this mere boy's trick was wanting to kindle the rage of the Russian professor Ivanowitsch Ostroffskoi. He repaired immediately to the Governor Korsokoff, to whom he commented on this affair after his own fashion, and represented it as a regular plot. The Grand Duke, Constantine, informed of the fact, despatched to Wilna the Commissary Novosseltzoff, who made diligent search for the guilty, and found five of them. Five students of the Gymnasium were sent to the army as privates, and young Plater was severely punished.

But this slight rigour exercised towards some students, was but the prelude of a more general system of persecution. In the interval of the holidays, repeated visits were made to the domiciles of the students, till chance, one day, in that of John Jankouski, threw in their way a list of the members who composed, in 1820, the Society of Morality and Literature of the Gymnasium of Sivislocz. This insignificant indication sufficed to give a colouring of necessity to a system of arrests. Jankowski was thrown into prison, and Zan, himself, was consigned to a dungeon on his return from a journey; he was interrogated, and overwhelmed with questions, but being unable to elicit any thing from him, he was set at liberty. They then returned to Jaunoski, hoping more from his weakness of character: nor were they mistaken, Jankowski revealed the existence of the society of Philaretes, named first Zan, Czeczott, Jezowski, Adam Meckiewicz, so celebrated since by his poetry, who were all incarcerated on the 23d October, 1823; then pressed anew, he finally denounced, at random, so many individuals, that in the course of the 1st and 2d of November, almost all the students of the university were arrested, and thrown together in the prisons in the convents, and other public edifices of the city. Mandates were sent off from Wilna to arrest all those who were residing in the province, and Francis Molewski was even arrested at Berlin, on his return to his country from a journey, the object of which had been purely scientific.

All these "detenus," questioned separately, denied the existence of any society. The investigation had already lasted six months without their obtaining any thing; when Zan, in despair at seeing so many compromised, resolved to take upon himself the entire responsibility, and to sacrifice himself to save his colleagues. In a document which he signed, he declared himself the instigator of the Society of Philaretes, detailed, at length, the origin, the object, and the labours of the institution, and claimed for himself alone the punishment that threatened his comrades. The Russian agents eagerly seized this confession, but they found not judges sufficiently docile to their views to condemn "en masse," a set of young men, whose object and intentions were at once honourable and pure. Several of the prisoners were liberated, but in the mean time they had deceived the Emperor Alexander, and succeeded in making him see, in a society purely literary, a political association. A decree soon arrived at Wilna, which deprived four professors of the university of their chairs, and condemned eleven philomates and nine philaretes.

This decree, dated the 14th September, 1824, declared the accused *guilty* of the crime of having attempted to propagate "the mad spirit of Polish nationality, in the provinces of Russian Poland!" And condemned them to exile in Siberia. Zan was sent to Orenberg, upon the confines

of Russian Asia, and the rest were distributed in the other residences. Besides these victims a host of students, whose names did not figure in the imperial decree, were condemned to serve in the Muscovite army as private soldiers, and several found a grave beneath the walls of Brailow or of Warna, in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829, against Turkey and Persia. The rest were sent back to their families, who were condemned to pay all the expenses incurred by the proceedings against the secret societies.

As to the monsters whose calumnies had proved the ruin of so many innocent youths, the imperial rewards were soon showered down upon them. The principal instigator of the proceedings, Novosseltzoff, was appointed curator in the room of Prince Czartorysk; Venales Pelekar, became rector for life, and Baikoff Augustus Bien, Bolvenko, Larriensvctsch, Schlikoff, were rewarded in proportion to the violence they had displayed against the unfortunate students. But soon, in the absence of human justice, the vengeance of heaven was let loose upon these wretches, Baikoff was a few months afterwards struck with apoplexy. Lavrenovitsch sunk under a dreadful disease. Bien was killed by a thunder-bolt, and Bolvenko escaped death, but after the most horrible sufferings.

To crown their barbarous illegality, Thomas Zan, who by the tenor of the decree of his exile, should by this time be restored to his country and his friends, is still confined in the fortress of Orenberg. The Russians allege, in extenuation, that the name of the young student was mixed up anew in the affair of the patriotic society of Warsaw, and that he was retained in exile as a measure of security.

However it may be, Zan has never again appeared, and certainly the aspect of affairs does not now render it probable that he ever will. But if the news of the Polish revolution has reached his deserts, how would his noble heart beat with joy and hope; how proud to know the glorious part Lithuania has played, for whom he nobly sacrificed himself, the first of all her sons. If some letter or paper relating to the deeds of arms of his countrymen, should have reached him in spite of the vigilance of his keepers, what a balm for the wounds of exile, what a luminous ray in his dreary solitude.

But although absent during the last struggle, Zan was, nevertheless, one of the heroes of the movements of 1830, of which he had ten years before prepared the elements. More than once his memory was invoked during the great crisis; and as in France, where "*the role de appel,*" preserved long the name of her first grenadier, Latour d'Auvergne, even after his death; so in the Lithuanian insurrection, when it was asked who was the first soldier, the first patriot of the district, the universal cry of thousands was, Zan!!

JULIUS GRUZEWESKI.

Julius Gruzeweski, the son of James Gruzeweski and of Dorothy Sackem, a native of Courland, was born on the 8th of February, 1808, at Kelmy, a seat belonging to his family, in the district of Rosienia government of Wilna. His father, a protestant himself, brought him up in the reformed religion; prudent, and possessing a well cultivated intellect, he was unwilling to expose his son to the caprices of the brutal Nowoselcoff, who reigned then, over the University of Wilna, with despotic sway; he was fearful lest Muscovite influence should

extinguish in his young mind the old hereditary patriotism of his house, Julius was, therefore, educated under the paternal roof, and gave early proofs of uncommon force of character.

In 1829, James Gruzewski died. Deprived of this excellent mentor, on Julius, as the eldest of the family, devolved the management of his father's affairs, and all the care of his brothers' and sisters' education. Those duties he fulfilled with wisdom and perseverance, his sole ambition appearing to be centered in the happiness of his family; this tranquil state of existence might doubtless have lasted long, if the revolution of the 29th of November had not awakened in the mind of the young patriot other emotions and other desires.

The resuscitation of the nationality of Poland had just taken place in Warsaw, and Lithuania was already agitated with hope and impatiance. The noble sister of Poland, she could not abjure her in the hour of of danger; faithful to the family compact, she resolved to co-operate with her elder sister or perish with her.

This thought was that of all Lithuania. With that intuitive sagacity which distinguishes the mass, her people imagined that the first act of the dictator, Chlopicki, would be to push forward his heroic battalions on Lithuania. It was, in fact, the only means of safety, the only plan of campaign that could ensure success to a revolution commenced under such brilliant auspices.

Julius Gruzeweski, more than any other, reckoned upon this movement. From the first moment he had taken the firm resolution of not remaining inactive during the struggle. Fortune, family, all was in his eyes, subordinate to the interest of his country. He every day made excursions to the neighbouring towns, in the hope of hearing of the arrival of a regular corps of troops, which he would have joined with the numerous recruits raised upon his estates; but during two months his expectations proved fruitless. Chlopicki had allowed the favourable moment to escape him. Relying then, but upon himself Gruzewski scarcely two-and-twenty years of age, conceived the project of seizing the iniative and of precipitating the insurrectionary movement. He conferred with his friend Dobroslaw, Kalinowski, and the two brothers Jyaatius and Zeno Slaniewicz, who were already acting on their side animated with the same views. These noble patriots held, in the course of the month of February, numerous conferences, in which they concerted the plan of a general rising. The enterprise was bold, the obstacles almost insurmountable. To dare so much, required minds cast in a Roman mould; but Gruzeweski and his companions shrunk not from the attempt. They were fully sensible how powerfully the Polish cause would be affected by a diversion in the heart of the Russian empire, and upon the rear of her armies; how fatal it would prove to the emperor, could they but cut off his troops from their magazines, interrupt their communications, and deprive them of the contributions and levies, which the imperial ukases required from a country entirely Polish. Convinced of the importance of such a diversion the Lithuanian patriots did not consider the danger or their numerical inferiority.

They first appealed to the most influential persons of the province, but finding that time was lost in hesitation, and sure, moreover, of the spirit of the country and of the active co-operation of her population, exasperated to the highest degree by Russian oppression, they resolved to give to Lithuania a great and patriotic example.

In the nights of the 25th and 26th of March it was resolved that the conspirators should leave their country house, after having rallied round them all the peasantry devoted to follow them, and their friends and servants, armed all of them for the most part with scythes and lances, the plan was to march directly upon Rosienia, the capital of the district, and to carry the town by open force.

The 25th of March, at five in the evening, Julius Gruzeweski was already in motion. He set out from Kelmy with four hundred scythe bearers, fifty cavalry, and one hundred hunters by profession, and took the direction of Rosienia. About mid-way Jynatius Slaniewicz, and Kalinowski, formed a junction with him, and together they attacked the town about an hour after midnight. When this little band burst unexpectedly into the streets, so great was the terror of the Russian garrison, that, though they were numerous and well-armed, they made no attempt to defend themselves, and surrendered as prisoners of war, to a detachment ten times at least their inferior in numbers.

The news of this dashing exploit, executed in a few hours, resounded on every side. The conquerors found in the magazines of Rosienia 2,000 firelocks, and 50,000 roubles in the military chest; they immediately arrested all the Russian employés, and installed a provisional government, composed of Kalinowski, of Julius Gruzeweski, and of Jynatius Slaniewicz. On the same day they addressed a manifesto to Lithuania, in which they appealed to every patriotic heart to second a movement, the commencement of which had been so decisive. In this document they skilfully enumerated the wrongs entailed upon the people by the Moscovite yoke, invoked the old recollections of the Jagellonian dynasty, and tingled in their ears, the magic words of country and independence. This manifesto dispersed, first through the neighbouring districts, and afterwards in the other provinces, stirred up the entire population. In less than ten days the whole of Lithuania was in arms.

However, the patriotic triumvirate had been but three days in possession, when the Russian Colonel Bartolomy, having re-appeared before the town with a force of 1,200 men and four pieces of cannon, the insurgents were obliged to evacuate the town; but eight days subsequently, they retook it by assault, and obliged the enemy to take refuge in Prussia.

Now masters of the whole district, they organized the insurrection in concert with the notables of the country, and placed at its head a man whose influence was all powerful, and invested him with a dictatorship, which was to cease when the crisis had passed. This man was Eezechiel Staneiwicz, who justified the choice of his fellow-citizens, and who shewed himself equal to his perilous undertaking.

From the day of his installment in office, Julius Gruzeweski and Kalinowski resigned their provisional functions. Henceforwards but the leaders of detachments, under the orders of him whom they had raised to power, their condition was confined to courting the post of danger, and the most perilous enterprizes. Julius Gruzeweski performed prodigies at the head of one hundred horsemen, raised and equiped at his own expence. In order to meet such an outlay he disposed in Prussia of a rich numismatic collection, which, at great cost and labour, had been collected by his ancestors.

The Otho's, the Cæsar's, the *Titues* of the cabinet of Kelmy, were

exchanged for gunpowder and other munitions of war. At the head of his little band, kept on foot by his own resources, Julius, in several rencontres, signalized his chivalric courage. He surprised and cut to pieces several of the enemies detachments that infested the country, and obtained a high reputation in this guerrilla warfare.

At a later period, when Gliegud made his appearance in Luthania, with a detached corps of the Polish army, Julius was one of the first to join him, and was immediately detached "en observation," in the direction of Zeltze. Always actively employed during the course of this fatal campaign, he rejoined, at Mankunny, the Polish corps that was retreating after their unsuccessful attempt upon Wilna. It was he, who in order to cover the retreat, executed a brilliant charge against a Circassian battalion that continually harassed their rear. After this useless effort he retired with Gliegud into Prussia.

Since this period, evil and persecution have pressed heavily upon this young and heroic Lithuanian. And yet how happy was his existence—in the bosom of a family that adored him—surrounded with all the enjoyments of this world—nursed in all the illusions of age, and yet new to her pleasures. When such a brilliant career was open to him, he sacrificed all, life, fortune, tranquillity, all were laid at the feet of his heroic country.

And now that in his retirement in France, Julius Gruzeweski can cast a look back upon the past, and compare his present with his former condition; we must not suppose that the young Spartan regrets the "felix otium" of Kelmy, his farms, his peasantry, all, in fact, that he has left in Lithuania.—No! his family may sometimes claim a sigh; but if you question him—"I have fulfilled a duty," will he answer, "and if I had it again to do, my conduct would be the same." Noble devotion to the sacred cause of country, which the diplomacy of Europe is daily endeavouring, but let us hope unavailingly, to extinguish, and which the children of Poland yet preserve in all its primitive freshness and vigour.

THE ST. SIMONIANS, AND THE EGLISE CATHOLIQUE FRANCAISE.

Paris, 15 October, 1832.

THE late prosecution of the St. Simonians, and the condemnation of two of their leaders to a year's imprisonment, have had the effect which might have been expected, of inducing many to visit them, and to inquire into their doctrines, who, but for the interference of the government, would never have given themselves any trouble on such a subject. Shall I confess that I am one of those whose curiosity has thus been awakened? Not knowing the hour of reception at the retreat of Menilmontant, I went the other day, with a friend, at two o'clock in the afternoon, but found the distance from the Barrier des Amandiers, in the neighbourhood of Père la Chaise, more considerable than I had been led to suppose. On our knocking at the *poste cochere* which opens on the principal street in the village or suburb of Menilmontant, we were told in very civil terms, by one of the younger members of the fraternity who opened the door to us, that at that hour the brethren were all engaged at their daily occupations, but that they would be happy to receive us at four o'clock, which was two hours later in the day. The weather was that of an October day, and had all the chilliness of the vintage about it. Perhaps for the first time since their assumption of a distinguishing costume, it was found to be little suited to protect the wearers against the severity of a Parisian winter, of which we had that day some premonitory symptoms. Their style of dress has evidently been contrived for the purpose of exhibiting the human form to the best advantage, consistently with that activity and exertion which is prescribed to the new sect as a duty, and as a subject of emulation among its members. The coat, or tunic, is of dark blue cloth, not longer than an ordinary shooting-jacket, but meeting in the front in the form of a round frock-coat. A broad leather belt is worn as a girdle, above which the tunic is tight to the shape, but below it hangs in loose folds about the person. From the collar-bone upwards the neck is bare. The beard is allowed to grow, but not to the inconvenient length of which it is worn by many of the Turks who visit Paris. The head-dress is convenient, but ungraceful, consisting of a velvet cap closely fitted to the head, and without any apparent restriction as to colour. Boots of the ordinary form, and trowsers as wide as is consistent with activity, form the lower part of the dress. Each member is provided with a sort of narrow shawl, which is also varied in colour; not, however, at the option of the wearer, but, as I was told, to distinguish his rank in the hierarchy. This article of dress was formerly worn as a scarf over the left shoulder, crossing the person diagonally; but the approach of cold weather, and the previous habit of wearing the throat muffled up in a shirt-collar and neckcloth, had suggested the scarf to some as a protection, while others made use of a silk handkerchief, in a way which did not match very well with the bulkiness of the beard and the collarless tunic.

On our first appearance, we had but a hasty peep into the fore-court of the mansion, something between a Parisian hotel and a provincial château, which is said to have been inherited by Enfantin, the chief,

from his father; but whether it be free from mortgage, or whether the family be *bourgeois* or *gentilhomme*, I have not been informed.

The two hours we had to spare were occupied in visiting the fortifications of Belleville, which are in the immediate neighbourhood of Menilmontant, and which form part of the lines of defence, which, during the last two years, have been forming on this side of Paris, including St. Denis, Montmartre, and the castle of Vincennes, and extending from the bridge of Neuilly to a point on the river above Paris, near the junction of the Maine with the Seine. This side of the city is certainly most capable of defence; and it is probably because the attack which it sustained in the month of March, 1814, was made in this direction, that the labours of the engineer have hitherto been confined to the right bank of the river. In modern warfare, however, a stream like the Seine is easily crossed by means of the pontoons with which every army is provided, as a part of its baggage. The numerous windings of the Seine would facilitate this operation, by concealing the precise point at which it was to be effected; so that an invading army would reach the defenceless side of the capital only a day or two later than the north side, which is already bristling with fortifications. Within these eight days there were at least four hundred men employed in forming covered ways, and throwing up embankments at the single point of Belleville, immediately under the station of the telegraph.

On our return to Menilmontant, rather before the hour appointed, we found no difficulty in obtaining admittance. Beyond the given point of the house, a considerable space has been laid out in the form of an amphitheatre, as if to enable the apostles of the new religion to address a very numerous audience. For some time, however, they have been closely observed by the police, who, on Sunday and Monday, the two days of the week when the gardens would be most frequented, have latterly interdicted the entrance to all but the habitual occupants of the mansion. The friend who was with me inquired, after we had got into the garden, for a young man of a respectable family at Nantes, who had lately joined the association, bringing with him a fortune of 250,000 francs. The answer to the inquiry was, "*Dans un moment, monsieur, il est à son service;*" leaving us to conjecture the nature of his employment. The sky was clear, although the day was cold; and in various parts of the garden the younger members of the fraternity might be seen walking rapidly up and down, as if to keep themselves in heat; while those who call themselves the apostles, remained in the terrace near the house, ready to enter into conversation with any one who chose to address them. Without beginning a set speech, I could observe that discussion was distinctly encouraged, and that answers to inquiries were always given in an argumentative form. The great majority of the visitors were attracted, like myself, by mere motives of curiosity; but there were others who discovered, by the questions they put, that a favourable impression had already been created, and that they would not be unwilling to join the fraternity, should they be thought worthy of admission. Whether these were mere decoy ducks, I cannot tell you; but it was easy to see, that while a civil answer was given to every inquirer, the apostle would turn round to the quarter whence he felt himself to be hardest pressed, and would prepare to meet the difficulty proposed to him with all the skill he could command.

The group to which I particularly attached myself, was formed round

M. Lambert, who distinguished himself, on the late trial, by the talent with which he defended the chiefs of the sect against the attacks of the crown lawyers. The conversation was begun by common-place inquiries as to the number of residents in the house; whether any female establishment had yet been formed; and how far they had succeeded in making proselytes in France, or in foreign countries. In answer to these questions we were told that, in the house of Menilmontant, there were forty residents, who lived there in a state of celibacy, no female having yet joined the sect, although many professed themselves converts, and even advocated their doctrines in general society. Besides the principal one at Menilmontant, there are other subordinate establishments, both in Paris and the provinces, and there are missionaries now at work in England and in Germany, for the purpose of propagating the doctrines of the new faith, but hitherto without much success in increasing the number of their converts.

It is notorious, that before they separated themselves from society, by the assumption of a distinguishing costume, their efforts were much more directed to political than to religious purposes. The sermons, or *predications*, as they were called in the *Salle Taitbout*, were directed much more distinctly against the form of government, the national guard, and the *bas baronettes bourgeoises*, than against points of faith or the supremacy of the Catholic religion. This will account to you for the sensitiveness of the government in regard to them, and will throw some light on the subtlety of the chiefs, who, when shut out in one direction, are ready to open a way for themselves in another. Their language is now directed to subjects which do not bear so directly on politics or forms of government, and which are not, therefore, so likely to excite the apprehensions of men in power

While I stood by M. Lambert, he was questioned rather closely in the Socratic style, by a gentleman about his own age, which approaches to forty, as to the tendency of the new doctrines in relation to forms of government, and their influence on society, in the event of these doctrines being adopted by the majority. These questions were parried by M. Lambert with consummate skill. He would not admit that the new faith led to despotism in government, and denied most strenuously that Enfantin, the nominal chief of the society, is endowed with arbitrary power. He told us that the capacities and capabilities of the members are judged of and determined by a series of elections, which, he contended, led in every case to the best practical result. I am inclined to believe in the truth of this statement of M. Lambert, and that Enfantin is a mere puppet, set up by himself and others, of the apostolical oligarchy, as the most convenient instrument for executing their decrees. In the course of this conversation, the judgment of the Court of Assize, and its probable effect on the future prospects of the society, was repeatedly alluded to. The answer of M. Lambert was what might have been expected. It would rid them, he said, of the weak and wavering, and would strengthen the resolution of all among them who were worth retaining. It seems, in fact, to be clear, that such prosecutions can do no possible good. Like the proceedings against the newspapers, they but increase the evil they are meant to repress.

The sound of a hunting-horn announced that dinner was about to be served. A few minutes afterwards, the society having assembled in the interior of the mansion, marched round the outside of the building in

procession, and entered a sort of gallery on a level with the garden, the windows of which were overlooked by the terrace to which I have already alluded. On this terrace seats had been laid out for the visitors; and as soon as the procession had entered, the windows were thrown open, discovering a long line of tables on which dinner had been served, and the members of the fraternity standing round a piano, at which one of their number was seated. The visitors were requested to uncover during prayers; on which a sort of chaunt was performed by the whole brotherhood, in honour, apparently, not of God, but of their chief, which served as a substitute for grace. Father Enfantin, as he is called, then led the way to a small table in the middle of the room, which was separated by short intervals, but without being distinguished by any difference of height from the long ranges to the right and left. At this centre table three chairs were placed; that on the left remained unoccupied; the centre one was filled by Enfantin, supported on his right by Michel Chevalier, who was editor of the *Globe*, as long as it was the organ of the St. Simonians. The other seats were occupied, without any apparent distinction of ranks, by the rest of the fraternity, with the exception of such as were doing duty in the kitchen, or were attending the company in the capacity of waiters. Among this last number, the friend who was with me discovered his acquaintance from Nantes, who had lately brought his 250,000 francs into the society. On speaking to him after dinner, he assured us, in a very woe-begone style, that he was quite at his ease, and did not at all regret the step he had taken. It was clear, however, that he did not fully coincide in the judgment which Father Enfantin, or the apostles behind the curtain, had formed of his capacity, and that he would gladly have spared the exhibition which had that day taken place.

The feast was far from being a luxurious one. The whole dinner consisted of two tureens of soup, a large joint of roasted meat, a single dish of dried beans called *haricots*, a basket for a dessert, two bottles of wine among forty people, and bread apparently at discretion. The meat was placed on the centre table, and carved by one of the attendants. The wine was also under the immediate control of Enfantin, who sent the bottles from time to time to chosen individuals; but I was assured by a lady who sat next to me, that, in the course of the dinner, not one had been forgotten. You will judge of their abstinence, however, when I tell you, that, when they rose from table, at least a fourth part of the wine remained in the decanters.

In the selection of candidates for admission into the society, the three great requisites appear to be, the possession of fortune, talents, and good looks. In this last respect, with the exception of our new acquaintance, M. Lambert, and two or three others, the whole fraternity may be distinguished as a set of very fine-looking men. At the late trial, Father Enfantin declared himself to be but five-and-thirty, but he appears to me to be at least ten years older. He looked better, I think, when dressed as a man of the world, and before he allowed his beard to grow, than he does at present. He is considerably above the middle height, and of a figure which will probably degenerate into corpulency. During the dinner he was almost the only individual who seemed to feel that he was under the observation of a considerable body of spectators from without. He cast many a scrutinizing glance towards the terrace, and never seemed to forget that it was his duty to

Assume the god,
Affect to nod,
And seem to shake the spheres.

Two of the brethren stood behind Enfantin's chair, as special attendants on their chief, without extending their services to the rest of the company; and during the dinner, several of the members relieved each other at the piano, round which the whole body again assembled, on their rising from table, and performed another chaunt in honour of their chief; after which they walked out as they had entered, in processional order, and marching round the extremity of the building, retired into the interior of the mansion on the opposite side.

Another of the excrescences thrown out on the surface of society, by the revolution of 1830, is the sect which would be considered as the national church, and which, having thrown off all allegiance to the Pope, calls itself the " Eglise Catholique Francaise." The Abbé Chatel, who may be regarded as the founder of this new reformation, held the office of chaplain to a regiment of the guards of Charles X. before the revolution, and seeing, probably, no great prospect of promotion in his original career, he resolved on the more adventurous course in which he is now engaged. On my proposing a visit to the new establishment, my friend, after some hesitation, consented, saying, " Allons donc! mais vous allez de folie en folie!"

The temporary building in the Fauxbourg St. Martin, where the Abbé Chatel preaches, is so crowded on Sundays, that seats cannot be obtained without great inconvenience He has, in consequence, begun to perform high mass and to preach on Friday morning; and as on those days two francs are charged for admission, by means of tickets, which must be purchased in advance, you are sure to obtain a seat, although you do not go till the hour appointed. On Friday last I am sure there were not less than 1200 persons present, and all of a class attracted more, apparently by a wish to promote the cause of religion, than to gratify an idle curiosity.

As to the Abbé Chatel himself, I confess that my opinion of him has considerably changed since his recent assumption, first of the title of Bishop, and afterwards that of Primate of the French Catholic Church. This assumption has produced a division among his flock, part of whom have withdrawn from him, and created independent churches in other parts of the capital. His great talents, however, as a preacher, have secured him the full attendance I have described; but the ambitious views he has discovered, will, probably, in these days of equality, deprive him of the rank he aspires to, of a great reformer of ecclesiastical abuses.

The service was begun by a solemn mass in music, in which the chaunting was decidedly inferior to the instrumental performances. The organ is indifferent, but the band of wind instruments is perhaps one of the best which Paris could produce. The liturgy has evidently been contrived to court popularity. " Conserves notre liberté! conserves notre gloria!" are prayers introduced still more frequently than those for the health of the king or the prosperity of the church. They are listened to, however, with an air of reverence and attention, by numbers far exceeding what you are accustomed to see in Paris within the walls of a place of worship.

When the Abbé ascends the pulpit, after the conclusion of the mass,

the general aspect of the congregation was materially changed. It was announced beforehand, that the object of the sermon was to demonstrate the absurdity of the power of excommunication assumed by the church of Rome. It was evident from the first, that the audience were accustomed to listen to the preacher with pleasure, but with feelings more allied to those which are excited in a place of amusement, than in a building devoted to the purposes of religion. The Abbé's powers of oratory are of a very high order: he possesses a great command of language, and expresses himself with a degree of irony too bitter to be agreeable, but yet such as to excite the applause, and even the laughter, of the greater part of his congregation.

One of the leading tenets of the new religion, is the utter denial of the infallibility of the Pope, or of bishops assembled in general council. On the subject of temporal power, the new creed declares that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and that there is no divine right but that of the people. A total separation is maintained between spiritual and temporal power, and the obedience of the clergy is prescribed in all cases to the government *de facto*. The only relations admitted between these two species of power, are protection, by the temporal government, to the spiritual authorities; and submission, by the spiritual authorities, in all that relates to their civil duties, but complete independence in spiritual affairs. It is declared, that the temporal authorities have no right to exact any profession of faith; and the present government is blamed for having permitted the French bishops to wait for the sanction of the Pope to pray for his present Majesty, King Louis Philippe. Every marriage is considered valid, which has been performed before the civil magistrate; but the nuptial benediction is considered as a christian duty. The dispensations of the Pope, in favour of marriages within prohibited degrees, is denounced as a vile traffic, and the priests of the new religion are directed to pronounce the nuptial benediction, on the exhibition of evidence that the civil contract has been performed.

It is expressly declared, that the reason of each individual ought to be the fundamental rule of his belief, and that every one should follow his own conviction, although in direct opposition to that of his neighbours. The Bible is admitted in the new church, as the only rule of faith. The canonical books of the Old and New Testament adopted by the primitive church, are admitted as works of inspiration. The seven sacraments of the catholic church are recognized, and the celibacy of the clergy is denounced, as contrary to religion, good morals, and civilization. The whole of the sacraments of the church are administered in the vulgar tongue. Auricular confession is not prescribed to persons of mature age, but is recommended to young persons, preparatory to their first communion. Fast days and abstinence are treated as an absurdity, but the sacrifice of the mass is retained, on condition of its being performed in the vulgar tongue. The veneration of the saints is limited to the offering of thanks to God for the salvation he has granted them. The duty of preaching is prescribed to the clergy, who are forbidden to introduce into their sermons any subjects of a political nature. As I have already hinted, the new faith recognizes the establishment of a hierarchy, of which the Abbé Chatel, with the title of primate, has declared himself the chief, supported by a series of bishops, priests, and deacons.

CRIMPING.

" A la guerra me llera mi necessidad,
Si tuviera dineros no fuera en verdad."—SPANISH ROMANCE.

WERE it possible to penetrate the secret motives that influence the actions of mankind, we might without exaggeration assert, that nine-tenths of those fiery spirits who during the years of 1817 and 1818 left the shores of old England, to fight under the banners of South American Independence, those who at a later period vainly strove to free from the yoke of the haughty Ottoman the classic land of Miltiades, and those who are now proceeding to whiten with their bones the soil of Portugal, in a cause, the true rights of which the major part are as ignorant as the priest-ridden Luzitanians themselves. Nine-tenths of them we repeat, were they asked the motives that induced them to embark in so desperate an enterprise, would reply in the spirit of the Spanish romance which we have quoted as an appropriate rubric to the present paper.

Since the days of that prince of crimps, the renowned General Devareux, who sold commissions to his deluded countrymen that were never confirmed by the Columbian Government, and who it may be recollected boldly assured the corporation of Dublin, that six weeks after his arrival in South America, he would not leave a royalist alive, a boast which he reiterated at Margaretta, in a speech of such portentous length, as to leave some doubts on the minds of the audience, whether the speaker were not rather destined for a preacher than a soldier. Since his day, no event in the political world has afforded so rich a harvest to the crimps as the pending Portuguese struggle; aroused from their long inactivity, their ragged battalions are darkening the face of the land. They swarm in the capital, crowd the out-ports, and overrun the rural district, but their operations have not been solely confined to this country, detached corps have been sent to the continent, and by the exertions of these gentry, did he possess the adequate funds, in spite of foreign enlistment bills, and high-flown protestations of neutrality, Peter the Emperor would soon see himself at the head of a host, as motley in character, and as numerically strong as that which centuries ago, marched upon the Holy Land under his doughty namesake, Peter the Hermit.

As we were one evening, during the last month, whiling away an hour at a coffee-house, our eyes lighted on the following advertisement, in a morning paper—" Any military gentleman possessing a knowledge of mercantile affairs, may hear of a desirable situation abroad, by applying at, &c. &c." This would have been a poser to most country gentlemen, but acquainted, from dear-bought experience with the metaphors of crimps, we immediately saw that it was an offer for foreign service—for we have ourselves trod that thorny path, so fruitful in hard blows—but still to speak tactically, as both our flanks are at the moment " dans l'air," we confess that we read not the advertisement without emotion, as holding out an opportunity of advancement. Not that we are of those who are caught by the glitter of an epaulette, or dazzled by the specious glare of a star or cross; our shoulders have long been accustomed to the one, and so prodigally lavished are the

latter, at least in foreign countries, that they have ceased, by honourable men, to be considered as badges of honour; we have seen the day when crosses in bushels have been given by Peter the Emperor, to troops that have ignobly abandoned their field of battle;* and it is even on record that the Legion of honour, in its best days, was once given for a *jeu de mots*.

Napoleon, shortly after his marriage with Marie-Louise, was passing through Belgium, the mayor or prefect of a small village, on his line of route, erected a rustic triumphal arch, bearing as an inscription, the following distich—

"Ma foi, en epousant la belle Marie-Louise
Napoleon n'a pas fait une sottise."

Which so pleased the young empress, that she prevailed on her imperial husband to decorate the poetic mayor. These glittering baubles we admit, look well in a ball-room, were they serve as passports to the good graces of the fair; but our dancing days are over, and our views directed to more solid pleasures; neither do we exactly agree with Horace, who in lauding a military life, says,

"———— Horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta."

This may have been all very well in his day, but in our's there is an awkward "*mezzo termene*," in the shape of a mutilated leg or arm, which when it comes unaccompanied by pension or half-pay, places a man unblessed with the possession of an hereditary sixpence, in a sorry plight. No, like Sir Dugald Dalgetty, we view these matters through the more solid medium of pay and promotion, aye, and of plunder too. We say plunder, and heed not the shrugs of the fastidious; for some of the most distinguished marshals of France, have shewn themselves as accomplished plunderers as skilful tacticians; and, as the lawyers say, what has been once done may be done again,

Though, as we said before, we read not the advertisement in question unmoved, still our feelings, mellowed by time and chastened by experience, no longer lost themselves in the regions of phantasmagoria. Had we been ten years younger, we might have dreamt of a *baton de mareschal*, and have given way to some wild extravagance, such a kicking over the table, knocking down the waiter, or twirling off the wig of an old gentleman at the next table, who to the annoyance of every one in the room, had monopolized the evening paper for more than an hour. But in the present instance, we contented ourselves with ordering another glass of brandy water, and with taking down the address of the crimp, whom we determined on visiting on the following morning.

Although we were early in the field, yet, on reaching the residence of the crimp, we found his ante-chamber already occupied by at least half a dozen candidates for military honours. Two of these gentlemen looked as if they had just been discharged from the Fleet; a third, notwithstanding a pair of spurs of prodigious length, and an attempt to throw into his inanimate countenance a Bobadil air, was evidently a man-milliner; the two others, from their appearance, were only fit for

* The battle of Ituizaingo, where the whole Brazilian army went to the right about, and left three foreign battalions *de se tirer d'affaire*, as they best could. The emperor, ordered a medal to be struck in commemoration thereof.

what they were striving to become, "food for cannon;" but there was one among this group that powerfully attracted my attention. His air and manner would have themselves announced the soldier, had not his fine countenance been strongly marked by the bivouac and a tropical sun, he was bald except on the sides of the head, and there the thin hair was grey, his cheeks rather hollow, and his large and expressive eyes, overshadowed by strongly marked brows. His dress was extremely clean, but—worn out.

When I gazed on him, I felt as if I had already learnt his history, and beheld in him the ruins of a military gentleman, who destitute both of interest and money, was now endeavouring to seek, in foreign service, a subsistence denied to him in our own.

> "Lourent dans le camp un soldat honoré,
> Ramp aux cour des rois, et languit ignoré."

My heart bled for him as he rose and left the apartment to enter that occupied by the crimp in person.

At length it was my turn to be ushered in. Seated at a table covered with papers and red tape, was the worthy himself; there was nothing remarkable in his appearance, save a coal black eye, which appeared to have the power of reading one's most concealed thoughts; there was evidently an attempt to throw a "tournour militaire" into his appearance; he wore a black stock that reached up to his ears, his coat was close buttoned up to his throat, and a pocket-handkerchief thrust into the breast, in order to pad it out *a la prussienne*, while a dark line upon the upper lip proclaimed an incipient moustachio. Again he assumed the brusquerie of the Sabreur and interlarded his conversation with a few set military phrases; he was decidedly an old hand and up to his business. Brilliant prospects he held out, but it was in vain, and I tried him upon every tack, to elicit whom I was to have the honour of serving. Was it Don Pedro? or, perhaps, his hopeful brother Miguel? the Pacha of Egypt, or the more potent Sultan himself, whose late reverses may have shewn him the necessity of a reinforcement of Tacticoes? or, lastly, was it his serene highness the ex Duke of Brunswick? Nothing could I elicit, beyond the assurance that all my conjectures were widely from the mark. I believe the fellow thought, that so long as the pay was good and regularly paid, I should have enlisted under the banners of old Nick himself.

Piqued as was my curiosity, it was never fated to be gratified, for two days afterwards I received a communication from this personage informing me that all the appointments were filled up—and with this announcement vanished all my hopes.

Can there be a finer commentary on the present social condition of the people of this country, than the facilities which these men find in the execution of their projects. With every walk in life overcrowded, there is no floating at ease on the agitated waters of society; and thus every scheme, however chimerical, every enterprise, however perilous, is sure to find in this country, encouragement and support. This, it must be confessed, is no happy stage of society—no wholesome state of things; yet we have now, more than ever, reason to hope and to look forward.

THE BANK CHARTER.

In the interval which must elapse before the assembling of the reformed Parliament, there is no subject to which the attention of the nation should be directed with more unceasing vigilance, than the question of the renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England; for upon a judicious reform of our monetary system, more than all other measures, must depend the restoration of prosperity, content, and political tranquillity to the people of England.

We think that it has now become apparent from the extorted confessions of the directors themselves of the Bank of England, that out of this huge and unmanageable monopoly of the trade in money, has arisen the vast mountain of our national debt, and all the panics, vicissitudes, and commercial convulsions, which for the last thirty years have left for the middle orders of this country, no refuge from beggary and the jail, but in emigration to a foreign land; and to our virtuous peasantry, no portion but hunger, the workhouse, and despair. That this condition of things can continue to be tolerated—that twenty-four insignificant and narrow minded men, shall continue under our reformed system of government, to direct in secret the happiness or misery of the twenty-four millions of inhabitants of this great empire is no longer the question, since the destruction of the boroughmongering power, which has been accustomed for a century and a half, to sell at intervals to the usurers of Thread-needle-street, the commercial liberties of the world. Whatever may be said of the evil or the good intentions of the directors of the Bank of England—at least no rational man can now deny, that the enormous weight of the commercial power of the establishment, has produced the most desolating consequences to the commerce of the whole world; and that the cessation of this monopoly, and the consequent subdivision of the capital and power of the Bank of England is indispensable to the future security, tranquillity, and political ascendancy of the British empire. Indeed, it is not to be feared, that in these enlightened days, the directors of the Bank will presume to attempt a full continuation of their power; and it now becomes the question, whether a modified renewal of the Charter be an expedient and practicable measure, or, whether an establishment, hitherto more fatal than pestilence or famine, should be swept at once from the earth.

We propose, then, to prove, in the following remarks, that the entire and final abolition of the Bank of England, is not more required by the principles of commercial liberty and expediency, than by the interests of the shareholders themselves, whose future prospects will be materially altered by the partial curtailment of the profits of the establishment, which is now inevitable, even though the Charter be renewed at all.

We do not, however, profess to convince *the directors* of the expediency of breaking up the establishment, for it has distinctly appeared in evidence, that not one of these men is possessed of one single shilling of Bank stock beyond the mere sum of two thousand pounds, which is required for the qualification of the office. This circumstance has, indeed, been most curiously trumpeted forth by the advocates of the Bank, as an instance of the disinterested spirit of the directors; though it has been proved in the recent disclosure of its affairs, that Bank stock

has for several years been more than 70 per cent above its true market value; and it is, therefore, a proof of great disinterestedness indeed, that these twenty-four persons, who alone were in the secret of the real value of the stock, should have availed themselves of that knowledge, to refrain from speculation in a ruinous concern beyond the mere trifling sum required for the possession of their own enormous salaries and commercial patronage and power. Considering how many accidents might at any time bring on an exposure of the mysterious system of the management, it seems more proper to pronounce upon the disinterestedness of this affair, that the directors of the Bank of England, are a band of cunning and contriving knaves.

To the mass of the stockholders of the Bank, however, we would say, that though salaries of thousands per annum, and enormous retiring pensions may be very pleasant things to Mr. Horsley Palmer and his co-directors of the Bank of England; yet it will now become more necessary than heretofore, to consider how this immense annual cost for management is to continue to be paid, under the diminished profits which now may be expected from the cessation of the business of the management of the national debt, with the enormous commissions upon the payments and receipts from the customs, excise, post office, and other departments of the revenue. For in the determination for retrenchment which will be undoubtedly exhibited by the reformed parliament, it is certain that the least expensive process of managing the public revenue will now be resorted to, and we doubt not that the management of the national debt will be accordingly transferred to one or to several of the private banking establishments of London, for the saving by a contract with Coutts and Drummond will probably amount to the sum of two hundred thousands per annum in that department alone. The accounts of the customs, excise, post office, and other departments of the revenue; will, upon similar principles of economy be transferred to the bankers in the neighbourhood of the various public offices, since, from the incomparably smaller cost of management of a well conducted private establishment, the bankers will be enabled to contract with a reformed parliament uponterms inferior to the costly concern in Threadneedle-street, where the expenses of management amount to the sum of £240,000 per annum.

Allowing then, that the commissioner for the management of the national debt, with the commission upon the payments of the customs, excise, post office, army, navy, and all the other departments of the revenue were taken from the Bank of England, or the commission reduced to the fair contract rate of the private bankers, it is certain that the annual profits of the Bank from its connexion with the revenue, will be thenceforth reduced by the sum of 500,000*l.* per annum. Deprived of this ancient source, from which all the corruption, patronage, and losses of the Bank have been in reality supported, the establishment will thus be reduced to its fair level with the other banking institutions of the kingdom, subsisting by its judicious management of the common business of discounting bills, issuing notes, and the usual routine of the trade in money. Now that, in a fair field of competition with the private bankers, the Bank of England will be unable to maintain its ascendancy, or even to exist under the enormous burthen of its expence for management, is rendered apparent by the results of the establishment of the branch banks, which are proved in evidence to have realized no profit what-

ever, nor even to have defrayed their expences, because unsustained by the enormous and undue profits from the revenue, which alone have supported the monstrous expences of the mother Bank. Indeed, there is reason to suppose that the whole private department of the business of the Bank of England, consisting of discounts and loans, has been conducted at an extraordinary loss. When viewed in conjunction with the losses by forgery, defalcation, and the expense of management, for the dividends have been paid from the profits of the management of the revenue, with the annuity of 600,000*l.* from the government, which is usually called the dead weight, and an addition of late years from the previous accumulation of capital, which amounted in 1819 to several millions, but which has since been most deceitfully applied to the keeping up the dividends, producing thereby that undue market price of the stock of the institution, which, upon the expiration of the charter, will produce a loss of 70*l.* in every 200*l.* to the recent purchasers under this fraudulent and mysterious system. If, therefore, no profit whatever has been hitherto realized from the private sources, to which the operation of reform will undoubtedly confine the future business of the Bank, it is difficult to conjecture whence a dividend upon twenty millions of stock, with a cost for salaries and pensions of 240,000*l.* per annum, and a rent of 60,000*l.*, the estimated interest of the value of the buildings at 1,100,000*l.*, can possibly be defrayed. It is, indeed, too apparent, that the establishment can exist no longer, when deprived of its enormous and unjust profits from the public revenue; and since this change is inevitable under a reformed parliament, there being now no longer a Lord Castlereagh, to give away millions of the public money at his own discretion, it becomes the interest of the shareholders in the Bank of England to reflect upon their future prospects, and to decide upon the prudence of petitioning for a renewal of the charter, unaccompanied by the privileges which alone have rendered it a profitable investment in former years.

It is, indeed, our opinion, that a renewal of the Charter will be a measure most adverse to the interests of the stockholders, under the circumstances and in the manner in which public opinion will alone tolerate the measure, in these enlightened days of retrenchment and reform. Left to themselves, amidst the cost for directors, clerks, pensioners, and rent, with the losses from defalcation, forgeries, and the mismanagement and waste peculiar to all great incorporated bodies, it is probable that no profit whatever, and consequently no dividend would ever result to the shareholders in this huge and corrupt institution. That the directors themselves will accept a renewal of the Charter upon any terms whatever is exceedingly probable, since their enormous salaries would then continue to be paid, whether profit or loss were the portion of the body of proprietors; and the sum of 2000*l.* being the utmost stake which any of the directors possesses in the bank, it would not be material whether a smaller or a larger dividend were derivedfrom such an unimportant sum; or indeed, no dividend at all, would merely occasion to each director a loss of about 80*l.* or 100*l.* per annum, whilst he would derive from the institution a certain and unfailing salary of 1000*l.* per annum. And though the preservation of their own enormous salaries are undoubtedly motives sufficient why the Directors should now move heaven and earth for a renewal of the Charter, it becomes, however, the interest of the general proprietors of stock, who have no

prospect of the loaves and fishes of the management, to reflect upon the greater propriety of winding up the concern, and to secure the remains of their property, before a repetition of another fourteen years of mystery and deceit shall sweep the whole away together. They may rest assured, that days of monopoly are now numbered in this country; that the future management of the revenue, if retained by the Bank, will be a source of no profit to such an expensive institution; that the establishment is otherwise very many times too large for a profitable concern; and that the stock of the Bank of England may be invested more advantageously in the many smaller establishments which will arise upon its ruins.

With regard to the expediency of establishing a National Bank, to be directed by the government, it is certainly some slight reason for the measure, that our monetary concerns are in future to be controlled by the real representatives of the people. During the last century of abuses, such an institution, in the hands of the boroughmongers, would have brought forth more evils even than the Bank of England; and it is a singularity in their system, that so wide a field was neglected for the creation of patronage and wallowing in the public money. There is now undoubtedly less danger from the mismanagement of such an institution, and if it be found that the management of the national debt, with the accounts of the customs and excise, post-office, and the naval and military departments, can be conducted by government officers at a less expence than a contract can be entered into with the private bankers or the Bank of England, there is then no reason why motives of economy should not induce to the establishment of a National Bank. Indeed, the Treasury itself ought to be the National Bank, and not, as appears from the Report of the Finance Committee, a place supported at an expence of about 40,000*l.* per annum, where boroughmongering gentlemen receive enormous salaries for reading the newspapers for one or two hours in the day, whilst the real business of the revenue is needlessly transacted by commission at the Bank of England. Undoubtedly, then, the expences of the Treasury ought either to be reduced to the very trifling sum recommended as sufficient by the Committee of Finance, or the duties of the department made real and effective, by the true management of the revenue.

This, however, ought to be the limit of the operations of the National Bank, and the proposal to embark in the business of discounts, loans, and the common transactions of the trade in money, can produce only loss, confusion, and a waste of the public treasure. No trading establishment can ever be conducted by the government, so well as by the self-interest of private individuals; and the trade in money, like the trade in corn, coals, or cloth, should be left to the operations of all subjects in equal competition, and ought not to be engrossed by the overwhelming influence of government. Mismanagement, corrupt patronage, and loss through all the channels of the institution, will be the inevitable result of the establishment of a huge and complicated public bank; and the subdivision of the twenty millions of the capital of the Bank of England, into twenty private banking houses, with a capital of one million each, and scattered through the various quarters of this metropolis, would produce a thousand times more real and effective assistance to the commerce of the country, than one great accumulation of capital in a single spot, whether under the denomination of the National Bank, the

Bank of England, or the Threadneedle-street Joint Stock Banking Company. Thus the Bank of England is generally inaccessible to the mass of the middling traders of the metropolis, who can seldom be known to men in the condition of directors of such an institution, and its discounts are therefore confined to the great mercantile houses, the aristocracy of the city, wealthy capitalists, to whom banking accommodation is in reality not an indispensable assistance. The establishment of a national bank will still further increase this evil, for it will be managed by men of habits more aristocratical even than the servitors of the Bank of England, and insolvent lords and dukes will be the persons principally favoured in the business of discounts, by directors who will owe their appointments to the patronage of the great. Considering also the dangerous vicissitudes and panics, which have resulted from the too great power of the Bank of England over all the commercial interests of the country, it is certain that the subdivision and dispersion of its vast capital is our only safeguard from a recurrence of the desolating consequences resulting from one all powerful institution, and the establishment of a national bank upon similar principles, will be in reality a substitution of one tyranny for another.

But we entertain small hopes that our advice to divide the business of banking into many hands, and to allow the trade in money to flow into the numberless channels of commercial enterprise, will be adopted in a country where an erroneous admiration of the aristocratical accumulations of capital is engraved upon the hearts of men. We clamour for the establishment of a national bank, but do not discern that great masses of money will be thus buried, and dead to the majority of the people; that the tendency of all national and incorporated bodies is to impoverish the many, and heap up favours on the few; that privileged institutions are a subtraction from the liberty and the rights of individuals; and that to diminish the weight, size, and power of government to its natural purpose of protecting individuals from violence and fraud, should be the true policy of a free and enlightened people. The appointment of judges, constables, and soldiers, is almost all the true and beneficial purpose of human government; and all public trading, or needless interference with trade, is an invasion of the commercial rights of individuals, which the powers were established to protect. The coining of money and the issuing of paper form in reality no part of the original purposes of government, and our whole commercial system, the Board of Trade, the East India Company, the Bank charter, and restrictive duties upon corn, sugar, wines, and innumerable commodities of life, form only one vast and tyrannical usurpation of the rights of individuals in a free community. But we despair of seeing these principles acknowledged, when even our enlightened contemporary of the Westminster Review can maintain such doctrines as the following, which appear in the present number even of that liberal and invaluable work:—"Why does not the government come down with a demand that the country bankers shall cease to rob the community by coining?" and further, says our contemporary, "the function of making money is not a trade, but an exercise of public power." Now we can discern no just reason why the making of money, more than the making of cloth, or shoes, should be a public power, other than as an ancient usurpation, which ought to be abolished. The principal use of a gold coinage in modern times is for facilitating the foreign commerce of the various nations, and we are

not aware that more tea can be procured in China, or more corn in Russia, because the gold and silver which are offered in exchange are marked with the physiognomy of King William the Fourth. The weight and qualities of the coins, and not the pleasure of possessing the picture of King William, are the inducements with the Russians and Chinese; and even at home, we opine that as much cloth or porter could be bought with the same quantity of silver or gold, though marked with the head of Henry Drummond or Thomas Attwood, or without any mark at all, in the shape of bullion, as with the coin of King William the Fourth. When, therefore, we see no advantage in the coin of the realm, over the coin of Henry Drummond, but, on the contrary, the payment of a salary and perquisites amounting to the sum of 12,000*l.* a year to the Master of the mint, and a total expenditure of more than 100,000*l.* a year for the business of striking the picture of King William on our money, we entertain considerable doubts about the expediency and justice of a continuation of this "public power."

But whatever may be advanced upon the ground of ancient usage and settled convenience with regard to the royal prerogative of coining silver and gold money, assuredly the same arguments do not apply to the question of a free and unlimited paper circulation. In the immense and universally diffused and complicated commercial transactions of this great nation, it is not in the power of tyranny and folly to restrain us from the use of paper-money, and indeed the extension of the currency is the gravamen of the present discussions upon our monetary system, the renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England, or the substitution of a National Bank, being in comparison no more than the chaff of this great question. For without an extension of our circulating medium, no prosperity, contentment, or political tranquillity can ever return to the people of this country; and our false legislation upon the subject of banking has brought forth more commercial loss, embarrassment, and ruin, and more misery, malice, and disaffection amongst the masses of our industrious population, than can now be remedied without the demolition of our aristocratical institutions, or perhaps the downfall of the monarchy itself. For thousands and tens of thousands of our people owe their existence to that extension of our commerce which has been founded upon a paper circulation; and the removal of that paper is the lingering death-warrant of one half the population of the British empire. For the bankers are now the supporters of our entire commercial system; whilst the operation of the one pound note restriction act is the virtual destruction of the business of the banker, for transactions in gold and silver afford no profit to the provincial dealers in money, and a small paper circulation is at once the credit of the banker, and his only means for a profitable distribution of his capital; therefore the unjust and tyrannical restrictions upon the bankers in the issuing of a small paper circulation, has contracted almost to nothing the accommodations of the country bankers; and the operation of this most cruel measure has reduced to ruin and the workhouse whole thousands of our industrious manufacturers, merchants, and farmers, and threatens indeed the entire annihilation of the middle classes of this country. Thus a universal derangement of the whole commerce of the world is the result of this ministerial intermeddling with the trade in money,; and it is an arrogant assumption of power, that one insignificant man, like Sir Robert Peel, should presume to superintend and regulate the commercial trans-

actions of every individual in this great nation. Upon principles of natural liberty, a banker who shall issue his note for one sovereign, or for one hundred millions of sovereigns, ought to be subject to no restraint other than the voluntary acceptance or refusal of his money by the public, with whom the common principles of self-interest and self-preservation will ever be the best of all restraints upon an undue issue of money; and a law prohibiting a banker from giving his note for one sovereign to whomsoever will give him credit for that sovereign, is a clear violation of the rights of individuals in a free community. To obtain an extensive circulation of his money, a banker must ever present an appearance of solid property and real responsibility; for men will not usually accept as value the written promise of any man to pay the sum of one sovereign, without a belief in his ability to redeem that promise, more than to give credit to a tailor or a smith, for woollen cloth or for iron to the value of one sovereign, without belief in the sufficiency of his capital for the payment of the debt. And notwithstanding the clamour against the bankers, they have invariably been found to be the most solvent and substantial of all the traders of the country; as the panic of 1826 swept away whole thousands of the manufacturers, merchants, and indiscriminate traders, whilst only one banker can be named whose estate has not produced a full dividend of twenty shillings in the pound. It is the existence of the Bank of England which alone has caused the periodical shocks in our monetary system; for the great mass of capital, and many privileges, accumulated in one great institution, has conferred upon the Directors all power over the commerce of the kingdom, and the world. The abolition of the Bank of England, and the liberation of the trade in money from the shackles with which the blind measures of our government have surrounded it, is therefore the true remedy for the commercial miseries of the nation, the deficiency of money being the sole cause of the ruinous condition of our trade, in a country superabounding in all the elements of plenty and content. The experience of the last few miserable years, in the absence of a paper circulation, proves that paper alone is the medium which can be profitably employed in the commercial transactions of this great nation; and as money, whether manufactured from silver, or paper, or gold, possesses no natural value, being merely the representative of the commodities of existence, it is clear that the suppression of the one pound note is the suppression of all the conveniencies and luxuries of life, of new coats and kettles, and new houses, furniture and plate, and the suppression of new coats and furniture has brought on a new parliament, and will yet further bring on a new church establishment, a new house of lords, and a new chief magistrate of the state, similar to that of the United States, where men may issue notes and buy coats and kettles where they will. That the Duke of Wellington and his fellow soldiers in the government should have persevered in a measure for the contraction of the currency, and the consequent contraction of the comforts of every man in England, is not remarkable in men who could avow their desire to diminish the population of the island; but it is a blindness to their fate which can induce their successors in office to persevere in those financial measures through the operation of which the Duke of Wellington and all his host, though sheltered behind a hundred thousand bayonets, at the rising of that population have yet flown like chaff before the wind. Entire destruction will be the inevitable fate of their successors, without

an early extension of the means of existence, for if the doctrine of over-population be persevered in, a tumultuous expulsion of the drones from the national hive will be certain, and the just and natural result. For if an over-population of the island be acknowledged to exist, men will naturally banish the most useless and burthensome portions of the species, and these undoubtedly will be the dukes, and lords, and bishops, the courtiers, pensioners, and placemen, with all the crowds of aristocratical paupers; the multitudes of whom, both male and female, form a huge portion of this surplus population.

In conclusion, we repeat our conviction of the urgent necessity, in the dismal and awful prospects of the commercial classes of this country, of an early and unlimited extension of the paper circulation, the disuse of which is the great and paramount cause of all our national distress. And whether the Charter of the Bank of England be continued, or a National Bank be substituted for the institution in Threadneedle-street, all measures will be vain and nugatory, if unaccompanied by an increase of the circulating medium, and an unlimited extension of the freedom of the trade in money.

SONG.

The horn—the horn is sounding nigh,
The huntsmen onwards ride;
With hawk and hound right cheerily,
To try yon covert's side:
The chase is stayed—but not for me,
It loiters in the dell;
It tempts not, when away from thee,
Sweet Isabel!

My hunting knife rusts on the wall,
My falcon droops his wing;
My dogs whine loudly in the hall,
To hear the summons ring.
O'er thicket, flood, and upland lea,
Again its echoes swell;
It tempts not, when away from thee,
Sweet Isabel!

The time has been, its lightest blast
Had bade me hurry on;
No foot that to the greenwood past,
With step so free had gone.
The field, as then, is fair to see,
But, though it promise well,
It tempts not—when away from thee,
Sweet Isabel!

G. H.

THE MALEDICTED.

It is truly a fearful thing to look backward through the chequered vista of our by-gone years, and find no green spot whereon the memory can dwell with pleasure—nothing in the glowing dreams of youth which can compensate for the thickly-coming infirmities of age—nothing over which we can linger with a sigh of regret, and exclaim with the gifted poetess of the Passions * "Would 'twere to do again!" If, however, we bear with us an inward monitor, who, ever and anon, erects the solemn finger of reproof, and says, in terms too emphatical to admit of mistake, "The crime was thine—be thine the punishment!" we have no plea of justification to enter upon the record; we must wear the remainder of our days in repentant sadness, and go down in very sorrow to the grave. But if we enter upon the world with a graceful confidence, with a bosom overflowing with love for every human tie, to which the common air, the generous earth, and all the mighty adjuncts of the visible world are but so many holy links, connecting this sphere of existence with another infinitely more exalted; and meet a blight in the very outset of our career, a mark which brands us as the children of an unhappy destiny; then, indeed, may we veil our eyelids in the waters of fruitless regret, and weep with unfeigned sorrow over the barrenness of the past, and the almost hopelessness of the future.

In the days of my early manhood, while the world was but as a shower of sunshine, I had a friend who was as dear to me as name or reputation: and from the first hour of our intercourse, to the gloomy period of its close, Clement Kennedy shewed himself worthy of my idolatrous regard. There are many ordinary ties which link hearts together in happy unison, and I may say, that we added to these every thing which could stimulate or cement reciprocal affection. With a similarity of professions in view, our studies were the same; and we advanced to our respective degrees of attainment like brothers, not competitors; an honour gained by Clement Kennedy would have set painfully on his brow, if not shared by Robert Blandford, and if Robert was ripe for examination on the morrow, he would have declined the opportunity, if Clement might not tread with him the path to distinction. Thus inseparable in our studies, it will not be supposed that we were divided in our sports; as we proceeded hand in hand in the field of mental cultivation, we did not relax our hold when we sought the recreations of civil society.

Clement Kennedy was blessed with a mother and two angelic sisters. It is perhaps well for me that I had neither; but the home of my friend was frequently mine. Mrs. Kennedy was a fine and high-spirited woman, who existed in the welfare of her children. Catharine, her eldest daughter, was deeply impressed with a lofty, and almost chivalrous sense of honour, imbibed, it was said, from her father, who fell a willing sacrifice in the service of his devoted country. Marian, the youngest daughter, was of a timid, gentle nature, and was more beautiful than her sister, at least she always appeared so to me. She had none of the imaginative enthusiasm of the former, but she was full of

* Joanna Baillie.

the gentlest affections, and the tenderest feelings, which could adorn and beautify the female character. I cannot say, at this moment, what she saw in me; but I saw in her a world of perfection, and I loved her for the sweet and unobtrusive virtues of her character. She was formed, too, for woman's saddest, most domestic offices. I remember when her brother lay delirious in a fever, neither entreaties nor prayers could keep her from his pillow. The lofty enthusiasm of her elder sister vented itself in tears, and passionate exclamations. She wept for him as for one already lost, and her grief grew moody and impatient, instead of being softened into affectionate solicitude. What a contrast, in comparison with the gentle Marian! While her sister wept in hysterical agony, Marian watched in anxious silence. Perhaps, too, she *did* weep, but it was in the still midnight, when none were near, when very weariness had pressed the eyelids of her suffering charge for a few moments into fellowship. She sought rather to soothe, by an example of chastened endurance, than augment the sorrow of others by the obstreperous lamentations of her own; and when she saw him restored to health and strength, when he was well nigh overpowered by the boisterous gladness of Catharine, she still maintained the beautiful equanimity of her character. She felt, indeed, irradiated by his manly presence; but beyond that, her bosom seemed as tranquil as a sheltered lake. Who would not have coveted such a sister? Who would not have sighed for the surpassing ministrations of such a being, in hours when sadness sat too heavily on the humiliated spirit, or sickness applied its withering power to the exhausted frame? May I be permitted to avow that I gloried in such perfection—that I loved her with a tenderness almost equal to her own—and, finally, that I was beloved with a deep, but placid devotion, such as might only be manifested by an incomparable being like herself?

Why do I dwell upon these things with a spirit which almost seems to exult in their contemplation? Alas! because I know they are beyond recal. Why does the mourning mother gaze and gaze, again and again, through her streaming tears, on the couch which contains the lifeless form of her dear and only child? It is to have the fearful certainty more indelibly impressed upon her heart, that she will no more see the warm flush of life on its innocent cheeks, that she will never again behold the brilliance of its sparkling eyes, or hear the murmuring music of its voice, as it sunk in balmy slumber on her bosom. Even in such a spirit do I gaze on the mental vision of Marian Kennedy, and the few short hours of sunshine which her presence shed around me.

At the period to which I now allude, our beloved, but unhappy country, was the arena of civil dissension, and party spirit raged with a vehemence not often exceeded even in that degraded and misgoverned land. It is not for me now to enter into any history of the indignities which were heaped upon wronged and insulted Ireland; she has had her advocates, proud and triumphant ones. She has had her victims, too; and it is melancholy to think how similar has been the fate which awaited both; the most triumphant advocacy was merged in oppression, and the most sinless of her victims overwhelmed in the grave.

My friend and myself did not come into manhood without a share, perhaps a liberal one, of indignant feeling at the miseries which our common country had sustained, and was in all human probability doomed to sustain. It may be pardoned to us that we were sanguine in

examining the schemes by which she was to be lifted from the mire of pollution, and placed in the rank of free and enlightened nations. Yet, may I say it, we were not firebrands in the cause of faction; though anxious to light the flame of liberty on our native altars, we sought not to accomplish it by desecrating the fanes, and trampling on the shrines of others.

It was in this time of strong excitement that a number of my countrymen began to assemble in secret, for the discussion of themes which it was no longer practicable for them to debate upon openly. Societies were formed, and a correspondence entered into, which, for the secrecy with which the former were maintained, and the extent to which the latter was pushed, even in the heart of an agitated country, were perfectly appalling to the minions of misrule, when they became aware of the precipice, on the brink of which they had been pausing. It is almost needless to say that Clement Kennedy and myself were joined to one of these societies, and equally unnecessary to add, that almost from that moment we became marked men.

There was a wretched creature—but I will not stain my paper with his name—nor fling additional reproach upon his memory. This being was entrusted with our secrets; and candour obliges me to confess, that some of them were of a nature which the prudent amongst us deplored. Such, however, as they were, they were confided to his faithless keeping. Month after month rolled heavily along, yet still we seemed to be gaining ground, till at length, as the eastern traveller sees the mimic fountain, we thought we discovered the dawn of restoration gleaming over the desert of tyranny and wrong.

I had spent an afternoon with my friend, in the society of his mother and her daughters. That nameless creature, too, was there, and in despite of reiterated hints to the contrary, he seemed obstinately determined on the introduction of the civil agitations of the time. On this theme, Kennedy and myself had made it a rule to preserve the most profound silence, whilst in the presence of his only remaining parent. With all her goodness, she had a weak point on these topics. She had already experienced some little difficulties with her husband, and she determined not to encounter a repetition of them in the person of her son. She believed that it was quite possible for men to move in their proper sphere of action without mingling their hands in the settlement of grievances, of the origin of which they were guiltless; and, whatever of duplicity may be charged upon the act, we studiously withheld from her the slender share we had in what we deemed our country's destinies. I know the demon *now* which prompted the wretch to act as he did on that occasion, although at the moment I could scarcely refrain from considering him as deranged. He not only persisted in his attempted conversations, but had the fatuity to produce some printed documents which had only been perused in secret. I rose from my chair. "Come, Clement," said I, "our friend"—aye, I said *friend* then—"our friend rebukes us wisely; we have indeed transgressed too far upon the ladies' leisure, and these newspapers will but confirm our ill behaviour."

"Right, right!" said Clement, "fold them up, Mr. ——, and we will take a turn in the garden till little Marian tells us tea is ready."

"Gentlemen, IT IS TOO LATE!" said he, with an emphasis absolutely startling. And it was too late! A herculean personage entered the apartment, and formally arrested "Clement Kennedy and Robert Bland-

ford on separate charges of high treason!" We assured the bewildered ladies that the whole had originated in some awkward mistake, which the explanation of a moment would rectify, and departed amid a scene of indescribable confusion and alarm.

We now became aware of the peculiarity—I may say awful peculiarity—of our situation. A mine had sprung beneath us, and where we might alight, when its disastrous whirl subsided, the God above us could alone divine. To add to our inquietude, we were separated; the friends who had been indivisible for years were subjected to the rude severance of a common prison-keeper. Distinct apartments were awarded to us, and we had the further infliction to endure, of knowing that new additions were making hourly to what was triumphantly termed the "new-caught band of petty patriots!"

It becomes me, however, to be just. We were not kept in ignorance. Copies of the charges to be preferred against us were furnished, and time allowed for preparing a defence to that which our unfeeling captors proudly deemed indefensible. For myself, I must candidly confess that I felt the novelty of my situation somewhat oppressive. I knew the extent of my participation too distinctly to flatter myself with the hope of a triumphant verdict; and yet I felt that I had never engaged in the depth of guilt which was about to be publicly charged upon me.

At length every thing was arranged, and the "commission," as it was specially termed, was opened with more than usual gravity.

I had received notice of trial, and on the previous evening I was sitting in the dubious twilight of my apartment, in one of those musing and mournful moods which the mind oftentimes takes refuge in, when it is too much distracted to entertain some distinct principle of thought. I sat in a species of waking dream, pondering over many things, and I beheld the past, and the present, and, with some degree of solicitude, the *future*, all mingled in chaotic indistinctness, and leaving alternate impressions of pain, pleasure, and anxiety,

I am almost willing to believe now, even at this remote hour, that I was that night the subject of spectral and demoniac visitation. It is scarcely possible for me to conceive that the heart of man was capable of such desperate wickedness as was that night revealed to me, or that one being bearing the form of a man, would have dared to have breathed such counsel in the ear of another, who had, at least within his reach, the power of attempted retribution.

The chain fell heavily from the door of my apartment, and the form of that now execrated being entered. I was not prepared for such a visitant, but he saluted me with gaiety. I will not detail what passed between us—'twere vain and profitless. I complained of his intrusion, and taxed him with his perfidy. He laughed aloud at the accusation, and inquired if I knew him? I thought the wretch inebriated, and ordered him to leave me.

"No!" said he, "we must have another scene before we part. Blandford, it is in my power to save you from an ignominious death; it is in my power to confer on you the happiness which you have coveted for years. Nay, do not start, nor look so tiger-like; we are but man to man, and if I *am* worsted, one call of my voice makes all even again. Will you hear me?"

"Go on," said I, scarcely capable of control.

"Clement, his family, and yourself, are now completely in my power."

I ground my teeth in convulsive agony.

"For you I have some regard. There is yet a way for your escape."

"Name it!"

"You must become his accuser—swear to words which I shall utter, and you are safe. I have already the deeds of the family estate in my possession; we'll discard the old fox, take the girls into companionship, and live like princes!"

I rose to crush him out of the shape of humanity, but he eluded my grasp; the door closed with a quick, harsh sound, and I was left alone in darkness, and a tumult of indignation.

It was long before my blood began to flow with its accustomed equanimity—my ears seemed yet to tingle with the tones in which the monstrous propositions had been made to me—to me! a devoted lover and a fast friend of the family! "Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, "What is he—*or what am I?* Has my conduct been so very ambiguous as to warrant him in daring to offer me an indignity so degrading? To stoop at once to subornation and seduction—to plunge from the paths of love and honour, to the lair of lust and crime!" It was too shocking for reality—and yet it was real.

The morning came at length, whose evening might see us doomed to a miserable death. I thought Kennedy looked paler than usual, though his grasp, when we joined our hands in salutation, seemed to possess more than its wonted fervour. We talked with cheerfulness of the ordeal we were about to undergo, and fervently prayed for righteous judges of our cause. We knew that some of our compatriots were to be sacrificed, yet we advanced to the tribunal with manly confidence.

The day was considerably spent before we were called upon to plead, and I thought, as I looked upon some of the faces which feeling or curiosity had draw around us, that they seemed already tired of the occupation. The sight of two new victims, however, gave another impulse to them, and they renerved themselves to hear yet more of crime—yet more of terrible retribution. Why should I detail our trial? It was but a simple addition to the already oft-read records of that period of heart-burnings and bloodshed. The witness whose testimony told most bitterly against us, was my Judas visitant of the previous night. I own, when first he stood upon the witness table, I longed to spring from the dock, and perpetrate murder even before the throne of justice; but my reason returned, and I beheld him quit the table with a feeling of mingled pity and abhorrence. I saw that the tide was setting in rapidly against poor Kennedy, and his pale but earnest features seemed to tell a tale scrupulously similar. My implication was not so fiercely emblazoned as his, but the damning clause remained behind—the act of one was the act of all.

The case for the crown was over, and Clement Kennedy was called upon for his defence. This was one of the most interesting moments of my life. He began in a low and uneven tone, to denounce the charge generally; but as he acquired confidence, and his voice began to make a decided impression in the court, he gradually rose into a strain of lofty impassioned eloquence, which arrested every ear, and turned every eye upon him. He painted, in fervent colours, the moral degradation of his unhappy country, and asserted the right of every free-born native of the

soil to wrest her liberties from the grasp of oppression, and place them in immutable security on the sacred altar of freedom. "For my part," said he, "I know not how others may feel, but my dying cry shall be, give my country liberty, or give me a speedy death!" A murmur of approbation appeared to pervade the nearer spectators, but it was speedily hushed in what I considered to be sighs of genuine pity, breathed over misapplied accomplishments.

My defence was brief.

When the jury had heard the comments of the venerable baron on the bench, they retired for consultation, and then came the torment of suspense!—I considered that I had borne myself manfully through that eventful day. I had even spoken words of kindness to my fellow in adversity, when I thought I saw his colour flitting, or his fine countenance relaxing in the firmness of its heroic expression; but in that short space I found myself perfectly unmaned—a thousand indefinable sensations crowded over me, and drove me into imbecility. It was near midnight when the arbiters of fate returned. The candles that here and there lent their reluctant light, threw a feeble glare upon them as they entered slowly, one by one, which made them seem like penal spirits doomed to scourge mankind. I felt myself sinking. I grasped the front of the bar with the fervour of a drowning person. As their names were told over, I literally gasped for breath. The lights quivered before my eyes. A noise as of rapid and mighty waters was rushing in my ears. My tongue was drawn in an agony of thirst to the roof of my mouth, and I seemed to verge upon suffocation, yet sustained by some superior power, which held me back to consciousness. At length, in the dead silence of the court, I heard "Clement Kennedy, GUILTY," and I fell stunned and insensible at his feet.

I felt that cold water had been thrown over me, and that a load as of millions of mountains was passing slowly from my soul. The pains of resuscitation must be dreadful. I have heard of dying agonies—but the throes of returning life are awfully severe. That midnight scene of horror was not well calculated to aid a baffled intellect—I shrieked aloud for Kennedy. The human heart is a wildly unstable and fearful thing; now brave as the spirit of all-enduring hope, and now sunk in weakness and despair. Kennedy had anticipated his fate—he was dying in the arms of the prison keeper!

I learnt that during my fearful trance, he was calm and apparently collected; he heard himself pronounced guilty without emotion. He heard me termed "not guilty" with a faint smile of satisfaction; but, while the awful sentence was being pronounced, he trembled violently—it was then that he was observed to raise his hand to his lips—it was then that he had determined to remove his cause from the unrighteous hands of men, and rush with it to the bar of his creator.

They bore him sadly to his cell, where I determined to render the last services to his remains; but my trial, or rather the effects of it, was not got over; I was seized with malignant fever, and conveyed from the apartment in delirium.

Some weeks elapsed before I was again enabled to mingle in society. Poor Kennedy had been laid in a felons grave, unblest and almost unwept. He was buried at midnight by the attendants of the gaol; his unhappy family not even allowed the information till all was over. I had a farewell letter from him for his mother, but I knew not how to

approach her in its delivery. I was yet weak, and I trembled for the consequences of an interview, at which I knew tears, even of blood, would be shed on either side.

Whilst I thus hesitated betwixt duty to the dead and feelings of regard for the living, I became apprized of a fact which determined me to make the visit at every hazard. From the time of my illness, some secret enemy had been most industrious in undermining my character in the family of the Kennedy's, and so successfully had the tale of fraud been administered, that, by all but *one*, I was believed to have been actually the seducer of young Kennedy into crime, if not wholly his betrayer to punishment? Where was this species of persecution to end? Oh! there is nothing so bitter in all the cup of human calamity, as the lot of a young and generous heart bruised and trampled in the dust of misrepresentation and ingratitude—throbbing in the pride of injured innocence, for rigid investigation, yet becoming more and more inextricably entangled in the meshes of imposture and dissimulation. What are the boasted barriers of innocence to the successful aggression of inordinate villany? With whom was I to plead my cause? The ear that would have listened to me was closed by the cold earth! Was I to be eloquent in the presence of the weeping mother, who already believed me the most abject—the most faithless of mankind? Catherine Kennedy, I knew, would spurn me, and Marian would look at me with her tear-dimmed eyes, and weep yet more with a newly awakened incentive to sorrow.

With a heavy heart I proceeded to the demonstration of my innocence.

The daughters were sitting in deep mourning. On my approach, Catherine rose and left the apartment with every mark of impatient disdain. Marian did not attempt to stir; she neither spoke nor looked. I took her hand in mine; I looked stedfastly upon her pale but beautiful countenance, and pronounced her name in a voice choking with emotion. She fixed upon me a glance which shot like lightning through my frame; she saw I did not flinch, and she seemed about to speak.

"Not to him!—not to that sycophant and seducer must Marian Kennedy ever speak more. No! in this family that task must now be mine alone."

I turned, and beheld the commanding form of my poor friend's mother. She did not leave me a moment for explanation. "Double traitor," she said, "traitor to your country and your friend; what seek you here? I have no more sons, and my poor girls are beyond the pale of your paltry machinations. Begone, sir! Yet, before you go, bear with you the bitterest curse of a bereaved—a broken hearted mother!"

I raised my hand in silent deprecation.

"Wretch!" she said with ungovernable fury, "would you seek to stay the thunder! Oh! may you be doubly cursed by bed and board; in the field or on the hearth; in the hall or in the hovel; on shipboard or on shore. May the mother's curse mix with your dreams and haunt your waking footsteps, till your heart be crushed and withered, like my own! May it cling to you and yours for ever; to wife and child, and every living wretch who shall dare to claim your alliance; and, SHOULD YOU MISS THE SCAFFOLD, may it fall with tenfold weight upon your death-bed! Come, my children, kneel down beside your miserable mother! Clement Kennedy, thou art avenged!"

She threw herself with frightful violence upon her knees, and strained

her clasped and uplifted hands. In an instant, the obedient girls complied. I saw my beloved Marian kneeling by her mother—her eyes streaming with tears, and her thin white hands trembling in the air; but whether in an agony of remorse or supplication I knew not. My heart died within me; I turned from the appalling spectacle and fled!

There was not one word of this fearful malediction that did not sink like lead upon my soul. Pale and trembling, I passed through the streets like the spectral perpetrator of some ghastly murder. Men seemed to avoid me as if by an instinct that should say, "come not into collision with the accursed!" I entered my chambers—I turned the key with feverish precipitancy—I threw myself upon my couch, buried my face in my hands, and wept long and bitterly.

When I next came forth among mankind, I was scorned; remonstrance or refutation was of no avail. I was loathed and shunned by all who knew me. I thought my heart would break as I returned once more to the solitude of my chamber, to ascertain if I might devise a mode of relieving my soul from the incubus which dwelt in fiend-like authority over it. I sought relief in books—in silent communings with the master-minds, whose very words have been termed sparks of immortality. I sought to forget the real world in the throned grandeur of the ideal. But the books in which I formerly delighted had lost their charm; or rather, I had lost the relish which made those charms engaging. I saw that books contained but records of oppression and histories of wrongs; huge catalogues of crime, and infamy, and persecution, which made the cheek blush and the heart sick for the share they had in humanity. But, above all, I was constantly reminded—alas! I stood in no need of remembrancers!—of him with whom these books had been perused; and that was enough to turn every enjoyment to the bitterness of gall.

I had risen from my fruitless occupation, and had stepped to the window. The busy world was moving on as if there were neither grief nor duplicity, nor oppression known amongst men. The common labourer bore his burden happily, and the humble artizan held up his head with an air of cheerfulness. But they were unstricken—the shaft had not reached *them;* the iron had not entered their souls. They had not been maligned like me—oh! agony and frenzy—they had not been cursed like me! How unhappy is the heart which even the apparent felicity of others render wretched. I was turning in disgust from the living world, when my attention was arrested by the approach of a funeral. "Ah!" I said, "thou art happy, whoever thou art! The last pang is over; and if even disgrace should attach to thy memory, thou must still remain in deep unconsciousness of the appalling fact." It drew more near—it was the funeral of a female. It came nearer—she must have been beloved—nay adored; the very attendants were in tears—they buried their faces in their handkerchiefs, and their solemn steps and heaving bosoms told that they were not feigning a sorrow which they did not feel.

I was interested. Perhaps she was snatched away in the bloom of beauty and innocence, when life and hope was in her eye, and health and vigour in her step. Perhaps she had lingered till release became a blessing. The procession was suddenly impeded by the approach of some vehicles; and the bearers paused beneath my window—the wind

at that moment blew back the rich velvet pall, and the sun streamed full upon the gilded memorial on the lid. Oh! those rays were basilisks. I read—

MARIAN KENNEDY,

AGED 21.

* * * * * *

And they had murdered *her!* Too loving—too faithful girl! She could not—she dared not vindicate her opinion of my innocence, but she could die! Ha! what horrible thought flashed across my brain—the fatal words!—ran they not so? "and every living wretch who shall dare to claim your alliance!" Oh! most unhappy mother—thou hadst spoken words of fire against thy darling child!

It moved away—they bore her from me—the faithful even unto death—and I beheld her no more. Respect and honour be with her beloved name.

The last link was broken that bound me to the world. I would have been content in that moment to have yielded up my spirit and shared the grave of my poor Marian. I had nothing to live for—none to love me—and, *now*, none to love.

My resolution was taken. If I am doomed to live, I said, I will have but one witness of the past. The wilds of the new world are open to me, and in their depths I will seek a shelter. What! if I shared the covert of a savage? have I not lived amongst the civilized?

As soon as the ordinary preparations were completed, I embarked for America. To me, who was utterly ignorant of a maritimal life, the first few days were sufficiently irksome; but I felt I was wedded to misfortune, and I resolved to make a virtue of endurance. The comparative loneliness, too, of my situation affected me, and the undying worm which was preying on my heart, rendered me a victim to the most miserable of morbid conditions. It was in vain that I endeavoured to shake off this mental lethargy—in vain that I sought relief in the vastness and originality of the scene around me. I was personally witnessing the glorious descriptions, which almost every man has read with feelings he will probably never forget, and yet, this new and mighty aspect of nature failed to awaken one burst of admiration, or elicit one sentiment of rapture, from a mind buoyant and imaginative both by nature and by education. My nights were not less miserable than my days were unhappy; the season of repose brought no succour to the maledicted. The images of my waking thoughts resolved themselves into awful phantoms for the hours of sleep, and distressed me, till the bare idea of retiring to rest became a burden to me. Often and often have I stood in moody silence, and watched the lessening rays of the retiring sun, as he withdrew his glories for the irradiation of another sphere. I have marked in mute regret, the solemn advances of darkness, till the curtained heavens became invisible, and I returned to my cabin with loathing and alarm. In the middle of the night I would start from my intermittent slumbers with the voice of the denouncer ringing in my ears. "Clement Kennedy, thou art avenged!" At other times, my eyes would be appalled by the horrid vision of the kneeling females, re-

newing the prayer of their heavy objurgations. Anon, the dark coffin of my poor Marian would be borne by viewless agents athwart my astonished gaze, and I would stretch forth my hands to stay it, and ponder on the inscription for the dead, and seem to weep, till the suffocation of my ideal sorrow pushed me within the confines of tangible suffering. And thus, by day and night my misery was complete. I was doomed never to forget!

At length the term of my probation on the waters was completed, and I left the circumscription of my wooden home, for the ample range of a splendid city; but it was only to meet a society which I could not enjoy, and gaze on scenes which I had not the spirit to appreciate. Cities had no charm for me; the wilds and solitary fastnesses of nature alone could yield me refuge.

In the hotel at which I sojourned, I had frequently remarked a young man, who seemed to me, more intelligent than any one with whom I had come in contact since my arrival. I learnt with satisfaction that he was not a native of cities; he was not cantaminated by the hollow professions of men who live in fashionable hordes, and for the purpose, as it would seem, of deluding each other into guilt and wretchedness. He was the only son of a small family, who had early sought their fortunes in the distant woods, and by individual exertion, and reasonable success, had become enabled to sit down under the shadow of "their own vine, and their own fig-tree." The study of this young man's character, was the only ray which passed athwart the gloom of my despondency. Though I had forsworn society in the mass, I had not contemplated the denial of a friend. I had not refused the only source of solace which the rigour of my fate allowed—the opportunity of pouring my sorrows into one faithful bosom, and of endeavouring to alleviate a pressure which had become almost unbearable.

It was thus that I schooled myself into a desire for the society of Albert Detroisier; and to pass over the tedium of introduction, I found him perfectly worthy of the pains I had taken. Business had called him from his settlement, to which he was now immediately to return; it was arranged that I should proceed to his destination with him, and if, happily, I could fall in with their primitive mode of life, it was reserved for me either to join in their speculations or commence agriculturist on a venture of my own.

We set forward on two excellent horses, and a ride of a few miles brought us at once into a wilderness! No more trace of humanity than if Eden had never been planted! In my happiest mood, I did not indulge freely in conversation, for the malady of the heart does not vent itself in words, but here I was literally dumb with amazement. I had seen the glorious ocean under some of its most imposing aspects, but its gigantic voice never fell upon my soul in such accents of sublimity, as did the voice of these apparently interminable forests; it spoke to me of the ages which had rolled away in silence, just flinging forth their seasons as they passed and returning once more to the bosom of eternity. I had no tangible idea of created space, until I found myself hemmed in by ever-during trees, and surrounded by mountains coeval with the wilderness.

My kind companion saw my abstraction as if he saw it not, or at least, as if a notice of it might be offensive. When, however, I found myself at leisure to converse, I perceived him to be a ready guide to

the mysteries of the forest. He described the wild fruits, and the vivid dyes which he beheld, and as the winged inhabitants flitted past us, he named them with facility. In this way we continued our journey until the evening of the fourth day, when the boundings of two fine dogs indicated our approach to the neighbourhood of New Hope Settlement. An hour's ride brought us to the spot, and we were welcomed with a rude but honest heartiness, which amply repaid what I confess had appeared to me a tiresome journey.

The family of Detroisier consisted of but four, the father, mother, my new acquaintance, and a daughter. The elder people were frank and affable, and somewhat proud of the stranger their son had brought them, the more so, as he could tell them of strange occurrences which had taken place in the mother-country, and of which the slightest intimation had not reached them in their sylvan seclusion. Emily Detroisier was a handsome creature, just bursting into womanhood, and strong and vigorous as the wild fawn of the adjoining woods. She blushed deeply, and with a sweet awkwardness, when Albert told her he had brought her another brother, who would tell her wondrous stories of the world beyond the sea, of which she had only heard some brief imperfect legends. She received and returned my salute with a sister-like ardour, and clapping her hands in an apparent extacy of delight, she exclaimed, "Oh, how happy we shall be!"

I know not how it was, but the presence of that girl was a source of inexpressible uneasiness to me; and from the first week that I spent in her company, I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards her. At times my agony was intense, and I rushed from the presence of all, and unwitnessed, in the bosom of the woods, I gave loose to the anguish of my terror-haunted soul. "What!" I would ask myself, "can the words of a weak woman over-leap time and space, and blight me even in solitude? Shall I never know compassion more? never more taste the sweet solace of a congenial heart, or repose my unhappy head on the bosom of unsophisticated affection?" I determined that I would no longer stoop to such a degradation; that I would fling unmerited punishment to the winds, and in the garb of a sylvan hunter, and in the happy arms of Emily Detroisier, would seek that measure of delight which had hitherto eluded my grasp, I would enjoy the few years which were yet allotted me, in defiance of forebodings for the future, or regrets for the past. Alas! how unstable are the resolves of the unhappy! when I saw the gay figure of Emily, I was whirled in an instant to other days and scenes—I beheld the pale but dear features of the lost Marian, and my eyes were filled with the tears of a too faithful recollection.

Amid these strugglings of the mind, however, I was rapidly acquiring a strength and hardihood of body, to which, up to that period, I had been wholly a stranger. I entered upon my new pursuits with a manly alacrity, and every trace of the pale and sorrow-stricken student was lost in the athletic form of an adventurous woodsman.

I became expert in the use of a rifle, and frequently followed the chase with uncommon ardour for days. On these occasions I made a circuit from New Hope, which materially impeded the chances of my finding my way back unassisted. At that period the native Indians might be said to halve the soil with the new and industrious settler; and in the majority of instances, a spirit of the warmest friendship

existed in both parties. Slight exchanges were effected between them, and numberless acts of kindness and goodwill performed on either side. Some there were, however, who were not born for sociality; they could not bear to see their native woods torn down by the axes of the new comers, and the stubborn plough driven through the very soil which was rendered famous by the deeds, and possibly sacred by the ashes of their invincible forefathers. I had been warned of this; I had also been cautioned not to extend my rambles to an unnecessary length when alone; of all of which, at the moment, I took careful note, but frequently lost sight of the monition when prudence was most necessary.

I was returning pensively from a rather longer excursion than usual, and was almost regretting my distance from New Hope, when I was startled by the sound of something which whizzed with great force past my ear, and was speedily buried in the forest. I had no doubt that it had been thrown; but that it had been aimed at me I refused for a moment to believe. Since I first set my foot on the continent of the new world, I had the consolation to think that I had made some friends, but not one enemy! I proceeded steadily onwards, when a tall Indian suddenly placed himself in the path before me, and in an attitude which declared that he meant to contend the passage with me. I stepped back to bring a blow at him with my rifle, but he, with a sudden bound, was upon me, and had nearly as good a hold of my weapon as I had. His features were inflamed with passion, and his eyes glowed like two coals of fire. He gave a furious throw, as if he had imagined to deprive me of the rifle by a *coup de main;* but he had underrated my powers for resistance; I not only retained my grasp but I returned the throw with a suddenness and force which threw him violently backward. I smiled at him in derision, and was about to give him a blow that would have unfitted him for sudden pursuit, when a wild shout arose behind me, and at the same moment my arm was arrested by another Indian of more formidable dimensions than my fallen adversary. The smile of good humour was upon his countenance, and an interchange of words took place between them, which I understood enough of to know that the new comer was a peace-maker. I stood upon high ground, however, I availed myself of the parley to load my piece, which had two of the best barrels that ever were brought to an aim, and I demanded them to clear my path on pain of instant punishment. The new comer was nothing daunted; he renewed his pacific gestures with an earnestness which made me smile in compliance, and, stepping on one side, he partly dragged and partly lead my sullen and discomfitted antagonist from the scene of conflict.

When I reached home, the account I gave of the rencontre, alarmed the family, but more particularly Emily, whose affection for me began daily to increase. They rejoiced at the firmness of my resistance, as that would give my unknown adversary a favourable opinion of me, if he were an honourable person; but they regretted his defeat inasmuch as some of the natives were known to pursue such a dishonour with the most vindictive and unyielding hatred.

That evening Emily begged of me no more to subject myself to such a risk. From the description I was enabled to give of the Indians, she was satisfied that both had been at New Hope on a mission of barter. One of them had looked at her with more than usual earnestness, and, she added, in a low tone of voice, while she grasped my arm firmly,

she believed she had seen him in the neighbourhood, endeavouring to gain a sight of her! I promised that I would no more endanger a life which had become dear to her—and, shade of MARIAN forgive me!—sealed the promise on her lips.

We heard no more of our Indian friends, and the circumstance which caused depression to the inmates of New Hope, brought an elevation of the heart to me. This was the first struggle in which I had been engaged, and, without a vaunt, I might say I was the victor. I hailed the omen with a delight which *now* I cannot but characterize as childish. It was *then*, however, "the rainbow of the storm to me;" it was plain that I was not to be worsted in every encounter—vengeance, a mother's vengeance, was at length tired of pursuing me, and I might breathe once more without the sensation of the ever-stifling curse!

My life became one unvarying round of sweet placidity. We pursued our labour when it was necessary; when otherwise, we took a range in the woods, or a day's fishing in the lakes. When the weather admitted of neither—and sometimes it was dreadfully severe—the time was spent in cheerful games—the relation of an old romance—or the fine voice of Emily, sometimes in a native ballad, and sometimes in the popular airs of my own land in her happier days. Of course it had been my pleasant province to teach her the latter, and it was a joy to me to hear the plaintive airs of ancient Ireland warbled by a music-breathing voice, amid the vast forests of the western world.

I had now become a confirmed settler, and a practised agriculturist, without even a wish to change my situation. The empty dreams that cheered my boyhood hours—the more emphatic aspirations of succeeding days—the air-drawn visions which hope nursed and glory pointed to with her bright alluring finger, were all merged in deep forgetfulness; every epoch of my life, save one alone, was buried in oblivion; and even that I was striving to forget. I was more happy than I had been for years. The seed time was passed, and we were looking forward to our usual ample harvest, when to pass away the vacuum more spiritedly, we proceeded, the entire family, to a settlement some miles distant, and availing ourselves of the kind ministrations of a French missionary, I became the husband of Emily Detroisier, and more sincere vows were never breathed beneath the fretted roofs of ponderous cathedrals, than were that day offered up in the small log chapel of the wilderness. Old Detroisier shed tears of joy, and his hale old wife blessed us with the best blessings of a fond mother. I prayed in my secret heart that they might prove propitious,

Whilst we were yet in the midst of our merry-making, we were visited by a party of straggling Indians, who halted for refreshment. There were but five of them—and two I instantly recognized as my friends of the forest. I affected not to know them. Had there been fifty instead of five, I am certain that Jerard Detroisier would have made them welcome. He was, at any time, an epitome of hospitality, but now, when he was scarcely in the possession of his senses, he would have entertained a colony. Gerard informed them of the nature of our festivity, and the effect the intelligence had on my recent assailant is certainly worth recording. He dashed the maple cup from his lips, and in a few minutes exhibited all the indications of the most intense despair; he bit pieces of flesh from his arms; and seemed the very image of frenzy. He then gave vent to a volley of wild intonation, and fled to

the woods, yelling like a wild beast! When our surprise,—for we did not suffer it to go further,—had in a measure subsided, the Indian, whom I have described as the peace-maker between us, approached me, and with an exquisitely ludicrous expression, tapped his forehead with his finger three times. I laughed, in my turn, and the party grew obstreperously merry. The moon at length rose upon our vigils, and after a series of gesticulations, which I was informed was a dance our dusky visitants departed.

From that hour forward, for the space of a year my life was an uninterrupted round of quiet happiness. My Emily loved me fervently, and the affections of the family were concentrated upon me. At the expiration of a year, New Hope was visited by a lovely boy. Every eye was beaming with delight—could mine be otherwise? I did partake of the general joy, but it was tempered with a dash of fear, for which I could not but reproach myself. Yet my feelings were not wholly unnatural. It is the accumulation of treasure which brings an increase of pain to the miser's heart; and, in like manner, as I found my slender hoard increasing, the fear of losing it overshadowed my soul!

But I had no cause for fear, the boy grew rapidly; nursed by his mother's assiduity and gladdened by her smiles, he became a goodly cherub, and most pleasant for a parent's eye to look upon. If there had been a deadly breach at New Hope, the birth of that child would have cemented all; but as it was, every heart throbbing with affection, the cup of concord was filled "e'en to o'erflowing full."

Cecil—he bore my unhappy name!—was in his sixth year, and a sturdy urchin he was becoming when I first began to inure him to ramble in the woods. With the keen sense of the forest-born he enjoyed the sport in which he could not participate, and he would bestride the yet quivering body of a fallen deer with as strong a zest as ever hunter shewed in rushing into "the death." We had been out together one day—I remember well I had no wish to go that day, but he was particularly urgent, and a glance from the bright eyes of his mother settled the matter—and the poor boy became sooner tired than usual. I mounted him, as was my wont, upon my shoulder, and went off at a rapid pace, he amusing himself the while by snatching at the slender branches and the berries which overhung him. As we passed on a peculiarly beautiful berry caught his attention, and he insisted on gathering some to make a necklace for his mother. Pleased with my child's solicitude, I set him down until I could procure the desired fruit; but seeing some yet larger and riper further on, I quitted him for a moment—but a moment—to snatch a luminous branch, when a faint cry apprized me of his danger. I flew to the spot, and found him weltering in his innocent blood! Vengeful had been the hand that dealt the blow—his neck was half severed by a tomahawk. I uttered one suppressed shriek of agony, which was briefly echoed by a yell of triumph and a rustling in the trees. I believe I was gifted with superhuman vision. I caught the gleam of an eye amid the foliage—I fired my rifle, and an Indian sprang from the thicket and expired within a few yards of me. The report of my piece increased my danger. The fiend had an accomplice in the wood, for in less than a second my cap was struck from my head by the launching of another knife. Enraged as I was, I would not suffer myself thus to fight at disadvantage. I resumed the bleeding body of my child and made for our habitation.

If it should be my destiny to live until I had attained the period allotted to the patriarch recorded in the pages of the sacred Pentateuch, I should never be able to describe the multitudinous assemblage of sensations I experienced whilst bearing home the corse of my murdered child. What was I to say to the mother who adored him? What to the relatives who regarded him as the light and life of their earthly enjoyment? What would be their feelings when I went in amongst them, and laid my precious burden down stone dead upon the table before them? It was horrible to think; and yet thought after thought flashed upon me with a celerity which almost drove me to madness. My Emily had anticipated our arrival; she was standing at the door, watching like impatient love, for our return. When she caught the first glimpse of me, bloody with my bleeding load, she uttered an exclamation of unearthly terror, and sunk down in utter insensibility. Her cry aroused the family within, and they hastened to her assistance, but appalled by the spectacle they beheld, they were incapable of rendering it.

When my unhappy wife returned to a state of sensibility she loaded herself with incessant reproaches; she accused herself in the bitterest terms of being an accessary to the slaughter of her son; she knew, she said, that I was loath to go; and but for her fatal acquiescence we would have remained at home and in safety. I tried with a bleeding heart, indeed, to solace my inconsolable partner, but my efforts were valueless. It was the first instance of death she had witnessed, and it overpowered her soul with intolerable anguish. For myself, I was covered with self abhorrence. I knew that I was the demon who had brought death and misery into their small but happy community. The curse—the unfailing curse—was pursuing me with an intensity which would have made the very ashes of my denouncer tremble in her grave.

Evening closed upon us in our desolation, but no eye sought for slumber. We sat round our dead child in awful silence, we did not dare to tell the agitations of our bosoms, and words of comfort we had none to utter. I was suddenly roused from my stupor by a broad glare of light at one of the windows, and rushing to the door, I found the house on fire, and surrounded by a small party of Indians. Fury and despair now took possession of our souls, and we rushed out upon our murderous assailants. The conflict was deadly. Gerard Detroisier and his brave son fell by my side, while the burning house was falling in upon the remainder of my relatives. It was in vain that I exposed myself; though an Indian fell at every shot, I seemed to bear a charmed life, till seeing the deed of darkness complete, they raised a yell of triumph and fled!

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I have returned, in my old age, to the land of my nativity to lie down and die when it shall please heaven to summon me. Oh! in mercy, may its call be speedy, for I am an outcast in this world. I may repeat with fearful fidelity the touching words of the Indian Logan—"there runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature."

W. G. T.

MODERN INVENTIONS.—No. III.

ROBERTS'S NEW FID—HARRIS'S LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS—WETTERSDETT'S PATENT METALLIC SHEATHING—WATSON'S LIFE PRESERVER—CANNING'S LIFE RAFT—ROGERS'S CAT-HEAD STOPPER—AND BATTEN'S PATENT CHAIN CABLE STOPPER.

AGAIN we are upon the waters. Fancy resumes her sketch, and flings over the dull solidity of matter of fact, the undulating gossamer of fiction. Yielding to her wayward impulse, we will first examine

ROBERTS'S NEW FID.—Nay, start not, gentles—there is no occasion for your going aloft to examine it—not even upon deck; for here we have a model at hand. But before we proceed to describe this miniature representation of the manner in which our slender topmast is fidded, we must inform you, that the earliest method of securing the topmast, after being bowsed up to its proper position, was by driving a conically-shaped piece of lignum vitæ, or other strong and durable wood, into an aperture formed in the lower end of the topmast; so that the ends of the fid, extending on each side of the topmast, might rest on the trussell-trees, and, carrying the weight of the topmast, confine it to its natural situation. Occasional improvements were made in the shape and proportions of this fid, but it was always found exceedingly difficult, and sometimes impossible, to be removed in stormy weather, unless the rigging and stays were loosened, and the risk of having the upper masts carried away being thereby considerably increased.

The active genius of invention has within a few years produced many plans to obviate these disadvantages, among which, the lever fid of Mr. Rotch stands pre-eminent; but even this has not fully answered the expectations that were formed of it, nor have the various modifications by Admiral Brooking, and other patentees, been more successful than the original. Instead of following the method adopted in all the preceding modes of fidding, by throwing the weight of the topmast upon the trussell-trees, which are in turn supported by the lower mast, Mr. Roberts contrives, by a very simple expedient, to suspend the weight at once upon the latter, which, you will observe, he does in this way. Against the fore part of the lower mast, at a sufficient distance from the head of it, he fixes a stepping piece for the topmast to rest upon; the head of this stepping piece is cut so as to form an inclined plane, sloping forward, and from the after part of the topmast heel a corresponding section is cut out, so that when the topmast is raised to its intended height, the stepping piece in the lower mast occupies the place of the section that has been cut away from the former. We have shewn that the head of the stepping piece is an inclined plane, and in order to make the topmast slide into its proper position upon that plane, a large wedge is introduced between the fore part of the topmast heel and the fore cross-tree; by driving this wedge the topmast is forced up and securely confined to its place, and may be as easily released, by putting a small block of wood, a handspike, or any thing else that may be at hand to form a fulcrum, at a little distance from the wedge, and by inserting the end of a crowbar, or other convenient lever, into one of a

series of notches cut in the wedge for that purpose, and lifting up the wedge; thus avoiding the necessity of slackening a single shroud.

This model also serves to demonstrate the plan of

HARRIS'S LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—We have already briefly mentioned this surprising safeguard against the terrific explosion of the electric fluid, to the destructive effects of which vessels are more liable than any other objects; and we will now describe its peculiar arrangement and advantages. To protect a ship effectually from damage by lightning, it is essential that the conductor be as continuous and as direct as possible, from the highest point to the sea; that it be permanently fixed in the masts, throughout their whole extent, so as to admit of the motion of one portion of the mast upon another; and that, in case of the removal of any part of the mast, together with the conductor attached to it, either from accident or design, the remaining portion should still be perfect, and equal to the transmission of an electrical discharge into the sea. To fulfil these conditions, pieces of sheet copper, from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch thick, varying from one inch and a half to six inches in breadth, and being about two feet long, according to the size of the masts, are inserted into the masts in two laminæ, one over the other; the butts or joints of the one being covered by the central portions of the other. The laminæ are riveted together at the butts, so as to form a long, elastic, and continuous line. The whole conductor is inserted under the edges of a neat groove, ploughed longitudinally in the aft side of the different masts, and secured in its position by wrought copper nails, so as to present a fair surface. This metallic line then passes downward from the copper spindle at the mast head, along the aft sides of the royal mast, and top-gallant-mast of large vessels, and is connected in its course with the copper about the sheeve holes. A copper lining in the aft side of the cap, through which the topmast slides, now takes up the connection, and continues it over the cap to the aft side of the topmast, and so on, as before, to the step of the mast; here it meets a thick, wide, copper lining, turned round the step, under the heel of the mast, and resting on a similar layer of copper, which is fixed to the keelson; this last is connected with some of the keelson bolts, and with three perpendicular bolts of copper, of two inches diameter, which are driven into the main keel upon three transverse or horizontal bolts, brought into immediate contact with the copper expanded over the bottom. The laminæ of copper are turned over the respective mast heads, and are secured about an inch or more down on the opposite side; the cap which corresponds is prepared in a somewhat similar way, the copper being continued from the lining in the aft part of the round hole, over the cap, into the fore part of the square one, where it is turned down and secured as before, so that when the cap is in its place, the contact is complete. In this way, we have, under all circumstances, a continuous metallic line from the highest points to the sea, which will transmit the electric matter directly through the keel, and emit it into the non-conducting fluid where it becomes perfectly neutralized and harmless.

A most interesting series of experiments, conducted by the inventor, Mr. William Snow Harris, at Plymouth, as well as before the Lords of the Admiralty, and subsequent trials on board of ships of war, have shewn the decided superiority of this lightning conductor over that of the chain; the latter being subject to frequent disarrangement and frac-

ture, as it has to be suspended from the mast-head, and dragged through the water, and is always liable to entanglement upon the lowering of the upper masts. But it will be apparent, that in whatever position we suppose the sliding masts to be placed, whether in a state of elongation or of contraction, still the line of conduction, by Mr. Harris's arrangement, will remain perfect; for that part of the conductor which necessarily remains below the cap and top, when the sliding masts are struck, is no longer in the line of action, and consequently its influence need not be considered.

In describing the lightning conductors, we have mentioned copper sheathing, which has been hitherto held to be the best protecting medium for ships' bottoms; but as the vessel in which we are embarked is supposed to be constructed of iron, and is only intended to navigate "the sunny seas of fancy," she needs no such covering: were it otherwise, we should have adopted

Wettersdett's Patent Metallic Sheathing, which is an alloy of lead, antimony, and quicksilver; the combination of which is such as not only to preserve them from oxidating, but also imparts to the composition peculiar qualities of cohesion, tenacity, and elasticity, qualities which are not possessed by copper or its alloys generally, and which render the patent material highly eligible for the purpose to which it is applied. The cohesion of the particles is not destroyed by a violent strain or blow, as copper is affected, but being exceedingly elastic and tenacious the metal adapts itself to the force of the percussion. Its tenacity also gives it a ready adaptation to surface, which is of considerable importance, not only in facilitating the perfect covering of the vessel, at first, but subsequently in obviating the effects of any accidental strain the vessel may receive during her passage, and which, under ordinary circumstances, might occasion the loss of the ship, cargo, and crew; and it will be found equally useful in the event of a vessel being driven on shore. After use, the outward surface of this marine sheathing remains perfectly clean and bright, like silver, without any adhesion of barnacles, or other marine productions, such as were found to be so great a means of obstruction in the experimental trials of Sir Humphry Davy's Protector, notwithstanding the philosopher's conclusions, *à priori*, that a negative state of electricity would be unfavourable to vegetable production or existence. The chief points of superiority possessed by Mr. Wettersdett's sheathing over that of copper, are, that it is not subject, like the latter, to oxidation, and consequent destruction, or to the accumulation of sea-weed, barnacles, or other material, which retard the speed of the vessel; to which may be added, that this combination of metals acquires additional hardness by being kept in contact with the sea; that it is of considerably less price than copper; and that it is far more durable than sheathing made of the last-named metal.

Let us return upon deck, and complete our survey. Here we have

Watson's Life Preserver, and is at once light, elegant, and yet perfectly serviceable. It is formed of two hollow spheres of copper, hermetically sealed, each being about twelve inches in diameter. These spheres are united by a cord, of sufficient length to permit a man to place himself between the spheres, and obtain support in the water by hanging over the cord, or getting it under his arms; the atmospheric fluid contained in the spheres being enough to afford sufficient buoyancy

to sustain two persons. On the first alarm of "a man overboard!" this apparatus, which is kept at hand on the quarter-deck is thrown into the sea, in the direction of the person immersed, and as near to him as circumstances will permit. Each sphere is also made heavier in that part which should remain undermost in the water, in order that it may keep in an upright position a piece of wire of twenty-two or three inches in height, to which is fixed a narrow pendant of light bunting; and these little streamers are intended to attract the notice of the person who is in the water to a certain means of temporary safety, whilst they will form a mark from the ship in putting her about, and serve to guide the boat's crew in directing them towards the spot where their messmate awaits them, or near to which he must still be struggling with the waves.

In all ordinary cases at sea, these life preservers will be found sufficiently efficacious; but when it becomes necessary to escape from a stranded vessel, and to buffet with

> The jagged rocks, the rugged shore,
> Amid the raving whirlwind's roar;
> When each wild rushing ocean wave,
> Seems raised to form a seaman's grave—

something beyond buoyancy is required; something that will defend, as well as sustain. In these cases, any expert seaman will speedily construct, out of such materials as are readily to be found on shipboard, an excellent wreck escape, which, bearing the inventors name, is called

Canning's Life Raft; which, for the preservation of two or three persons, when even a boat would be unavailable, is composed of three spars, which are lashed together crosswise at their centres, and are braced, or kept in a proper position—that is, their extremities equidistant from each other—by means of ropes. To each end of these spars is attached a cork fender, or an empty cask covered with a hammock, to protect it from being stove in by a projecting rock. The persons upon these rafts, the size of which will of course be proportionate to their number, support themselves in the centre, by holding on by the ropes, and shift themselves about as the raft occasionally rolls over. Upon reaching the shore, the raft will be thrown up by the waves, high enough to enable them to land with the greatest ease.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our trip, and the two remaining articles to which we shall call your attention will be put in operation in dropping anchor, and mooring our little vessel. The first is

Rogers's Cat-head Stopper, by which the anchor is suspended to the cat-head. This stopper is a sort of forceps, whose lower limbs are curved towards and cross each other, when closed, much like the beak of a crossbill, leaving an opening about midway between the pivot and their extremities, in which they confine the ring of the anchor. To each of the upper limbs of the forceps is attached a short chain, which is suspended by a ring at the termination of a longer chain, called the stopper-chain, which, when in operation, sustains the whole apparatus, anchor, &c. and whose end is passed through the cat-head, at the hole generally used for the fixed or permanent part of the common stopper, and carried in-board. The anchor having been catted in the usual way, by being hoisted up by the cat-block to the cat-head, the forceps are lowered by the stopper-chain, and hooked to the ring of the anchor;

the short terminating chains attached to the upper limbs of the forceps being of a length to allow of their sufficient extension, the stopper-chain is then hauled tight enough to close the forceps, and is fastened to the timber-head, in-board, in the usual manner. It will be apparent, that whilst the forceps are suspended by the stopper-chain, the greater the weight they have to support the more firmly will they be closed together. From the pivot of the forceps a shackle is brought up, and permitted to play between the upper limbs; to this shackle another chain is affixed, the upper end of which is permanently attached to the cat-head, near the bow of the vessel. To let go the anchor, it is only necessary to slacken the stopper-chain, by which, when the weight falls upon the permanently fixed chain, the short chains at the termination of the stopper-chain are permitted to expand; there being then nothing to prevent the opening of the forceps, their lower limbs are immediately separated from each other by the pressure of the ring of the anchor, and the anchor is safely and instantaneously dropped.

It will naturally occur, that the great weight of the anchor will cause it to descend with extreme rapidity, dragging the chain-cable along with it; and that if there were not some means of checking its force, and of eventually stopping it, beyond those resorted to in the use of hempen cables, accidents to the chain-cable, to whatever would lie in its way, and to the seamen employed in its management, would frequently take place. To obviate all these mischances, we have

Batten's Patent Chain-cable Stopper, an apparatus which is under the easy guidance of a single seaman. Although the name of compressor has been (improperly) given to this stopper, it does not at all affect the cable by compression, which would, in fact, be causing an injury to it, but simply acts as a check to its rapidity, and as a means of confining it at any required point. The chain-cable stopper is fixed under the coamings of the hatchway, and is formed of two levers, which, by the operation of a pulley, confine the chain in its passage out by jamming it against an iron plate upon which these levers traverse. So complete is this great nautical improvement, that the utmost certainty of action may be attained with perfect ease and security, without the slightest risk to cable, stopper, or seaman.

"Half speed, below there!" is the order from our commander to the engineer. "Starboard!" to the steersman. "Half speed it is"—"Starboard it is," are the ready replies. "Stop her, below there!" Her progress is retarded until the tide begins to give her stern-way. "Stand by the cable-stopper!"—"All's ready, sir."—"Let go the anchor!" Downward dashes the massive instrument, and every link of the swiftly-gliding chain seems to rumble forth its objection to be drawn out of its tranquility, and to be immersed in the splashing stream. "Stop her!" —the vessel surges a little, as if reluctant to be confined, the chain is brought to, and again we are safely moored.

NOTICE OF SPAIN.

Spain, though without doubt, one of the most interesting countries in Europe, whether we regard the character of its people, or its romantic literature, has been the most neglected. Modern civilization, has swept from the surface of society all that was romantic and picturesque, with few shades of difference. One uniform system of manners prevails over most parts of the European continent. But in Spain it is far different. Spain is still the same in character and appearance it was, centuries ago; its fortunes only have changed.

It is difficult to give a general description of a nation, whose character and customs, differ in every province. These provinces, which were formerly as many kingdoms, appear to have preserved the spirit of hatred towards each other, in a greater or lesser degree in proportion to the distance they are from each other.

The Catalans are the most industrious, active, and laborious among the Spaniards; they consider themselves as a distinct people, are always ready to revolt, and have more than once formed the project of erecting their country into a separate republic. For some time past, Catalonia has been the nursery of the arts and trades of Spain, which have acquired there, a degree of perfection not found in any other part of the kingdom. The Catalan is rude in his manner almost amounting to brutality.

The Valencian is subtle and false, though milder in his manners; he is the most idle, and at the same time the most supple individual that exists. His country is justly termed the garden of Spain, from its fertility and beauty.

The inhabitant of Galicia may be compared to the native of Auvergne; he quits his country and is employed, in the rest of Spain, in much the same manner as persons of the same class from Auvergne and Limousin, are in France. The same may be said of the Austrian.

The Castilian is haughty, bigoted, and grave in his manner, and is generally esteemed for his fidelity, strength of mind, and inflexible integrity.

The Andalusian has nothing of his own, not even his language, and may be compared to the Gascon for extravagant expressions, vivacity, and vain boasting. Hyperbole is his favourite language; he embellishes and exaggerates every thing, and offers you his purse and person, in as little time as he takes to repent of it.

Such are a few of the varieties of character to be met with in Spain; though there are some qualities common to all. A strict sobriety, a blind and extreme bigotry is universal. The national vanity, a prejudice much in favour of a government which knows how to turn it to advantage, is carried to an excessive degree. There is not a Spaniard who does not think his country the first in the world. The people have a proverb which says, Donde esta Madrid calle el mundo, "where Madrid is, let the world be silent." A preacher in a sermon on the temptation of Christ, told his audience, that the devil, according to holy writ, took the Saviour to the top of a high mountain, whence all the kingdoms of the earth were discovered; he showed him France, England, and Italy, but

happily for the Son of God, Spain was hidden from his sight by the Pyrennees. Fathers of families, on their death-bed, have been known to congratulate their children on their happiness in living in Madrid, and have taught them to consider that advantage, as the greatest benefit of which they could leave them in possession.

The residence in cities, especially in the capital, of those who have the means, leaves the country deserted. A Spaniard never lives in the country; he cannot like it, because he knows not what it is; the lively descriptions of the beauties of the country, of the varied scenes of nature, the enthusiasm of Gesner, Thomson and St. Lambert are unknown in Spain.

The blind respect the Spaniards have for priests is derived to them from the Goths. The monks, priests and bishops, were infallible in the eyes of that people; they became the only judges in civil as well as ecclesiastical matters. The number of ecclesiastics in Spain is calculated at the enormous number of 200,000; this alone is surely a sufficient reason for the present degraded state of Spain. Their power is supreme in every department of government. A priest is an object of veneration, to punish whom civil justice has hardly any power, let him have committed ever so great a crime. A striking instance of this was seen a few years ago in Andalusia. A monk of the order of barefooted Carmelites, had conceived a violent passion for a young girl to whom he was confessor. He had undoubtedly attempted to explain to her his wishes; because, learning from herself, that she was going to be married, and jealous that another should possess her that he idolized, he became frantic; and one day, after the young woman had made her confession to him, received the sacrament from his hands, and heard him say mass, he lay in wait for her at the church door, and notwithstanding the cries of the mother, and the astonishment of all present, with three strokes of a poniard laid her dead at his feet. He was taken into custody, but the king being informed he was a priest, condemned him to live at Porto Rico, as a presidiary, or galley slave.

The naval force of Spain is very inconsiderable, almost beneath notice; and every year it decreases, from the want of funds to pay the men and officers. The army is, however, in a much better condition, though still contemptible in comparison with that of other nations. The regulars consist of 33,000 infantry; of these, eight regiments are foot guards, and there are likewise seven regiments of light infantry. The cavalry is not at present more than 5,000 men, which, with the addition of the corps of artillery, the whole strength of which amounts to 8,000 men, would make the Spanish army consist of 46,000.

Besides these, there is a militia of 30,000, and likewise the famous royalist volunteers, the number of which might be moderately estimated at 100,000. These latter are, however, the true defenders of church and state, as the regular army are much in advance of the rest of the people in knowledge and intelligence, and were much suspected in the recent attempts of the constitutionalists, to be tainted with liberalism. The "volunteers" consist of the refuse of the population, obnoxious to the respectable part of the nation for their crimes and outrages. The Spaniards, were they properly clothed and armed would make excellent soldiers: they have a fine military look, which even their present miserable condition does not take from them. Their bodies though thin,

are athletic and sinewy, and their piercing black eyes and erect figures, proclaim no lack of fitness within. The generals in Spain amount to the almost incredible number of 745!

The revenues of Spain arise from various sources; the following are some of the principal; 1. The fifths of the government lotteries which occur every month; 2. The rentas generales, or the excise and custom dues; 3. The government monopolies of paper, cards, salt and tobacco, denominated the estancos. Besides these, there are the papal bulls and indulgences, of which half the produce has been conceded to the King of Spain, the sale of masses for the dead. These last are by far the most considerable sources of the revenue. There is one more source, however, which is likewise far from trifling, viz., the excusado, or right conceded by the church, of appropriating in each parish the tythes of the finest farm as the privilege of the crown. The amount of these is about five millions, and is collected in the most arbitrary and corrupt manner.

But I must not forget the most interesting portion of the creation. Nothing, indeed, is more lovely than a young Spanish girl at fifteen years of age, such as I have seen many in the rural parts of the kingdom. A face perfectly oval; hair of a fine, clear auburn, equally divided on the forehead, and only bound by a silk net; large black eyes; a mouth replete with graces; an attitude always modest; a simple habit of neat black serge, exactly fitting the shape, and gently pressing the wrist; a little hand and foot perfectly proportioned; in short, the Spanish maiden is the very model of beauty and grace. Always ready to please, she dances and does every thing with a grace unattainable by mere cultivation; touches her guitar as if by inspiration, and sings with a charm that passion only can impart. The Spanish women are indeed, fascinating; among her virtues, and they are numerous, there is yet one that is far from being universal; I mean chastity. The jealousy of the men, indeed, has long since past away, but the fair Spaniard still retains her ancient fondness for intrigue. Every married woman is attended by her cortejo, and lovers, now run little risk from the jealousy of the husband.

WE HAD PARTED FOR YEARS.

We had parted for years, I had roam'd o'er the sea,
Nor thought that her heart ever wandered to me,
For I knew she had beauty, had youth, had the power,
To mingle unrivalled in hall or in bower!
We meet, but her glance was averted from mine,
And I vainly endeavoured the cause to divine;
But ne'er from that day for a moment would she
Unless amid strangers, be present with me.

We were parting again and I proffered my hand,
And she gave me her's at her father's command;
He knew not our love, thought she ought to extend
Her hand unto him, whom her father called friend.
She gave it and fainted, I bore her away,
And knelt down beside the low couch where she lay;
Her secret she told as I leant fondly o'er,
Report had belied me—we parted no more.—W. G. L.

PHYSICIANS AS THEY WERE, AND AS THEY ARE.

No profession has undergone greater changes and vicissitudes than physic. Its history presents it under various forms, in different countries at different times, and in different places in the same country; almost universally respected by the great and good, it was equally despised by the ignorant and vulgar. Of its antiquity, the earliest records of the world afford abundant evidence. The Pagans considered the gods as its inventors. In Egypt, the cradle of arts and science, its invention was ascribed to Osiris; from him it descended to Apollo, from Apollo to Esculapius. Resting in the hands of priests, legislators, and kings, the latter of whom frequently united in their own person the spiritual functions of the priest with the temporal duties of king, it was too frequently confounded with astrology. The first honourable mention we find among the Greek, of any physician, is that of Melanthus, who received the hand and heart of his royal patient, the daughter of King Prolus, whom he had cured of a mental affection. To the philosophers and physicians of Greece we are indebted for the first germs of that anatomical knowledge upon which Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, and Aristotle rested their systems. Of the principles and doctrines of Pythagoras, we cannot speak with any degree of certainty at this distance of time, his works being no longer extant; but if we may judge from the influence which his school exercised for many years over Ancient Italy and Greece, supplying them with statesmen and philosophers, it must have been great. To him we are indebted for the doctrine of crisis, from which many useful indications in the treatment of disease flow. Of Democritus, whose works have not escaped the ravages of time, we can only say, that his genius is characterized by his views; the first to conceive the methodic system of the world founded on the properties of matter and the laws of motion, and the first to point to experiment as a new road to truth. To dwell upon the merits of Hippocrates, a name that implies all that is great in medicine, and good or amiable in man, would here be superfluous; and of Aristotle we can say, that his knowledge of the moral and physical man was most extensive. They were respected in proportion to their condition. Darius had his physician, Democedes, always to dine with him; Alexander was equally partial to Phillip; and we find that kings and princes did not disdain to become the pupils of those great men. Pliny tells us that the kings of Egypt prosecuted dissection to study disease; *ab regibus quoque corpora mortuorum ad scrutandos morbos insecabantur.* To Juba, of Mauritania, we are indebted for some of the articles in our materia medica; to Mithridates, for the famed antidote, which, whether it possess or not the virtues ascribed to it, is at least sufficient to prove the dignity of the profession of old. That it had some claim to notice, we may conclude, when we find the learning of Democritus, Galen, and Celsus, engaged in attempts to explain its composition and properties. Physicians were the friends and companions of the Roman Emperors, Adrian, Vespasian, Antoninus, and Julian. Cicero and Pliny both say that medicine was invented by the gods. Hippocrates says it was *ars artium nobilissima,* but that the ignorance of pretenders has rendered it *omnium ignobalissima.* From philosophy to medicine there is but one step. The physician either ends or begins as a philosopher, was the saying of that great man, Hippocrates. It was not the mere practice of

what has been poetically styled *muta et ingloria ars*, that obtained for these men the distinguished patronage of princes and monarchs: no, it was the almost boundless erudition which they united to an extensive knowledge of the physical structure of man. Were a knowledge of medicine alone sufficient to secure this respect, the moderns, from the very great improvements which have been made in every branch of the science, would have stronger claims to notice. The great discoveries which are daily and hourly coming to light in animal and vegetable chemistry, arm them with powers altogether unknown to the ancients, and by which, diseases which formerly ravaged whole districts are easily controlled. Though ignorant of chemistry, and having but crude notions of anatomy, and physiology, yet the practice with the ancients differed little in mortality from the most successful practice now-a-days. Whether their more extensive knowledge of the philosophy of nature better fitted them for contemplating her sufferings, or their limited materia medica checked their interference, certain it is that the restorative process was seldom disturbed, and cures were effected by withholding, rather than administering medicines. The ponderous volumes upon materia medica, and equally voluminous ones upon animal and vegetable chemistry, which daily issue from the press, would afford, even to Paracelsus, had he now lived, strong hopes of discovering his favourite elixir. But, unfortunately, many of the most valuable medicinal agents which science is hourly bringing to light, are, in the hands of ignorant pretenders to the science of medicine, slow, but sure poisons; and the unhappy patients are worse off than in the days of chemical ignorance. Then they died of disease: modern physicians supersede the tedious process of death by disease, and kill by experiment. It is a painful reflection to him who may have devoted days, months, nay, years, to the discovery of some powerful chemical agent, to see suffering human nature robbed of the benefit of his labours, by the injudicious practice of ignorant physicians, who never fail to ascribe to the medicine, faults which are peculiarly their own. Let us place for a moment in juxta-position, even in imagination, a physician of the present caste with Pythagoras, Democedes, or Hippocrates, at the bedside of disease. What a contrast! In the one is a mind deeply read, not only in the philosophy of medicine, which he cultivates with the amiable and charitable view of relieving human infirmities, but also eminently in the philosophy of nature. In the other, a mind cramped by vulgar prejudices, which are ever the attendants of a limited education, and where medicine is cultivated, not as a science, but as a trade; and who too frequently neglect their poor unhappy patients, to pay court to the rich and proud hypochondriac.

We shall here pass over the physicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, our object not being a war with the dead, and come to those of our own time; the majority of whom, uninfluenced by any of those generous and noble feelings which actuated the physicians of antiquity, sport with the lives of human beings, as though designed by nature for experiment.

The facilities which some of the Scottish universities have afforded, in granting diplomas, have deluged the profession with a class of men unfitted for the lowest walk in the profession; not only ignorant of the higher branches of literature, so indispensable to a rational practice of physic, but of the common rudiments of a classical education. It is no uncommon thing to find these men in their little circles, where their

influence is paramount, contemning the writings of the fathers of physic, forsooth, because the circulation was then unknown, and chemistry untaught; but more correct reasons might be assigned, in the inability of vulgar minds to comprehend writings so much beyond their calibre. Experiment and chemical agents are the great fulcra upon which the moderns rest their superiority, regardless, in a great degree, of observation, the unerring guide of the ancients. By observation, we watch the changes which nature effects in her efforts at cure; by experiment, the effect of medicine upon disease. Experiment can never enable us to establish general truths in physiology, upon proofs, founded either on individuals or species. Our reasoning must be from analogy, and he who pretends to a knowledge of medicine independent of observation, however successful his practice may be, is but an empiric.

The science of medicine is one with which the public rarely busy themselves. Their minds, ever occupied with the passing events of the day, and the duties of their calling, can afford but little time, even if disposed, for the consideration of such an abstruse study. It is only at a time when the mind is least capable of exercising its reasoning faculties, when it is itself the subject of disease, that it bestows a thought upon it. The natural anxiety of man under disease, will prompt him to seek assistance wherever fancy tells him he shall receive it most speedily. Big with the hope of a rapid cure, he applies to the independent, high-minded physician, who, as he scorns to play the mountebank, and prescribe limits to disease, has his place soon filled up by those who are ever ready to cater to the feelings and foibles of their patients. Of this latter class, painful as the admission must be, is the majority of those men who now practise physic composed. For though there are some men in the profession, whose independence of fortune, as well as mind, places them above such buffooneries, they are like angels' visits. Sydenham's advice, to read Don Quixote and dance well, seems to be the text-book of the modern fashionable physician, whose acquirements are estimated by the elegance of his equipage. It is a strange, but incontrovertible fact, that whilst in worldly matters we are scrupulously tenacious of our own judgment, yet in that which is a matter of life or death to ourselves, we carelessly resign ourselves to the dictum of some fashionable dowager, whose seal of approbation is the ready passport to wealth for the young medical aspirant. We are all anxious to adapt our language and conduct to the habits and manners of those of our circle, and we find the tinsel ornament of the profession preferred to the more solid attainments, doubtless we will cultivate them. If there be still, and that there is few will deny, much uncertainty in medicine, the public, who it must be admitted are the sufferers, have to thank themselves; for whilst talent and industry are too frequently left to pine in want and indigence, the train of followers must be small, unless we can change the wants and appetences of human nature, as also the manners and habits of the time we live in. Medical men are generally men of small fortune, often of no fortune at all; and what is rather unfortunate for the philosophy of the profession, are possessed of all the wants and passions of human nature. As few embrace the profession from motives of philanthropy, the shortest road to an independent fortune will ever be the most crowded; and as the public are better pleased to be cajoled out of their money, they must also make up their minds to be cajoled out of their lives, a compromise, we fear, too often made for the acquirement of the former.

DELILLE AT THE CADRAN-BLEU.

The remembrance of those persons with whom, or places with which we have been delighted in the joyous days of our youth, can seldom be entirely obliterated from our minds: we cling thereunto, as the perfume does around the vases from which it has been poured. The more lively and vivid the imagination of the individual the deeper is the impression, and the longer its effect.

Thus Delille delighted in his old days to recapitulate all those feasts of soul at which he had assisted in his younger years, when he made Paris, from one end to the other, resound with the melodious strains of his lyre.

But of all the parties, which were formed for the purpose of hearing the poet recite his verses, that which he always recalled to mind with the greatest enthusiasm, was a breakfast given in the year 1780, by a lady, whose lettering talents and high birth rendered her equally celebrated. The assemblage was composed of the most distinguished ladies, and the most talented wits of the age, and met at *le Cadran-Bleu*, on *le Boulevard du Temple.*

It mas in this place that Delille, for the first time, repeated passages from his poem on the Imagination. It was there that he recited that beautiful episode in which he paints an artist lost in the catacombs of Rome, and first awoke that impression of profound and general enthusiasm, which ever after followed his literary career. This party was never re-called to the memory of Delille without awakening the most pleasurable sensations, and inspiring him with a predilection for *le Cadran Bleu,* which no after feeling could ever efface. Every year as soon as spring returned, he repaired thither with his more intimate friends, in order to take, what he called, a public dinner.

He loved to mingle with the numerous convivial mortals, whom he was sure to meet with there; to follow up the different conversations, which from time to time attracted his listening ear, and to analize the many different remarks which he heard around him. He loved the very opposite dispositions which he encountered; the joy of some, the impatience of others, the politeness of these, and the rudeness of those. In a word, there ever was throughout the whole saloon, a movement, a life, an abundance, that striking the imagination by its amusing variety seemed, Delille was wont to say, "to restore the health, repair the nerves, and dispose the heart to open itself for the reception of all that can afford innocent delight."

The political troubles, which soon afterwards arose in France, forced Delille from his country, and deprived him of his favourite parties on *le Boulevard du Temple.* Oftentimes while he sojourned in London he would regret his dear *Cadran Bleu.*

But at length tranquilly returned to the land of his birth, he immediately repaired to Paris, and the first public visit which he payed was to the spot which was associated in his memory with so many pleasing recollections.

But his fame had spread abroad, and it was now almost an impossibility for him to make his public appearance without drawing around him a set of admirers, whose just but flattering encomiums

fatigued the native modesty of the poet. But this unfortunately was not the only deprivation which he was forced to endure, for about this time he had the misfortune to lose his sight.

There never, perhaps, lived a man, likely to suffer more from being shut out from the busy scene of the world than Delille; he seemed therein to regain a new zest for enjoyment, and fresh themes for his muse. "If I am" said he one day, "never more to be permitted to contemplate the azure vault wherein I find my *Dethyrambe sur l'immortalité de l'âme;* if I may never again enjoy the pleasing or imposing aspect of nature, I may at least listen to the accents of friendship; I may still mingle in the many stirring scenes of life, hearken to the joyous exclamations, and varying cries of this good people around me, and thus endeavour for a while to forget the infirmities of my age."

"Oh! my friends," added he to those who gathered round him, "do allow me once more, before I sleep for ever, to go and dine at the *Cadran-Bleu.*"

In vain his friends represented to him that he would be recognized, and assailed on all sides by a delighted people, and that at his age it was only an act of imprudence to expose himself to the fatigues of such a public appearance.

His only reply to all their objections, was that of repeating with the suppliant voice of a child, that recalls some by-gone pleasure, "allow me once more to go and dine at *le Cadran Bleu.*" How was it possible to resist these repeated solicitations; at length the faithful companion of Delille, whom the latter always called his Antigone, hit upon a plan by which he thought he might gratify the anxious desire of Delille without exposing him to the danger of mixing in public. He inhabited a large and spacious mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, and this he resolved to arrange in such a manner, that Delille, when taken thither, might suppose that the object of his wishes had been gratified. At length to the inexpressible joy of Delille, the appointed day arrived: he had himself dressed as soon as he had arisen in the morning, and seemed to count every hour, which hindered him from descending into the herd, and being confounded with the numerous frequenters of Le Boulevard du Temple. At length the carriage arrived, and he drove off to the Faubourg St. Germain, with his three friends, and Madame Delille. There were already assembled, several members of the *Academie Francaise,* men of letters, celebrated artists, and a chosen party from the first theatres of the capital, who had distributed themselves into various groups, in order to amuse the worthy old gentleman, and make him believe that he was among those good people, whose gaiety he loved, and for whose presence he thirsted.

As soon as Delille descended from the carriage, he was saluted by the porter, who was let into the secret with the cry of "Veut i des huitres? C'est du tout frais, du vrai Cancale."* "Certainly, certainly," cried the poet in the joyful delusion of the moment, "I will refuse nothing to-day."

He mounted the stairs, and, after traversing, by means of the arm of his friend, a large saloon, in which more than sixty persons were assembled, and all of whom seemed in earnest conversation, the blind poet cried out to his friend,

* Any oysters wanted: they are all fresh, real Cancale.

"Oh, this is the confusion, the bustle, which I love to folly! What a treat I shall have! what a renovated field of enjoyment will once again be opened for my mind to revel in! But let me have a seat. Garçon!"

He had no sooner uttered the last word, than one of the first actors of the Theatre Français advanced.

"What can I do to serve you, monsieur?"

"Could you not procure me a table, with three covers, in a little corner, apart from the crowd? But, nevertheless, let it be so situated, that I can hear what is passing around me in the room."

"There is a place just adapted for monsieur, vacant: it is in this corner, close to the chimney."

"That is just the thing I wanted. But tell me what is your name?"

"Paul, *chef de service*, and entirely at your commands."

"Well, well, my dear Paul, do you only serve us with attention, and you will not repent of having so done. Bring us the *carte*, and then a bottle of Sauterne; but let it be genuine. I would have you to know that I am an old *gourmet*."

"So much the better, monsieur; we have no fear on that head here."

They eat the oysters; to which succeeded the first course. This Delille chose from a *carte* that his friend read to him. During this a kind of dispute took place at a neighbouring table. Delille was all attention; yet he could gather no more than the repetition of the words *prime, usance, de livraisons à credit.*

"I hear," said the poet, smiling, "that we have some brokers and bankers at hand. It appears that there must have been a rise in the public funds this morning."

From another table arose, by degrees, the chatter of three women, whose immoderate laughter, and one or two wily turns in their conversation, led the poet to believe that they were the wives of rich wood-merchants, from the Ile Louviers, who, in the absence of their husbands, had come to repeat the cheer of *Les trois Commères.*

"Oh," cried Delille, "if I were only a young man, what pleasure I should feel just to provoke those three dames; just to dispute with them for one half hour. I never heard observations more original, or remarks more diverting."

As soon as the first service had been removed, Delille's friend intentionally raised his voice, and said,

"Well, well, my dear Delille, do you feel yourself comfortable?"

"Do not mention my name so loud. You will make me known, and I shall be forced to retire."

He had scarcely finished this sentence, when a member of the Academy came up to him, and, with the dialect of an inhabitant du port St. Bernard, exclaimed,

"Ah! what do I hear, sir? Monsieur is undoubtedly the great wine merchant in the Rue des Marmouzets, *à la femme sans tête.*"

"No, sir, no; I am not a wine merchant: am I, my dear?" said he to Madame Delille, with the most gracious smile.

"Do not think to deceive me," said the academician. "I know my man, and many a good glass of wine have I drunk at his magazine, and I thank him for it. So, as I am going by the *diligence* to Auxerre, in two hours, if Monsieur Delille has any commands to give, he may de-

pend upon my exactitude. I am one of the brothers Bertrand, commissioners for these last two hundred years, father and son. I am known in every factory in France."

"I return you a thousand thanks," replied the poet, "but I have no need of your services."

At length the dessert arrived; and after it was finished, Delille called for the bill, which, instead of enumerating, as was customary, the various viands which had been called for, only contained these simple words:—

"The honour of receiving at my house the greatest poet in France, is my sweetest and my only reward.

"HENNEVEN, *Restaurateur.*"

"What is this?" said the old man, rising up. "I cannot accept of this offer, for I have no title to any generosity from the master of this house."

"No little," replied a person, who immediately assumed the character of the *restaurateur.* "Ah, Monsieur Delille, you have a right to the admiration of every one who has a French heart in his bosom!"

"The honour," said the wife of his friend, representing herself as Madame Henneven, "of having the author of so many splendid works in our saloon, leaves us still his debtor;" and she took his hand and kissed it.

"My dear," said, in her turn, Madame Delille, "you must not, by a refusal, offend these kind-hearted people."

"Well," said he, "it is only then upon one condition; that is, that Monsieur and Madame Henneven will in turn come and take dinner with us."

After various compliments on both sides, Delille was prevailed upon not to insist upon paying his bill. He did not, however, forget the promise he had made to Paul, but presented him with six francs; and then, fearful that he should be recognized more generally, proposed to his Antigone to go and take coffee at *le Jardin Turc.*

They accordingly descended the stairs, and after walking about the same distance that intervened between *le Cadran Bleu* and *le Jardin Turc,* they conducted him on to a covered terrace. Various performers from *le Grand Salon* were there, ready to play their parts, and lead Delille to believe that he was really in one of the bowers of that public garden which opens on *le Boulevard du Temple.*

"Here one can breathe again," said the aged poet. "How I do love to feel the fresh breath of the flowers and the verdure of spring!"

He took his coffee with no small astonishment, for he declared it to be the best Mocha he had ever tasted; and he was a connoisseur therein.

"Oh," said his friend, "I often come hither with my family, and I am sure they would place before us the very best they have in the house."

"Will Messieurs take any ice?" said a celebrated painter, assuming the character of a waiter.

"Oh no," said Madame to Delille, "it would not be good for you."

"Quite the contrary," said the old man; "it is a most excellent tonic. Garçon, what ices have you?"

"Monsieur may choose for himself. We have every kind that he can possibly wish for:—*à la vanille, à la fraise, à la fambroise, au*

citron, à la pistache, sorbet au rhum, au marasquin, crême à la Jacques Delille."

"What—what," said he, with an involuntary emotion, "what is that which you call *crême à la Jacques Delille?*"

"It is a melange of the most rare and choice description, blended together with the most exquisite taste: nothing, though it is a most expensive article, is more in vogue. Young poets, above all, are particularly fond of it. They pretend that it inspires them with the greatest brilliancy of ideas. If Monsieur will allow me to offer him one, I flatter myself that he will be delighted therewith."

"Let it be so," said Delille, and the garçon tripped away to execute the order, which turned out to be no other than *une crême anx ananas.* But the delighted poet declared that he never had, in the whole course of his life, tasted any thing half so delicious.

Soon after were heard the sounds of a harp.

"Hither, come," said Madame Delille, "the two young Languedocian brothers, who have for some time past paraded the streets of Paris, and gathered together around them every passer by."

At this moment two young men placed themselves before Delille, and while one preluded upon the harp the other cried out:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, we shall now have the honour of singing before you the famous canticle of St. Jaques. That is not *Jacques l'Hermite,* nor *Jaques de Compostelle,* nor *Jacques le Mineur,* but *Jacques le Majeur,* or in other words, Jacques Delille, at once the Homer and Virgil of French poetry."

The harps immediately vibrated beneath the touch of the young artists, and they added thereunto, with most delicious voice, the entire life of the poet, from his infancy in Limarque up to his last return to Paris.

As soon as it was finished, Delille seized the arm of his Antigone.

"Let us hence, let me avoid these public testimonies of homage, they are more than I can bear, and I am sure they were all arranged before hand. You have betrayed me;—let us hence."

"It is but too true," replied his friend; "they were all arranged before hand; but fear no intrusion from those who are around you. You you are not on le Boulevard du Temple."

"What do you say?"

"We have not dined at *le Cadran Bleu.*"

"What do you mean?"

"You have dined, my dear Deville, at my house, in the bosom of my family and friends, who for five hours have represented various characters in order to amuse you."

"It is impossible," cried Deville, "that I could be so deceived. They could not have maintained the different accents, the volubility, the frank gaiety of the French nation!"

"Yet nothing can be more true," said he who had filled the roll of *Commissionaire de vins.* "It was I who lodged you in the *Rue des Marmouzets à la femme sans tête.*"

"You can remember Paul," said one of the first comic actors of the Theatre Francais. "Paul, chef de service, to whom you gave a dollar of six franks, and which he requests the permission to keep for the remainder of his life."

"And we are the brokers and bankers who led you to believe that there was a rise in the stocks this morning."

"And we," added the wives of the above gentlemen, "were *les trois commères de l'ile houviers.*"

"It is I who sung you the canticle of St. Jaques," said he who was at that time called in France the modern Orpheus.

"And I," continued one of the first of punsters, "was the waiter who recommended to you *le crême a la Jaques Delille.*"

"In conclusion," said the lady of the mansion, "it was I who represented Madame Henneven; who declared to you that it was impossible for her to accept the amount of the bill, and who had good reasons for saying that the honor of receiving you at her house was the only recompense she could accept of."

"Good heavens!" cried Deville, "how can I express what I feel. Have so many, then, joined together to amuse an old man. It is only in France that such a delicious deception would ever have been practised. My friends, my brothers, and ye ladies, of whose presence I feel the delightful influence, would that I could once again behold you; would that you could only feel one half of the delight which I at this moment enjoy. Oh, when I shall be no more, one and all of you may with every truth say, *we have prolonged the career of the blind poet; it was among us that Delille passed the happiest day of his life.*"

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE BATH ELECTION.*—Bath has become a bone of no common contention—a source of struggle that has not been conducted very temperately, though it promises to terminate very profitably, and as all true reformers must wish it should do.

The history of the contest may be told in a word. Mr. Hobhouse, a banker and occasional visitor (not a resident, as the *Times* styles him,) of Bath, offers himself to the electors of that city, backed by the influence of government, and recommended with all the ardour of after-dinner eloquence, by his brother, Sir John Cam, and Sir Francis Burdett. He is found out, on his first examination, to be a gentleman of the good old school, who desires distinction and cares little about independence—who has no fixed principle, save that of supporting the ministry that patronizes him—and whose opinions vary so obligingly with those of his questions, that he promises to vote for the maintenance of a thing one day, and the abolition of it another. The majority of the Bath electors happen to be liberals, and moreover, conscientious and resolute; they consequently requested Mr. Hume to recommend them a candidate more to their taste, more able and more willing to grapple with the many great questions which must be satisfactorily set at rest before their country, Ireland, or the colonies, can attain a moment's tranquillity—and thus to relieve them from the ministerial incubus which promised to sit upon, and weigh down their enemies for seven long years.

* The above "Note" was accidentally omitted last month. We insert it now, late as it is, because we are anxious to have our say upon the subject.

Mr. Hume, of whose integrity and independence, no less than of whose indefatigable industry, the public have had unequivocal proofs, obeyed a requisition very numerously and respectably signed, and introduced to the electors of Bath, Mr. Roebuck, a gentleman whom, to our own knowledge, some of the most exalted men in this country place in the foremost rank, both as regards intellect and character; to whose qualifications the *Examiner* and the *True Sun* bear honest testimony, and of whom the editor of the *Chronicle* thus delivers his opinion.

"We know that his most intimate friends are among the most honoured men of the community; that among these men he is held in high esteem—and that his name and writings must have been familiar to the very persons who declared that they knew nothing about him. The friends of Mr. Roebuck are well known, as forming a body of the most remarkable political writers of any age or country. They certainly, more than any others, have produced the greatest revolutions that have taken place within the last fifteen years in the public mind of England; and by those even who most fear and hate them, they are invariably allowed to be men of a peculiarly bold and original character of mind—searching, and closely logical reasoners—patient in investigation, possessed of commanding knowledge, and of intellects, in the most extensive sense of the phrase, philosophic and masterly."

This gentleman, thus known, thus recommended, thus qualified, is eagerly and enthusiastically welcomed by a majority of the electors, and his success may be considered all but certain.

All this is rather pleasant to reformers, than remarkable to any body; but the affair has been made a subject of discussion from one end of the kingdom to the other, by the false light which has been shed upon it by that political *ignis fatuus* the *Times*, and by sundry little twinkling journals in the Whig interest. By these Mr. Hume has been branded as a traitor to the popular cause and an enemy to his country," a "pushing, interloping gentleman," a creator of divisions among the Reform interests, an entertainer of insane crotchets, and a notorious committer of blunders. Mr. Roebuck, of whom it was found inconvenient to say more than could be helped, is coolly and contemptuously designated as "his apprentice." Such is Whig folly and Whig fury. Surely, the annals of insolence, ignorance, and meanness, contain no record of anything more preposterous and contemptible than the conduct of the falsely styled "leading journal" upon this occasion. Its attack upon Mr. Hume marks it out as a paper destitute alike of patriotic and gentlemanly feeling—as corrupt and subservient in principle, as it is vulgar and arrogant in temper. The miserable spite of the allusion to the Greek loan and Dr. Bowring, is only equalled by the affectation of not knowing any thing at all about Mr. Roebuck. The affair altogether, degrading as it is to one portion of the press, is instructive and encouraging to the rest—and not less so to the people at large; as it shews not only what certain ex-radicals, now high-Whigs, are driving at, but how weak and powerless they are in the midst of their audacious and ignorant effrontery.

STATE OF THE CONTINENT.—During the past month many important changes have occurred in the affairs of the various European nations.

The long protocolled affair of the free navigation of the Scheldt by the people of Belgium is now about to be settled by an appeal to arms,

which promises to draw on most important events. The combined fleets of England and France are at this time assembling for the blockade of the waters of Holland, and a large body of the troops of France is about to enter the Belgic territory, to assist in the reduction of the citadel of Antwerp. This fortress, as commanding the navigation of the Scheldt, is of the utmost importance to the commerce of the people of Belgium, for without a free and unshackled communication with the sea, no country can in modern times exist as an independent nation, and the Scheldt is the Thames of Belgium. But a more important part of the present warlike demonstrations against the King of Holland is in the acquiescence or opposition of the Northern powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, to the revolutionary principle of the division of the Holy Alliance kingdom of the Netherlands. For more than two years the diplomatic hypocrisy of the Northern court has baffled the exertions of Ministers of England and France to settle the final terms of the separation of Belgium and Holland; and it is now apparent that the despotic monarchs have been awaiting the progress of events in expectation that the growing unpopularity of Louis Philippe, and the internal distractions arising from the question of reform in England, would afford an opportunity for the re-establishment of the kingdom of the Netherlands, and the throne of Charles X. We trust, however, that a continuation of the firm union between England and France, and the great increase of weight, energy, and ascendancy which our reformed institutions will confer upon this country, will dispel the evil influence of the despotic principle, and that before another year the world will witness the triumphant re-establishment of the liberties of Germany, Italy, and even of unhappy Poland.

The internal affairs of France continue in a threatening situation. The Cabinet which, since the death of Casimir Perier, had remained unsettled, has at length been new-modelled, chiefly from the party of the Doctrinaires, statesmen of a nondescript genus, who bear a resemblance to no party in this country. Thus, with a Cabinet of unpopular and drivelling Doctrinaires, and a monarch without courage or decision, universal dissatisfaction reigns throughout France, and it is probable that another great revolution is hastening to its development. The Chambers meet in the early part of the ensuing month, and as a majority is not anticipated in favour of the court, it is not an improbable event that a resignation by Louis Philippe of the crown of France will be the consequence of his incapacity or unwillingness to head the march of liberty.

The decrees of the German Diet for the extinction of the liberty of the press appear to meet with little opposition; and so heavy is the arm of despotism in Germany, that the progress of events in England and France alone appear to promise any redemption from slavery to the German people.

In Portugal the contest between the rival tyrants of Braganza remain without material alteration. A vigorous assault upon Oporto, made by the troops of Don Miguel on the 30th September, having proved unsuccessful, his troops have now withdrawn, and no important movement is therefore anticipated before the ensuing spring. In the interim strong reinforcements are proceeding from England, Belgium, and France in in support of Pedro.

FUGITIVES IN AMERICA.—We perceive by the recent American papers, that a person named Thomas Sherry, who absconded with money from his employers Messrs. Martins, Stone, and Co. the Bankers of London, has been arrested in the States, and compelled to surrender his plunder. Instructions having been sent out to arrest him, he was traced says the New York Advertiser, to the town of Jordan in that State, whither he had gone by the North River route, and being taken by a civil process, he gave up the greater part of the money, and communicated information which led to the apprehension of his accomplices, who also surrendered their share of the plunder.

We mention these circumstances for the purpose of explaining the true nature of the peculiarity in the legal system of the United States, by which fugitives to that country are exempted from criminal proceedings for offences committed beyond the jurisdiction of the union, and cannot be brought back for trial to any other country. It is for purposes strictly political, and to assert the inviolability of the soil of the United States, as a sanctuary to the victims of the oppression of foreign governments, that the constitution recognizes no authority for the abstraction of strangers from the country. But whilst this has been found to be a liberal, humane, and wise regulation, with reference to political fugitives, it is much regretted by all enlightened Americans themselves, that the indiscriminate nature of the principle, tends undoubtedly to shield the perpetrators of many private crimes. It may not however be generally known, that to remedy this inconvenience in the constitution, the state legislatures of almost all the States upon the Atlantic seaboard have passed laws, imposing very heavy fines, and severe imprisonment upon the commanders, owners, or agents of vessels, who shall knowingly, and without due precaution, bring into such State any convict, fugitive, or person of bad character. The amount of the fine and imprisonment varies in the several States; the laws of New Hampshire imposing a fine of five hundred dollars, and an imprisonment of six months; and that of South Carolina, an imprisonment of six months, and a fine of two hundred dollars. A more general knowledge of the existence of these regulations in the States, would tend to diminish the facilities now enjoyed by criminal fugitives, and the prosecution of a few of the commanders of vessels, who unlawfully, and for a large consideration, knowingly facilitate the escape of persons flying from the course of justice, would go for to prevent the recurrence of the evil. It is also due to our transatlantic brethren to acknowledge that the existence of these regulations, tends to remove the stigma which has long attached to the indiscriminate reception of all fugitives from Europe, since it is apparent that the law in proclaiming the inviolability and independence of the United States, is yet solicitous to provide against the abuse of a high and hospitable feeling, towards the foreign victims of arbitrary power.

FUNERAL OF THOMAS HARDY.—This venerable patriot and distinguished and persecuted reformer, the founder of the "Corresponding Society of London," departed this life in the course of the last month, and received the well-merited honour of a public funeral. Although not distinguished by great talents, eminent station, or the gifts of fortune, this patriotic man had been destined to appear in one of the most momentous scenes in which justice, liberty, and the spirit of

intelligence ever contended with the minions of arbitrary power. The indictment in which, in the year 1794 he was included with Horne Tooke, Thelwall, Holcroft and other patriotic leaders, was framed upon the atrocious doctrine of constructive treason, and supported in a speech of nine hours in duration, by Sir John Scott, the Attorney General of the day. The entire proceedings in the trial were marked by the base subornation, and blood-thirsty subserviency to arbitrary rule, which marked the proceedings of the sanguinary Jefferies, or the modern courts of Portugal or Turkey. Indeed the diabolical attempt of the Attorney General to pack the jury for the destruction of his victims, was never fully disclosed to the public during even the thirty eight years which have elapsed since the event, until the oration of Mr. Thelwall at the grave of his compatriot Hardy, revealed this almost unparalelled attempt at judicial murder. Yet so enslaved has been the condition of this country, that this same Sir John Scott, has through a long life been covered with the honours of the law, and amassed the largest stores of wealth ever acquired by any professional adventurer. It is consoling to reflect, that however the remnant of the life of this unwearied advocate of slavery may be passed, whatever storied urn or animated bust may be raised to him, he must in vain look for so honourable a resting-place, as the grave of the virtuous und persecuted Hardy.

THE DURHAM EMBASSY.—Lord Durham who had been dispatched for the benefit of his health, to the Court of Russia, is at length returned from that pleasant summer excursion. For what other purposes, than to amuse his mind in consequence of the death of his daughter, this son in law of the premier was sent within a few days after that evnet, and with a retinue of six carriages, and twenty-two post horses, upon a a missison to the Court of Russia, we are altogether at a loss to discover. We perceive indeed from the German Papers that in the diplomatic circles of the continent, his advent has been very generally considered as the consequence of his domestic calamities, and the exertions to amuse the Noble Lord, have accordingly displayed unusual splendour. He would appear certainly to have effected no public object by his most expensive mission, for we find no revocation of the savage outrages of Russia, upon the unfortunate patriots of Poland, subjugated by the whig subsidy of five millions and a half, but on the contrary, a military tribunal is about to be established for the trial and execution by martial law, of the yet unslaughtered remnant of that unfortunate band of heroes. Nor would his ambassadorial labours appear to have influenced in any manner the settlement of the affairs of Belgium and Holland, for the flames of universal war, appear to be about to burst forth, notwithstanding the six carriages, and the twenty-two post horses of my Lord Durham. The expenses of this mission are said to amount to the sum of fifty thousand pounds, but as the Noble Lord is possessed of a large private fortune, we trust that the Reformed Parliament will "refuse the supplies" for this palpable family job.

THE ELECTIONS.—Among the complicated, needless, and unintelligible clauses in the Reform Bill, the registration of voters, apparently a very simple process, cannot be completed before the 11th December; the elections therefore cannot take place before the middle of winter

The expenditure for the barristers in the process of registration is computed by Col. Stanhope, to amount to the sum of £200,000, and the entire cost in subsequent appeals, and other litigation, will probably exceed half a million of money. Very numerous electioneering meetings have occurred in the course of the last month in the counties, and the metropolitan boroughs, the whole of which have been pervaded by the utmost enthusiasm in favour of the vote by ballot. The tyrannical conduct of the Duke of Newcastle, and the other boroughmongering Lords, has reconciled all ranks and classes to the adoption of this measure, as the real and only shield to the freedom of election. There now remains no doubt that the new House of Commons will be composed of a numerous majority of sound reformers, though the tories are making the most strenuous efforts for the return of the principle champions of the old order of corruption. Amongst these, the notorious member for his own breeches pocket, has started in opposition to Mr. Western, the enlightened member for Essex, and Lord Henley, a fat corruptionest of the chancery stye, has appeared in the field in opposition to the invaluable member for Middlesex, though only to excite the laughter of the public, at the presumptuous efforts of this protégé of the Earl of Eldon. It is also amongst the signs of the times, that the pledges required from the popular candidates very generally include the abolition of tythes, the repeal of the corn laws, and the question of an hereditary peerage.

THE ANNUALS.—EVERY second day of the past month has produced its event in the shape of an Annual. "They come like clouds," volumes of golden vapour; and promise to be as numerous as ever. As far as we can yet judge of them, they may be at least pronounced to be severally and collectively worthy of their precursors, both in external beauty, and in the elegancies of art and literature. Their only fault is, not that they should be no better than their predecessors, but that they should be precisely like them. Any change, even for the worse, would have lessened our weariness, and excited us into something like decided criticism. However, we shall give our Annual Chapter in the December number, which will include notices of all that have reached us, including *Friendship's Offering*, with its pretty collection of prints; Miss Sheridan's *Comic*, with some cuts that have never been transcended by Cruickshank; a sprightly and right pleasant volume by the editor of *Figaro in London;* the *Amulet*, with a set of unrivalled plates, and a series of articles that possess that lasting charm of agreeableness and utility which all the rest of the Annuals want; and Mrs. Hall's *Juvenile*, strengthed by an alliance with Ackermann's, and graced with first-rate merits of verse, prose, and picture.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

RECORDS OF MY LIFE. BY THE LATE JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ. 2 VOL. 8VO. LONDON. 1832.

WHATEVER it might please us, or however we might feel it to be our duty to speak of this book, we should assuredly in no measure injure its sale, or decrease its popularity.

Whether it be an infirmity of our nature, a laudable curiosity, or a desire for information, we know not; but certain it is, that works of this kind, made up, as they are, of gossiping stories and anecdotes of actors, second and third rate authors,—loose fellows about town, sometimes called wits—and ladies of all complexions and degrees of virtue, and other qualifications—are far more interesting to the general reader, than a grave analysis of human nature, or a profound essay on the springs of human action.

The name of John Taylor is probably well known to most of our readers. He was for many years proprietor of the Sun newspaper; and being an easy and pleasant companion (although afflicted by an incurable complaint of punning), found ready access to a great variety of that peculiar company, whose integral parts were composed of the people we have before alluded to.

Of Mr. Taylor's qualifications, however, as a companion, we can only speak from hearsay. What we have at present to do with, is his book, which contains, indeed, a vast variety of anecdotes of persons, with whom, by the bye, and with whose wit and humour, we should have thought the world had been already nauseated. Others, again, whose peculiar merits, such as they are or were, had been previously hidden from us, occasionally exhibit an absurd arrogance, and a self-complacent assumption of superiority, which alternately divert and disgust us.

Now, we could have wished, when a blockhead was about to be led forward for our inspection, that Mr. Taylor had possessed that discriminating power which had enabled him to perceive the asinine qualities of his specimen; but, unfortunately, the author produces the individual with a grave face, and, in many instances, calls upon us to admire him as a very Solomon or a perfect Hector.

While, then, we receive a great portion of Mr. Taylor's book as a faithful account of what he has heard and seen, we beg to form our own opinions of the persons who compose the staple of his book; and which we acknowledge his perfect right to believe Dr. Monsey and Peter Pindar (Dr. Walcot) humourists and wits of the first water, we humbly beg to be permitted to consider the former an arrogant old blockhead; and the latter an envious and malignant buffoon.

Let us justify our opinion. Dr. Monsey was, fifty years ago, physician to Chelsea Hospital, and has long ago fallen into almost entire oblivion. Among many other good things said by the Doctor, Mr. Taylor relates, that "Monsey had a great contempt for *Warburton*, whose *learning* he *distrusted*, and whose *abilities* he *despised*:" and that "Dr. Monsey told me, that he placed Mr. Burke in a ludicrous situation, soon after the first publication of his work on the "Sublime and Beautiful." Meeting Mr. Burke, I believe, at Mrs. Montague's, he said, with his usual blunt sincerity, 'Mr. Burke, I have read your work on the Sublime, but I don't understand it. To me it appears to be nothing but 'about it, goddess, and about it.' What do you mean by sublime? *It seems to me inconsistent with nature and common sense.*"

"The company looked on Mr. Burke, anxious for his answer. The Doctor said he seemed to be a little puzzled and embarrassed, and only said, in answer, 'There is certainly a sublime in nature, though I cannot at once define it.'"

So much for "the immortal, but forgotten" Monsey, who "despised the abilities" of the Bishop of Gloucester, and puzzled Mr. Burke.

"True, no meaning *puzzles* more than sense."

Let us hear what Dr. Wolcot has to say.

"After dinner, Curran and Wolcot drew close to each other, and entered into conversation. Curran introduced the subject of painting, and expressed his peculiar notions and views. After hearing him for some time, the Doctor suddenly arose and left the room. As I came with him, I followed him, to know if he was taken ill, or wished then to return to town. I found he was *disgusted with the conversation of Curran*, exclaiming, 'Talk of Dr. Numpshull—he would cut into a dozen such fellows as Curran.'"

Dr. Numpshull would, no doubt, have agreed with his friend Wolcot upon this point.

Nor was Wolcot's distrust of Curran's abilities assuaged after many years. Speaking of Curran, "Dr. Wolcot expressed great disgust at his presuming frivolity, and declared he would not insult his magpie by offering her that fellow's brains for a dinner."

The worst of our author is, that he appears to have imbibed the opinions of these persons—(if that can be called opinion which is clear envy and sheer malignity)—as though they were sincere and acute remarks, and estimates of character and talents. Accordingly, we not unfrequently discover Mr. Taylor setting up critic and cynic on his own account. He also thinks slightingly of Warburton; opines that Burke has been very much over-rated; and denounces the "Essay on Man" as "an inconsistent jumble of religion and philosophy."

But in spite of these things, which of themselves let us into a private view of human character, and the failings, weaknesses, and follies incident thereto, the present work is light and amusing enough; and we do not know, at this dead season of the year, a book more likely to be welcome to the great majority of those who delight in the fugitive literature of the day.

OUR ISLAND: COMPRISING THE FORGERY AND THE LUNATIC. 3 VOLS. 8VO. LONDON. 1832.

We can see no more propriety in giving the name of "Our Island" to the present work, than in calling it Our Grandmother:—but let that pass. The three volumes of which it is composed, comprise two tales, "The Forgery" and "The Lunatic;" "written," the author informs us, "to illustrate some striking defects of our jurisprudence."

We could have wished, for the author's sake, and for the sake of the popularity of his work, that he had said nothing about the indirect design aimed at in the excellent tales which he has written. The novel reading world will no more be instructed, through the medium of a novel, than the play-going public will consent to be charitable, at the same time that it is to be entertained.

We must confess, also, that our author's first tale no more illustrates that striking defect of our jurisprudence—the punishment of death for forgery—than any individual instance that may be casually adduced from our criminal trials.

The plot of the story is simply this:—A young Bedfordshire 'squire, upon coming to his father's estate, is horrified at learning that a mortgage contracted during his father's life, to the amount of 15,000*l.*, has not been paid off, and that the deed lies in the hands of two respectable solicitors of the place, who had formerly been the professional advisers of his father. Mr. Mortimer also learns that the deed of mortgage has been assigned to a Mr. Priminheere, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, for reasons not necessary here to particularize, has conceived a deadly hatred towards him.

Mr. Mortimer having gained a large sum of money at a gaming-table, is enabled to redeem his estate, and returns from Paris for that purpose. Before, however, this can be effected, he contrives to make away with his newly-acquired money, by standing for the county, and by heavy bets at Newmarket;

and eventually, when he comes to pay off the demand upon his estate, he passes 5,000*l.* in forged notes, to Mr. Priminheere, at the same time that that gentleman hands him over the deed of mortgage, which, it subsequently appears, is also forged:—so that there is a double forgery committed by two gentlemen of landed property in Bedfordshire—a reciprocal exchange of villainy at the same moment.

Mr. Priminheere, however, by his superior skill and rascality, contrives to remain undiscovered till his death, but in the mean time prosecutes Mortimer, who is found guilty, left for execution, and escapes by the timely discovery of a flaw in the indictment!

Now, leaving altogether out of the question the probability of this story, we do not see in what manner it exemplifies the striking defect of punishment for death. Here are two men, either or both of whom ought to be made signal examples of, whatever the punishmont might be; and it is our opinion, that, so far from having imagined cases (as he ought to have done) wherein the injustice and the hardship of the punishment should be strikingly exemplified, he has contrived to furnish us with two instances in which, if any, the punishment of death should have been strictly enforced.

"The Lunatic" is a much better tale in every respect. A young gentleman, the son of a Tory baronet, very much perplexes his worthy parent, by the unreserved propounding and promulgation of Radical principles, insomuch that his father conceives it to be a case of monomania, and decides upon placing him under gentle restraint. Calling to his aid two worthies, an apothecary and a physician, whose respective names are Squaggs and Welkin, he succeeds, or rather they, without his knowledge or consent, contrive to immure the young man in one of those lunatic asylums—so called, we presume, from the peculiar pains there taken to make their inmates mad as soon after their arrival as possible, and to keep them so as long as the "friends" of the patients, or their own particular interests, require it.

This is, indeed, an excellent tale—well told—with variety of incidents and character, and with much humour. Not to speak in disparagement of the first tale, we must confess that we have been highly pleased with the second; and we think that our readers' time will be amply repaid by a perusal of both.

Family Library, No. XXXV. Life of Peter the Great. London. 1832.

The author of this work has done little more than put in another form the multiplicity of materials, with which various authors have furnished him, for a life of Peter the Great. We are bound in justice to say, that he has performed his task in the best possible manner.

The Life of the Czar Peter presents an interesting study to the reader, in more points than one. That a man, himself ignorant, should have been the first to encourage and to foster the arts and sciences in his own country; that he should have made himself a great general, and an expert seaman, and have been the first to teach his people the arts of war; to have created a powerful fleet, and to have attempted and succeeded in changing entirely the manners and habits of his country;—and all this, more by the instinct of a plain energy of character, than out of the workings of a great or comprehensive genius;—a character like this must be interesting to all—to the student, to the historian, and to the philosopher. If to such a man the term "Great" be not applicable, (and some have doubted whether he has deserved that title,) to whom can it fairly or with more honour attach?

The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire. By Hartley Coleridge. Part I. London: 1832.

Mr. Coleridge, in an exceedingly well-written introductory essay, has deemed it necessary to vindicate the usefulness and importance of biography, upon the

plea that history is too general and comprehensive a study to be practically efficient by the same means, which are open and devoted to biography. His book, we conceive, demanded no such apology. Biography can stand upon its own claims and merits without leaning against the vast pedestal of history for its support.

We read biography because, as Mr. Coleridge well and truly says, "it tends to keep the eye of man upon his own heart, upon the sphere of his immediate duties, of those duties, where his affections are to be exercised and regulated, and which, considering man as a person, consider him as sentient, intelligent, moral and immortal."

The lives comprised in the first part, now before us, are those of Andrew Marvell—of the famous Dr. Bentley—of Lord Fairfax, and of the celebrated James, Earl of Derby.

We do not know when we have read a book which we so much like as the present. The author has treated the lives of these great men strictly according to their deserts; with eloquence, impartiality and thorough fairness.

In spite of a tory leaning or bias, which we might fairly have presupposed that he had inherited from his father, we find that he has been just to Marvell and to Fairfax. Nor has he attempted, as some indiscriminate and uncandid admirers have done, to gloss over the great demerits—the shameful and sorry and lamentable meannesses of the still great Dr. Bentley. For our own parts—liberals though we confess ourselves to be—we can applaud and admire the generous, the heroic loyalty of the Earl of Derby; and it will, indeed, be an ill time for England, when qualities like these, and spirits such as these, no longer find a hearty sympathy and a fervent response from her countrymen.

We are sure that Mr. Hartley Coleridge's work must, or ought to be, popular.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE CAPTAIN PETER HEYWOOD. BY EDWARD TAGART. LONDON: 1832.

To some people, chiefly those of the naval profession, the life of Captain Heywood will be thought interesting; by the general reader we fear that it will not be so considered.

Captain Heywood was a midshipman on board the Bounty, at the period of the mutiny, and although not really or criminally implicated, was brought, with others, to a court martial, found guilty, and sentenced to death; but was recommended to mercy. He afterwards re-entered the navy, and by gradual promotion, the fruit of honourable desert, arrived to the rank of captain.

That Captain Heywood was a most deserving and meritorious officer, and a highly estimable man, there cannot be the least doubt; we fear, however, that his peculiar services and merits are too little known, to render a memoir of him either profitable to the author, or important to the public.

We must protest against the bad taste of the author, in reprinting the character of Agricola as drawn by Tacitus, and supposing that an "interesting and striking resemblance is to be traced" between it and the character of Captain Heywood.

Such an exhibition is only calculated to excite ridicule, and to provoke comparisons that are any thing but agreeable to dwell upon. We have, most of us, a nose upon our face, and in that particular may be said to resemble Agricola.

BECKET, AND OTHER POEMS. LONDON: 1832.

The days of poetry, like those of chivalry, are no more; and the hapless wight who ventures upon his Pegasus, now-a-days, is looked upon as a literary Quixote who has gone forth to tilt at windmills and to destroy puppets for the especial honour and glory of a visionary Dulcinea. We are quite convinced that this volume will never be popular, and equally sure that had it been published a few years ago, it would, at least, have been received with respect and gratitude, if not rewarded with praise and profit.

Not that we by any means are inclined to think that the historical play of "Becket," is of itself sufficient to entitle the author to a very great share of praise. There is not sufficient action in it as a play for representation, nor is there poetry enough to make it interesting to the reader as a poetical composition. The author had, doubtless, good taste enough to perceive, that wherever else poetry is desirable and pleasant, it is quite out of place in a dramatic effort. But on the other hand, there is not much vigour of language—no very striking incident or situation—no strong delineation of character. Again; why does the author, a man of taste and genius, as we perceive him to be, encourage the slip-shod, loose, and feeble versification of the present time, instead of attempting the nervous, sweet, expressive, and masterly versification of Shakspeare and Marlowe? We have said enough to show that the play of Becket is not a good one.

But in the minor poems the author is in his element. They are all, without exception, beautiful. "The Men of England;" "The Invocation," and "The Portrait," are worthy of men who have gained, long ago, their hard-earned reputation. We cannot refrain from quoting a sonnet by way of specimen. We consider it a fair sample of our author.

"Calm self-devotion, firmness, daring! powers
Whose life-breath is the storm of shaken times,
Bright steps are ye, by which ambition climbs
To her high station, among Fame's proud towers.
About your feet lie many wreathed bowers,
Where peace hath built her little hut of earth,
Twining it round with thousand idle flowers;
And there, with so much graveness as just gives
A grace to smiles, plain-heartedly she lives.
'Tis happiest to be humble, and in mirth
To trifle, not unwisely, the swift hours;
Using them as young children, train'd to shew
The future, opening into ripen'd worth,
Nor unenjoy'd in budding beauty, now."

We are glad to see this volume dedicated to Mr. Coleridge. It is a graceful tribute of respect to a man who has not, as yet, been more than half appreciated by his countrymen.

La Fayette, Louis-Philippe, and the Revolution of 1830. Two Vols. 12mo. London: 1832.

The present curious and interesting work has been so much criticized and so amply and ably reviewed in other quarters, and, moreover, so many extracts have been given or rather taken from it, that it would be almost superfluous, even if we had space, to do more than bear willing testimony to the propriety and justice of the encomiums which have been passed upon it.

The present work is divided into three several portions. The first comprises a review of La Fayette's life from his birth to the revolution of 1830; the second contains the history of La Fayette and Louis-Philippe during that revolution, and the last comprehends a survey of La Fayette and Louis Philippe after the revolution.

We shall not dwell upon the private or public reasons which have induced the author, Mons. Sarrans, to give this work to the world; he has stated them very ably, and, so far as the public is concerned, very satisfactorily, in his preface. We think that there can be no doubt whatever of the fidelity or integrity of the author; and whatever motives might induce General La Fayette and other parties concerned, to wish that it had been kept back, cannot in the least impugn or call in question any one statement contained in it.

Considered as a history of the interesting and eventful period, just past we think that this production must be held to be perfect and complete, and the execution of it, as a literary work, is deserving of all praise.

We should be withholding a justice from the translator if we neglected to state that his translation is in every respect admirable; by which we mean not only that it is excellent, *quasi* a translation, but that the composition is *per se* elegant and masterly.

Craven Derby, an Historical Legend. 2 Vols. London. 1832.

The demand for romances and novels must needs be great indeed when it answers a man's purpose to write and publish a production like "Craven Derby."

This romance, so called, includes, "The Ladye of the Rose," an historical legend relating to the founder of the house of Derby; and is, accordingly, laid in the time of the Crusades under Richard, Cœur de Lion.

It is very diffusely and poorly written; but the rage for articles of this kind is of so insatiate a nature at present, that no prediction can be hazarded as to the success of such a work, or the interest that may attach to it.

The author, in his introductory address, attempting philosophically to account for the occasional coincidences to be found in great authors, says,

"The mind of man is so *versatile* and *soaring*, that though two men may imagine an idea, and embody it as like as two proof engravings, yet their conception of it may still be original." We do not know how the reader may relish such a defence, but we do not think that the author of "Craven Derby" stands in need of it. We do not discover any resemblance to "Ivanhoe," or "The Crusaders," in his book.

Setatistics of France. By Lewis Goldsmith. London. 1832.

It is very possible that many of our readers are unacquainted with the name of Lewis Goldsmith, the author of the present work; who, however, although he has not come before the English public for some years, was, nevertheless, at one time well known as one of the most vehement and furious anti-Buonapartists in this country.

Mr. Goldsmith, besides having published various works of a political nature, such as "The Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte,"—"Conduct of France towards America," and some others, was the editor of the "Anti-Gallican Monitor," which he conducted for a very long period. The spread of liberal opinions, however, if it has not caused him to change his political sentiments, has at least influenced him in modifying his expression of them; and Mr. Goldsmith is anxious to assure his readers, that in none of his previous works has he ever written a line in favour of despotism.

The present production was, it appears, undertaken under the auspices of the Count de Villele, the then Minister of Charles X., to whom it is dedicated.

Whatever Mr. Goldsmith's political opinions may be, or whatever bias or prejudice he may discover in favour of the late monarchy in France, and however he may deplore the late revolution in that country,—and in all these points we should be inclined to be at issue with him, we cannot but acknowledge that he has collected a vast deal of curious and useful information, and that his book ought to be read attentively by all who are desirous of making themselves thoroughly acquainted with the matters of which it treats. The typography of the work is perfectly correct, although it has been printed in France.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The business of harvest, some time since concluded in the most forward districts, will no doubt, have a universal finish in the end of the current month. It commenced early and suddenly, and would have had an equally sudden termination but for the notable and universally noted, ten to fourteen days rain on the end of August, and in some parts, the 1st and 2d of September. The wheat seed season following the harvest, has been somewhat retarded by the similar cause. The commencement of wheat sowing, however, is various in different districts, whether from experimental causes in regard to soil and climate, or

whether it may be the mere consequence of local custom and prejudice; in some parts, no doubt of such consequence, nevertheless, the above causes must necessarily have their natural and proportionate effects, and on the whole, granting any error of practice in the case; it probably resides with those who sow too late: in fine, late semination seldom succeeds, and it may be safely ruled that, such should never be practised but on the necessity of the case. The lands have been generally in sufficient forwardness for this important process; but the weather in either extreme, has once more presented an obstacle to exertion. The continued drought rendered it impracticable to proceed on the light and dry lands, whilst the farmers of heavy and moist soils, their moisture also increased by the thick night fogs usually attendant upon drought by day, were enabled to persevere without hinderance, in the business of the season. The light land farmers have been subsequently relieved by several days rain, of which it is to hoped they made an industrious use, as the drought has since recurred, occasioning a defect of herbage on the stubbles, and making the pastures quite bare, except on the most fertile gramineous soils. The capriciousness of grass seeds also in the choice of soils is a well known and curious fact, and further, the different quality and even colour of the grasses upon different soils, there being a reddish tint observable on the verdure of the grass upon poor lands, particularly in the south western counties. The weather permitting, wheat sowing will be finished throughout, in the course of next month; to be shortly after succeeded by the Christmas agricultural vacation, when we heartily wish our farmers a merrier Christmas than they have enjoyed for several years past. As high as 70s. per quarter has been given for seed wheat.

As the quantity and quality of the different crops, we have to add to our last report, and we have yet no reason to repent of our early caution in respect to more magnificent accounts of our this year's crops, of wheat more especially. These exaggerations prevail now, in very few quarters. The wheat crop is supposed to have been most successful in Scotland, and perhaps half a dozen counties in both the north and southern parts of England; in those, it is deemed above an average, quantity and quality, the highest weights reaching upwards of 64 lb. the imperial bushel; we have, however, formerly weighed 65 lbs. clear of the sack from the old eight gallon bushel. In these fortunate districts, the greater part of the wheat was secured previously to the advent of the ominous ten days. Yet, even had those remnants *not* to be saved from the adverse effects of those days so seriously inimical both to individual and national interests. In no part of our island are the farmers so thoroughly satisfied with their crops, more especially, the most valuable, than even in Scotland, and in the wholesale view of quantity and quality, both of corn and straw, and freedom from their late famous real or supposed enemy, the FLY. In the quality of barley, they pretend to rival us, their southern countrymen, both for weight and brightness, exhibiting a new sample of the weight of 56 lbs. per bushel. The union has done wonders for Scotland; in *that respect*, we must not be O'Connellized in Ireland. It ought to form a grave consideration for our farmers and labourers, by what means, the farmers in the north have been more successful than ours, and the latter more moral and contented. To finish with wheat—it is generally held that, among the earliest and most fortunate farmers, two thirds, or nearly, have been secured in the most perfect state. With the opposite and most unfortunate class, their wheat crop tells nearly even in quantity, between the best and the worst. Not being, at this time, in a controversial temper, we elicit with a degree of hesitation the following remark; there are immense breadths of land in this country, which, allowing for seed, do not produce more *common average* than 12 to 14 bushels of wheat per acre, and that invariably of an inferior quality. What a cheering encouragement, in our days, for the cultivation of wastes. Our import of wheat and seeds has been immense, and of late, our export considerable; consolatory the latter, as far as it goes. It is a branch of commerce to be pushed and encouraged. The culture of seeds in England, seems about to receive a finishing stroke from the regular large importations, and bark is greatly reduced in price from the same cause. In Ireland the opinion is general and decisive, against the supposition of an unprecedently large wheat crop. Our

barley crop is in general sufficiently bulky, corn and straw; but perhaps, barely one-third of it was harvested in fine condition. The two-thirds, discoloured and damp, and such as we have purchased in days long gone by, at 4s. 6d. the four bushels. Some of the best of this, if kept a sufficient length of time, may be saleable for malting; the remainder must be chiefly the portion of swine. Oats are a large crop, but have partaken, to a considerable extent, of the common misfortune of the season. Many samples are damp, and the straw, in some parts, has been *rusted* by blight or blast. Clover seed has been well preserved, with this peculiarity in many parts, two-thirds of the heads have contained no seed; whence it is conjectured that, the haulm or straw will be so much the more nutritious to cattle. If potatoes be not an average crop in point of quantity, such effect may be attributable to a smaller breadth than usual having been planted, since the quality is this year super-excellent. Such has been the case in Scotland, we have no doubt. As to the boasted resurrection of turnips, there appears to be a considerable flaw. Even *Scotia* complains of turnips. Fortunately, the stock of hay and straw is large, for since the commencement of the present month, easterly winds and drought have prevailed so constantly, that in many parts, the pastures are as bare as a footpath. These are serious considerations for cattle and sheep winterers, and necessarily reduce their store price, even that of Sheep. Cows are cheaper. Lambs have lately declined two or three shillings a head; yet, we hear that at the great fair of Weyhill, the number of sheep penned was not so large by twenty thousand, as at some former fairs. At this fair, Mr. James Mills had the honour of providing the king with a choice pen of South Down ewes to run in the park at Windsor; a good taste in our patriotic sovereign, who is, beyond question, fated to rank in history, as the best king of his race. We say this from sincere conviction, though sincerely *radical*. Pigs seem to maintain their late-year right and privilege, of moderate numbers and high price, and now, especially, in the western and bacon-eating districts. As an illustration, we will record, that, during our residence in Hants; many years since, indeed, we had a neighbouring and considerable farmer, who had, during twenty years, consumed no other flesh meat in his family, than bacon, the holy Christmas days excepted. With all our complaints, and heaven knows we have too many just ones, we live in a land of plenty. The crop of fruit has redeemed its reputation prematurely attacked, and we can sweetly add, that the crop of honey is so large, as to reduce the price to sixpence and sevenpence per lb. However, by the by, we have purchased the article both in Essex and Hants, at *twopence*, but in days of yore. Game in profusion. The price of malt in the market accounts, a shilling or two above the price of wheat.

Several cattle have been lately poisoned by licking fresh painted boards. A steam engine for agricultural purposes, has lately been presented in model to the Manchester society, by Mr. Gough. We can at present, discern no prospect, near or remote, of agricultural prosperity proceeding by *steam*. Hop-picking is finished; of the crop, in respect to weight and quality, and also of the duty, we shall be able to speak more deservedly in a future report. On the continent they have failed universally, and there is at present export demand for France, Belgium, and Germany. Such was the occurrence about fifteen years since. Detestable incendiarism still lurks in the perverted minds of our country labourers. This in England!

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s*. to 3*s*. 8*d*.—Mutton, 2*s*. 2*d*. to 4*s*.—Lamb, 3*s*. 4*d*. to 4*s*. 6*d*.—Veal, 3*s*. to 4*s*. 6*d*.—Pork, 3*s*. to 5*s*. 4*d*.; Dairy ditto, 5*s*. 10*d*.

Game.—Pheasants, plentiful of late, 8*s*. the brace.—Partridges 4s..—Hares and Leverets plenty, 2*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*. each.—Grouse, 5*s*. a brace.—Black game, 8*s*. very scarce.—The common wild fowl, plentiful and cheap.—Good Teal fine and plentiful.—Woodcocks and Snipes scarce.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 44*s*. to 62*s*.—Barley, 24*s*. to 35*s*.—Oats, 17*s*. to 25*s*.—London Loaf, 4lb. 8½*d*.—Hay, 50*s*. to 80*s*.—Clover, ditto, 63*s*. to 110*s*.—Straw, 29*s*. to 30*s*.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool 14*s*. to 22*s*. 6*d*. per ton.

Middlesex, Oct. 24.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Index to the last Volume was inserted in the July Number. This Number contains the Index to the present Volume.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Article on Poetry has been forwarded as directed.

Our Friend in Argyleshire will see that he has not been forgotten.

We have taken the liberty to make a few alterations.

A number of Articles are under consideration; and answers will be speedily returned to all inquiries.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XV.] DECEMBER, 1832. [No. 84.

THE PLEDGE-CANT.

WE did not give ourselves much credit for vaticinative sagacity, when we foresaw that the settlement of the reform question would leave a residue of disturbed matter which it would be rather philosophically curious to analyze, than generally interesting to contemplate. We were prepared to expect, when the Nile of agitation had subsided, a vast variety of half-formed beings; political tadpoles without heads, and other anomalous monsters which, at the same time they are floundering upon the shore, should be congratulating themselves and others upon the great change that had just taken place by virtue of their exertions.

From that patriotic band, in whom the love of country would appear not only to have superseded, but extinguished every other species of love—the Pledge-Cant has sprung. Those persons, who hate the ministers and the government for the time being more than any thing or any body in the world, *except each other*,—have deemed it, in their wisdom, indispensable to the success of ulterior designs to endeavour to bind down the candidate, by pledges, to the adoption and support of certain measures resolved upon by themselves;—and they argue that, unless he do so pledge himself, he cannot be said to be—or be, in fact, a representative of his constituents.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that a constituency of the country could be persuaded of the fitness of such an exaction of pledges from candidates; and to stretch the supposition still further, let us imagine a parliament consisting of honest, sensible, and respectable men, assembled under such a system; where is the use or advantage of meeting at all? A general post letter, directed to the speaker, would answer the purpose equally well—and a brace of hard working clerks, whom Mr. Hume could supply, would register the pledges, and get through the business of the session in a trice.

It has been urged, that a great deal too much squeamishness has been shewn by certain candidates to this exaction of pledges, inasmuch, as they have heretofore been accustomed to pledge themselves without any hesitation or dislike. "What?" asks that learned Cicero of the city,

Mr. Charles Pearson, "what is the candidate's declaration of principles but a pledge?" Well, why not be satisfied with such declaration? But no; he and his coadjutors know well enough that they want something more; that, patriots as they profess to be, theirs is the very tyranny they complain of; and that, however pleasing to them it might be, to behold a parliament of slaves representing a free nation, there is sense enough, even amongst the majority of their own party, (if party it can be called, which is neither the madness of many nor the gain of a few) to see through their flimsy folly, and to scout their insolent attempt at domination.

Let us behold more clearly the light in which these gentry view the connexion between a member and his constituents. "What!" again asks Mr. Pearson, "What would they think of a servant who, when seeking a place, and upon being told that he must clean the knives, wait at table, and attend the door, should turn round upon his intended master, and say, "Excuse me, sir, the duties you point out to me are, no doubt, abstractedly right, and I dare say, I shall perform them to your satisfaction, but I cannot pledge myself to do so; the Reform Bill is passed now, and, as with other servants, my days of promising are over." A fit exemplification of the honourable compact sought to be established.

This mischievous cant would have been, indeed, lamentable in its effects, if the good sense of the country had not at once rejected it. It was impossible that any constituency, or a majority of them, could meet together for any such purpose, or agree to any string of pledges under the idea that any independent man could be found to agree to them. Were the poor creatures who waited upon Sir John Hobhouse the other day, with their cut and dry pledges—were they the representatives of the electors of Westminster—or gratuitously officious and self-elected oracles, whom the electors themselves will in due time repudiate? It will be somewhat ludicrous to behold some chattering mountebank, whose insolvency of brains is counterbalanced by a vast capital of impudence, briskly catechizing a candidate, in the fond belief that a series of pledges, emanating from his sole and particular impertinence, will be cheerfully adopted; modestly assuming to himself, at the same time, the right of dictating to the rest of the constituency, what are, and what are not the particular measures to be supported on the one hand, or rejected on the other.

The truth is, we are so pestered by quacks of all descriptions at the present time—by political economists—by Benthamite utilitarians—by circumstantial Owenites—and by disbanded unionists—that it is a hard matter even for a plain and inoffensive man like ourselves to steer clear of their obstructions. We have hitherto yawned, sighed and held our peace, but we shall no longer be kept from whispering

"That secret to each fool—that he's an ass."

and we shall do so as often and as emphatically as the opportunity shall be presented to us. Is it to be endured, that a set of ultra-radicals, not one of whom is commonly respectable in point of ability, shall be for ever imputing the worst and basest motives to others; that they shall seize upon every conceivable occasion of lauding themselves, and of abusing those without whom they had been at this hour without political existence at all—and that they should be playing into the hands of the Tories—some, we doubt not, with a knavish design, and others from uncon-

scious and impenetrable stupidity? So far from having carried reform, as they boast, their power, if they had had any, would have been directed to impede it. Did they not, during its progress, with a malignant readiness, invent and circulate the vilest suspicions of the sincerity of the ministry—are they not at this moment striving to defeat the vital spirit of the bill?

The advocates of the pledge system are, in fact, neither more nor less than a small knot of blockheads, eager to exhibit an "alacrity in sinking" the reputation and character of those who may be disposed to serve them in parliament, upon the absurd and mischievous plea of a distrust of all professions and of all experience.

They perhaps hold that when a man has once degraded himself by the acceptance of pledges, he cannot well debase himself much further, and that a *de facto* knave is a better instrument than an honest man open to suspicion. The fly on the wheel was a diffident blue-bottle when compared with the presumptuous and arrogant gnats who infest our political atmosphere. Every body must be aware that the amateur politician on a small scale, just beginning to swim, usually affects the puddle—equally shallow and dirty—and there strikes out and breasts the wave with all the internal consciousness of a leviathan. Dryden has said—

"Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd."

but the Humane Society may make itself perfectly easy on our tyro's account. He is in no danger of drowning.

We speak, be it observed, of this party as a body. That there may be a few honest, but misguided men, amongst them, we believe; that there are many who have adopted their vocation as one of the many results of variety, we know; and for the rest, as they are so apt at discovering unworthy motives in others, they will not be offended or surprised if we presume to think them utterly destitute both of common honesty and common sense.

It is indeed a miserable party, which, out of so "remarkable a body of men," can furnish no more powerful writer than a Junius Redivivus,* and can contrive no more plausible expedient for popular effect than the invention of the pledge-cant.

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* Junius Redivivus, we perceive, by a letter in the Examiner, is wrath with us because we thought it not a little presumptuous in him to take a name to which he himself did not even advance a title. He, however, explains his reason for such assumption, by stating that he has adopted that signature in order that it may serve as a guarantee of his political integrity. Fudge! "I will introduce myself in another man's name that my identity may be clearly established. I will call myself the Colossus of Rhodes that the world may be assured that I mean really to step across this puddle!"

When a rushlight at a general illumination sports Sol Redivivus, and seems disposed to burn very brilliantly and with much steadiness, we smile at the diminutive dip; but whether it carry on its inflammable functions with discretion, or blaze away in total disregard of its small, and therefore precious, tallow, can be, we think, of no importance to any one but the old woman who may have set it up in its high place, like a "particular star," at the garret window.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,

NOTHING could have pleased me so well as the unexpected admission of my letter to you into the last number of *The Monthly*. I do not mean to disclaim the displeasure to which you goodnaturedly attribute my having surrendered you over to the secular arm. Had private feeling been admissible on such a question, I should by choice have addressed you in print, in the form sanctioned by your handsome reception of my manuscript communications. I am not hard-hearted, and felt something like a qualm of conscience at your allusion to the *friendly* nature of my former remonstrances. But the public cause, as the Examiner well knows, cannot be duly aided by half expression; nor will the *Radical Parson* affect a sqeamish fear of giving offence, when convinced that public truth requires direct and uncompromising advocacy.

You certainly were not in the least bound to devote any portion of the time you thought could be better bestowed upon combatting objections of mine. I thought it worth while to try my powers of persuasion on the Examiner, *injicere scrupulum tanto homini*, and without the slightest intention of appearing in print; but though I received some compliments in return, which, coming from such a quarter, almost made me vain, my only object in writing to you utterly failed. I found it impossible to make the least impression on your convictions. Your, as it seemed to me, *extravagant* and *undiscriminating* bitterness against the body of the clergy, increased, as the crisis of their trial at the national tribunal, drew on; *crescebat indulgens sibi dirus hydrops;* till, at last finding that to bandy about compliments with you was to beat the air; yet burning with desire, if possible, to blunt the edge of your persecuting sword, I attacked you in this publication.

Thus much of preamble was necessary here to prevent an impression on the public to my disparagement. The regret you expressed in your paper of November 4th, that I had thus in displeasure made you over to the secular arm, might have been else misconstrued, as coming from the parson-hunting Examiner, into an implied charge of *essential and inherent clerical passion and vindictiveness*. I know very well you did not mean this; but I must not let an opportunity slip of setting myself fair with the public. I have got a giant to deal with, and though confident in the justice of my cause, and therefore, and only therefore, not afraid of him, I know too well my adversary's power to dare idly fling away any chance of fair advantage.

And now to work. In the very onset of your notice of my *fierce* attack, you mis-state the scope of it. I must stop here to protest against the unfairness of the title of your article. "The *High Priests* and Ourselves." Is it utterly impossible for you to treat the clergy question with decent seriousness? Have the goodness to cast your eye over my

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* We have great pleasure in inserting a second letter from our friend the "Radical Parson." We, like all true reformers, are as anxious to see a reform equally as sweeping in the church as in the state. When the question is brought forward, we shall have *our* say: in the mean time our "Radical Parson."—ED.

letter again, and you will not find a word to justify your saddling me with the defence of *high-priestliness*.

The propensity to sneer at every body and every thing, in any way connected with the clergy, has led you astray *in limine*. The title "*The Parochial Clergy and ourselves*," though a *correct* and *candid* designation of the argument, would not embody a sneer at the radical parson; therefore it suited not the sarcastic journalist. Now, sir, do me the obvious justice of attributing the indiscretion of shooting that sneer at you, which you say flew past, but which I see *grazed you at least* to the practice I have indulged in for several years, of devoting close attention to your writing. If *you* do not indulge in sneers and sarcasms; if *you* do not give side cuffs, and kicks o' the shins, as well as hard straight forward punches in the face and pit o' the stomach: if it be not your practice to trip up as well as knock down; to take every possible advantage over your antagonist, short of kicking him in the face when he is sprawling, and has cried *peccavi*: if this be not your mode of contending, then I confess myself to labour under the disability of an understanding too imbecile, or too perverted to catch the spirit of your political writings. But I know I am not thus mistaken. In frequent conversation with a knot of radical friends on the subject, I find we are agreed to a man, that along with all other qualifications for gladiatorial display in the political arena, the habit and the dextrous use of the galling and effective sneer, are eminently characteristic of the formidable Examiner. If I, therefore, try my hand at this weapon, it is my earnest and sincere purpose not to take any unhandsome advantage of my great master in the art! I had rather run him right through at once, if he would agree to throw aside cloak and dagger, and fight it out with the straight forward rapier. But this is not my master's practice. Were I to expose myself, he would be sure to make me smart for it. Therefore, my cloak and dagger I must retain, though it is far from my intention to make a cruel and wanton use of them.

As you have thus chosen, sir, to misrepresent the purport of my argument, I deem it essential to explain myself so much more fully, than fully enough on this point, that it shall not be in your power hereafter to twit me with having taken up the cudgels for the *high-priestly and pretending party*.

Be it known therefore to all who choose to concern themselves in the contest between the Examiner and the Radical Parson, that the latter has bound, hand and foot, all *courtly*, and *lordly*, and *pluralist* priests; all who are addicted to *soft clothing* and over nice feeding; who delight in king's houses, and the rustlings of lawn sleeves, and silken gowns and cassocks and conspicuous greetings from men and women of high degree, in the anti-chambers of royal drawing-rooms—that all such priests the Radical Parson has bound hand and foot, and delivered them over to their sworn foe, the Examiner, to be dealt with as severely as he may think becoming. Item, all those priests who delight in being denominated evangelical; who proclaim that the world is in no sort improved by an acquaintance of 1800 years with the principles of Christianity; who quote the *obviously figurative expressions* of Scripture, *as you do by the bye!* to the utter perversion of the plain, practical, and philosophical sense of its *obviously literal expressions*: who profess to despise the present scene as *utterly* unworthy even the passing regards of man, as he journeys to another; who, because they cannot derive

unalloyed and lasting enjoyment from the world, because rest and entire satisfaction are only to be found at home; disdain, that is, pretend to disdain the support and refreshment, and relaxation afforded on the road; who, after having with eyes screwed up, and mouths screwed down with sanctified and inflated, not serious and felling tone and gesture, edified the old ladies, and wearied to death all others, (though 'tis not the fashion to confess it) by the space of some two hours in church or chapel; after having denounced the world and its contents as nought, or worse than nought, dare to go home, and eat heartily of *beef* or *mutton*, and countenance their families in so doing, whilst any one miserable creature in their neighbourhood can hardly get a dry crust or potatoe: all such preachers and prayers, whether high church or sectarian, who, not content with *the absurdity, forced upon them by authority, and derived from old fashioned times*, of appellations once applied to men under the sensible influence of a genuine inspiration, will aggravate this absurdity by applying it to their own proper persons, and thus making it their own absurdity. All such *voluntary* and *gratuitous* hypocrites, I consign in the lump, to you, sir, to be treated, along with the before mentioned excessive worldlings in the manner they so richly deserve. Now then, I presume the field is clear for me, and I may say, without hindrance from misrepresentation, fight the battle, not of the high priests and saints, but of the main body of the parochial clergy out this realm of England.

It is, I cannot help thinking, of happy augury for my cause, that I should have been able, in the outset, to take the vigilant and wary Examiner at disadvantage; that Monsieur Jourdain should be constrained to own Nicole has hit him; that the quick eye, vigorous arm, and pliant wrist of the professed fencer should not have enabled him to foil even an unexpected attack from his pupil. I, as well as no doubt, all the habitual readers of the Examiner, have contracted a notion, that this accomplished disputant is *absolutely invulnerable*, when he is not opposed to truth. Hurrah! then shout I; truth must be on my side as I suspected *laborat noster cum ad verum ventum est;* the fight looks promising indeed, the radical parson has fairly reduced the odds which the lookers on must have deemed at first fearfully against him.

On guard again. But hold, Nicole, says Monsieur Jourdain, this won't do! any fool may make a good hit by chance, and you have had the honour and good luck to touch me. Don't presume though, to attempt this again. Stand off, and "*Let us fight our battle in our own way.*"

Now, is not this peevish and unworthy the Examiner's matured power and high character? I fain would it possible, abstain from undue pleasantry; but sir, I've caught the spirit from you, and I can't help myself. I must then quote from "The Baby's Debut" in the Rejected Addresses. I'm afraid it almost amounts to sneering; but you shall sneer at me in return if you please. It may be some consolation to your offended dignity, that however the moral may apply to your disadvantage, you have, at least, the importance of character on your side; you wear the breeches, I take the petticoats. You are *brother Jack*, I am content to play *sister Nancy*.

Nancy Loquitur

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg top's tooth!

Only consider, sir, what it is you ask, in begging me to *let you fight your battle in your own way?* It is not a whit less unreasonable than, that Jack Lake should insist upon Nancy's standing aloof, while he ransacked her drawers for more materials of mischief, instead of flying at him tooth and nail, and by dint of plying these implements of defence, and squalling out pa! and ma! and aunt! endeavouring to deter him from his cruel and ungenerous persecution.

Have I not a right sir, to take humanity under my protection, as well as you have? Have I not a right, while I profess to care more about the improvement and elevation of the humbler classes to the utmost possible degree, than about the maintenance of any of the fictitious rights of those above them; am I not justified whilst these are my *most fondly cherished* sentiments, to extend my charitable feeling to all classes of my fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen also? may I not be permitted to make old Chremes my model, and adopt, and act upon his memorable and heart-touching sentiment, "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto?*" And, if all this be lawful for me, and expedient moreover, nay incumbent on me as an anxious and sincere friend of the whole human race; can I listen to your peevish remonstrance, and stand out of the way, whilst you, as I believe, wantonly and *in effect, though not in intention,* cruelly ill treat a large class of men? Truth, my powerful though invisible ally, whispers "No;" and amongst those even, whose admiration of you is all but boundless, I confidently expect sooner or later, to reap some harvest from the seed I may scatter. I look forward in due time to the gratification of adding one more to the many proofs constantly accumulating, that *magna est veritas et prævalibet.*

But, ere I pass on to other points, I must make one more lunge at your conscience.

In one of your papers a few weeks back, you fell sorely foul of the Times, for having taken no further notice of one of your attacks, than by calling the Examiner, "*a certain low radical journal.*" You very pertinently observed, that herein consisted no argument; that coming from the Times newspaper, it was virtually as vulgar and inconclusive, as the common cad-and-porter-slang of the streets; that it amounted to "Vy ye low warment! d'ye think I'd step aside to notice sich as you? I wally ye no more nor the dirt under foot!"—This was, I perfectly recollect, the tenour of your indignant animadversion. But you then felt for your *own dear self,* and could see clearly enough, the essential unworthiness of mere abuse. Let me tell you, sir, that no such contemptuous passing remark of the Times, upon a journalist, who, though perhaps with justice, is still a provoking opponent, can be compared for deliberate, ill-natured, virulence, with the gross misrepresentation of the body of the clergy, to which my attack has excited you. I must here quote your own words. "We have made observations unfavourable *to the clergy as a body,* in this way: that, if a case of unsuitable rigour appears; the committal for felony of

a child aged six years for stealing a few apples, or some such matter; the magistrate is clerical. If a rash distinction is given for military execution, *ten to one* the magistrate is clerical. If *a scandalous clamour* is raised against an individual concerned for the improvement of his fellow-creatures, the foremost of the baying pack are clerical. If a *trade in calumny is driven*, the readers of the slanderous print, the patrons of evil speaking and slandering, are clerical."

Your constant readers are well aware, sir, that throughout your pages in general, the further wickedness you in this number charge the bishops with in parliament, is not unfrequently, directly or indirectly attributed to the *clergy as a body*, viz. that they are generally the patrons of *sentiments outraging humanity*, and *disgraeing a civilized people*; and that they *are hostile to the comforts and pleasures of the poor*. And is the utterer of such calumnies against a very large body of men, who have wives and children to love them, and friends to feel for their reputation; is the utterer of such, to my certain knowledge gross calumnies, the man whose soul was all on fire because a provoked brother journalist alluded to his paper, *as a low radical journal!* Fie upon you, sir! these remarks are wrung from me by the impassioned consciousness of outraged truth and humanity. The very *few* individual sinners, in the sort you have alleged, I surrender to your savage vengeance. But I will, in spite of your demand to be let do what you like with your fancied prey, defend from your atrocious inhumanity, *the great body* of my worthy, though I think, unwise and mistaken brethren.

Ere one body of the clergy can be convicted of *practice* widely at variance with *professions*, they must, in common justice, be heard in statement of their professions. It *suits your purpose* to fix upon them the *professed imitation of the apostles*, and thus preclude all chance of their escape from your charges. But you shall not have your own way with them, I promise you, while I am suffered to speak in court, as well as yourself. We'll have no bullying, if you please, brother advocate. I have a right to defend as well as you to accuse. My clients shall have justice done them as well as yours.

In your paper of November the 4th, in reply to me, you write thus. "We beg to explain, that the very old book, to whose precepts *concerning them* we would fix the clergy, is the Bible. We say to them, if you believe in these rules of the founder of Christianity, what are we to think of your practice widely at variance with them? If you do not believe in these rules, what are we to think of your professions of faith? Have we not a right to require men to abide by their own laws, and laws, which they still promulgate and expound for the government of others?" What! does the enlightened Examiner *himself* apply the language of the New Testament, to any set of men, who have lived since apostolic and sensibly inspired ages? The words, *concerning them*, would seem to imply, that *you yourself*, consider the *High Church* tenet of apostolic ordination in perpetual descent, essential to the constitution of a Christian society. It would certainly answer your purpose admirably, could you establish what is here insinuated; that if a class of uninspired and ordinary men cannot now a days maintain the austerity and sanctity of the apostolic model, Christianity must itself be surrendered as an untenable system. It would not, I admit, be a complete defence for my clients, to prove, by reference to the scope and spirit of the Bible, that *the apostolic office and character* never were, never could

be, intended to be co-extensive in duration with the Christian religion. But if this be truth, and what a man of your acuteness and acquaintance with the Bible cannot deny, you are, Sir, I maintain bound to establish the fact of the *voluntary assumption* of the apostolic character by the modern clergy as a body, ere you make the grave and serious charge against them of a laxer morality than common, induced by habitual deviation of practice from professions.

The fact is, as I was obliged to take the liberty of telling you in my first letter, you are totally ignorant of the body of the parochial clergy. You are a man of the highest powers in many respects; but no man can know every thing by intuition; and though you can do more in your study than most men, you cannot by reading there the partial one-sided information of the press, which you are loud in accusing of misrepresentation, make yourself acquainted with the parochial clergy of the kingdom. I must beg leave to repeat, that I do know a great deal about them from actual observation, and from conversation with those amongst whom they live; and I must be allowed to assert that, from all that appears in your writing, you are totally in the dark, both as to the *moral character* of the parochial clergy, and as to their *voluntary* and *virtual* professions.

Have the goodness, Sir, to bear in mind, just now, that I am defending not the clergy of centuries past, nor the comparatively few obnoxious individuals before alluded to: I am the advocate of the moral character and rational, not sanctified professions of the great body of the English clergy of the present day.

A little reflection might enable you to perceive, Sir, that, as civilized society has been long, and still is constituted, it is utterly impossible to clear it from all that may strictly be termed humbug. When, then, you triumphantly ask my clients,—"What are we to think of your professions of faith?" I look you cooly in the face, and reply,—"Why, learned brother, think, that in common with all other *class professions*, they are considerably over-stated, tuned, as a musician would say above concert pitch: think, that in common with kings, lords, statesmen, lawyers, physicians,—nay, even with journalists,—aye, and Radical journalists, too, as well as Conservative journalists, think that in common with all these, and any other *clases*, indeed, the professions of the clergy are, and must be, beyond what their practice is or ever could be. Think this, as the professedly candid Examiner may well be required to think, and then you may, perhaps, approximated to a conviction of the gross injustice you do the parochial clergy, by quoting *against their moral character* the phraseology applied in antiquated church formularies, in silly and presumptuous imitation of the language of Scripture respecting apostles.

Now, from my personal acquaintance with the clergy, I can, without fear of contradiction from any one competent to speak to the point (as you from peculiar circumstances are not) affirm, that, making the allowances for them, to which all *professing classes* are entitled, they do not deserve censure on the score of *moral pretensions*. I think it *silly* in them to believe, as they generally do, in the *necessity* of bishops, either in or out of the House of Lords; or to believe that, if such views as yours were to gain the ascendant in the political horizon, mere belief in the Christian religion would languish and decline within this realm of England: I admit that, in my opinion, my clients are not wise for en-

tertaining these, and many other *class notions.* It was with reference to such notions, at present predominant amongst them, that I declared myself addicted to the society of sober and experienced laymen, in preference to the society of my class; but the question now before us does not regard the present state of philosophy and masculine opinion amongst the clergy. *The moral character* of my clients is to be defended. I have to make it appear to the jury that the clergy are not hypocritical, quarrelsome, hard-hearted, vindictive, lovers of pleasure themselves, haters of pleasure in others, back-biters, slanderers, a curse to the poor; in short, both negatively and possitively distinguished from other classes by a laxer morality, for such is one of the comprehensive counts of the indictment! Now, I maintain, that already such good reason has been offered in support of my preliminary objection to the *competency* of the Examiner to lay the indictment; and, again, that in the absence of mere formal evidence for the accuser, the total inability to support his allegations by even the most meagre inductions of particulars is more than obvious; and yet, again, that his accusation is so entirely made up of the most ordinary generalities of vulgar abuse, that I am entitled to request the court to dismiss this case at once, with appropriate admonition to the accuser, for having wantonly, and, in flagrant breach of common humanity, lodged against a large body of fellow-countrymen a frivolous, vexatious, and, as far as appearances go, malicious complaint.

Taking for granted that the Court has acceded to my request, and that I have carried my clients triumphantly through; I would fain now, if my opponent be not provoked with me beyond all bounds, as indeed I could well excuse him for being *just at present*, invite him into a neighbouring tavern, and try to cool his heated imagination, and soften his prejudices, by a little friendly reasoning. Suppose us then seated, like the nocturnal symposiasts of Blackwood; the *Examiner* and his humble servant, with one or two of the *ultra radical friends* of the former, and as many *thorough radical* friends of the latter. Only, as I intend to treat, and have more to say at this sitting than time will suffer me to say, unless I have all the talk to myself; I must beg and entreat, nay, I must insist upon it, that I be allowed to begin, continue, and conclude this, as it would otherwise be, conversation.

Away then with bitter sneers, and galling allusions of all sorts; "*missi hæc faciamus.*" I'll do my endeavour henceforth to speak as like a gentleman as for me may be possible.

Now, my good sir, I used once, d'ye know, when my first youthful *veneration* for the clergy had subsided; and grievously dissatisfied with them as well as myself, because in old catechisms, and old fashioned books on theology, we were dubbed *spiritual pastors and masters; stewards of God's mysteries;* though I neither myself felt, nor believed my brethren to be a jot more spiritual than other educated men; and, as for mysteries, why, good lord! they were mysteries to us, as well as to bumpkins around; when some years back my mind was in this state I felt inclined to be as fierce with the clergy as you are. I had, as the vulgar saying is, a good mind to "cut off my nose to be revenged of my face." I fumed and chafed at the injustice perpetrated by old establishd custom, on a blanc-bec of twenty-three, by ordaining him into *sanctified professions*, and the official advocacy of a member of metaphysical tenets, of which his immatured mind could not take cognizance, and of the real

state of the question, concerning which subtleties he must needs be profoundly ignorant. I was all for renouncing the profession at once, and in my virtuous indignation should have liked, had he not been a mild and well-meaning man, to cudgel the wig of the bishop who had consummated on me this process of moral emasculation. I got involved, as it was, by letting his lordship into a bit of my mind on the subject; though, as I did this courteously, and he was a human man; the chief mischief that occurred to me was through his gossipping upon the subject with other parties, through whom of course the ill odour of my contumacy spread rapidly and widely amongst my acquaintance and others. Thus, to a certain extent, I became all at once a naughty young man in the estimation of many who knew nothing of what was passing in my mind, but that I had dared to entertain a few such thoughts as they dared not entertain themselves.

I could not, sir, blame my acquaintance for this weakness. Habit, we know, is a second nature; nor could I presume to judge my fellow-creatures for censuring my exceptions to a code of metaphysical postulates, which the veneration of centuries had absolutely sanctified in their esteem.

Luckily for me, I fell in with a *rational* clergyman of matured experience, whose mind in early life had passed through the distressing ordeal, to which mine was now subjected. He naturally sympathized with me; and from the conversation with him, I was enabled to make up my mind to a few conclusions which I have never since seen occasion to unsettle. I took comfort through his arguments and advice, and as, with all its great blemishes of *high priestliness* and *excessive worldliness*, in some departments, the church of England society, lay and clerical, was by far the most suited of any to my taste; and as I must needs live in the world, and had no inclination to set up a shop of my own, I had positively nothing left for it, but to expatriate myself, or cut my throat, or remain, as I have done, a member of the church of England.

Succeeding years, sir, which have confirmed me in the desire for the most searching and thorough reform in the church of England, as well as in her state, have also confirmed me in the belief that no greater injury would be done to those whose cause I love, the great majority of my less elevated and needy brethern, than to divert any portion of the *reserved* property, which now maintains a *parochial* clergy, from such application, except it can be proved to be more than enough for the purpose. That it is not more than enough is my, at present, honest belief; and I am happy in being able to bring forward Mr. Hume, the member, in support of this opinion. On some occasion, two or three years, more or less, back (I made a note of the circumstance, but have it not by me), this gentleman expressed in the House of Commons his conviction, that the *aggregate church property*, that is, property in some portion at public disposal, but also in great portion not within absolute jurisdiction of the public; that the aggregate of this property was not more than enough to supply legitimate, *not corrupt*, clerical uses. I am quite open to conviction, to the contrary of this, my present belief; and I trust we shall soon have documents before us to settle this question. In the mean time I submit, that the advantage of opinion rests with me and those, who, being more conversant with details than you can be expected to be, hold very different sentiments from yours on the subject.

I must just observe here, in addition to what I have urged concerning

class professions, that the clergy do not profess to interpret the Scriptures *literally,* that is, *word by word, phrase by phrase,* as, to my astonishment, you have done. Whether their interpretation be the true one or not, nobody more entirely admits you and every literate man to question or deny than I do. The clergy *profess* to interpret, according to what they deem *the spirit* of the Scriptures, and though I am a black sheep amongst them, and though the very strong, yet very natural prejudices of their early dedication to the maintenance of certain prescribed opinions, they neither would nor could be expected to admit many of my interpretations; I know enough of their professed views in detail to affirm, that they and I are agreed in interpreting the following passage from St. Paul's epistle to the Philippians:—"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith *to be content.* I know both how *to be abased,* and I know how *to abound:* every where, and in all things, I am instructed both *to be full* and *to be hungry,* both *to abound* and *to suffer need.*" Now, the clergy understand St. Paul here to intimate, that, though, when *circumstances* might bring distress and privation upon him in the Gospel cause, there was nothing he could not endure through *Christ who strengthened him* (as he says just after the above quotation), yet, when circumstances did not make such privations essential to the propagation of truth, he could, in moderation, enjoy the blessings of God's ordinary providence as well as any other man. Believe me, Sir, the sentiments of *the body of the parochial clergy* on this topic are, in churches and out of churches, preached and professed to be in unison with this interpretation of St. Paul.

I have yet much to say to you on all subjects connected with Church Reform. Some years of *free* and *anxious* thought upon the subject have made me, I believe, competent to offer a sound opinion. I shall avail myself of the continued permission of the Editor of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, to address myself to you. I shall take great care not to overstep the bounds of decorum and gentlemanly forbearance, for my own sake, for there is no man on earth who would make me smart for such ill-behaviour so well as you. With the utmost good humour, now that the brunt of the fight is over for the present, I beg to repeat, I cannot grant the request you make in the outset of your article of Nov. 4th.; though, without great circumspection, it may be dangerous; yet, if one can feel a thorough dependence on one's strength, it is not, I think, a bad way to commence a battle by taking *the bull by the horns.* I look upon you to be the Coryphæus of *Ultra Radicalism,* which I deem almost as pernicious as *Toryism,* and more so than *timid* Whigism. *Thorough Radicalism* is my profession; and so confident am I, that it is expedient to curb the leader of the too impetuous division of my own party, that in spite of his utmost remonstrance, I will not suffer him "*to fight our battles in his own way.*"

Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant,

A RADICAL PARSON.

P. S. On the subject of the competency or not competency of the clergy, under a reform system, to conduct the education of the poor, I have very, as I deem, conclusive arguments to urge in their favour. But this letter is already, perhaps, too long.

THE SORROWS OF A SAILOR BOY.

I AM still a boy, and yet have I for years withstood unheard of perils—witnessed unheard of adventures. If incidents make up a life, I have lived the time of Nestor; and yet, yet I am a boy.

I am a native of England. I was born in one of its sweetest vales; for some years did I enjoy all the freedom, the freshness of rustic life: but at length, my rural being drew to a close. I was condemned to the wide—the melancholy sea. The pathless ocean was to be my home—the porpoise and the sea-mew my drear companions. Words cannot express the tedium, the monotony of my ocean-life. Again and again have I suffered the horrors of the calenture; again have I fancied that the dappled deer leapt merrily past me, that the mavis sang in the green-wood, but the shrill laugh and joyous cry of berry-seeking children reached my heart, and then, stung to the soul.

"I curst the carfindo and the inconstant wind
That made me for to go, and leave my home behind."

However, let me begin with the beginning of my brief though disastrous history. I have said that I was country born. I might have worn away my life in the place of my birth, had it not been for the cupidity of one who ought to have been my natural protector. But, cease complaints—and, to my story. A gentleman, high at the navy board, visited in a disastrous hour, the scene of my nativity. He professed to be struck with my promising aspect—the straightness, strength, and sturdiness of my figure; he at once declared that I was born for the sea; and, in few words, made a bargain with one who ought to have blushed through his whole body at the bare thought of parting with me. But what will not accursed gold effect? I was doomed to winds and waves; and, that I might enter on my stormy existence, was placed under the direction of the ship carpenter.

Little do the smug and cosey citizens of the terrestrial part of this world dream of the miserable destiny of a poor boy sent to sea. In the midst of animation, he is a solitary outcast; a being glanced at and forgotten; men pass him by as though there was nothing in common 'twixt them and him: 'tis little matter what service he performs, what hard duties he uncomplainedly fulfils, his ears are never gladdened with the sound of thanks—his eyes meet not the commending glances of another. He is looked upon as a drudge, a slave; a poor necessary wretch, on whom kindness would be as misunderstood as uncalled for. I can with the sternest honesty declare, that through night and day, I have fulfilled my appointed duty—not that I wish to be vain of my parts—that though I have performed more than any one of the crew was capable of—that though my services have been of the most timely and valuable kind, I have never received, by word or deed, the slightest testimonial of applause. I must, in duty to myself, relate two or three circumstances illustrative of my own capacity and the general ingratitude of mankind.

The gentleman of the navy board who bound me to a sea-life, declared that he saw in me the materials of a skilful pilot: that in a very little time—so highly did he think of my abilities—I might be of the

greatest service to the whole fleet. What follows will best declare whether my patron made a wrong estimate of my capacity.

One night, the ship which I so materially served, was in the North Sea. The sun had set blood-red; black clouds drifted along the sky, and the wind began to moan, and then rose higher and higher, until we had a thorough stiff gale abaft. The night grew pitch dark: the topsails were close reefed, and all hands were kept on deck. By degrees, anxiety pervaded the whole of the crew; dissensions arose—the man at the helm bit his lip and hardly breathed, as he plied his task; the men in the chains heaved the lead, and at every cast there was less water. In another minute the ship would have been hard and fast, had I not, boy as I was, compelled the steersman to put up the helm and steer clear of the neighbouring sand. Landsmen will, of course, think that I received some grateful acknowledgment of my service: not a word, not a look: the danger over, the crew took no more notice of me than if they had never seen me. This is one of many instances of cold ingratitude.

Another time, I was the means of preserving an Indiaman, richly freighted. It was a fine star-light night in July, the fourteenth, for it was the natal day of the second mate, who was keeping his first watch; and who, in honour of his birth, had quaffed a black-jack full of stiff grog; neither had he stinted any of his watch; though, of course, I shared not in his liberality. The ship was one of the first in the service, laden with tea and spice. The night, as I have premised, was very fine; "light winds from the south west, (I quote from the log-book), under top-gallant sails." However, the grog liberally, though secretly served out by the second mate, had had more than a wished-for effect, for three parts of the watch were asleep; the mate was leaning against the capstern winking and fitfully droning "Meg of Wapping;" the helmsman's eyes now stared unconsciously at the compass, and now at the sails, and nothing could have saved the ship from the most terrible quicksand, had I not suddenly arrested the man at the wheel, who, the ship answering well to her helm, with a turn of the hand, saved the vessel from certain destruction. Of course, had any eulogy been passed upon me, it must have been at the expence of the watch of the second mate.

I swim well, and have more than once preserved human life. One time, the ship—I studiously conceal the names of the vessels—ran bump on the sand; she floundered like a stranded whale, and in a little time, made herself a comfortable bed: the wind came up—the sea, like mountains of rolling snow went over her—crash went masts and yards—the seamen swore and raved—the passengers screamed and cried; every wave tore away a part of the ship, whilst some of the crew lashed themselves to the floating masts and spars. In the dreadful havoc, a woman seized hold of me; she caught me with the straining, convulsive grasp of death. I swam, now above the waters, now under them—but still she grasped me. I preserved her—she was taken into the long-boat, and since that time, has been the happy mother of three young children. But did she think of me? No, not a thought did she waste on her preserver. It is thus that I have spent my boyhood, and these—these are my returns!

ERRATUM.—In the foregoing, the printer has been guilty of a curious blunder. In every instance, where the word occurs, for *boy*, please to read BUOY!

Goodwin Sands, Nov. 29, 1832.

METHODIST POETS;

JAMES EVERETT, JOHN HOLLAND, AND RICHARD FURNESS, REVIEWED BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES.

Who does not know that the great founder of Methodism wrote verses, and that his brother was a poet of no ordinary powers? But when Charles Wesley died his mantle was laid on his grave, and, until very lately, none of his followers ventured to take it up. At length, however, the sect of Methodism has produced three candidates for poetical honours; they are, James Everett, of Manchester, Methodist parson; John Holland, late of Sheffield, once, I believe, a mechanic, and not now, I hope, ashamed of his origin; and Richard Furness, schoolmaster, of Dore, in Derbyshire. It is a capital sign of the times, that three authors writing from the bosom of a cold and worldly sect, have not forgotten, in their compositions, the plundered poor!

James Everett's "Edwin," has been some time before the public. It contains some sweet descriptions, and is unexceptionable in its moral tendencies; but it is not altogether to my taste. The promise, however, of better things, which it made to us, has been already more than fulfilled in his later productions; and if half what I hear of them is true, not only must "bards profane" lower their ears, but the "players on the harp of David" humble themselves before James, the inspired, of Manchester.

John Holland, in his "Tyne Banks," shews that he deeply feels for those "who, with stern efforts, drag the river for a livelihood," and "the sweltering sons of toil, whose very bones are pierced with fervent heat." These words "are things;" for John's heart has not been so thoroughly steeped in formalities as to be ashamed of its best feelings. Witness his description of a collier's wedding. Woman-hating John Wesley himself, if he were alive, could not read it, without feeling queer.

> A wedding party! 'tis a sight to please
> A pensive wanderer, like myself, and gain
> My prayers and wishes, that kind heaven will bless
> The pair unknown, with nuptial happiness.
> A tall swart pitman is the bridegroom—he,
> Dress'd in his quaint, gay, holiday, attire;
> The damsel, stout and fresh in health—how she
> Returns the mirth-look of her jocund squire!

But for one abominable flaw, the following extract from the same poem, would do no discredit to any living poet. I do not allude to the flaw, because I dislike "the unco' gude," but because I could like them to be "better still." Will John Holland tell us, what the prayers, and they who prayed, actually did for the Reform Bill? We know what they did for the Catholic Relief Bill. But during the late struggle, instead of fronting us openly, they skulked and fought us under cover. If not, where were they while the battle was raging? General-Fast-Percival and Co., know, right well, where the leaders of the Methodists would have been, and what they would have done, had we lost the battle. That they could have carried their flocks with them, is not quite so clear.

I tread the deck of the gay steamer—glad,
Still to explore thy course, majestic Tyne;
To see the hills in nature's glory clad,
And mark how art and nature here combine.

All sights, all sounds, of ceaseless labour tell,
On either shore, or from the barks afloat;
This is no scene where idleness may dwell,
No spot indulgent of poetic thought;
Man seems not here allow'd to think or feel,
Beyond the range of ropes, and coals, and steel.

And far and near, on either hand abound,
Deep pits, and long-drawn subterranean aisles,
Where, for their use, grim enginry hath crown'd
Each hill or gentle slope; while nature smiles
Not all unlovely, amidst coal and coke,
That night and day belch forth their clouds of smoke.

And, lo, how smoothly down yon iron plane,
Art's perfect road! the uppiled waggons run;
Till gain'd the staith's pois'd platform, the long train
Down to the ship below sink one by one,
Where, at a touch, each yieldeth its black load,
Then, instantly updrawn, retracks the metal road.

Where that bold bridge, with many an arching stride,
Unites old Durham and Northumbria's lands,
How do the vessels crowd the long quay side!
How thick the grove of masts! how wide expands
The bellying sail! how trim upon the tide,
Float seaward, the rigg'd sloops! how swift the wherries glide!

And see that bark, without a sail or oar,
How like a thing instinct with life she moves!
Her iron heart, and pulse of steam, can more
Than wind and wave propel—and who but loves
To sail on this smooth river, when doth flow
The full spring-tide, and sea-borne breezes blow?

What countless keels! and what a hardy race,
Those gaunt and grimmy rovers! who, by threes,
Tug at the ponderous oar; the steersman's place
Another holds, and his light pole with ease
Directs the collier vessel on her course,
Unaided, or by sail, or steam, or horse.

From many a mast the streamer gaily floats,
And right and left the red-cross flag appears;
But yon broad banner on the hill denotes
The mighty strife of patriot hopes and fears—
That strife which, like a whirlwind furious grown,
Month after month, hath through the nation blown.

"Reform" is on the banner; loudly swells
The shout "Reform!" from thousands all around;
"Reform" is in the music of yon bells,
"Reform is in yon cannon's thundering sound:
Yea, women-politicians breast the storm,
And children—children lisp "Reform, Reform!"

But thou, my country, know, that at this hour
He is no patriot who prays not for thee;
Thy heart of wisdom, and thy hand of power,
If heaven-inspired, shall keep thee nobly free;
Then, England, be it theirs, who seek thy weal,
On all thine acts to stamp Religion's seal.

"Oh, bless my country, Heav'n! and be the shield
Of God's pure word, the safeguard, day by day,
Of him who through all seasons tills the field;
Of him who dares all storms on ocean's way;
Of him who beats the anvil, plies the loom,
Or wastes in studious toil health's precious bloom."

Time, thou sweep'st hence, with stern, unsparing hand,
The hoary monuments of ages past;
Yet many a ruin on these banks doth stand,
Hallow'd by genius, piety, or taste;
Heir-looms of history, way-marks left for man,
To shew where long-past generations ran.

But greener grows the water—here and there
The long-wing'd sea-bird o'er the river soars;
There is a springy freshness in the air,
Such as oft fans with health propitious shores.
On glides the bark—and lo! on either hand,
The suburbs, north and south, of Shields expand.

There crowd the craft the harbour's space along,
Their streamers flying, and their sails display'd;
While on each quay behold the motley throng,
The busy sons of industry and trade;
Merchants and seamen—links of that strong chain
Which binds to British commerce land and main.

For hither come the ships from east and west,
From southern regions and the rigorous north;
And hence, with England's holiest wishes blest,
To every quarter of the globe go forth.

Thus grew those famous cities, ocean-born,
O'er whose fall'n grandeur ruins ploughshare goes;
Rhodes, Genoa, Tyre—and so, though now forlorn,
Queen of the Adriatic! Venice rose:
And so those countless, nameless towns, by time,
Like broken sea-shells, strewn through every clime.

But what is yon magnificent expanse?
The sea! the sea! the everlasting sea!
'Tis the creation, by one moment's glance,
Of a new world, in thought and memory;
For ne'er before did mine astonish'd eye
Behold thee, Ocean! now beheld so nigh.

I see, I feel thine amplitude sublime,
Thy boundless undulations seem to me
Great Nature's pulses, beating through all time,
Even from the heart of dread eternity.

How smooth the water! and how like the sky
In the dim distance! while yon vessels seem
Like specks, now clear, now fading on the eye—
Or like th' illusions of a quiet dream.

Lo, foam-wreath'd swells the beach, how gently lave!
And while, far off, the storm's dark hues extend,
Prismatic beauty tints the nearer wave,
Where sun-beam colours exquisitely blend,
As if the rainbows, when they fade in heav'n,
Were to the sea in liquid lustre given.

But ah! not always tranquil is the deep,
Nor soothing his soft voice, as at this hour:
Let but the furious wind his surface sweep,
Let but the tempest wake his mighty power,
Then, where now breathes warm summer's gentlest breath,
Terrors and dangers reign, and shipwreck calls on death.

The third methodist candidate for poetical honours, Richard Furness, makes his first appearance as Apollo, in the Rag-bag. I would give my ears to be the author of this poem, a proof that I value it highly; for what is an ass, or my Lord Londonderry himself, without his "jobbernoul-features?" Richard commences with a sort of Greekish description of an English sunset; he then introduces his hero, a rag-gatherer, on his return from a long day's perambulation, with his bag of all sorts. Suddenly his ass stands still, and horrid sounds issue from the "Rag-bag," in which the teapot attacks the tobacco-box, the lady's ruff assaults the poor man's coat collar, the parson's wig wages war on all the other contents of the bag, and the harrow tooth demolishes the parson's wig; while the peace is kept externally by bold Richard himself, who, like Lord Byron's Irishman in a row, seems to be any body's customer.

The commencement is fine. But what does Richard mean by "fountain nymphs?" I never met with any of them in the vale of Derwent. Perhaps the phrase is Latin for "otter."

"Now had rich Ceres led her laughing train
Of sun-burnt reapers from her fields of grain;
Day's golden wheels lagg'd on the sultry hours;
Labour had left his task, and bees their flowers;
And rural damsels, with replenish'd pails,
Their dappled herds to pasture in the vales;
While fountain nymphs retired to chrystal caves,
As day's bright orb hung o'er the western waves,
Shed o'er the world a faint departing ray,
And cast the mountain's shadow o'er my way:
Then placid Evening, Night's fair sister queen,
In silence held her solitary reign,
Save o'er the fold, and deep embowering grove,
Where birds, in dreams, renew'd their songs of love;
Where sounds Æolian moan'd, through hollow rocks,
Soft music, soothing to the resting flocks;
Or, where the cataract answer'd from the hills
The gentler murmurs of the valley rills;
As rose the moon o'er orient realms afar,
In star-crown'd glory, on her silver car.
Threw from the mountain tops her modest light,
And bath'd her beauties in the dews of night."

Not only is Richard a learned man—and who knows what his learning may have cost him, what aches of head and heart, what pinchings of back and belly?—but also he is made of the right stuff, and hath been baptized with fire.

" Then had I gather'd rags for miles around,
From village, halls, and cots, where rags abound;
Old wigs, flint bottles, horse-hair, scraps of brass,
Hare-skins, dry bones, old iron, and broken glass;
And toiling homeward, near dark Derwent's stream,
My weary wandering by the moon's pale beam,
Surprised, like Balaam, in the narrow pass,
At once stood still my baggage and my ass;
Nor would he journey on, nor move aside,
Though my stiff weapon bruised his surly hide;
When, in an instant, from my flaxen poke,
Discordant voices in loud murmurs broke.

'Fly, slaves!' cried one, amid the battle's smoke,
A Clasp, that once embraced Lord Lumber's cloak;
'Look through the gallery in yon marble hall,
There yet my fathers live along the wall;
And, as estates descend from sire to son,
Doubtless my father's wisdom is my own.'

To whom replied, I judged, a coarse old Rag,
The remnant of a labourer's dinner-bag:—
'My soul indignant rises at your name,
And controverts the greatness of your claim;
While the brave whittle, dangling by your side,
The gay appendage of your feudal pride,
Rusts in the scabbard—See! the peasant blythe
Sweeps down whole fields with his broad-sword, the scythe;
Leads harvest captive to his stores for food,
And, while he conquers famine, sheds no blood."

Then spoke a Flounce, torn from a lady's gown,
Some prude's coquette's, or woman's of the town:—
'Know, I had titles, beauty, rank, and fame,
And riches shed a halo round my name;
Respect my rank; avaunt! ye servile crew,
More manners learn, and keep your distance—do.'

But Dame Gray's pocket, rising in a huff,
Discharg'd her box, and fell'd the Flounce with snuff;
And while the vanquish'd lay among the slain,
She thus address'd her in a serious strain:—
'Madam, forbear! what, though of rank you boast?
Though in your shadow little folks are lost?
The distaff to your sceptre shall not bow;
I'm in the rag-bag, madam, so are you.'

Two mailed foes now met in tilting shocks—
A metal tea-pot, and tobacco-box:
Snap went the box, and bit the tea-pot's spout;
Hot hiss'd the pot, and spouted venom out;
To smoke or steam, each rais'd its mouth or nose,
Till words succeeded scientific blows;
When thus the tea-pot:—'Filthy magazine!
Close thy black vent, and hold thy poison in.
With thee, the sot burns competence away,
And sucks his ruin through a stick of clay.
Ah, long posterity shall curse the hand
That brought tobacco to this vicious land.'
On this the box, impatient for the fray,
Threw up his lid, and stood in firm array;

Brandish'd the smoker's arms, strode o'er the field,
And vow'd Tobacco ne'er to Tea should yield.
'Behold! the crockery's ranged upon the tray;
See! tattling gossips burn th'. expiring day;
See! since the card and wheel were laid aside,
Each pale-faced insect's wing'd with foreign pride:
Now whisper'd secrets pass from ear to ear,
Till the gay circle hears what all will hear;
While fell detraction smooths her reckless tongue,
On tiptoe, Envy steals into the throng,
Whispers—'Don't mention, ma'am!' 'Indeed, not I!"
So each declares—and ladies never lie.
'Miss Placid's handsome, did you say, Miss Clare?'
'Indeed she's handsome—but I wonder where!
A more unmeaning face I never knew:—
That gipsy!—fair!—*sans rouge*, her charming hue,
Without a pass, would bear her safely through
All swarthy Egypt; thence she might go on
Through amorous Turkey, free from all *crim.-con.*
And, ladies! not to mention all I hear,
'Twixt you and me—but—so and so—I fear,
That she's a—hem—with J—n; but I forbear.
To dance she strove in vain; poor awkward lass!
And as to drawing, music—teach an ass!
With voice as fine, her solo to the harp:
Confound her flats and naturals! she not sharp!'
'What makes amends, her cash, you know, my dear!'
'Tush, ma'am! what's that, but forty pounds a-year?'
'No, twenty, dear!' Did not her father fail?
Pshaw!—cash!—all fudge!—her uncle died in jail.'
'Hist, ladies, hist!' Rap, rap, the door!—'Oh, dear!
Walk in, Miss Placid—glad to see you here!
Papa and Ma'a, I hope, are very well?
Your uncle, worthy soul! and sister Bell.
The sight of you my aching tooth hath eas'd;
Lauk, dear! how all the company are pleas'd!'
Thus happy, tea-wives sport each fair one's name,
Till each in turn is damn'd to honest fame.
So, Madam Teapot! stop your spout divine;
First see your own faults, ere you censure mine."

Here, as the warrior made a final pause,
An old brass inkstand oped its ebon jaws;
The classic fountain of a supervisor,
Or drunken, perjur'd, journeyman excisor,
Whose secret service stood the landlord's friend,
And gauged his hogshead at the private end:
"My friends, Spinoza, Hobbes, Voltaire, and Hume,
Each in my fount dipt his triumphant plume,
Explor'd all heights, all depths, all nature's laws,
And prov'd existence prior to its cause;
From nature, each deduced his moral plan,
And widely shew'd the dignity of man."

"The dignity of man! who understands?"
Replied, incens'd, a pair of parson's bands;
"May thy black bowels shrivel up! When dead,
Bell, book, and candle's curse fall on thy head.
The dignity of man! behold! the child
Runs from his youth exuberantly wild;

In manhood vain; a second child in years;
His morning folly, and his evening tears.
Would thy nice speculations reach some end,
Back o'er the heathen world thy view extend:
What see'st thou? Senseless idols, wood and stone,
And altars, blazing to the God unknown?
What sees't thou now? The Awful Glorious Name,
Impress'd on all this universal frame."

"Brave reasoning this, 'mong squalid rags forsooth!"
Exclaim'd a rusty, blunt, old harrow tooth,
"While I, the plough, the mattock, spade, and scythe,
Man, horse, and ox, sweat for his annual tithe;
And bulls of Basan fed by Anak tall,
'Midst filth Augean stink in every stall.
* * * * *
Truth, bare thine arm, employ thy scourge of cords,
Expel the thieves; the temple is the Lord's.
* * * * *
Jesus we know, and Paul we know; but who
Are these? Let Eli's sons come up and show;
Devouring wolves!"—But here the speaking tooth
Was silenced by a stroke upon the mouth,
A Peter-stroke."

Richard can do the tremendous. But I must omit his holy war,—his passing-bell for England's glory, rung by a tailor's thimble—his bard, (not inspired) and his lawyer, who put Beelzebub into chancery, tricked him out of his estate, and made him glad to hold under Big-Wig on lease, threatening, that at the end of the term, unless fled, he would oust tenant and reside.—I must also avoid his "Physic Bottle," and proceed to the "Ten Pound Note," such things being rather scarce with me now-a-days.

Now rose the collar of a poor man's coat,
And cork'd the bottle with a ten pound note:
"That note," said he, "endors'd by men of rank,
The faithless promise of a country bank,
For that base bill my only cow I sold,
Woe to the poor! since rags will pass for gold.
The times were hard, and bread was bad and dear,
My farm six acres, eighteen pounds a year;
My children five, for labour yet too small,
Of child-birth dead, my wife, my help, my all;
And winter time! the snow was very deep,
And lost or buried were my few poor sheep,
My household doomed to cheerless food and fire,
And not a farmer wished a hand to hire,
Then came my landlord, for his rent was due;
The bank had fail'd, alas! what could I do?
He sold my goods, and locking up the door,
Shew'd us the poor-house on the neighbouring moor;
In angry accents, with unfeeling heart,
Through falling snow, compell'd us to depart
To that vile mansion, where I strive to hide
The last remains of honest English pride.
* * * * *

Want stands as porter, and admits the poor
To useless labour * * *
* * * My children mourn.
And ask, wherefore the change? Then flow my tears—
* * * * *
Oh, ye who revel on the tide of time,
Sport with distress, think poverty a crime,
Whom fortune never crush'd beneath her wheel,
Ye marble-hearted wretches! learn to feel.
Say not, ye pamper'd sons of wealth and pride,
Contented be the poor till God provide;
God has provided for the labouring poor,
But tax-fed idlers rob them of their store.

Well done, Richard. Almost thou persuadest me to be a methodist. But thou shalt be Laureate, Bishop of Conference, and rhyme better still next time. Good luck to thee, and for thy sake, success to the town and trade of Dore.

The British nation, being not only a religious, but a thoughtful people, I have determined forthwith to write *Corn Law Hymns*; for before the end of ten years from the 19th day of November, 1832, even our methodist parsons will be fain to preach Adam Smith, in all their pulpits. Scotch Chalmers, the calvinist, has already preached him, but without understanding the text. Wheelwright James Wats! have we not cause to be thankful for at least two of the countrymen of Burns, the exciseman? One of them try a single thought, changed the face of the earth, and reversed the destiny of ages; the other begat the minds of such writers as Harriet Martineux. Richard Furness has much to unlearn, and more to know, before he can become what he will yet be; in the meantime, if he incline to prose, I suggest three subjects for his pen; "The History of a British Ship of War;" "Colonial Annals, or Sir Sancho Grub, in his Island;" and "Parlour Law, or Half a Page, from the History of the Great Unpaid, in ten thousand volumes, folio.

MY PRETTY KATE.

My pretty Kate I do not know
The reason why I love you so
Devotedly; but when a day
Without thy presence drags away,
I feel as though a year had flown,
And I the while been left alone.

Yet when a day I spend with thee,
It scarcely seems an hour to me;
Yet tho' no suicide am I,
Nor very anxious am to die;
My soul unmoved the hope surveys,
That Kate may shorten all my days.

CARROTS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

"A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd."—KING JOHN.

WHATEVER the moralists may say, I cannot help coinciding in the belief of those who acknowledge the doctrine of *fatality*. There is, I am convinced, a certain portion of the human race who are foredoomed from their cradles to undergo misfortune, and none more surely than those on whom some indelible stamp has been affixed, by the caprice of nature, before their birth.

That learned and suffering person, Mr. Walter Shandy, when he heard of the unlucky misnomer by which his infant son had been baptized, exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart, "The Thracians wept whenever a child was born!" and conceived that he had great cause for lamentation and sorrow. Perhaps he had; but not in an equal degree with the parents of him who now records his distresses. I know not if their grief was proportionate to the magnitude of the misfortune, or whether they were skilful or sagacious enough to predict what would befal him—compassionate reader, judge for yourself. I was born with a RED HEAD! The very hour of my birth, like that of "the great magician, damn'd Glendower," was portentous:

"The front of heaven was full of *fiery* shapes."

How often, Lycurgus, have I sighed, as I remembered thy salutary edict, which condemned to death every infant whose personal appearance might cast a blemish on the unrivalled sons of Sparta! Would that the British lawgivers had taken thee for their model! But such was the infatuation of my parents, and particularly of my mother, that they seemed even to take a pride in witnessing the maturity of my shame; the consequence was, that I became a curly-headed, carrotty-pole, admired by every one for the luxuriant fury of my locks and the vivacity of my disposition, or for being, in other words, a little fiery-headed tyrant. As if to keep in perpetual remembrance the natural stigma under which I was destined to labour, I had been christened RUFUS; this, with the euphonous surname of GREEN, formed a climax in the annals of unfortunate nomenclatures.

By degrees, the amiable qualities of my disposition began to develope themselves, and the consequences of over indulgence became manifest. For some years I held uncontrolled sway in my father's house, where my will was law; but at length a brother was born, and from that moment, being voted a perfect nuisance, it was formally arranged that I should leave the paternal mansion, and be transferred to the care of the Rev. Mr. Flayskin, at whose academy knowledge was inculcated according to the doctrines of the Monarch of Israel.

At nine years of age, therefore, I made my first appearance at school, where my presence was hailed with a general expansion of countenance, which might safely be denominated "one universal grin," as the reverend pedagogue led forward and uncovered the froward boy committed to his charge. He introduced me to my companions, and left me to my fate. In a few minutes I was surrounded by a host of idle urchins, all

anxious to elicit something from "the new boy." My replies were short and surly, and soon drew on me the attention of him who was considered in the school "the wag" *par excellence*. He was a short, sturdy fellow, with a round, bullet head, a pug nose, and small sparkling grey eyes, which twinkled with wit and impudence. "Oh, ho!" said he, "we've caught a fox, eh? Let's see if he'll show fight when he's hunted. If I don't burn my fingers I'll have a pull at his *brush!*" So saying, he caught hold of me by the hair, and giving a violent jerk, pulled me forward into the midst of the ring. I was not, as I have already observed, remarkable for patience: I clenched my fist, and struck him in the face; the blow was returned, and in an instant I found myself involved in a fierce battle, which was, however, speedily ended, by the interference of the usher, but not before I had received convincing proofs that my antagonist was a bruiser as well as a wit. Independent of the cuffs I received in this conflict, I acquired from that moment the *sobriquet* of "the fox;" by which I was ever afterwards distinguished. For the first month, like the popular Duke of Hereford,

> "I could not stir,
> But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
> That boys would tell each other, '*That is he*;'
> Others would whisper, '*Where?—Which is the Fox?*'"

and when the wonder lessened, it brought nothing that was consolatory, for whenever a theme for merriment was required, it was only necessary to mention my red head, and what with the gibes cast upon it, and the little equanimity with which I bore them, there was always fun enough at my expence. My name was made the perpetual subject of ridicule, and furnished forth a thousand good sayings, which were attributed to the wag above mentioned. I was taunted with the appellation of "the tinker," because wherever I went, I was said "to carry my *furnace* about with me." When the weather was cold, the boys would assemble round me, and affect to warm their hands at my perpetual fire; and when it was hot, they laid the change of temperature *on my head*. I was denominated "the male vestal," whose flame was never extinct—the beacon with an ever-burning light; and when I bathed in company with the other boys, they universally declared that my plunge, like another Phæton, made the waters fire and smoke! Their modes of annoyance were not confined to mere verbal annotations, but were accompanied by practical efforts of illustration. I have been seized upon at night, in the large dormitory in which we slept, and dragged from my own bed, to act as the general warming-pan of the room, by having my arms and legs confined, and in that state thrust up and down between the sheets, till my skin was almost rubbed off, and all in defiance of my kicks, tears, threats, and protestations. At other times, if I attempted to stir from my bed-side, where, to avoid this treatment, I often passed half the night in my clothes, till my tormentors were asleep, I was saluted with a volley of shoes, boots, and other missiles, accompanied by loud exclamations of "Put out the lights," "Douse the glim," a nautical phrase, which had been recently imported by the wag, (who came from Portsmouth,) and was therefore in great vogue; and on more than one occasion, when my adversaries came to close quarters, I was

compelled to undergo the mystic ceremony of having my light obscured by "the extinguisher," as a peculiar mode of coronation was facetiously termed. In short, I enjoyed no peace, by night or day, my rest was invaded, the hours allotted to recreation were disturbed, and those of study were made the vehicle of covert, insult, and inuendo. No allusion was suffered to pass unapplied, and no opportunity neglected of discovering new terms of reproach as they were gleaned from the pages of our daily reading. The life of a schoolboy is, generally speaking, a life of hardship, at least, if there is any exception I was not destined to experience it, and during a probation of four or five years, I underwent all that the malice of my companions could inflict. At length the wheel began to turn, and as I gradually grew in years and strength, found that forbearance was practised towards me; more, however, from fear than affection. It is not to be wondered at, if I in my turn now exercised a species of tyranny when I had learnt what it was to suffer. The evil traits of my disposition, for such they were pleased to term them, became daily more manifest, and when I left school, whence I was expelled for an act of violence towards the master, whose taunts I had long treasured up till a day of vengeance should arrive. I left it with the reputation of being a violent, passionate, and revengeful creature, whom no kindness could reclaim, nor any correction improve.

My parents who saw me thus returned upon their hands, held a council of war as to my ultimate destination, and considering my appearance and my irascible nature, they directed that none of the grave professions were suitable for me, and that my only chance of success lay in following the career of arms. Accordingly I was sent to the military college at Sandhurst, there to improve those pugnacious propensities already developed in me, and duly qualify myself to "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." It was a miracle that I passed safely through the three years probation allotted me; once I was rusticated, and once nearly expelled for conduct, the origin of which I can trace to that which was "the head and front of my offending." I can compare my sensations to nothing so much as the idea we have of a shell, the fuse of which is burning;—we feel that it must explode, and painfully anticipate the result. Thus I always bore in my recollection the consciousness of the mine which was ever ready to be sprung. However, it was decreed that the camp, the genuine abode of all *Kuzzilbashes*, was at length to become mine, and the period of my boyhood past, I gladly assumed the uniform of the —— regiment, to me the real *toga virilis*. I hoped now to escape from the ills which had hitherto beset my path, and relied upon the dignity of my new calling to prevent the possibility of annoyance. My figure was tall and well-enough proportioned; with others height would have been an advantage, with me it was the reverse, for it suggested the comparison of a light-house; my features were marked and complexion somewhat high, but altogether from my general appearance, I might have been pronounced either goodlooking than otherwise, had not, as a wit observed, the capital of the Corinthian column been formed rather of the *carrot* than the *acanthus*. It was not the "*crin fulve*" described by Ugo Foscolo, or any thing which could admit the shadow of a doubt. It was RED, undisguised and unqualified; that which a herald would term *gules* and a painter *flame*; my whiskers too were of the same ardent hue, and pro-

cured for me the happy *sobriquet* of Barbarossa, reviving the association of an atheistical emperor and a bloodthirsty corsair.

"All that disgraced my betters, met in me."

It was said of me, in allusion to my imperial namesake, that were I like him to merit the punishment with which the inquisition visit heresy, I might save some trouble and expense, for my *san-benito* was already prepared. It was fated also that I should be deceived in supposing that, as a military man, I was safe from these petty vexations. The day on which I joined my regiment appeared but the precursor of a new series of mortifications; the first attack to which I was exposed proceeded from a centry of the artillery who was posted on a situation whither my curiosity had attracted me. "*You* must not pass here sir," exclaimed the man, with an accent as I thought on the *pronoun*. "Why not?" I replied, "I wanted to see this battery." It isn't a battery, sir, its a powder magazine!" The fellow grinned as he spoke. I retreated in ire, unwilling to expose my mortification, or give a chance of amusement at my expense so soon. At mess that evening I was introduced to the greater part of the officers; and as I was uncovered, my upper works were more conspicuous. They seemed very merry fellows, and each of them had a smile upon his countenance, as he welcomed me to the fraternity. Such a reception was not disagreeable, provided it was sincere. For the first few days this politeness was uniform; but in a in a short time the formal designation of Mr. —— was abandoned, and my companions began to indulge in phrases, wherein some remote cause of mirth connected with my appearance seemed to predominate. It was said that a new light began to beam upon the regiment, that it was fortunate the quarters were bomb-proof; and many jokes upon *firelocks* were sported. These circumstances, by degrees, excited my irritability; in vain I argued with myself, that if I began my career by quarrelling with my brother officers, it would inevitably be but a brief one; and that by so doing, I should certainly commit myself for life. The reasoning faculty was never very strongly developed on that head which bore more signs of passion and irritibility than the science of craniology has yet discovered.

One evening, therefore, when we had a large party at the mess, and contrary to our wont, had indulged too freely in the tinted juice, our spirits were excited, and we became argumentative, less patient to bear, and more apt to give offence. In such a mood a jest is of serious consequence, and jests were rife. An allusion was made, certainly *intended* for me, but not in the sense in which I accepted it. I replied in angry terms, which provoked still more pointed expressions; we forgot the poet's exclamation,

"*Vino et lucernis Medus acinaus*
Immane quantum discrepat!"

and granted in our cups. I challenged my quondam friend, and demanded immediate satisfaction: he sneeringly refused to go out till the morning, alleging that the advantage would be all on his side, "as it was dark." I boiled with rage, and quitted the room, drunk with choler as well as wine. In the morning we met and exchanged shots; my ball lodged harmless in a tree; but that of my antagonist was directed with

a surer aim; it winged me, and I fell. The result of this affair was gratifying to both of us; he left the regiment, and I remained on the sick list for some months during the pleasantest season of the year, and when I once more appeared in public, I found that I had carried an immunity from further gibes at the expense of good fellowship; nobody laughed or jested with me now; I was considered like Fergus Mac Ivor, "a fiery ettercap, a fractious chield." Though this did not improve my temper, I did not at once become a misanthropist, but I was far from forming any friendships. I did worse—I fell in love! and yet how could I avoid it? for Eliza's beauty was perfect;—still might I not have discovered what fate had in store for me? But who is there who pauses to reflect when the passions are exerted? Eliza was a delightful girl,—accomplished, clever, and witty; she laughed *with* me at many things, but I flattered myself not *at* me. I thought her perfection; and I imagined, without vanity, that she did not consider my acquirements in a despicable point of view. I imagined that I was beloved, though I had never proposed the momentous question. At last the moment arrived for explanation. Our regiment suddenly received an order to embark for America; I hurried to Eliza, and told her the fatal news; our interview was long and interesting; the moment of departure drew near; Eliza looked as if she were about to abandon herself to despair. At once I spoke openly of my passion,—I pictured the desolation of my lot, far, far away from her I loved, and begged to exchange tokens, that I might possess something by which I might recal the happiness of the past. "Give me, Eliza," cried I, "give me a ringlet of these waving tresses; while life is mine I will preserve it!" Eliza raised her tearful eyes, and gazed wistfully upon me: on a sudden her countenance changed; I apprehended an hysterical affection. She strove to repress it, but in vain; her strength was subdued, and she burst into a peal of laughter, loud and long! I gazed in astonishment; yet her mirth—for *mirth* indeed it was, and no hysterical passion—was unheeded. "What mean you,' I exclaimed; "is this a moment for merriment?' "Oh, Rufus!" she faintly articulated, while she strove to keep down the convulsion which still influenced her, "Oh, Rufus, only think how ridiculous a lock of *your hair* would look in a locket!" and again her laughter overpowered; "but take mine," she added. "Never, madam!" I vociferated, turning pale with anger—"Never! she who at such a moment could wound my feelings in the tenderest point is unworthy to be held in my remembrance. Madam, I bid you eternally farewell!" and without pausing to cast another glance at the object of my late attachment, I rushed from the house, and strode homewards. "There are many fairer than she, and few can be more unfeeling," thought I, as I paced hurriedly along. "When next I bestow my affections I will do so where every sentiment is reciprocal. I may yet be beloved though my hair is red!" While these thoughts passed through my mind, I passed by a perfumer's shop, and there in a long plate-flap I saw my inflamed visage reflected. My eye was attracted towards an advertisement emblazoned in gaudy capitals. "FOX'S PATENT CREAM for changing red or gray hair to——". I read no more—

"My bane and antidote were both before me."

The name of the patentee recalled unpleasant recollections; but I waived my disgust, and rushed into the shop, and expended half-a-guinea on

the mixture which was to renew "old Æson." I had no opportunity to try the effect of my lotion till after our embarkation, and it was not till we were half-seas-over, and free from the influence of sea-sickness, that I mustered resolution to avail myself of my panacea. It was then, as our vessel bounded across the ocean to its western shore, that I mused upon the new mode of life which would be my lot in a far remote region. Divested of the painful distinction which had marked my early career, I should at length enjoy, and probably ornament society; and as I abandoned myself to the fond anticipations of hope, I revelled in a day-dream of the most delicious nature, and looked forward to the coming morrow with delight. I pictured to myself the surprise of my companions aboard at my transformation, and I rejoiced in the idea of being then more than on a level with themselves. This hope inspired me with cheerfulness, and I spent a happy evening. That night, when the hour of our *coucher* approached, I prepared for the mysterious rite, and with feelings akin to those of Frankestein when near the completion of his "secret work." I anointed myself, not like the old woman of Berkeley, but with the sacred oil from the Ampulla of Messieurs Fox. Enveloping my head in a thickly quilted nightcap, tightly bound round with a silken kerchief, in order that the charm might be "firm and good," I threw myself on my berth, and resigned my excited mind to the dominion of sleep.

The sun rose brightly above the waves, and the fresh breeze of morning breathed lightly through the cabin window, when I awoke. My first impulse was, to feel if the bandage was secure: it was so, and all seemed to promise a happy result to the experiment. In a court of justice, when the sentence of a martial condemnation is passed, the judge arrays himself in a black cap, to pronounce the doom. Here, thought I, we shall reverse the case. I rose, and approached my dressing-case: the lock yielded to my pressure, and the mirror stood before me. I placed it in a conspicuous light, and with trembling hands I unloosed the mysterious fillet. Pursuant to the *printed instructions*, I instantly plunged my head into a bason of water; and there, like a dripping triton or merman, I confronted the oracle of my destiny. Powers of transformation, what did I behold!—Fiend of darkness, what spell of evil had been at work!—I might have been compared to Priam gazing on the messenger of the fate of Troy; to the usurper of Scotland before the spirit of Banquo; to the affrighted Leporello, on beholding the solemn nod of the commander's statue; to the cat, which regards its prototype in the sublime advertisements of Warren;—in short, there, "mute and motionless" as Zuliekha, I

> "Stood like that statue of distress,
> When, her last hope for ever gone,
> The mother harden'd into stone."

Before me, in the looking-glass, I beheld a gorgon, and I shuddered; for, instead of a luxuriant head of hair, redundant in curl, redolent of perfume, and in hue "a *rich chesnut*," or "a *golden brown*,"—such were the words of promise,—my locks were stiff and wiry; a vile smell of aqua-fortis infected the air; and the colour which blasted my sight—no phantasm,—no capricious fancy,—no distorted vision,—was a *vivid green!!!*

"'Twas green, 'twas green, sir, I assure ye!"

The glass fell from my hand; it was dashed into a million of shivers;—its fate was unheeded, for I was unconscious of passing events:—the shock was too fresh, and I fainted.

* * * * * *

For several weeks my existence was a blank; for dim visions alone flit across my recollection: they were the dreams of a maniac, and must pass unrecorded. When I returned to consciousness, I found myself an invalid in my barrack-room, in the garrison of ——— in North America. I there discovered that the surgeon, in mercy, or from necessity,—for "they tell me I did wildly rave,"—had caused my locks to be shorn; that, with their growth, I might arise a second Sampson. I did so, but my hair was redder than before!

When I began to write these pages, it was my intention to have recorded all the sufferings I have undergone; but I find the task of such minute detail too painful. What boots it to narrate how I was crossed in all my schemes of interest, of ambition, and of love? how I was thrice rejected for staff situations, to which the letters of my friends in England had recommended me, because the governor's lady objected to a red-headed aid-de-camp: how, consequently, I sought and obtained the command of a remote detachment, and buried myself amid the woods far up the country; and how a party of freebooting Indians, from the banks of the *Passamaquoddy*, endeavoured to ensnare me, and secure my scalp to decorate the wigwam of their chieftain. These, and a thousand other events, which now pass unrecorded, combined to drive me from the country, and relinquish the profession of arms. I resolved to retire from the army; and accordingly making arrangements for the sale of my commission, I returned to England, debating in my own mind whether I should hide my shame—"where, in what desolate place?"—under the powdered wig of a barrister, or concealed beneath the turban of a Moslem. The former I considered only a partial remedy; the latter more complete, and quite as respectable; for I hold the doctrines of the Koran to be fully as orthodox as the precepts of Grotius and Puffendorf. Whilst I hesitated as to which of the two I should adopt,—whether a few months should see me under the guidance of a Moollah, or a student in chambers,—I chanced to take up the work recently written on Spain, by a young American. From this I gathered, that even for me there was "balm in Gilead,"—that, abandoned and proscribed, as I had hitherto found myself, there was yet a quarter of the globe where red heads are *at a premium;* that happiness might yet be mine, in the sunny clime of Iberia. Away, then, with wigs and turbans! To-morrow I start for Paris,—a few days will see me at Bayonne,—and once across the Spanish frontier, on the plains of Castile, or amid the Sierras of Grenada, I shall find myself at length an emancipated being, and exclaim with the poet,

"Oh, life!—at last I feel thee!"

MAX.

LINES ON A DEAD SEA-FOWL.

How still and how stiff are these wings of thine
That have swept so oft o'er yon ocean blue:
How dim is the light that was wont to shine
In thine eyes, as they looked the waters through;
And the form that from man would ever fly
Beneath his footsteps, doth fearless lie.

It were vain to follow thy wanderings,
Since first from the top of thy native cliff,
Down, down to the ocean on trembling wings
Thou comest to float like a fairy skiff;
While fondly thy parent birds circled thee,
And the echoes returned their notes of glee.

Thou hast oft been the herald of many a gale;
Thine omen has wetted the seaman's eye,
When merrily thou round the sinking sail,
Hast wheeled and exalted thy voice on high;
Then rested and trimed thy ruffled plume
On the wave that might soon become his tomb.

To have wandered one summer's day with thee,
Thro' the mystic cells of thy caverned home,
Thro' the pastless wastes of the welt'ring sea,
Thro' the lonely isles, where no footsteps come,
That thou wouldst have feared, had more blissful been,
Than ought that can vary this mortal scene.

The tide is now rising and buffets thee,
As if in revenge for the scaly prey.
Which in days past, when thou wast alive and free,
Thou hast snatched from its glittering depth away:
It denies thee now all it can give a grave,
And spurns thee back with its foaming wave.

Poor innocent stranger I now will lay,
Thy relics beneath where the flowrets weep,
Thou hast, in thy time, been as lovely as they,
In the shade of their beauty then calmly sleep;
The briar with its rose and the heather bell
Shall mingling their sweetness above thee dwell.

THE BLACK MASK.

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

As the Danube approaches the ancient city of Buda, it traverses a vast and almost uninhabited plain, surrounded upon every side by rude and barren mountains. This tract, thickly wooded with forest trees of great age and size, has been called the "Black Forest" of Hungary, and has been long celebrated as the resort of the wild boar and the elk, driven by winter to seek a shelter and cover which they would in vain look for upon the rocky and steep mountains around: there, for at least five months of every year, might daily be heard the joyous call of the jager horn, and at night, around the blazing fires of the bivouac, might parties of hunters be seen carousing and relating the dangers of the chase. But when once the hunting season was past, the gloom and desolation of this wild waste was unbroken by any sound save the shrill cry of the vultures, or the scream of the wood squirrel as he sprang from bough to bough, for the footsteps of the traveller never trod this valley, which seemed as if shut out by nature from all intercourse with the remainder of the world. Hunting had been for years the only occupation of the few who inhabited it, and the inacessible character of the mountains had long contributed to preserve it for them from the intrusion of others; but at length the chase became the favourite pastime of the young noblesse of Austria as well as Hungary: and to encourage a taste for the "*mimic fight*," as it has been not inaptly termed, the example of the reigning monarch greatly contributed. Not a little vain of his skill and proficiency in every bold and warlike exercise, he often took the lead in these exercises himself, and would remain weeks and even months away, joyfully enduring all the dangers and hardships of a hunter's life, and by his own daring, stimulate others to feats of difficult and hardy enterprise. Some there were, however, who thought they saw in this more than a mere fondness for a hunter's life, and looked on it, with reason, perhaps, as a deeply laid political scheme; that, by bringing the nobles of the two nations more closely into contact, nearer intimacy, and eventually, friendships would spring up and eradicate that feeling of jealousy with which as rivals they had not ceased to regard each other.

It was the latter end of December of the year 1754; the sun had gone down and the shadows of night were fast falling upon this dreary valley, whilst upon the cold and piercing blast were borne masses of snow-drift and sleet, and the low wailing of the night wind foreboded the approach of a storm, that a solitary wanderer was vainly endeavouring to disentangle himself from the low brushwood, which heavy and snow-laden, obstructed him at every step. Often he stood, and putting his horn to his lips, blew till the forest rang again with the sound, but nothing responded to his call save the dull and ceaseless roar of the Danube, which poured along its thundering flood, amid huge masses of broken ice or frozen snow, which rent from their attachment to the banks, were carried furiously along by the current of the river.

To the bank of the Danube, the wanderer had long directed his steps guided by the noise of the stream; and he had determined to follow its guidance to the nearest village where he might rest for the night. After much difficulty, he reached the bank, and the moon which hitherto had not shone, now suddenly broke forth and showed the stranger to be young and athletic; his figure, which was tall and commanding, was arrayed in the ordinary hunting dress of the period; he wore a green frock or kurtha, which, trimmed with fur, was fastened at the waist by a broad strap of black leather; from this was suspended his jagd messer, or *couteau de chasse*, the handle and hilt of which were of silver richly chased and ornamented; around his neck hung a small bugle, also of silver, and these were the only parts of his equipment which bespoke him to be of rank, save that air of true born nobility which no garb, however homely, can effectually conceal. His broad leafed bonnet with its dark o'erhanging herons feathers, concealed the upper part of his face: but the short and curved moustacho which graced his upper lip, told that he was either by birth Hungarian, or one who from motives of policy had adopted this national peculiarity to court favour in the eyes of Joseph, who avowed his preference for that country on every occasion. The first object that met his eyes as he looked anxiously around for some place of refuge from that storm, which long impending, was already about to break forth with increased violence, was the massive castle of Cfervitzen, whose battlemented towers rose high above the trees on the opposite side of the Danube; between, however, roared the river, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, amid huge fragments of ice, which were either held by their attachment to rocks in the channel, or borne along till dashed to pieces by those sharp reefs so frequent in this part of the stream; he shuddered as he watched the fate of many a ledge of ice or snow now smoothly gliding on, and in the next moment shivered into ten thousand pieces, and lost in the foam and surge of "the dark rolling river." He seemed long to weigh within himself the hazard of an attempt to cross the stream upon these floating islands with the danger of a night passed in the forest; for he now knew too well, no village lay within miles of him. But at last he seemed to have taken his resolution; for, drawing his belt tightly around him and throwing back his jagd messer, lest it should impede the free play of his left arm, he seemed to prepare himself for the perilous undertaking—this was but the work of one moment—the next saw him advancing upon the broad ledge, which, frozen to the bank, stretched to a considerable distance in the stream. Now arrived at the verge of this came his first difficulty, for the passage was only to be accomplished by springing from island to island over the channels of the river, which ran narrowly though rapidly between;—the loud crashes which every moment interrupted the silence of the night, as each fragment broke upon the rocks before him, told too plainly what fate awaited him, should he either miss his footing, or the ice break beneath his weight; in either case death would be inevitable. He once more looked back upon the dark forest he had left, and again seemed to hesitate; 'twas for an instant—with a bold spring he cleared the channel. No time was, however, given him to look back on the danger he had passed: for scarcely had his feet reached their landing place, than the ice yielding to the impulse of his fall, gave way and separated with a loud crash from its connection with the remaining mass, and in an instant was flying down the stream, carrying him along with it—

unconscious of all around, he was borne onward—the banks on either side seemed to fly past him with the speed of lightning, and the sound of the river now fell upon his ear like the deep rolling of artillery; and from this momentary stupor, he only awoke to look forward to a death as certain as it was awful. The rocks upon which the icebergs were dashed and shivered to atoms as they struck, were already within sight. Another moment and all would be over;—he thought he heard already the rush of the water as the waves closed above his head—in an agony of despair he turned and looked on every side to catch some object of hope or assistance. As he floated on, between him and the rock upon which the castle stood, now coursed a narrow channel, but yet too broad to think of clearing with a single leap. Along this came a field of ice, wheeling in all the eddies of the river; he saw that yet he might be saved—the danger was dreadful, but still no time was now left to think—he dashed his hunting spear towards the floating mass, and with the strength which desperation only can give, threw himself as if on a leaping pole, and cleared both the channels in a spring. As he fell almost lifeless on the bank, he saw the fragment he so lately had trusted to, rent into numberless pieces—his strength failed, and he sank back upon the rock. How long he thus lay he knew not; and when he again looked up, all was wrapt in darkness; the moon had gone down, and nothing recalled him to a sense of his situation save the dull monotonous roaring of the Danube, which poured its flood quite close to where he lay.

Light now gleamed brightly from the windows of the castle above him, and he felt fresh courage as he thought a place of refuge was so near; and although stunned by the violence of the shock with which he fell, and half frozen by the cold ice which had been his bed, he made towards the drawbridge. This, to his surprise, was already lowered—and the wide gates lay open. As he passed along, he met no one—he at length reached a broad stair; ascending this, the loud tones of many voices met his ear—he opened a door which stood before him, and entered the apartment when the family now were assembled at supper.

The possessor of the baronial schloss of Cfervitzen, was one of the last remnants of the feudal system in Hungary; and to whom, neither the attractions of a court, nor yet the high rank and favour so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen—were inducements strong enough to withdraw him from that wild and dreary abode, where he had passed his youth and his manhood, and now adhered to in his old age, with an attachment which length of years had not rendered less binding. The only companion of his solitude was a daughter, upon whom he heaped all that fondness and affection which the heart estranged from all the world can bestow upon one. She was, indeed, all that most sanguine wishes could devise; beautiful as the fairest of a nation celebrated for the loveliness of its women, and endowed with all the warmth of heart and susceptibility of her country. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and long learned to think that the mountains which girt their broad valley, enclosed all that was worth knowing or loving in it.

Hospitality has not in Hungary attained the rank of a virtue, it is merely the characteristic of a nation. Shelter is so often required and afforded to the desolate wanderer, through vast and almost uninhabited tracts of mountain and forest, that the arrival of a stranger at the evening meal of a family, would create but little surprise among its members,

and in the present instance, the intruder might, had he so wished it, have supped and rested for the night and gone out on his journey on the morrow, without one question as to whence he came or whither he should go.

But such evidently was not his intention, for either not understanding, or, if he understood, not caring to comply with the hints which were given him, to seat himself below the *daés*, he boldly advanced to the upper end of the apartment, where the baron and his daughter were seated upon a platform slightly elevated above the surrounding vassals and bondsmen, who were assembled in considerable numbers. The stranger did not wait until the baron had addressed him, but at once said, "The Graf von Sobenstein claims your hospitality here, baron; hunting with the imperial suite I lost my way in the forest, and unable to regain my companions, I esteem myself fortunate to have reached such an asylum." To this speech, which was made in the Hungarian language, the baron replied by welcoming after the friendly fashion of his country; and then added, in a somewhat severe tone: "A Hungarian, I suppose."—"A Hungarian by birth," answered the count, colouring deeply, "but an Austrian by title." To this there succeeded a short pause, when the baron again said, "You were hunting with the emperor—how crossed you the Danube? no boat could stem the current now." The count, evidently offended at the question of his host replied, coldly, "On the drift ice."—"On the drift!" cried the baron, aloud. "On the drift ice!" echoed his daughter, who had hitherto sat a silent, though attentive listener to the dialogue. The count, who had all along spoken with the air of a superior to one beneath him in rank and station, deigned not to enter into any explanation of a feat, the bold daring of which warranted incredulity. This awkward feeling of some moments duration was dispelled by the entrance of a vassal, who came in haste to inform the baron, that some person who had left the opposite shore of the Danube, had been carried down upon the drift; he had ever since been in search of him along the bank, below the rocks, but in vain. This was enough—the count repressed the rising feeling of anger that his own short and startling assertion should be questioned, and suffered the baron to press him down upon a seat beside him, and soon forgot, amid the kind inquiries of the baron's daughter, his former cold and distant demeanour; he gradually became more and more free and unconstrained in manner; and at last so effectually had the frank and hospitable air of the baron, and the more bewitching naïveté and simplicity of his daughter gained upon the good opinion of their guest, that throwing off his reserve, a feeling evidently more the result of education and habit, than natural, he became lively and animated—delighted his host by hunting adventures, and stories of the mistakes and awkward feats of the Austrian nobles in the field, (a grateful theme to a Hungarian,) and captivated the fair Adela, by telling of fêtes and gay carnivals in Vienna, to all of which, though an utter stranger, she felt a strong and lively interest in, when narrated by one so young and handsome, as he who now sat beside her. He also knew many of the baron's old friends and acquaintances, who had taken up their residence at the Austrian court; and thus conversing happily together, when the hour of separation for the night arrived, they parted pleased with each other, and inwardly rejoicing at the event which had brought about the meeting.

On the following morning the count rose early, and quite refreshed from the toils of the preceding day, descended to the breakfast-room; the family had not as yet assembled, and Adela was sitting alone in the recess of a window which overlooked the Danube; as he approached and saluted her, she seemed scarcely able to rouse herself from some deep reverie in which she appeared to have fallen; and after briefly bidding him "Good morning," laconically asked, "Can it be that you crossed the stream there?" at the same moment pointing to where the river rolled on beneath them, in waves of white and toiling foam. The count sat down beside her, and narrated his entire adventure, from the time he had lost sight of his companions; and so earnestly did she listen and he speak, that they were unaware of the entrance of the baron, who had twice saluted the count, and was now heard for the first time, as he entreated him to defer his departure for that day at least, pleading the impossibility of venturing on leaving the castle in so dreadful a storm of snow and wind. To this request, warmly seconded by Adela, the count gladly acceded: ere long the baron commended his guest to the care of his daughter, and left the room.

To Adela, who was unacquainted with all the forms of "the world," and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to render his imprisonment less miserable, and enable him to while away the hours of a winter day with fewer feelings of ennui and weariness than otherwise. It will not then be wondered at if the day passed rapidly over, her songs and legends of her native land, found in him an impassioned and delighted listener, and, ere he knew it, he was perfectly captivated by one of whose very existence but a few hours before he was perfectly ignorant.

It was evident that he felt as flattery, the frank and intimate tone she assumed towards him, and knew not she would have treated any other similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanour. It was then with a feeling of sorrow, he watched the coming darkness of evening. "In a few hours more," thought he, "and I shall be far away, and no more spoken of or remembered, than as one of the many who came and went again." The evening passed happily as the day had done, and they separated; the count having promised not to leave the castle the following day until noon, when the baron should accompany him, and see him safely on the road to Vienna.

The hour of leave-taking at length arrived, and amid the bustle and preparation for departure, the count approached a small tower, which opening from one of the angles of the apartments served, in time of warfare, to protect that part of the building, but which had been devoted to the more peaceful office of a lady's boudoir. Here was Adela sitting, her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoyant character which had been peculiarly her own; she rose as he came forward, and glancing at his cap, which he held on one arm, took hold of his hand, and endeavoured as carelessly as possible to allude to his departure: but her heart failed, and her low trembling voice betrayed her feeling when she asked—"Will you then leave us so suddenly?" The count muttered something, in which the words—"the emperor—long absence—Vienna," were alone audible, and pressing closely that hand, which since he last touched it, had never left his, seated himself beside her. There was a silence for

some moments, they would both willingly have spoken, and felt their minutes were few, but their very endeavours rendered the difficulty greater; at length, drawing her more closely to him, as he placed one arm round her, he asked—"Will you then soon forget me—shall I be no more recollected?"—"No, no;" said she, interrupting him, hurriedly; "But will you return, as you have already promised?"—"I do intend, but then—"—"What then?" cried she, after a pause, expecting he would finish his sentence. He seemed but a moment to struggle with some strong feeling, and at last spoke as if he had made up his mind to a decided and fixed resolve. "It were better you knew all—I cannot—that is—I may not—"—her eyes grew tearful as he spoke—he looked—then added—"I will return—at all hazards—but first promise to wear this for my sake," it was a present from the emperor;" saying which, and unfastening the breast of his kurtka, he took from round his neck a gold chain to which was fastened a seal ring bearing the initial J; "Wear this," said he, "at least till we meet again:" for she hesitated, and needed the qualification he made, of its being one day restored, ere she accepted so valuable a present.

A servant now entered to say that the baron was already mounted and waiting; their adieus were soon spoken, and the next instant the horses were heard galloping over the causeway which led towards the road to Vienna. She gazed after them till the branches of the dark wood closed around them, and then saw them no more. The baron returned not till late in the evening, and spoke only of the day's sport, and merely once alluded to the stranger, and that but passingly; the following day came, and there was nothing to convince her that the two preceding ones had not been as a dream; so rapidly had they passed, and yet so many events seemed crowded into this short space. The chain she wore alone remained, to assure her of the reality of the past.

Days, weeks, and even months, rolled on, and although the count had promised to write, yet no letter ever reached them, and now the winter was long past and it was already midsummer, when the baron and his daughter were strolling one evening along a narrow path which flanked the Danube. It was the hour of sunset, and all was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the very birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard save the gentle ripple of that river whose treacherous surface so lately was borne on with the dread roaring of a cataract. As they watched the curling eddies broken upon the rocks, and then floating in bubbles so silently, they stood by the spot where, months before, the stranger had crossed the Danube. "I wonder," said the Baron, "that he never wrote. Did he not promise to do so?" "Yes," replied she, "he did; but at the same time spoke of the possibility of his absence from Vienna, perhaps with his regiment, which was, I believe, in Grätz. And then, too, we know the courier from Buda is not too punctual in his visits to our valley."—"And, in short," said the Baron, you could find at least a hundred reasons for your friend not keeping his promise, rather than for a moment suspect the real one—that he has forgotten us. Ah, my poor child, I fear you know not how little, such a meeting as ours was, will impress the mind of one who lives in courts and camps, the favoured and honoured of his sovereign. The titled Graf of Austria will think, if he ever even returns to the circumstance in his memory, that he did the poor Hungarian but too

much honour, when he accepted of his hospitality. And—but stop—did you not see a horseman cross the glen there, and then enter yonder coppice? There!—there he is again!—I see him now plainly. It is the Austrian courier, coming, perhaps, to refute all I have been telling you. I am sure he brings tidings from Vienna, by taking that path."

The rider to whom their attention was now directed, was seen advancing at the full speed of his horse, and but a few seconds elapsed ere he emerged from the trees. Although at first his course had been directed to the castle, it was now evident he made for the place where the father and daughter stood in breathless anxiety for his arrival. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore the deeply-slouched hat and long flowing cloak of a courier. Then was there no doubt of his being one. He drew nearer and nearer, and never slackened his pace, till within a few yards of the place where they awaited him; then throwing off his hat and cloak, he sprang from his horse, and flew into their arms. It was the Count himself. Exclamations of surprise and delight burst from both, and, amid a thousand welcomes, they took the path back to the castle. Questioning and reproaching for forgetfulness, with an interest which too plainly told how dearly the inquirer felt the implied neglect, with many a heartfelt confession of joy at the present meeting, filled up the hours till they retired for the night.

When the Count found himself alone in his chamber, he walked hurriedly to and fro, his hands clasped, and his brow knitted; his whole air bespeaking the feelings of one labouring under some great mental agitation. At length he threw himself upon his bed; but when morning broke, he rose weary and unrefreshed, and had to plead fatigue to the Baron, as an excuse for not accompanying him on an intended excursion for that day. Another reason might also have influenced the Count—Adela was again his companion for the entire day; and amid many a kind inquiry for his health, and hopes but half expressed, that his present stay would recruit his strength and vigour, she plainly shewed, if forgetfulness had existed on either side, it could not have been laid to her charge. It was also plain that his feeling for her, if not already love, was rapidly ripening into it:—and yet there came ever across him some thoughts that at once damped the very praise he spoke to her, and chilled the warm current of affection with which he answered her questions. The day passed, however, but too rapidly, and another followed it, like in all things, save that every hour which brought them together, seemed but to render them dearer to each other. They rode, they walked, they sang, they read together; and it may be conjectured how rapidly the courtly address and polished mind of the Count gained upon one so susceptible, and so unpractised in the world; and in fact, ere the first week of his stay passed over, she loved—and more—confessed to him her love.

Had she been at all skilled in worldly knowledge, she would have seen that her lover did not receive her confession of attachment with all the ardour with which he might have heard such an avowal—and from one so fair, so young, and so innocent. But, even as it was, she thought him more thoughtful than usual at the moment. He had been standing, leaning upon her harp—she had ceased playing—and he now held her hand within his own, as he pressed for some acknowledgment of her feelings for him;—but when she gave it, he scarcely pressed the hand which trembled as she spoke; and letting it drop, he walked

slowly to a window, and beveiled his face within his hands for some minutes. When he returned again to her side, he appeared endeavouring to calm his troubled mind, and suppress some sad thoughts which seemed to haunt him like spirits of evil:—he looked kindly on her, and she was happy once more.

Such was the happy term of their lives, that they felt not the time rolling over. A second week was already drawing to a close. As they were one morning preparing for an excursion into the forest, a servant entered, to announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna, with letters for the court. He seemed very much agitated at the intelligence, and apologizing to Adela, and promising to return at once, he ordered that the courier should be shewn into his apartment. As he entered the room a few moments after, the courier was seen to issue from the portals of the castle, and, at the top of his speed, take the road to Vienna. The Count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he laboured under. "No bad news from Vienna, I hope," said she:—"has any thing occurred to trouble you there?" "I am recalled," said he, hastily; "ordered, I know not where—perhaps to Poland. However, I am expected to join immediately." "But you will not do so?" said the innocent girl, passionately—"you will not go?" "How am I to help it?" answered he. "Have you not told me," said she, "a thousand times, that the Emperor was your friend—that he loved you, and would serve you?—Will he not give you leave of absence?—Oh, if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna—I will myself tell him all.—I will fall at his feet, and beseech him; and if ever an Hungarian girl met with favour in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me." "Adela," said he, "do not speak thus:—I must go—but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up. You know you may trust me. You believed me once before—did I deceive you?—Pledge me but your word not to forget me—to be my own when I return—." "I swear it," cried she, falling upon his neck, "nothing but death shall change me, if even that—and if I ever cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come,—is it not so? and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then." As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and tried to soothe her, but in vain. At last he made one desperate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek, and, bidding a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment:—his horse stood saddled at the door—he sprang to his seat, and was soon far from the Schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt; and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the Count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless, and her step infirm; while her low sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; and all the misery of hope deferred burst on her whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart

had never known grief. The summer into the autumn flowed, and the winter came; and another summer was already at hand; and yet he never returned: and already the finger of grief had laid its heavy and unerring touch upon her frame. No longer was she what she had been; and her altered appearance at last attracted the attention of her father, who had continued to think her illness but momentary, but now awoke to the sad feeling, that she was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and with all the agony of one who felt that he had neglected too long an important duty, he determined no longer to delay, but at once set out for Vienna, where medical aid could be procured; and if the gentle and balmy airs of Italy could avail aught, they could at once travel southward. She was perfectly passive to the proposed excursion; and if she had any objections, the thought that she might hear some intelligence of her lover, would have overcome them all; so that, ere many days elapsed, they had arrived in the Austrian capital. Vienna was at this time the scene of every species of festivity and rejoicing. That court had just returned from an excursion to Carlsbad; and all ranks, from the proud noble to the humble bourgeois, vied in their endeavours to welcome a monarch, who had already given rise to the greatest expectations. Balls, redoutes, and masquerades, with all the other pleasures of a carnival, formed the only occupation, and the only theme of conversation, throughout the city. The Baron and his daughter, however, little sympathizing in a joy so strongly in contrast to the sad occasion which led them thither, sought and found an hotel, outside the barrier, where they might remain unknown and unmolested, as long as they should think proper to remain in the capital.

They had not been many days in their new abode, when tempted one morning by the fineness of the weather; and Adela feeling herself somewhat better, they strolled as far as the Prater; but on reaching it, they were much disappointed in their expectation of quiet and seclusion, for all Vienna seemed assembled there to witness a grand review of the troops, at which the emperor was to be present; they, therefore, at once determined on retracing their steps, and endeavour, if possible, to reach the city before the troops should have left it. With this intention they were hastening onward, and had already reached the open space where the troops usually manœuvred, when they stood for some minutes attracted by the beauty of the scene; for already heavy masses of cavalry and artillery were to be seen as they slowly emerged from the dark woods around, taking up their respective stations upon the field. Half regretting to lose so splendid a spectacle, they were again turning to proceed, when a young officer galloping up to the spot where they now stood, informed the baron, that a traileur regiment was about to take up that position on the field, and requested with great politeness, that he would accept for himself and his daughter, seats upon a platform with some of his friends, from which, without danger or inconvenience they might witness the review: this invitation politely urged, as well as the fact, that they could not now hope to reach the city without encountering the crowds of soldiery and people induced them to accede, and ere many minutes elapsed they were seated on the balcony.

The field now rapidly filled. Column after column of infantry poured in, and the very earth seemed to shake beneath the dense line of cuirassiers, who, with their long drooping cloaks of white looking like the ancient Templars, rode past in a smart trot—their atttention now

was, however, suddenly turned from these to another part of the field, where a dense crowd of people were seen to issue from one of the roads which led through the park, and as they broke forth into the plain, the air was rent with a tremendous shout, followed the moment after by the deafening roar of the artillery, and while the loud cry of "*Der Kaiser,*" "*Leb der Kaiser,*" rose to the skies from thousands of his subjects—the gorgeous housings and golden panoply of the Hungarian hussars, who formed the body guard, were seen caracalling upon their beautiful "*shimmels,*" (such is the term given them) and in the midst of them rode the emperor himself, conspicuous even there for the address and elegance of his horsemanship.

The cavalcade had now reached the balcony where the baron and his daughter were sitting; there it halted for several minutes. The emperor seemed to be paying his respects to some ladies of the court who were there, and they were sufficiently near to observe that he was uncovered while he spoke; but yet, could not clearly discern his features. Adda's heart beat high as she thought of one who might at that moment be among the train; for she knew that he was the personal friend of the emperor and his favourite aide-de-camp. The cavalcade now was slowly advancing, and stood within a few paces of where she was; but at the same time being totally concealed from her view by the rising up of those who sat beside her, in their anxiety to behold the emperor. She now, however, rose and leaned forward; but no sooner had she looked than she, with a loud cry, fell fainting back into the arms of her father. The suddenness of the adventure was such, that the baron had not even yet seen the emperor, and could but half catch the meaning of her words as she dropped lifeless upon his neck.—He had been but too often of late a witness to her frequent faintings to be much alarmed now; and he at once attributed her present weakness to the heat and excitement of the moment. Now, however, she showed no sign of recovering sensibility, but lay cold and motionless where she had fallen at first, surrounded by a great number of persons anxiously professing aid and assistance; for it was no sooner perceived that they were strangers, than carriages were offered on all sides to convey them home, and glad to avail himself of such a civility at the moment, the baron disengaged himself from the crowd, and carried the still lifeless girl to a carriage.

During the entire way homeward, she lay in his arms speechless and cold—she answered him not as he called her by the most endearing names; and at last he began to think he never again should hear her voice, when she slowly raised her eyes and gazed on him with a wild and vacant stare—she passed her hands across her forehead several times, as if endeavouring to recollect some horrid and frightful dream; and then muttering some low indistinct sound, sank back into her former insensibility.

When they reached home, medical aid was procured; but 'twas too plain the lovely girl had received some dreadful mental shock, and they knew not how to administer to her. She lay thus for two days, and on the morning of the third, as the heart-broken and wretched father who had never left her bedside, gazed npon the wreck of his once beauteous child—the warm tears falling fast upon her cheek; what was his joy to discover symptoms of returning animation. She moved—her bosom gently heaved and fell; and raising one arm, placed it round her father's

neck, and smiling, drew him gently towards her—with what an ecstacy of joy he watched the signals of recovering life; and as he knelt to kiss her, he poured forth his delight in almost incoherent terms. As consciousness gradually returned, he told her of her long trance, and of his parental fears. He told her of his determination that she should mix in the gaieties of the capital on her recovery, and said, that if she had been strong enough, that very evening she should accompany him to a grand masked ball given by the emperor to his subjects. Her face, which had hitherto been pale as marble, now suddenly became suffused with an unnatural glow—a half suppressed shriek escaped her—the smile faded from her lips—her eyes gradually closed, and the pallid hue of death again resumed its dominion. It was but a transient gleam. The hopes of the fond father were crushed to the earth, and the house became a scene of wailing and lamentation.

Since the review, Vienna continued the scene of every species of gaiety and dissipation. The Emperor was constantly on foot or horseback throughout the city, and nothing was wanting on his part to court popularity among all classes of his subjects; and with this intention, a masquerade was to be given at the palace, to which all ranks were eligible; and great was the rejoicing in Vienna, as a mark of such royal condescension and favour. The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and nothing could equal the splendour of the scene. The magnificent saloon of the palace, lighted by its myriads of coloured lamps shone like a fairy palace, while no costume, from the rude garb of the wanderer through the plains of Norway, to the gorgeous display of oriental grandeur, were wanting to so delightful a spectacle. Here stood a proud Hungarian, in all the glitter of his embroidered pelisse and gold-tasseled boots; and here a simply clad hunter from the Tyrol, with his garland of newly-plucked flowers in his bonnet; while, ever and anon, the tall, melancholy, and dark-visaged Pole, strode by with all the proud bearing and lofty port, for which his countrymen are celebrated. There were bands of dancers from Upper Austria, and musicians from that land of song, Bohemia. The court had also, on this occasion, adopted the costume of various foreign nations. All beheld the sovereign, and could address him, as he, in compliance with etiquette, was obliged to remain unmasked.

As the evening advanced, he seized a moment to leave the saals, and habit himself in domino; under which disguise, after many ludicrous rencontres with his friends, he was leaning listlessly against a pillar near where a number of Hungarian peasants were dancing. Their black velvet boddices so tightly laced with bright chains of silver, and blood-red calpacks, reminded him of having seen such before. The train of thoughts thus excited, banished all recollection of the scene around him:—the music and the dance he no longer minded. All passed unheeded before his eyes; and, lost in reverie, he stood in complete abstraction. A vision of his early days came over him; and not last, but mingling with his dream of all beside, the image of one once dearly loved! He heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and was about to leave the spot, and drown all recollection in the dissipation of the moment, when he was accosted by one whom he had not before seen. Considering her, perhaps, as one of the many who were indulging in the badinage and gaiety of the place, he wished to pass on; but then there was that in the low plaintive tone in which she spoke, that chained him

to the spot. The figure was dressed in deep black; the heavy folds of which concealed the form of the wearer as perfectly as did the black hood and mask her face and features. She stood for a moment silently before him, and then said, "Can the heart of him whom thousands rejoice to call their own, be sad amid a scene like this?"

"What mean you?" cried he. "How knew you me?"

"How knew I *thee?*" she repeated in a low melancholy tone.

There was something in the way these few words were uttered, which chilled his very life's blood; and yet he knew not wherefore. Wishing, however, to rally his spirits, he observed, with an assumed carelessness, "My thoughts had rambled far from hence, and I was thinking of—"

"Of those you had long forgotten—is it not?" said the mask.

"How!" cried he; "what means this? You have roused me to a state of frightful uncertainty, and I must know more of you ere we part."

"That shall you do," said the mask; "but my moments are few, and I would speak with you alone." Saying which she led the way, and he followed to a small cabinet, which leading off one angle of the salon, descended into a secluded court-yard of the palace. A single carriage now stood at the entrance, and as the emperor entered a small remote apartment, the thought of some deception being practised on him, made him resolve not to leave the palace. The Mask was now standing beside a marble table, a small lamp the only light of the apartments. She turned her head slowly round as if to see if any one was a listener to their interview; on perceiving that they were alone, she laid her hand gently upon his arm;—he shuddered from some indescribable emotion as he felt the touch; but spoke not. There was a silence of some moments. "I have come to keep my promise," said the Mask in the same low voice in which she at first addressed him. "What promise have you made?" said the emperor, agitated; "I can bear this no longer." "Stay! stop!" cried she gently; and the voice in which that word was uttered thrilled to his inmost heart: it was a voice well known, but long forgotten.

"To keep a promise am I come—bethink thee, is there no debt of uttered vows unpaid then? Have you all now you ever wished for, ever hoped?"

He groaned deeply.

"Alas!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "that I could be spared that thought! I do remember one—but——"

"Then hear me, false-hearted! She who once loved thee, loves thee no more: her vows are broken—broken as her heart. She has redeemed her pledge—farewell!" and the voice with which the word was uttered faltered and died away in almost a whisper.

He stood entranced—he spoke not—moved not: the hand which leaned upon his arm now fell listlessly beside him, and the Mask made a gesture of departure.

"Stay!" cried he. "Not so—you leave not thus. Let me know who you are, and why you come thus?" and he lifted his hand to withdraw her mask by force. But she suddenly stept back, and waving him back with one hand, said in a low and hollow voice, "Twere better you saw me not. Ask it not, I pray you, Sir, for your own sake, ask it not—my last, my only prayer!" and she again endeavoured to pass him

as he stood between her and the small door which led towards the court-yard.

"You go not hence, till I have seen you unveil," he said in a voice of increased agitation.

The Mask then lifting the lamp which stood by with one hand, with the other threw back the hood which concealed her face. He beheld her—he knew her—she was his own, lost, betrayed Adela—not as he first found her; but pale, pale as the marble by which she stood—her lips colourless; and her eye beamed on him lustreless and cold as the grave, of which she seemed a tenant. The heart which was proof against death in a hundred forms, now failed him. The great king was a miserable heart-stricken man—he trembled—turned—and fell fainting to the ground!

When he recovered he threw his eyes wildly around, as if to see some one whom he could not discover. He listened—all was silent, save the distant sounds of festivity and the hum of gladsome voices. Pale and distracted he rushed from the spot, and summoning to his own apartment a few of his confidentials, he related to them his adventure from its commencement. In an instant a strict search was set on foot. Many had seen the Mask, though none spoke to her; and no one could tell when or how she had disappeared. The emperor at last bethought him of the carriage which stood at the door—it was gone. Some thought it had been a trick played off on one so celebrated for fearlessness as the emperor. Accordingly, many took the streets which led from the court-yard and terminated in the Augustine kirch and monastery. This way only could the carriage have gone; and they had not proceeded far when the rattling of the wheels met their ears—they listened, and as it came nearer, found it was the same carriage which stood at the portal. The driver was interrogated as to where he had been. He told them that a mask, dressed in black, had left the Saal, and bid him drive to the church of the Augustine, and that he had seen her enter an hotel adjacent.

The emperor, accompanied by two friends masked, bent their steps to the hotel. He inquired of the inmates, and then learnt his vicinity to his noble and ill requited Hungarian host, and his loved and lost Adela. Few, however humble, would at that moment have exchanged state with the monarch of Austria and Hungary, for remorse bound him down like a stricken reed.

"Lead me to the baron," he cried hastily, unable to bear the weight of recollection.

The man shook his head. "Noble sir," said he, "the baron lies on a bed of sickness: since this morning he has uttered no word; I fear he will never rise again."

"His daughter—lead me to her—quick!"

"Alas, sir, she *died* this morning!"

"Liar! slave!" cried the emperor, in a paroxism of grief and astonishment, "but an hour since I saw her living! Dare not tamper with me!"

The man stared incredulously, and pointed to the staircase, and taking a lamp he beckoned him to follow. He led the way in silence up the broad staircase and through the long corridor, until he stopped at a door which he gently opened, and making the sign of the cross, entered the room—they followed. The apartment was lighted with wax-lights, and

at one extremity, on a large couch, laid two females buried in sleep. At the other end was a bed with the curtains drawn closely around; wax-lights were burning at the head and foot. The emperor with an unsteady step approached the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. There, extended on a coverlid of snowy whiteness, laid the object of his solicitude, and at her feet were the mask and domino! He thought she slept, and in the low tender accent with which he first won her young heart, he breathed her name; but there was no response. He took her hand—it was cold, and fell from his nerveless grasp. He gazed stedfastly on her countenance—it was pale as, when lifting her mask, she met his astonished gaze. But this was no trance—her eyes were now closed for ever—her heart had ceased to beat—she was beautiful, though in death! Her arms were crossed upon her bosom, and on the fingers of her right-hand was entwined a chain of gold with a signet ring! None could see the scalding tears that were shed, or knew the bitter and agonizing remorse that tore the bosom of the emperor as he gazed for the last time on the pallid features of one, perhaps the only one, who had ever loved him for himself alone. Forgetful of his state—forgetful of all but his own heart—he knelt by the side of the dead, and never were accents of contrition more sincerely breathed by human being than by that monarch in his hour of humiliation.

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Years rolled on. The old baron and his daughter sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Augustine's monastery. They left no kindred; he was the last of his race; and the old castle on the Danube soon fell into decay, and became an outlaw's den. The emperor recovered in time his gaiety amidst the blandishments of his court; but as often as the season of the chase returned, his nobles remarked that he was never more the same light-hearted and reckless sportsman. Few knew why; but the associations were too strong—he could never banish from his mind the parting look of her who he had first met in the dark forests of Hungary.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE RHONE.

Bright river! seated on the vine-clad banks,
And looking in the depth of thy clear stream,
Of former happiness we fondly dream;
Giving to God the bosom's silent thanks.
The snow-clad Alps, in graduating ranks,
Rise bold, and pure as heavenly mansions seem,
Beneath, the vales with ripening fruitage teem,
The margin soft thy winding current flanks.
Nor is it idleness to pass the day
'Mid soothing scenes like these, where neither care
Nor pain intrude on the creations gay
Which fancy builds like palaces in air,
In hours which glide without a tear away—
Hours, which pure thought and deep contentment share.

OPPOSITION.

Opposition, is wont to be regarded as an evil of no ordinary magnitude by every will, every power, every authority, and yet it is to the constant operation of this principle, that every will, power, and authority, are indebted for their existence and preservation. Indeed, if ceasing to look at things with a hurried and superficial glance, we extend our sphere of observation, we shall find this great principle most universally predominant throughout the combinations of the natural and moral world, and most strongly identified with the laws which govern their being, and regulate their motions according to that stupendous rule of Providence which delights in drawing harmony and order, out of discord and confusion. By it the celestial bodies are held in their course, and the elements which surround us kept alive and invigorated. Light could not exist without shadow. It is the contrast which gives relief to objects. If fire encounter nothing but such a light material as straw, it is instantly extinguished, the resistance of a hard substance like wood, is necessary to strengthen and preserve it. If we look at the moral world, the recurrence of this principle is still more striking. Man seems born to struggle with difficulties, opposition is essential to the growth and developement of the powers of his body and mind. Every thing that surrounds him is rugged and untractable, and it is only by continual exertion, that he can succeed in overcoming the difficulties which stand between him and the gratification of his desires. His wants are perpetually impelling him to exertion, and by this continual exercise his faculties ripen to perfection, and are by the same means preserved in vigour. On the magnitude of the opposition depends the degree of honour to be awarded to its being surmounted. The joys of the husbandman, the glories of the conqueror, the happiness of the lover, all rise into importance, in proportion to the magnitude of the opposition which has been overcome in the attainment of their several objects. Again, let us consider education, what is its scope and object? Its chief merit seems to consist in the opposition of a strong and wise master, to the unsteadiness, caprice, and idleness of infancy. The man differs but little from the boy, men are but grown up children; the continual urgency of a powerful opposition is necessary to withhold him from blindly abandoning himself to the passions and selfishness of his nature; heedless of consequences, he would rush forward to snatch the pleasure which lies within his reach; and to keep him within bounds, to restrain and regulate his motions, the strong checks of religion and society are called in, and force all private interests to be merged in those of the community at large.

On the other hand, the ministers of that religion, the organs of that law, the instruments of that authority, armed with religious, civil, and military power, would be liable to swerve from their appointed course, would lead the human race after them in their eccentricities, direct it according to their caprices, and thus reduce it to slavery; if the necessary and formidable opposition of virtue, and the cry of public opinion, did not enlighten their reason and regulate them in their course.

In this single principle, is comprehended the whole mystery of society. As long as a society possesses within itself the different con-

tending elements in health and vigour—as long as virtuous government has strength to oppose the delirium of private passion—as long as public spirit, the vigour of institutions, and the courage of citizens, present an inseparable barrier to the passions of the multitude, so long those different societies flourish and increase; but when an alteration takes place in this state of balanced powers, when any one of those salutary checks is moved and its opposite becomes predominant, the government perishes by its own excesses. If the multitude be left without a guide, such anarchy is sure to ensue as caused the bloody troubles of Rome, the disasters of Athens, the sanguinary revolutions of modern times; when power finds no legal and courageous opposition in its way, it degenerates into tyranny, and by its own enormities precipitates its fall. It is then we behold the sight of mad men and weak men mounting the throne in quick succession, and disappearing as rapidly: such as Caligula, Claudius Nero, Heliogabulus, at first the tyrants, and then the victims of the enslaved populace. From these considerations it would appear, that, that opposition which governments are apt to regard as an obstruction, is in reality, essential to the continuance of their power. It forms their great source of light and support; left without its regulating and restraining force, they would diverge and go astray, and ultimately fall. The vast volume of history is overspread with examples of the justice of this doctrine. We meet with confirmation of it in the sacred colleges of Memphis, in the Magi in Persia, the Arcopagus at Athens, and the Ephori at Sparta.

Under a representative government, consisting of machinery complicated yet simple, a system of checks and counter-checks, mutually aiding and counteracting each other, opposition assumes a more than ordinary importance. To such a constitutional form of government, exercise, agitation, the struggle to overcome difficulties, is as necessary to keep alive its energies and invigorate its impulses, as it is to the individual man. In this state of ballanced powers, a suspicious watchfulness, a tendency to probe the legality of all acts of the executive, a legal and vigilant opposition to every thing erroneous, every thing arbitrary, every thing unjust, becomes the surest safeguard of the liberties of the people, and the strongest arm of government. Such an opposition is nothing less than the representative of public opinion, unsuppressed by hatred, undisturbed by misrepresentation, undisguised by flattery, affection, or prejudice.

Even admitting that an opposition is deceived in its views, that it has taken up hasty and inconsiderate opinions of measures, and the conduct of an administration, still it is eminently useful; it instructs in the midst of its errors, it opens new views of subjects, and helps to place them in a proper light. If, for instance, an opposition, even allowing it to make considerable deviations in its course, were to demonstrate to those in power that they had been betrayed into grave faults, that they had swerved from the principles of the constitution and of justice, that those entrusted with the execution of their decrees, had abused the power placed in their hands; would it not be incumbent on those in power, to pause and consider their conduct, to retrieve their errors if possible, to institute an iquiry into the conduct of their subordinates, to restrain and punish them if necessary; would not such an opposition be as useful to a government based on sound and just principles, as to the nation at large, whose rights it watches with jealousy and suspicion;

would it not be regarded in the light of a sage counsellor, instead of a factious adversary.

But if it should come to pass that there should arise an opposition, which carried away by its political biases and passions, engendered through years of successful domination, which listening only to the voice of its own interests, and possessing few sympathies in common with the people, would affect a false zeal for the constitution in order to monopolize the power of government and religion, and force the national majority to yield to the will of a privileged class, what would be the fate of such an opposition? It would become a miserable faction repelled by public opinion; it would stand alone, nerveless and powerless, and would only strengthen in their opinion, the government which it had attacked and attempted to overthrow; each of its efforts to raise itself, would be attended by a fall more ignominious and disastrous than the last. Even in this last melancholy condition, it would still answer the purpose of being a strong confirmation to government of the justice and propriety of the course it had adopted, and thus serve to strengthen and consolidate its power. Opposition, in fine, is a light which guides a government or the cement which binds it together. It has been appropriately compared to the bile in the human body, a moderate quantity is essential for the preservation of health, too much is ruinous and destructive. *We* have seen the workings, and the consequent discomfiture of an opposition repelled by public opinion. We have beheld a king—listening to the whispers and misrepresentations of such an interested faction, who would deny that light existed, if that light caused them inconvenience—by a single act convert a nation of affection into a nation of remonstrance. Giving ear to their senseless flatteries, he stood like Canute on the shore of public opinion and commanded the angry waters to recede, and like his prototype, he awoke to the mortifying conviction that his power extended not over the element, and that to oppose it, was to be swept away in its onward and undeviating course. Happy was it for him that he too became convinced of the utter vanity and deceitfulness of such flatteries, of the hollowness of such counsel, and had the courage to discard those from whom it had proceeded.

It is to this conviction that we owe the imposing spectacle which we now behold, of the union of all the property of the country in support of the laws, and of all the talent of the country in support of the property, with measures to unite, to redress, to consolidate; we have a government whose primary object is the national prosperity, whose secondary object, the national love—a government looking in its arrangements, to measures for consolidating a lasting power, by a national communication of privileges, and for itself an honest power, by administering the country according to its confidence, in pursuit of its advantages, with a spirit too high for resentment, alike superior to plunder and proscription.

ZETA.

"PUTTING TO RIGHTS."

"Oh! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,—
Fanny dearest, for thee I'd sigh!"—MOORE.

Is any one fond of variety? let him marry—I speak it oracularly, and in full defiance of the generally received opinion of the dull monotony of the marriage life. I affirm it to be neither dull nor monotonous; but on the contrary, a source of infinite variety, and as such I can recommend it—though to say the truth, were I obliged to write my school-copies over again, it would go against my conscience to say, that "Variety is charming!"

The fact is, I am a literary man, and get my living by my pen. I am a household drudge to editors of magazines, booksellers, and gentlemen who wish to have a literary reputation, without the trouble of writing books. You may therefore suppose, that quietude and domestic comfort is essential to my success. Now my wife does not think so, or at least her ideas of domestic comfort differ so materially from mine, as to render it much the same thing. She is never happy but when the house is a perfect chaos with scouring, dusting, and above all "putting to rights." She would be delighted if a troop of soldiers were quartered on her for the pleasure of putting things to "rights" afterwards. If she walked in her sleep, it would be with a duster in her hand. If she were ever tempted to purloin, it would be yellow soap. The very paint on my doors and wainscoat is giving way in picturesque streaks to the original deal by repeated scourings—and there is more bread consumed in rubbing the paper on my parlour walls than would keep my family. Thank God, it will be rubbed off soon. I have not a chair or a table in my house but what is ricketty with continued polishing; —that is what my wife calls "*taking care* of the furniture." But oh! that "putting to rights." Paper, paint, chairs and tables, might all go, if I could be spared that horror. If I die, the verdict of the coroner's jury will surely be died of "putting to rights."

I have a good sized table to myself—a writing table—on this is spread my various notes and papers, whether preparing an article for the magazine, correcting a manuscript for a publisher, or writing a book for an author. To an ordinary eye every thing may appear in confusion there, but to me it is in perfect order. I can place my finger upon every thing I want. But no; that will not do for my wife. Things must be "put to rights." The moment my back is turned, therefore, the process commences. The table is rubbed and polished till the joints creak again—the drawers are all turned topsy-turvy, and the papers bundled up and crammed away in places where it will take me a month to find them again. When I return, I'm at my wit's end.—I am like a man going to sleep with flowing curls, waking and finding himself in a trim crop wig!

Never shall I forget the hubbub we were in for a whole week, when the child exhibited symptoms of a flea-bite. The house was scrubbed from garret to cellar, blankets were scoured, carpets beat, windows and doors open day and night, until she caught—a violent cold, and I—the rheumatism. But in order that you may have a more vivid sense of my enjoyments, I will give you my diary for a day.

March 13.—Rose at 8 o'clock—very cold, a little snow upon the ground—my wife rises an hour earlier, she, careful creature, is determined the servant shall have no opportunity for making tea and toast for the policeman—got out of bed on to the cold bare floor—my wife says, that carpets harbour dust, and not healthful in bed rooms—shave with cold water, teeth chattering with cold, and cut myself—can't get hot water, my wife says, cold water's bracing.—Come down at last, stiff as an icicle, and blue as the cholera—find windows and doors all wide open—my wife says, a well ventilated house, makes things sweet and wholesome, and keeps dust from settling!—find a little green smoke instead of fire, struggling through a host of cinders—walk briskly up and down the room blowing my fingers—no signs of breakfast, can't get the kettle to boil—servant employed in the interim whitening the door-steps, street door open, of course, a cutting north-east wind finding its way into one's very marrow.—Enter, at last, a bright tea-kettle, placed at a respectable distance from the green smoke—bit of bread singed here and there, and called toast—tea made with luke warm water, better that tea should be weak, than the bright tea-kettle be blacked, so my wife says—try in vain to get on my boots, find a scrubbing brush in one, and a duster in the other!

About 11 o'clock find my way out, and toil all day among publishers, editors, &c. without success, return hungry and dispirited, hoping though with some misgiving, to find comfort at home—turn the corner of the street where I live, and view with dismay a volume of dust, the downy residue of bed-room sweepings, and tea leaves flying with the velocity of light, through the street door of my domicile—not my house on fire, and a dozen engines playing upon it, could convey to my senses a more appalling image—heard half a dozen miserable children in the street, squalling—"Home sweet home, *theres no place like home,*" joined in the chorus.—My mind made up to the worst, by the sight of the airing process, I rush onwards and knock at the door.—They know my knock inside, and therefore in no hurry to come—cutting north-east wind with sleet—the door opened at last, and back door, being of course wide open, am saluted with a blast of wind, stormy enough to spring the fore topmast of a man of war—my hat flies into the middle of the street—striving to save it, my umbrella goes after it—and I, struggling for my footing, am covered in a twinkling with a cloud of feathers, dust, and tea leaves, the contents of a dust pan at the foot of the stairs!

Regain my equilibrium together with my beaver and umbrella, though with infinite difficulty—not so my temper.—Enter my parlour—good heaven! what am I doomed to behold—Is it an auction room, or a place distressed for rent?—Is it a marine store shop, or a jew's exchange?—Chairs and tables piled up in the centre of the room—carpet turned up all round—the flooring just scoured—windows and doors all open, of course—fire raked out and grate black-leaded—hearth-rug covering the chairs—fender and fire irons upon my writing table, and my papers—where? dusted and "put to rights!"—"put to rights,"—Oh! what retrospective agonies does not that most expressive of horrors conjure up! to those who have suffered under the discipline embraced in that detestable phrase it is needless to expatiate, to those who have not, no words can convey an adequate meaning.—To sum up—nothing in the house to eat, and no fire to cook anything, not a

chair to rest myself upon—not a room fit to go into—hunger and ague staring me in the face.—Receive a note from the tax-gatherer demanding immediate payment—recollected having paid him, and having stuck the mem. behind the chimney glass, look for it, and find it gone! burnt or blown out of the window!—Boy waiting for article for magazine, faithfully promised by the 10th—papers all dusted and carefully "put to rights," consequently impossible to be found.—Wife scolding—child screaming—servant crying—and I swearing in an agony of rage, and mortification, rush out of the house intending to take a passage for the Swan River, or New Zealand!—Think better of it, rather starve at home than be eaten up by the savages, so return to my yoke!

SHERIDAN'S DEVIL.

Brinsley Sheridan once, after sleeping all day,
Having squandered the night in carousing and play,
Sallied forth in the evening, that is, 'tween the lights,
And leisurely hasten'd his way towards White's.
He his fast had not broken since rising from bed,
For his stomach was queer, and a pain in his head
Made him feel a distaste for each viand that thought
To his fanciful appetite readily brought.
"The devil take eating!" he cried in a rage,
"For, in eating, a brute is as great as a sage."
Then pausing, as he a new fancy had caught,
"Why, a devil's the thing, and of that I ne'er thought."
So he journeyed along, and he met at the door,
The varlet who lorded the eatables o'er.
"Come here, my good fellow, you always are civil,
So cut me a beef bone, and make me a devil."
"We have not one left, sir, we just cut the last,
For Bedfordshire's Duke, and 'tis devilling fast.
Will a chicken not do, sir?"—"No, no, let it be;
I'll bone the Duke's bone, or the devil's in me."
So he entered the coffee-room; seated his chair
As close to his Grace as he civilly dare.
"I wonder how people at this house e'er dine;
If it don't turn their stomachs, I'm sure it does mine."
"What whim has now seized you?" inquired his Grace;
"Methinks I have seen you oft sup at this place."
"True, you may have oft seen me a devil partaking,
Before I looked on while the devil was making:
But just now, as I pass'd by the area, I saw
The cook's understrapper the nicest bits gnaw
From a lovely beef bone, and then daub with his sallow
Foul hands the rest over with pepper and tallow."
He scarcely had finished, when in came the tray.
'Twas placed 'fore the Duke—"You may take it away!"
He cried, in a manner that plainly bespoke
With choler his Grace was just ready to choke.
The waiter, though thunder-struck, questioned no more,
But, taking the tray, slowly moved to the door;
When Sheridan cried, "Then you hither may bring
The devil, for I can still stomach the thing."

THE FETE OF ST. LAMBERT, OR THE VALLEY OF MONTMORENCY.

When two shrubs spring up near to each other, they soon mingle, as they grow, their branches and roots together, and thus form but one shade. They are caressed by the same zephyrs, and they are the more easily enabled, by the additional strength which each imparts to the other, to sustain, without injury, those storms which, disunited, neither would have been able to resist.

Thus two children, who exchange together their first smiles, and their first caresses, preserve ever after, for each other, a kind of fraternal instinct, an invincible inclination of nature, which will seldom, while existence remains, resign its rights. The friends of childhood may, indeed, be separated by different social distances, by any one of the various occurrences of life, but they always return to each other with an increase of ardour, and view with astonishment the resemblance of their tastes and their inclinations.

This union of the heart does not take place exclusively between individuals of the same sex; for such was the nature of the remarkable attachment, which existed for nearly eighty years, between St. Lambert and the Countess D——.

They were both born in Lorraine, on the same day, and in nearly the same hour. The families of both were of high respectability, and had for many centuries held various situations of distinction in the community.

The lady was blessed with that softness of disposition, which is so particularly adapted to embellish the morning of life, which tends not only to awaken those germs of affection, which become stronger as life waxes older, but likewise lends, to the latest hour of the evening of existence, a charm which no other feeling can impart.

St. Lambert joined to the talents which distinguish a literary man, those qualities which characterize a sage. He was one of the most favourite pupils of Voltaire; and yet the admiration which he felt for that wonderful genius, could never make him blind to his errors. An enemy to every principle which was likely to cast a shadow over the happiness of his native country, he quitted Paris at the period when political troubles began to darken in the horizon, and retired to a little country seat, which he possessed near to the village of Eaubonne, in the valley of Montmorency.

This retreat had been formed almost entirely by his own hands. There was not a tree which had not been planted by himself: the garden had been laid out under his direction; and the very house itself was a part of his handiwork. Simplicity was the leading feature of the whole; and yet there was a gaiety about it that announced it as the asylum of the muses, the mansion of independence and repose.

At this period, the Countess of D. had been for some considerable time a widow, and had retired to the village of Saunois, which is only a small distance from Eaubonne.

After they regained this opportunity of being again together, scarcely a single day passed without one of these sexagenarians paying a visit to the other, and, seemingly, with as much ardour of affection as if they

had been lovers in their teens. She had, through life, been the admiration of all those who had been happy enough to have an opportunity of mingling in her society, and had more than once been distinguished by the honour of being publicly celebrated by men of the first literary fame, all of whom seemed to gather around her with pleasure and enthusiasm. Even previously to their second meeting, when they were separated from each other by circumstances and distance, they had never, on the day of each other's fête, failed to offer their mutual congratulations. Every year inspired them with some new device. Imagination, when seconded by the feelings of the heart, always found some new means of varying their offerings, and of adding fresh interest to the oft-repeated compliment.

The fête of the Countess, who was named Julia, fell at the end of the month of May, in the most brilliant season of the year. Every thing concurred, on this happy day, to surround her with the budding gifts of the spring; meet emblems of the freshness of her mind, and of the beauties of her person.

The patron of St. Lambert was Charles; and therefore his fête fell in November, when the earth has long since been disrobed of her beauties, and has begun to shed her last honours; yet the approach of winter never threw a shade over the couplets, which the Countess never failed to compose on this occasion. But when her friend had gained his sixtieth year, she no longer dared to recal the pleasures of their youth, fearful that she might, by reviving the most amiable remembrances, only be the cause of awaking useless regret.

At length arrived the day of the seventieth year, on which they both had first seen the light. The date was engraven in the hearts of both. This happy anniversary fell precisely on St. Charles's Day, and the author of the seasons doubted not but that the Countess, at whose house he was invited to dine upon that day, would present him with the customary compliment. Wishing, on his part, to celebrate an attachment so constant and so rare, he resolved to give a little surprise to his friend, when she, as was her custom, brought him, in the evening, home in her carriage. He, in consequence, gave orders to his gardener, and his other domestics, to prepare garlands of leaves and flowers, such as the lateness of the season would allow of, and roof over the whole of the court-yard, from the outer gate up to the vestibule of the house. He then, from his garden and out-houses, had all the plants, which could be moved, brought in and placed on each side of the stairs leading to his study. Therein, over the chimney-piece, he had the portrait of his old friend hung up and adorned with every flower which could be gathered from the season. Underneath were a few verses that breathed, instead of the chill of age, all the glow of the most youthful imagination.

While he was making these preparations, and just as he had finished the arcade of mingling leaves and flowers which lead from the gate to the house, he perceived, in the plain which separates Eaubonne from Saunois, the carriage of the Countess, who was coming to make him a visit.

He immediately ordered the two large folding doors, which opened into the court, to be closed, and commanded the gardener, when the Countess arrived, only to open the little grating, and say that his master had gone out, and would not return before dinner-time.

These orders were faithfully executed, and the Countess good-na-

turedly thought that the poet had gone to walk in his favourite spot, the Wood de Jaques, or to visit some neighbour. She therefore immediately returned, and took back with her the bouquet, which, to prevent him from supposing that she had made any other preparation for the day, she had intended to present to him. But as she turned round the corner of the garden walls, she threw another glance towards the modest habitation where the muses and friendship had passed so many happy moments together, and, to her utter astonishment, perceived, at one of the latticed windows, St. Lambert, half hidden behind the curtains.

She could not for some time believe that she was awake.

"St. Lambert refuse to admit me into his house! For what reason? with what design?"

Her imagination forged a thousand different ideas, all of which were thrown aside as soon as formed.

She arrived at Saunois mournful and sad;—in short, wounded to the very soul, by the idea that the friend of her infancy, after they had thus grown old together, should, without any cause, treat her in such an unmanly, such an ungenerous manner.

It was the first time in her life that she had ever received such an insult, and she resolved to be revenged. St. Lambert, as soon as he had finished every thing necessary for the decoration of his retreat, and imagining that, perchance, his friend might feel a little uneasy, at not having found him at home, at the hour when he had always been accustomed to remain within, resolved to dress himself, and walked as far as the village of Saunois.

He did so, but when he arrived there, instead of finding the large gates thrown open for his reception, he saw a youth put his head through a kind of half-gate, to tell him that the Countess had gone out in the morning, and that she would not return before dinner time.

He felt fatigued, and therefore proposed to go in and await her arrival. The servant immediately answered, to his great astonishment, that he could not admit him, as the Countess had expressly commanded that no person of any kind, should on any pretence be allowed to enter the house during her absence.

St. Lambert accordingly retired, without knowing to what cause to attribute the unexpected refusal. Nevertheless he resolved to return to Eaubonne on foot, with as much haste as his fatigue and age would allow of.

But after he had walked on for a little time, with his eyes cast to the ground, out of temper with himself and all around him, he suddenly looked back towards the mansion of the Countess, and perceived at one of the balconies, without the least appearance of concealment, his old friend looking towards him, with the utmost satisfaction painted upon her countenance.

"Could she then have seen me," said he to himself, "when she made me a visit this morning, and thus wishes to revenge herself for my not having received her? If that is the case, were she to learn that I refused her admittance only in order to surprise her a little this evening, she would soon repent of the cruel insult which she has put upon me."

On the other side, the Countess, while she followed him with her eye, exclaimed—

"How much it costs me to send him away thus! But I ought to make

him feel that it is not so very easy for him to make a dupe of me; indeed, if he refuses me admittance into his house, it becomes my sex to refuse him entrance into mine."

At length the hour for dinner arrived. The most intimate friends of St. Lambert had all arrived, according to the invitation of the Countess, in order to give splendour and sociability to the fête of their mutual friend Charles.

Among others, La Harpe, Florian, Marmontel, and a distinguished number of ladies of the first rank, fashion, and beauty, were assembled. The Countess, who, in spite of herself, repented of having thus cruelly refused admittance to her old friend, and above all, of having shown herself upon the balcony, in order to add greater poignancy to his disappointment, when she found that he did not arrive, sent her carriage to fetch him. But he refused to come, saying that he had no desire to dine with any person who shut the door against him when he called. No sooner had the domestics of the Countess returned, and informed her of the resolution of St. Lambert, than she immediately explained to the whole company all that had happened. Her grief was extreme, and she resolved to go herself, and make him a just excuse for the resentment she had caused.

Her friends opposed this resolution, but deputed Florian, La Harpe, and Marmontel to go and endeavour to prevail upon him to return with them.

They went, and represented to him the real truth, and after great persuasion, induced him to change his resolution.

He was met at the door by the Countess, surrounded by her distinguished guests, and no sooner was the dinner announced, than he was conducted to the saloon by various characters representative of the different productions which had signalized his literary career.

One group personated the four portions of the day, morning, noon, evening, and night.

Others represented the four seasons: Florian, as the youngest, and with a smiling countenance and agile form, was crowned with flowers, and formed no bad representative of the spring.

La Harpe, in the maturity of age, and with those brilliant eyes for which he was always remarkable, was enwreathed with a garland composed of ears of corn, and thus imaged summer.

Marmontel, more pampered in his looks, but bearing on his features his love for the good things of the table, designated Autumn. He held in his left-hand a wand encircled with vine-branches, and in the other a tankard, from which he, with but little moderation, recruited his spirits.

To close the scene came the aged Duke of Nivernois, covered with white locks and a flowing mantle, and representing Winter.

These four celebrated literary characters then addressed to St. Lambert verses adapted for the occasion, and composed by themselves. The homage of all this brilliant assemblage was more than St. Lambert could well support. His emotion was visible to all, and was relieved only by the tears of joy which soon came to his assistance.

"Behold," said the Countess to him, "the real cause for the refusal by which I so cruelly wounded your feelings this morning. Allow then that there was some little excuse for my acting as I did, in order to give you this little surprise. But what possible reason could you have for *your* conduct!"

"I beg a thousand pardons," cried St. Lambert, wishing in his turn to conceal the preparation which he had made, "I was just composing some verses, which would not allow of the slightest distraction. At my age it is no easy matter to tune the lyre; and when it is once in order, if it is not immediately played upon, it becomes silent perhaps for ever."

At length, when genius and friendship had exhausted their resources in celebrating the birthday of the author of the seasons, St. Lambert proposed to all who had contributed to the amusement of the evening to walk as far as his modest retreat.

The evening was calm and serene, one of those beautiful scenes which resemble, or rather recal, the first days of spring.

They all agreed, and commanding the carriages to follow, set out on foot.

As soon as they arrived at the gates of the garden of St. Lambert's dwelling, they were suddenly thrown open, and discovered a roof covered with flowers and verdure, and illuminated with every fancy which art could devise.

"Behold," said he in his turn, "my motive for the refusal for which I have been punished so severely. I thought that two beings, who had loved and cherished each other for seventy years, could have but one feeling, and that the fête of the one ought to be that of the other. I wished with these flowers to make you some little exchange for the bouquet which I expected you to prepare for me. But when I brought you hither, you were, I could see, still unsatisfied and uneasy, and perhaps doubting, for the first time, the sincerity of my affection; but that which afflicts me most, that which I can scarce pardon myself for, is to have wounded your feelings for such a paltry show; yet I must acknowledge, that at the moment I felt a real pleasure in beholding your surprise and disappointment; but now I hope and trust I am forgiven."

Even until this day the inhabitants of the lovely valley of Montmorency recount this anecdote of the Fête of St. Lambert.

NAPLES.

The ocean-wave's innumerable smile
Glow'd with th' invigorating beams, which fell,
Like golden shafts, from heaven's blue citadel:
The winds were sleeping in their caverns, while
Sky, air, earth, ocean, summer's garment wore,
From the resplendent sands upon the shore,
To distant Caprea's purple blooming isle.
The lagging ships seem'd the voluptuous spoil
Of the soft air, whose radiant censers spill'd
Odours on earth, and earth with incense fill'd.
Naples! my heart shall in its depths retain
The passing splendour of that summer day;
Like light from love's sweet grave it shall remain,
When love has pass'd, with all its dreams, away.

SACCOUNTALA,

AN EPISODE OF MAHABHARATA.

ONE of the most illustrious victims of the cholera in the capital of France, has been M. Antoine Leonard Chezy, of the Academie des Inscriptions. His death cannot fail to be regarded as a very serious loss to the cause of Oriental erudition. He had studied Arabic and Persian under the venerable Silvestre de Sacy, who, after an intimacy of forty years, pronounced an affectionate eulogium over that grave, into which, with so many of his learned and scientific brethren, he has since descended, at the behest of the same inexorable messenger.

M. de Chezy studied Sanscrit without a master, and made such progress in it, that in 1814, a professorship of that language was created for him at the College of France. Ten years afterwards he was appointed to the chair of Persian, in the school for the living oriental languages at the King's Library, which had become vacant by the death of M. Langlès. His great ambition was to be appointed Conservator of Oriental manuscripts at the Bibliothèque du Roi, and it is supposed that the shock he experienced when that appointment was given to M. Abel Remusat, contributed in no small degree to the fatal termination of his illness.

The last of his literary labours was the translation of the Sanscrit and Pracrit drama of Calidasa,* called the Recognition of Saccountala, from a manuscript believed to be unique, in the collection of the King's Library. Attached to that manuscript, as an appendix, is the Episode of Mahabharata, which is now for the first time presented to the English reader. This epic poem, so celebrated in Eastern literature, is ascribed to Vya'sa, an inspired writer long anterior to Calidasa, who flourished at the Court of Vicramaditya, one of the greatest sovereigns of India, in the century which preceded the Christian era. Calidasa was thus the contemporary of Virgil, and it was with this episode, as his theme, that he produced his celebrated drama, the Recognition of Saccountala.

At his death, M. de Chezy had just attained his sixtieth year. Besides being of the Academy of Inscriptions, he was one of the editors of the Journal des Savans, and it is to him we owe—1st. Medjnoun and Leila, a poem translated from the Persian of Djami; 2dly, The Death of Yadjnadatta, an episode from the Sanscrit; and 3dly, the Recognition of Saccountala.

The character of M. de Chezy is thus given by one of his surviving friends:—"Il etait un honnête homme, un homme d'esprit et un savant aimable;" and the following extract is taken from the funeral oration of the Baron de Sacy, who so speedily followed the most distinguished of his pupils:—

"It is not here the place, or now the moment, to dwell on the labours which, together with the duties of his situation, occupied all the moments of M. de Chezy; or for the last years of his life, at least the intervals of health granted him by a constitution enfeebled by chagrin and severe infirmities. The very nature of these labours, in which elegance and delicacy of style contend with profound science and erudition,

* Calisada is the author of the Megha Duta, or Cloud Messenger, a poem in Sanscrit, translated by Dr. Wilson, recently appointed Oriental Professor at Oxford.

would form too strong a contrast with the mournful scenes around us; and the elegant ideas which in other times appeared so full of charm, would now only aggravate our grief. Let us rather call to mind the amiable qualities which so endeared our illustrious colleague to us. The fruits of his talent survive him; they will not be lost to us or to posterity; his pupils will in their turn form others, who will preserve and feed the sacred fire which he first kindled; but the delight which we experienced in his society, in the tenderness of his heart, in the effusions of his friendship, and, if I may be allowed to say so, of his gratitude, can henceforth be but a remembrance; a remembrance at once sweet and bitter, as is always that of the happiness which we have owed to the most innocent affections, fleeting, alas! as our existence."

Note.—The reader will observe that M. de Chezy's orthography has been carefully preserved, in order that a comparison with the English orthography of the proper names of India might suggest corrections in pronunciation.

The noblest shoot of the ancient stock of Pourou,* the hero Douchmanta,† reigned in former times over all India. The shores of the sea, and those wild regions, the retreat of the fierce Mletchas, ‡ were the sole boundaries of his vast empire. Faithful to the laws, his numerous subjects, each in the caste in which he was born, fulfilled with pleasure the duties which justice alone imposed on them. Protected from all oppression under such a monarch, their days were passed in the bosom of enjoyment, with nothing to disturb their happiness.

Full of confidence in those venerable Brahmans‖ who were animated by the fire of the purest piety, the people, directed by their councils, propitiated the favour of the Divinity by the incense of peace and love. Nature herself appeared to take delight in favouring this happy country. Gentle and fructifying showers regularly watered the soil at the most favourable season, and without being torn by the iron of the ploughshare, the land yielded to the husbandman the most nutritious fruits, while the numberless flocks which wandered in the richest pastures, brought him the early tribute of their milk.

Endowed with heroic courage, as skilful in mounting a fiery horse as in moderating the fury of an untamed elephant, victorious always, with arms of every species, the club or the lance, the bow or the scimetar; majestic as the chief of the immortals, brilliant as the powerfulgod of light, the young king was at once the love and the admiration of his people.

Attended by an army of followers, consisting of men on foot and on horseback, in chariots and on elephants, he resolved to proceed to a thick and extensive forest, to enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

As he advanced, amidst the acclamations of his warriors, the piercing sounds of the trumpet and the gong, the rattling of chariots, the neighing of horses, and the savage cry of the elephants, a crowd of women,

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* *Pourou*—the name of one of the early kings of India, the sixth of the lunar dynasty.

† *Douchmanta*, written also Douchouanta, and Douchyanta, must have reigned, according to a probable calculation, fifteen centuries before the Christian era.

‡ *Mletchas*—a generic term to signify a barbarian or a stranger, any one who does not speak Sanscrit, or is not subject to the laws and institutions of India.

‖ *Brahmans*—the name given, as every one knows, to the sectarian priests of the Veda, who compose the first of the Indian castes.

burning with anxiety to see the young hero in all the splendour of his royal progress, advanced to the terraces which lined his route, to greet him as he passed. "It is the dauntless Vasou* himself," they exclaimed with transports of joy. "Indra,† armed with his thunderbolts, advanced with less magnificence." Flowers were showered in emulation on his head from a thousand hands, while virtuous Brahmans extended their arms towards heaven, to call down the favours of Brahma‡ on the youthful monarch.

A numerous train of citizens of every class followed their sovereign to the forest. Borne on a chariot as rapid as *Souparna*,§ the bearer of Vichnou,‖ in its flight, soon carried him into its impenetrable shades, where every thing inspired a religious terror, abandoned by man, and inhabited only by the wild elephant, the lion, the tiger, and other ferocious animals, incessantly rending the air with their frightful howlings. Disturbed in their retreat, they rush with fury on the huntsmen, who close upon them, and who have need of all their skill and courage to make themselves masters of so terrible a prey.

Douchmanta was the first to shew his followers an example of reckless intrepidity, and more than one furious tiger fell under the weight of his club, or pierced by his rapid arrows. Roused on all sides might be seen lions and elephants in troops, covered with sweat and foam, approaching the waters, to quench the fire which devoured them; but the greater part fell exhausted with fatigue on the borders of the pool, and died with cries of agony. Others, urged by despair, turn furiously on their imprudent enemies, and treading them under foot, or grasping them with their enormous trunks, exact a terrible vengeance. Thus the forest presents already the aspect of a field of carnage, devoted to silence, covered with dead bodies, stained with blood, and strewed with the shafts of broken lances, clubs, and bows, and the remains of every sort of weapon employed in the chase.

The huntsmen, whose hunger has been sharpened by their exertions, cut to pieces a certain number of the stags and wild deer which, escaped from the murderous tooth of the beasts of prey, had also fallen under their blows, and having roasted the flesh in slender portions, on a burning brazier, strengthen themselves with their repast, and enjoy a few hours repose.

But Douchmanta soon renews the order to depart, and, pursuing his march, traverses a barren plain, and enters with his train a second forest, of an aspect very different from the first. It is no longer that savage horror which nature, abandoned to herself, imprints on boundless solitudes. Here every thing bespeaks the presence and labours of man. It is no longer the roaring of the lion or the tiger which alarms the traveller, but the distant braying of the stag, the song of birds, and the

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* *Vasou*—the name of a very ancient king, who reigned, it is said, in the country called *Tcheidi*. This prince is also sometimes distinguished by the name of *Ouparitchara*, on account of the faculty he possessed of traversing the sky in a celestial chariot received from the gods.

† *Indra*—the Indian Jupiter.

‡ *Brahma*, under his attribute of Creator.

§ *Souparna*, the same with *Garouda*, a fabulous bird, the Pegasus of *Vichnou*, or rather the eagle of Jupiter in Grecian fable.

‖ *Vichnou*—the second person of the Indian Trinity—Brahma considered as Preserver.

buzzing of bees, which fill the mind with sentiments of tranquility and happiness. Trees of every elegant variety of form, intermingling their flexible branches, bending under the weight of fruits and flowers, yield to the breath of the zephyr, which robs them, as they pass, of their richest odours, and shed the delicious fragrance around. On the enamelled sward troops of Gaudharvas* and Apsaras† pursue each other in their youthful gambols, and gliding like shadows from place to place, impart a sense of rapture to the enjoyment of these regions of delight.

Douchmanta wanders in extasy under these verdant bowers, where the broken rays of the sun admit but a softened light, and as much heat only as is necessary to temper the coolness which prevails in the shade.

Plunged in a delightful reverie, his uncertain steps are directed towards a spot which opens to him an enchanting landscape, where all the scattered beauties he had just been enjoying appeared to be united.

On the banks of the Malinî,‡ which the swans in numerous pairs of sparkling whiteness disturb as they play, he observed what he supposed to be a consecrated grave, the retreat of some sacred personage. It contained, in fact, in its bosom, the peaceful hermitage of the illustrious descendant of the great Casyapa,§ the prophet Canoua. From distance to distance along the stream, groupes of Yatis ‖ and venerable Mounis¶ were occupied with their pious duties, and from various points the brilliant flame of the sacrifice arose majestically towards heaven.

Filled with religious awe, the king, Douchmanta, laid aside the royal insignia, and having ordered his followers to wait for him, he penetrates the thicket, attended only by his minister and his chief priest, and seeks the spot where the air resounds with the melodious song of the Vedas.** At every step he makes in this holy retreat, which resembled the celestial abode of Brahma, he feels growing within him the liveliest enthusiasm. Here the Brahmans are to be found, who expound whatever is obscure in their sacred books; there the venerable Gourous†† initiate their pupils in their sacrificial rites; yonder are those studious Pundits‡‡ who throw light on the obscure mysteries of the subtlest metaphysics; elsewhere are the inspired poets, who sing in sublime verses the exploits of heroes; while innumerable *Tapasoms*, §§ in order to annihilate all human passion, either inflict on themselves the severest pe-

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* *Gaudharvas*—an order of male genii, celestial musicians attached to the court of Indra.

† *Apsaras*—an order of female genii, nymphs destined to embellish with their charms and their voluptuous dances the *souarga*, or paradise of Indra.

‡ *Malinî*—a river which descends, it is said, from the Himalaya mountains, but as to the course of which nothing certain is known.

§ *Casyapa*—a divine personage, as to whose origin and attributes the Indian mythologists are not much agreed. Like the Uranus of the Greeks, he seems to be nothing else than heaven or space personified,

‖ *Yatis*—a class of religious functionaries, remarkable for the severity of their observances.

¶ *Mounis*—a name appropriated to certain solitary individuals devoted to divine contemplation, who condemn themselves to voluntary silence.

** *Vedas*—books sacred to the Indians, the most ancient monument of their literature.

†† *Gourous*—spiritual chiefs, under whom the young Indians acquire a knowledge of religious doctrines.

‡‡ *Pundits*—sages and philosophers,

§§ *Tapasoms*—enthusiastic devotees, who make sport of the most cruel sufferings, and inflict on themselves penances which horrify the imagination.

nances, or immoveable, and plunged in the deepest contemplation, are already identified in spirit with the incorruptible essence of Brahma. *

Douchmanta finds himself in front of the hermitage of Canoua. Leaving his minister and his chief priest on the outside, he enters alone, and calls with a loud voice. A charming girl, in the first flower of youth, whose dazzling beauty could not be concealed by the austerity of her costume, and who in her demeanour resembled the goddess Sri † herself, advanced instantly with the most ravishing grace and modesty towards the young stranger, whom she recognized at once as the king Douchmanta. She bowed before him with respect, presented him with water for his ablutions (the first duty towards a guest), entreated him to take some repose, and, placing milk and fruit before him, inquired the object of his visit.

"My intention," replied the prince, "was to present my homage to the venerable Canoua, that model of all the virtues; but perhaps he is not in his hermitage at present."

"My father, she replied, "has only gone to gather some fruit in the forest; if my lord would wait, he will doubtless soon return."

Struck with the beauty of the youthful recluse, the touching expression of her voice and the nobleness of her features, Douchmanta, in a tone of the deepest agitation, exclaimed,—"And who art thou, adorable girl? Why livest thou in this dreary forest? Whence comest thou? Uniting in thy presence all the charms of a goddess, I burn to know thy origin. Inform me, I conjure thee. In vain should I dissimulate. In looking on thee, I feel that I am no longer master of my heart."

Thus interrogated by the king, the virtuous Saccountala, for such was her name, thus modestly replied—"My lord, I am the daughter of the respectable Canoua, a Brahmin of the most fervent devotion, and full of magnanimity, whom men venerate as a saint."

"But," rejoined Douchmanta, "he to whom you give the name of father has vowed to renounce all human passions, and Dharma ‡ himself, the god of justice, would sooner forget his duties than the austere Canoua the sacred vow by which he is bound. Tell me, then, I pray thee, how thou canst be his daughter, and clear away the suspicions which are rising in my mind?"

"I shall relate to you, oh prince!" replied Saccountala, "how this event took place, and inform you of the circumstances of my birth in detail. A Brahmin, who formerly sojourned at an hermitage, addressed the same inquiry to the venerable Canoua, and received from the holy anchorite the following recital. 'It is not long,' he said, 'since Visonamitra,§ abandoning himself to the most frightful austerities, inspired the

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* *Brahma*—By this unutterable word the Indians understood that eternal, incorruptible, self-existent Being, the soul and mover of the universe, which he fills with his immensity. He must not be confounded with *Brachmâ*, which last word is but the personification of one of his qualities, that of Creator; while by *Vishnou* and *Siva* are understood his two other great attributes of preserver and destroyer.

† *Sri*—the same as Laksmi, the Indian Venus, reminding us of the "Et vera incessu patuit" of Virgil.

‡ *Dharma*—the Indian Rhadamanthus, oftenconfounded with Yama, an inflexible judge whose attributes correspond to those of Minos in the Greek mythology.

§ Visonamitra—a celebrated *Monni*, who played a principal part in the *Rhamayana*, as preceptor and counsellor of Rama. In that poem the story of his most marvellous actions is told.

chief of the Devas ‡ with the law Sacra,§ with the liveliest alarm. Afraid of seeing the place he occupied among the immortals become the spoil of the terrible Taposoul, the god caused the nymph Ménacâ || to be brought to his presence, and thus addressed her:

"'Most beautiful of the Apsaras, I expect a favour of thee. Visonamitra, by the violence of the torments he inflicts on himself, has raised the sum of his merits to such a pitch in the eyes of Brahma, that I tremble for my station and authority. Go, then, and try by every means to disturb him in his religious duties. With youth and beauty, such as yours, you cannot fail to succeed. Exhaust every art and accomplishment, the gentle sound of your voice, and that perfidious smile. Go, and bring me repose.'

"'Mighty chief of thunder,' replied Ménacâ, tremblingly, 'nothing equals, as thou knowest, the ferocious and vindictive humour of the haughty Monni. If thou thyself canst fear its effects, how should a weak woman think of it but with trembling? Was it not he, a thing unheard of! who, though originally of the Kchatryias,¶ made himself a Brahman by the force of his own volition? Was it not he who deprived the great Vasichtha ** of his much-loved sons? Was it not he who, to perform his ablutions, caused a river to rise at once rapid and profound? †† And thou, chief of the Devas, wert not thou thyself, reduced to drink the *Soma*, to escape the fear with which he inspired thee? Tell me, then, how I can avoid being consumed by the fire of his indignation; he who produces an earthquake by the tread of his foot; he who could, in sport, break Mount Meron * to atoms, and disturb the order of the skies? How could I dare to approach or to touch this dreadful being, his face resplendent as the fire of the sacrifice, and formidable as the season of destruction, at the mere aspect of which the greatest saints Soma,† and the inflexible Yama ‡ himself, are filled with terror. Yet when thou ordainest it, oh chief of the Souras! § I am ready to obey. But I beseech thee to provide the means of diminishing the hazards I incur in this daring enterprize. Let Maronta, || the god of the winds, give a graceful direction to the folds of my robe as I draw before the virtuous Monni. Let Maumatha, ¶ with his burning arrows,

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‡ *Devas*—the gods.

§ *Sacra*—one of the names of Indra.

|| *Menaca*—the most celebrated of the assiaras, or nymphs, in the service of Indra.

¶ *Kchatryias*—the second, or warrior caste, among the Indians.

** *Vasichtha*—Richo, or deified sage of the first order. He is supposed to preside with six other riches over one of the stars of the great bear, whence comes the name of Suptarchagah given to that constellation.

†† This river is named Para in the text, and there exists in fact a river of that name, which is supposed to lose itself in the mountains of Pariyati, which form the central and western portion of the Vindhya chain.

* *Meron*—a fabulous mountain all sparkling with gold and precious stones, and of immeasurable height, called by mythologists the North Pole.

† One of the names of the genius who presides over the moon, the good Lunus.

‡ *Yama*—this divinity shares with Dharma the duty of judging souls after death.

§ *Souras*—a synonym for Devas, as opposed to Asouras, bad genii or demons. The latter, jealous of the happiness of the Souras, never cease to harrass them in a thousand ways. When we read in the poets the description of the furious combats which take place between the Souras and the Asouras, the struggle between the good and bad angels of Milton become child's play.

|| *Maronta*—the same with Vayen, the Indian Eolus.

¶ *Maumatha*—this epithet, which was rendered by the old French poets in their

follow my footsteps, and let the zephyrs shed around me the most inebriating perfumes.

" Somewhat reassured by the promise of Indra, who accedes to her desires, the lovely nymph descends to earth, and stops not far from the wild retreat of Visonamatra; and on a smooth green sward, from whence she may be seen by the holy hermit, she began to play the wanton, measuring her steps in a wild cadenced movement. Maronta breathes an air of perfume over the flowing folds of her robe, which are whiter than the fresh rays of the peaceful star of night, and occasions a voluptuous disorder, which Menaca, as if yielding to a sentiment of modesty, increases by feigning to repair it.

" Unhappily for the holy man, his looks are directed to the nymph at this dangerous moment. A desire which he cannot overcome seizes hold of his senses, and letting fall from his hands the profound Veda, he flies towards the enchantress, who easily induces him to inhabit her hermitage.

" ' Several months are thus passed in a state of voluptuous delight, and Menaca soon perceives that she bears in her bosom a pledge of their amour. Feeling the moment approach that was to make her a mother, the perfidious fair, directing her burdened steps to a solitary thicket on the banks of the Malini, gave birth to a charming girl, whom she inhumanly abandoned on a bed of moss and flowers, and triumphantly returned to the celestial court of Sacra.

" ' As I proceeded to the sacred stream,' continned Canoua, ' to make my ablutions, I saw the poor little creature asleep on its flowery couch, as if protected by a crowd of Sacountas,* who, in their circular flight, hovering around the head of a divinity, gently agitated the air for coolness. I took her in my arms, and carried her to my hermitage, where I had her nursed with care, and brought up with the tenderest solicitude, giving her the name of Saccountala, in memory of the charming birds who seemed to act as her protectors.

" ' Such, venerable Brahman, is the nature of the ties which unite us, and such is the reason why I call Saccountala my daughter, and why she in return gives me the endearing name of father.'

" Thus ended the recital which the virtuous Canoua gave in my presence to his guest," added Saccountala with modesty, " and my lord is in possession of all the details on which he required information."

" Yes, too amiable girl, yes, I have listened with transport to these enchanting details, which prove to me that thou belongest to the heroic caste of Kchatryas, and that it is permitted me to form with thee the happiest ties; refuse me not, nymph divine, and deign to unite thy destinies with mine. Speak, and stuffs of the rarest texture will instantly supply the place of the poor apparel which disguises thy delicate and tender charms. Collars and bracelets sparkling with precious stones will amorously entwine that lovely neck and those arms, which were modelled by Cama himself. The richest earrings shall gracefully accompany each movement of that celestial head. Say but the word, a single word, and my whole kingdom is thine. Come, timid girl, let us

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simple language by the literal term *treut le cœur*, is here given to Cama, the Indian cupid.

* *Sacountas*—this word is here used for a bird in general, but it is particularly applied to a species of vulture very common in India.

as be united ascording to the rite of Gaudharva;* there is none which presages greater happiness."

"I have told my lord," replied Saccountala, with a trembling voice, "that my father, who has but gone to gather fruit in the forest, will shortly return. Wait, I pray you, his return, that my holy protector may himself dispose of my hand."

"But what need is there of his consent?" demanded Douchmanta with animation. "Is it not the soul which gives itself to the soul who loves it, and serves it as a refuge amidst the vicissitudes of life? Besides, the divine Manou,† our great lawgiver, in regulating the different modes of union suited to the various castes, has specified this one for the noble race of the Kchatryas. Fear not then, dear Saccountala, to give me thy hand of thy own free will, or that thou wilt thereby commit an act at which thy virtue need ever blush."

"Well, then," replied the virgin, her cheeks suffused with blushes; "if it be true that in yielding to your wishes, I am not against the holy law of duty; if it be true that I may, as you tell me, (and surely you would not deceive me), dispose of my heart according to its own dictates, listen, oh king, to the conditions which a timid maiden would venture to impose on you. If of the union we should contract, a son should be born, pledge me your royal word to give him the title of Youva-radja,‡ and to have him recognized by your people as your legitimate successor."

Intoxicated with passion, Douchmanta pronounced the oath without farther reflection.

"Receive, then, your spouse," exclaimed Saccountala, her eyes wet with tears.

And the king taking her two hands in his, they thus contracted the alliance of mutual love.

At the moment of their separation, Saccountala, who could no longer be saluted by the gentle name of virgin, had need of being re-assured in the midst of her astonishment, by the caressing voice of her husband, that he would not leave her long, but that in a very few days he would send a cortege worthy of a queen to conduct her to his palace. He then bade her farewell, rejoined his retinue, and took the road to his capital, thinking of Canoua's astonishment when he learned from Saccountala what had occurred on his return to the hermitage.

Scarcely had Douchmanta retired, when the holy anchorite returned; but Saccountala was in such confusion, that she did not advance, as was her wont, to meet her venerable father. Canoua, however, who by the prophetic spirit with which he was endowed, knew already all that passed in his absence, was not surprised at the confusion in which his cherished pupil was plunged, but casting on her a look which beamed with affection, he hastened to tranquilize her mind with these consoling words:

"Oh, woman! a thousand times blessed! the knot which thou hast

† The rite Gaudharva, that is, according to the manner of the Gaudharvas, who probably required the consent of the nymph without any other ceremony.

‡ *Manou*—the first Indian lawgiver whose code we possess: a monument of the highest antiquity, the composition of which was referred by the celebrated Jones to the year 1250 before our era.

§ *Youva-radja*—literally young king. It is by this title that the presumptive heir to the crown is distinguished.

secretly tied, without consulting me is not inconsistent with our holy laws. The rite Gaudharva, which consists in the secret union of two hearts which burn with mutual love, without the intervention of a Brahman, is recognized by our divine legislator as most suitable to the caste of the Kchatryas; and Douchmanta, whom thou hast chosen for thy lawful spouse, besides that he is placed in the highest station among men, is every where renowned for his magnanimity, his justice, and the faithful performance of all his duties. The son to be born of this union will not be less illustrious than his sire. His conquests will extend the limits of the empire, his enemies shall fly before his victorious standards, and he shall give birth to a race of heroes."

Re-assured by this prediction, which disclosed to her a happy futurity, Saccountala joyfully relieved the holy prophet of the basket of flowers he had gathered, and in a tone of supplication besought him to extend his favours to Douchmanta, her husband, and to herself, his plighted spouse.

"Speak, oh, my daughter!" replied Canoua. "What can I ever refuse to thy desires, to thee who art the charm of my existence?"

"May heaven then yield to thy prayers, that the race of Pourin be for ever distinguished by the rarest virtues, and that their dominion be without bounds!"

Such, in the purity of her love for Douchmanta, was the wish which Saccountala allowed her heart to express.

Yet days and months elapsed without the re-appearance of Douchmanta, and Saccountala gave birth to a son of ravishing beauty, whose features already announced the more perfect resemblance to those of his illustrious father. On the palms of his little hands it was easy to perceive the well-defined lineament of the tchacra,* a sure token of his high destinies. The pious hermit himself hastened to perform the ceremonies customary at his birth; and in this peaceful retreat, where heaven seemed to delight in shedding its most genial influences, this offspring of the gods was developed with miraculous rapidity.

In early youth he evinced an extraordinary degree of strength and intrepidity. When scarcely ten years of age he might be seen pursuing the young elephants and the cubs of the tiger.

He succeeded in taming the young lions, playing with them, and riding on them, to the utter astonishment of the inhabitants of the sacred forest, who, by common consent, gave him the surname of Sarva-Dumana.†

Canoua, the witness of these superhuman actions, which revealed the hero, said one day to Saccountala, that the time was now come when her son should be proclaimed Youva-radja, and he gave orders to his disciples to conduct the young woman and her son to the palace of the king, her husband, Douchmanta. He had scarcely said the word, when the zealous brahmatcharis‡ made ready for their journey, and proceeded with their precious charge towards Gadjasahoriaya,§ the capital of the kingdom.

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* *Tchacra*—this term is applied in palmistry to an arrangemennt of the lines of the hand in the form of a sun, a sure presage of sovereign dominion to him who is endowed with it.

† *Sarva Dumana*—he who tames or conquers all.

‡ *Brahmatcharis*—young Brahmans studying theology under a gouren.

§ *Gadjasahoriaya*—the same town with Hastimapoma, the name of the ancient

Arrived at the palace, and introduced into the presence of the sovereign—"Behold," they said to him, "the faithful Saccountala, who has come from the sacred forest with her youthful son, to offer the tribute of her homage to her husband."

Their mission being thus accomplished, they returned immediately to their venerable Gourou.

On a sign of approbation from the prince, Saccountala, holding her son by the hand, advanced with an air of dignity, and making a profound obeisance, spoke as follows:—

"My lord," she said, "the period is accomplished when this youth should be consecrated:—this royal youth, the cherished fruit of our legitimate union. Fulfil this engagement, O chief of men, those sacred engagements contracted in the face of heaven, by which we were joined in indissoluble ties. Forgettest thou the circumstance, magnanimous prince, which occurred in the hermitage of Canoua?"

Douchmanta, although perfectly remembering the whole of the facts, replied—

"What means this story, hypocritical woman, disguised so ill by a dress which belongs to the virtuous of your sex. You are totally unknown to me. Never—no, never did I unite myself to thee by the ties of a pure and legitimate affection. Go, then, from whence thou camest—whither I care not. I leave thee mistress of thy actions."

Confounded by this harsh language, as if struck by a thunderbolt, Saccountala remained for some time incapable of movement or utterance. But indignation soon succeeded to this state of stupor; her eyes shone with anger; her pale lips trembled with a convulsive movement; her heart, in its rapid pulsation, could scarcely contain itself within her agitated breast. It seemed as if she was about to die! Yet this state of violence was gradually tranquillized, and, making an incredible effort, she thus addressed her unjust spouse:—

"Why, O great king, like a despicable creature devoted to effrontery, shouldst thou debase thyself by forging an odious falsehood? Your heart must teach you to distinguish between the false and the true. Consult it—follow only the inspirations of justice, and degrade not your soul—that pure spark which emanates from Brahma. Follow not the steps of the hypocrite, who resists, without fear, the sacred voice of conscience—the hypocrite, that basest of robbers—since he would rob us of our very soul. Perhaps you thought yourself alone when you did the mischief; but within thee a judge sat concealed, in whose inevitable presence thy actions were performed. The sun, the moon, the air and fire, the earth, the firmament, and the vast expanse of waters, the night, the day, the morning and evening, twilight, Dharma and Yama, all are witnesses of man's most secret actions. If he has not acted against the inner voice of conscience, Yama, that incorruptible judge, gives him to enjoy eternal happiness; but if he stifles the voice, and abandons himself to crime, he condemns him to the most cruel torments. Deny not the unspotted wife of thy choice. Why shouldst thou contemn her, who, as heaven is my witness, is worthy of all thy regard; why treat

capital of the kings of the lunar dynasty. It was, according to some, the ancient Delhi, of which some ruins still exist about fifty-seven leagues nearly north-east of the present Delhi.

me, in the midst of this illustrious assembly, as the vilest of beings? But I feel that there is a Being higher than thee, who hears my just complaint. Beware, O Douchmanta! lest he do not inflict on thee a terrible vengeance*. Listen to the voice of our ancient sages; remember that, in their immortal songs, they call the woman the modest companion of man:—It is she who, in giving him a son, prolongs his existence, by making him live again in his second self. It is to his son that he owes the deliverance of the souls of his ancestors. Woman is man's other half, his tenderest friend. With her gentle and caressing voice, she knows how to dissipate the weariness of solitude. She is his consolation in the troubles inseparable from the paths of life; and at his death, with what devotion does she not throw herself on his funeral pile, resolved not to part with him, but to share his future lot, whatever it may be? More religious than he, she often revives in his heart the feeble and expiring spark of virtue; saving him, without his being conscious of it, and drawing down on his head the favour of Brahma. No, there is no sight more affecting than that of a respectable father surrounded by his wife and his numerous children. What transport does he not feel, when he recognizes, in these innocent creatures, his living image? When a child runs to his father, and throws himself into his arms, although covered with the dust he has gathered in his play, what delight can compare with that of this dear embrace?

"How can you turn away then from this tender infant, who is your son, at the moment when his beautiful eyes are directed towards you, all beaming with affection? The ant protects its eggs, and breaks them not; and thou, although endowed with sentiments of virtue and justice, wilt not cherish the feeble being who owes to thee his life! Suffer the child, I pray thee, whose little heart palpitates with an involuntary movement, to kiss you, to touch you with his sweet lips; for there is not in nature a sensation more delicious than the touch of an infant.

"Fathers at a distance from their children, rejoice when restored to them, or, rather, they are never absent in thought. Are you alone insensible to the universal impulse? Can you alone hear, without emotion, the touching words of the Brahman, at the birth of his child? 'Oh, thou proceedest from every part of my body—thou who art the precious fruit of my inner man—thou who art my very soul—mayest thou live a hundred years! On thee depends the care of my existence; on thee the perpetuity of my race. Live then, and be happy, oh, my son, for the space of a hundred years.'

"Alas! a pitiless huntsman came and seduced me, robbing me of my innocence in my father's peaceful hermitage. My mother, Menaca, after having conceived of the great Visonametra, abandoned me at the moment of my birth, on the banks of the Malini. Of what fault, great gods! have I been guilty, in any of my former states of existence, that I should now be treated so cruelly, first by her who gave me being, and again by thee?

"Yielding to my sad fate, I return to hide my grief in the bosom of that sacred forest which once saw me so happy; but this tender child, who is thy son, heaven forbids thee to abandon him."

* In the text it stands literally thus:—"Surely I cry not in the desert, and if thou refusest to do me justice, beware lest thy guilty head fall in fragments at thy feet."

"My son!" replied Douchmanta, with barbarous indifference; "and for what should I recognize him? It is in the nature of woman to deceive; and mad would he be, who believed in their assertions. What was thy mother Menaca, who so inhumanly abandoned thee at the moment of thy birth, but a vile courtesan? And this Visonametra, of whom you boast as your father, as long as he belonged to the caste of the Kchatryas, was nothing but a ferocious warrior; and when he made himself a Brahman, he only dishonoured the holy brotherhood, by his licentious behaviour.

"But suppose that this Menaca was indeed the queen of the Aptaras, and that thy father was the chief of the Maharichis,* it would ill become thee to appear in public, like a woman who has lost every sentiment of modesty. Are you not ashamed to circulate a fable so unworthy of belief, and in my presence too? Yes, I recognize in you the fruit of the amours of the shameless Menaca; but as to the union with me, that you speak of, I have not the slightest remembrance of it; and I have already listened too long to your idle tale. Leave me then, deceitful woman, and seek elsewhere for more credulous auditors."

"Oh, king," once more replied Saccountala, inspired with a noble pride, "with what art dost thou seek to discover the slightest faults of others, were they not equal in magnitude to the smallest of seeds, although thy own, more palpable than the fruit of the bilva,† seems to escape thy view. Know that Menaca inhabits the heavens, and that a thousand devas think it an honour to serve her. My birth, oh, Douchmanta, is more illustrious than thy own. To compare them, would be to compare together Mount Meron and the imperceptible seed of the sarchapa‡. I have but to desire it, and I traverse in my flight all ethereal space, whilst thou art condemned to tread the earth. I visit, when it pleases me, the celestial residence of the powerful India; the brilliant palace of Couvera;§ and the regions subject to the sceptre of Yana and Varouna.‖ Judge then, O king, of my power, and consider whether I deserve the injurious apostrophe with which thou hast not feared to address me. But, dazzled by the lustre which surrounds thee, and accustomed to think only of thyself, thou treadest all others under foot in thy pride, and deignest not to examine the merit of those who are willing to submit themselves to thy will. So ill divided are the gifts of nature, that such a man may think himself, for a time, the most beautiful of mortals; but if a faithful mirror be presented to him, to exhibit his features, he recognizes his error, and corrects his foolish pride. Let my words, O Douchmanta, in which there is no lustre but that of truth, convey to thy mind the effect of this beneficent mirror. Blush for thy ingratitude towards me, and for the unjust reproaches thou hast heaped upon me; and, far from imitating the wretch who delights in the mischief he has done, make for thyself a model of the virtuous being who,

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* *Maharichis*—that is, great richis. Great richis are holy personages deified; a sort of inspired prophets of the highest order.

† *Bilva* (*Agle Marmelos.*)—The fruit of this tree, the vulgar name of which is *Tapier*, consists of a round berry, remarkable for its size, filled with a yellowish pulp; the taste and smell of which are delicious, and much sought after by the Indians.

‡ *Sarchapa.*—A sort of mustard; *Sinapis dichotoma.*)

§ *Couvera.*—The god of riches; the Indian Pluto.

‖ *Varouna.*—The god of waters; the Indian Neptune.

having fallen for an instant into error, finds no repose until his fault is expiated.

"Acknowledge then this boy for thy son, and grant him all a father's affection; for the gods will destroy the earthly happiness of the man who refuses to his child to fulfil the duties which the law of nature prescribes, and he will for ever be excluded from the celestial abodes. A son has always been regarded by our ancestors as a shoot which is destined to perpetuate the lustre of their race. Unhappy, then, the father who, in abandoning his son, renounces the most sacred of his duties. Protect thy son, I repeat to thee, O powerful king of men. In making him happy, thou wilt contribute to thy own welfare, and the sacred laws of justice and of truth will not be overthrown by the very man who ought to make them reign upon the earth. Let truth, that sublime virtue, which alone, as our sages declare, prevails over all that is greatest in the world, which alone assimilates our nature to that of the gods, which is the eternal Brahma himself; let this sacred truth at length issue from thy mouth, already too long defiled by an infamous falsehood. Avow, O king, thy engagements solemnly contracted, and prove that thy affection for me was sincere. But if thy heart indeed conceals the blackest perfidy—if thou hast played towards me the guilty part of a vile seducer—if thou deniest, without shame, the faith thou hast sworn to me—I leave thee without regret:—for a being such as thou, would be no longer worthy of my affection. Nevertheless, I declare to thee, Douchmanta, all abandoned by thee as my son now remains, he will yet one day reign over the whole world:—for such are the decrees of fate."

In concluding this address, Saccountala prepared to leave the hall of audience, when a voice from heaven was heard by Douchmanta, as he sat surrounded by his priests, his ministers, and the first personages of the state, pronouncing these solemn words:—

"Protect thy son, O Douchmanta, and honour his mother. Saccountala has spoken truly—thou art the father of the boy; and as it is by our intervention that he is to rise under the shelter of thy throne, thou wilt give to him the name of Bharata."*

"You have heard this miraculous voice," said Douchmanta, turning towards his high priest and his ministers, intoxicated with the purest joy; "as for me, I did not need this confirmation brought by the messenger of the gods. I recognized Saccountala from the first, and did not doubt that this boy was my son. But had I declared it on my own testimony alone, my people might have refused to give credit to the statement, and might have ascribed to my son an illegitimate origin. It was to remove this injurious suspicion, that I waited for this favour from the goodness of the gods."

Giving himself up to the rapturous burst of paternal affection, he opened his arms to his son, who threw himself into them, and covered him with kisses.

"And thou, dear Saccountala, with what pleasure do I not pardon the hard words which, in the bitterness of thy indignation, thou hast not feared to address to me; but do thou also pardon this necessary stratagem, to convince my people of the legitimacy of our union, and that in my son they might joyfully recognize his father."

* *Bharata.*—This word is derived from the Sanscrit root *Bhri*, which signifies, to support, protect, nourish; and which has evidently produced the Greek and Latin verb φερω, *fero*.

Without further delay, he gave orders that Saccountala should be treated as his queen, and gave his son the name of Bharata. Causing all the usual ceremonies to be performed for the consecration, he proclaimed the young prince his legitimate successor, and invested him with the august title of Youva-Râdjâ.

To Douchmanta, heaven still granted a long series of years, which passed away in undisturbed satisfaction. At his death Bharata inherited his sceptre, and shewed himself, in all things, worthy of his illustrious sire. He soon extended, by his conquests, the vast limits of his empire, and, by his constant love of justice, as much as by the renown of his victories, he filled the universe with his name.

The venerable Canoua, whose existence seemed to have been prolonged by heaven, that he might witness the high destinies of his pupil, was established by the young monarch, the supreme chief of the priesthood. Thus, as zealous for the gods, as just towards men, Bharata never ceased to be the idol of his people, who were accustomed to find in him the tender solicitude of a father, rather than the severe authority of a king.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

With solemn sound, and gorgeous as the chime
Of mountain rivers, doth thy music rise,
Soul-piercing organ! bearing to the skies
Incense of worship, and of praise sublime.

Ah! prayer is sweet in every age and clime,
Whose faith, transcending all things, never dies
Though the soul sleeps, and flesh in ruin lies
In the grave's darkness, till the death of time.

Then let the organ's pealing voice rebound
Along the vaulted roof and pillar'd aisle,
With its religiously-melodious sound:
Let the rich-dyed windows the dim light beguile,
Where numerous pilgrims kneel devoutly round
Altars, which nothing earthly may defile.

BERNE.

City! by whose fair walls proud waters glide,
Winding beneath majestic colonnades,
Give me kind shelter in their pleasant shades,
When summer suns are in meridian pride.

And let me walk the sounding Aar beside,
When day-light o'er the distant Jura fades;
Slow wander down those ever-verdant glades
That drink the dew-drops from the sparkling tide.

Steep rise the banks above the rapid river,
With woods now green, and now with autumn sere;
And they who know not change, the far Alps quiver
Like burning gold in ether's furnace clear;
While dark each valley gradually grows,
In evening's calmly-eloquent repose.

DONVILLE'S FICTITIOUS TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

The two last numbers of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, a semi-monthly Parisian publication, contain some farther disclosures on the subject of M. Donville's pretended voyage to Congo, one of the grossest literary frauds which has ever been practised on the world. Among his own countrymen M. Donville has met with the greatest success: to the first edition of his travels the Geographical Society of Paris appended a highly flattering report, after electing the author to be their honorary secretary; and the Institute itself received and placed in its museum a collection of specimens of natural history, professedly obtained in the interior of Africa, but which are now proved to be the productions of the South American continent. The articles in the *Revue des deux Mondes* are, we find, by another traveller, M. Theodore Lacordaire, who, unfortunately for M. Donville, had found him keeping a miscellaneous shop, or store, for the sale of all sorts of commodities, first at Buenos Ayres, and afterwards at Rio de Janeiro, at the very period when, according to his published travels, he was pursuing his scientific researches in the interior of Africa. The fraud was first detected in a late number of the Foreign Quarterly Review (No. 19, pp. 163—206); but M. Lacordaire applies himself to the task, *con amore*, and relentlessly strips his victim of the last of his borrowed plumes.

"I was at Buenos Ayres," he says, "in 1826 and 1827, when the roadstead was blockaded by a Brazilian squadron, which prevented all communication with the town by sea. Towards the middle of the month of December, 1826, one of the enemy's ship's of war was observed one morning proceeding towards the town with a flag of truce. The rumour instantly spread that this vessel was the bearer of proposals of peace; but it was announced next morning in the newspapers that she had only come to land M. Donville, a naturalist sent by the French government to explore the interior of the South American continent. M. Donville was received by his countrymen with all the consideration which was due to the mission with which they believed him to be charged; and a few days after his arrival, M. Ramen Larrea, one of the principal merchants at Buenos Ayres, for whom he had brought a letter of introduction, gave in his honour a grand dinner of twenty covers, to which I was invited. I was placed next to Donville. During the whole of the entertainment he remained modestly silent, a rare merit for a traveller, and made only polite but evasive answers to the questions addressed to him by the guests.

"Several Frenchmen sought the acquaintance of M. Donville, and received from him some vague particulars of his previous travels. It was quite marvellous the number and the extent of the countries through which the traveller had passed; almost the whole of Europe, the Cape of Good Hope, India, Persia, and South America, had been successively explored by him. He had even penetrated by land from the Amazons to the south of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, where he had lived among the savage Indians who inhabit those regions; but singularly enough, he had never visited Buenos Ayres itself in the course of this great journey, although the distance is so inconsiderable. Nobody

in the country had ever heard him spoken of, although the period referred to was yet recent. While speaking of this journey one evening at the house of M. Koberge, the apothecary, where all the best French society of Buenos Ayres were accustomed to meet, he was requested to set down on a sheet of paper the chief points of the Argentine republic over which he must have passed. He made the attempt, but unfortunately put that west which should have been east, and north what should have been south, and so of the rest. These errors appeared extraordinary in a naturalist and a geographer. Sometime before I had myself received a visit from M. Donville, who was presented to me by M. Dutillant, formerly paymaster in the Spanish army, and then settled at Buenos Ayres. We naturally spoke of his travels, and I learned from him that he had followed the footsteps of Humboldt from the Orinoco to the Amazons. His memory did not serve him well; the names of the Atures, the Maypures, Cassiaquare, &c. so familiar to every one who has read the travels of M. de Humboldt, appeared to be quite unknown to him, and I was repeatedly obliged in the course of the conversation to relieve his hesitation by pronouncing the name myself.

"Several Frenchmen, who arrived by land from Monte-Video, brought us some fresh intelligence respecting M. Donville. He had landed there about the middle of October, from on board the brig *Jules*, Capt. Decambas, which had sailed from Havre on the 7th of August, 1826. His behaviour during the passage was any thing but praiseworthy. He complained incessantly of the *mesquinerie* with which they treated a man like him, who was accustomed to sail in ships of war, and reproached the captain severely for having left in the ship's hold among the goods of the cargo a case containing his instruments, which prevented him, he said, from making his astronomical observations. On their arrival at Monte Video, the effects of the passengers were examined at the custom-house; the precious case was opened, and instead of scientific instruments, presented only a tea-service of china, and several other articles of the same description in the worst possible condition. M. Donville, on landing, went to the hotel of the Four Nations, Fonda di las Cuatro Maciones, kept by a Frenchman of the name of Hienmonnet. The latter, although not a bad man at bottom, was somewhat intractable, and thinking one day that his guest was preparing to leave him a little too suddenly, pushed his unpoliteness so far as to detain him against his will. The affair was settled, however, by M. Canaillon, the French Vice-consul at Monte Video; and it was soon after this that our traveller addressed himself, in the name of the sciences, to the Brazilian Admiral, Pinto Guadez, to be carried on board a ship of war to Buenos Ayres.

"It is needless to say what effect this intelligence produced on the minds of the good people of Buenos Ayres. M. Donville made a show at first of applying himself to scientific researches, which he soon abandoned for a more profitable sort of industry. He hired a small shop in the street of the Cathedral, No. 129, which he soon afterwards left to go the street La Piedad, No. 91, where, under the commercial firm of Donvillle and Laboissiere, he began to sell books, paper, perfumery, squibs, crackers, and other articles in great variety. The name Laboissiere was that of a woman of an extraordinary *tournure*, and of an age approaching maturity, who accompanied M. Donville. It was she who usually kept the shop, her partner occupying himself chiefly with

the out-of-door affairs, and with the business of a small lithographic printing press he had established.

"On the 27th of August, 1827, I left Buenos Ayres for the Brazils. A few days after my arrival at Rio de Janeiro, which was on the 20th of September, I set out for the interior, and did not return to Rio till the beginning of March in the following year. There I then found M. Donville engaged in the same sort of industry as at Buenos Ayres, the shop being kept as formerly by Madame Laboissiere, who dressed herself habitually in masculine attire, a circumstance which greatly scandalized the Brazilians, but still attracted people to the shop. From that period I lost sight personally of M. Donville, and not wishing to assert any thing of which I have not myself been a witness, I shall suppress certain details which have lately come to my knowledge.

"Several years had elapsed, and I thought no more of M. Donville, when on my return to Paris in the month of June last, after a long absence in the colonies, the first book which fell into my hands was the voyage to Congo. The name of the author was daily exhibited in the journals with extracts from his book; the Geographical Society, after awarding him a premium and a medal, elected him their secretary; several royal audiences had been granted him; in short, there was a concert of praise, the harmony of which no critic ventured to disturb. The name of Donville struck me. Could it be the man I had known five years before in Buenos Ayres and the Brazils? I communicated my suspicions to several well-known individuals who had seen M. Donville, and described him to them without having yet ascertained his identity. The picture I gave of his person proved to be correct, and I had no longer any doubt on the subject. I still hesitated, however, to follow out the affair, when, on the 16th of September last, the *Constitutionnel* published a biographical article, of which M. Donville was the subject, filled with details so extraordinary, to say nothing more, that to put an end to a mystification which had reached such a degree of audacity on the one outside, and credulity on the other, I resolved to raise my voice. I saw M. Donville, and at the first glance it was impossible to be mistaken. Years have not altered his appearance; an African sun has not added a shade to that pale face. When I informed him that I had been at Rio Janeiro at the same time with himself, his features became disturbed, as if he had seen the sword of public opinion suspended over his head. If my single testimony be not sufficent to verify his identity, there are several individuals now in Paris who knew M. Donville at Buenos Ayres, and I engage to produce them."

M. Lacordaire then examines the work of M. Donville, who professes to be a sort of univeral genius, and proves to demonstration his utter ignorance of every science to which he pretends. In chemistry and geology, zoology and astronomy, he is equally at fault.

"I shall add but a single word," concludes M. Lacordaire, "as to the proposition which M. Donville has made to the government to entrust him with the superintendence of a second voyage to Africa. When a man has made a false step there are two modes of extrication: the more vulgar is to draw back and make your escape, saving appearances as well as you can; the other is to double your assurance, and to brave the rebuffs you may meet with in adversaries. I leave the public to decide whether the latter be the better course, and whether M. Donville has been right in taking it."

OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS.

The *doctrinnaries* will, after all, have the majority, owing to the divisions and hatred existing betwixt the three different sections of their political enemies. Although an union between Barrot and Dupin would inevitably effect their overthrow, yet the repugnance of these two statesmen, mutually prevents the coalition. They may unite, indeed, in certain votes; especially in adding a clause to the address reprobating the *ordonnance*, which abstracts the Duchess of Berri from the regular law courts; but on any vital point they remain, as ever, at variance. The opposition waited to see, if Dupin would make any overtures; they were ready to vote for him as president, but since he has held off, they put forward Laffitte. So that Dupin must either rest content with the precidency, or take the seals in conjunction with the *doctrinnaries*.

This is after all the most desirable state of things. A frank separation into two camps of aristocrats and liberals, to the extinction of the nonsensical milieu, well prove the surest and speediest way to a solution. The line of division too has been drawn where it ought to be, for Dupin is in heart a courtier, and his affectation of liberalism could but have injured and betrayed, at least retarded the prevalence of the cause. The two parties of the left will, I should say, *have* become united (they met on Sunday, the 18th, in the Hotel Richlieu) and the right, I dare say, will form some excuse to do the same.

I commenced this letter on the day of the Chambers' sitting, feeling certain that I should have little cause to contradict my precision. They have, indeed, been fulfilled in a most abrupt manner, and by a circumstance that you will hear of speedily. A pistol has been fired at the King, it is said. Never was accident more opportune. Fouché, himself, could not have invented a device more calculated to rally the timid majority of the chamber to the government, and to offer to the trimming chiefs of the *peureux* party, such as Dupin, a pretext for ratting and falling off from independence. So afraid the ministers were of having a majority against them, is sufficiently evident from their having omitted altogether in the royal speech the mention of how the Duchess of Berry was to be disposed of. Never, indeed, did a royal discourse breathed forth more trembling anxiety in more vague terms. It betrayed the known nervousness of Soult, as to precarious position.

But in the mean time his young and new colleague, M. Thiers, was not idle. This gentleman did not demand to have charge of the secret funds and secret police for nothing. The historian of the French revolution, knew too well revolutionary tactics not to hit upon some expedient to puff his tottering party. The *coup de pistolet* has occurred; and, miraculous to say, the man who fired it between two soldiers, on an open bridge, in broad mid-day, and surrounded, as it is averred by the police, was allowed to escape, and has not since been heard of.

The expected fruits have ensued, M. Dupin, forgetting all his liberalism, has been to the king, and has got and given a complement. After which he instantly joined his old enemies, the *doctrinnaires*, and has shaken hands with the men, whom he has been reviling for the last three months. All Paris has flocked to the Thulleries in National Guard uniforms. And for three weeks to come, addresses and congratulations

will become the mode, and every village will have its fit of loyalty. The assassin in the meantime will be forgotten, and the opposition charged, no doubt, with the crime, will demand inquest and trial in vain.

Polignac's was an administration that resolved to hold itself up against the nation by *coups d' état*. M. Thiers and his colleagues form a ministry resolved to gain a point by *coups d' état*, a more cunning, more prudent, and more mean expedient. It is in fact, a clap-trap administration. The arrest of the Duchess of Berry was clap one; expedition against Antwerp clap two; and these not sufficing the pistol shot was imagined to form a line of three times three. Thiers, however, knows his countrymen, and, perhaps, this may be the best mode of managing them. Though it is certainly little flattering, thus to treat a great people, as if they were the audience of a theatre. They expect a tragedy, and are treated to a melodrama. The new farce entitled the "*coup de pistolet*," seems, indeed, to have taken M. Thiers as an able dramatist, as well as historian.

But I said, that all this was put to the test. Certainly; it sets the political field fair; parties on either side drawn out; the tories of France no longer able to affect the position of that of a middle party, whilst the left no longer constrained or worked by the coquetry of the Dupinists, will rest compact and united to defend the interests of true freedom.

The left, indeed, or liberal side, has committed huge blunders, without which it might have long since effected its chief wishes. There is no doubt, that the majority of the country sympathizes fully with the liberal opinions of the left; but then it shrinks from two extreme conclusions, viz., war, and a change of dynasty. Both these necessities, so often and fairly pointed at and approached by the opposition, terrify and alienate its followers. The extreme left, or republican party were, in my opinion wrong, to hoist up the flag of republicanism. It was, indeed, bold and frank so to do. But 'twould have been far better had they followed Lafayette's advice, which was to remain republicans in spirit rather than in form, to insist and carry essential points, and by no means protest against that monarchic form of government, which had been established in July. Lafayette wanted his party to give it a fairer and a longer trial. Some wished to do so, others refused to do so any longer. And hence came the schism. The national boldness argues, that being republican in principle, no man ought to shrink from avowing it.

To this it is replied, that political faith is like religious faith. It hath a sanctuary, and may without dishonour lie hidden, when no advantage, but the contrary is to accrue from its avowal. And nought is attended with so much harm as the preaching of even truth, ere the world or the country is ripe to receive it. Algernon Sidney's friendship tended but to confirm the absolute power of Charles the Second. And Carrel's republicanism serves but to fright the timid electors of Paris from choosing such members as would demand a reform in the electoral law.

If Barrot would give up the feverish longing that he has for power; and if Messrs. Mauguin and his friends would cease to appeal so very often to the necessity of convincing Europe by French bayonets: finally, if M. Carrel would espouse the essential points of internal freedom more, and the name of republic less, then one might hope to see

the revolution of July bear some other than bitter fruit. The evil hitherto has been, that whilst one liberal chief is struggling to trip up a minister, and another endeavouring to overthrow the king, the poor people, in whose name these struggles are going on, profits very little by the whole affair.

THE LAND OF THE EAST.

'Tis the land of the sun where the beauties are glowing,
For he is the monarch of all that is there;
On the creatures of earth, and of air, still bestowing,
The odours they yield, and the hues which they wear.

'Tis the land where the flowers their wild fragrance throwing,
Shed luxuriant perfume on the bosom of air,
And the breeze as it blows o'er, their beauties still glowing,
Will partake of the odour and sweetness they bear.

Where by day the bright radiance of our sun-beams are playing,
O'er gardens of roses, and fields of perfume,
And by night the mild beams of the moonlight are straying,
To prevent so much loveliness sinking in gloom.

There, the note of the Bulbul soft music awaking,
In song, sweet and plaintive harmoniously flows,
Like a strain of enchantment melodiously breaking,
The still hour of night in its moonlight repose.

'Tis the region of odour, of flowers, and of light,
Where nature though drest in her loveliest hue,
By the sparkle of heaven, is less sunny and bright
Than the forms of its damsels which sparkle there too.

'Tis the land where for ever fair nature reposes,
In charms full of life, as the hour of her prime,
But the heart which oft visits the valley of roses,
Will soon become soft as the air of its clime.

W.

A PAGE FROM A CANTAB'S NOTE-BOOK.

It was on a raw and gusty evening in October, just as the parched and yellow leaf of autumn was beginning to tell that the three weeks English summer had passed away, that I was travelling far in the north of England, on my way to Cowell Castle, the residence of a college friend. There are few things more delightful to a weary traveller, when the "shades of evening" close thickly around him, than the reflection that each degree of increasing gloom brings him nearer and nearer to the spot of his destination; and on this occasion I felt pre-eminently happy, for having for many weeks been a wanderer among the wild solitudes of nature, with scarcely a civilized being even for the companion of an hour, the prospect of soon reaching the gay and hospitable home of my friend, lent swiftness to my pace and brightness to my anticipations. The distance, however, which I had to traverse, was, considering the lateness of the hour, somewhat considerable; and had it not been for a gala ball to be held that night, in honour of my friend's sister coming of age, I believe I should have yielded to the unpromising aspect of the evening, and the hints of my jaded horse, and have taken up my quarters at the little romantic village which had been my last resting-place. But I was pledged to be present at the festival, and hastened, therefore, at my horse's best speed, through the wild and solitary heath before me. My situation, though somewhat desolate, was not, however, without its charms; for if the bleak and barren common over which I wended my way, presented to my gaze no fair-haired dames, whose

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,"

still there was plenty of food for romantic rumination, in the legend of the wild witch, which had been related to me by the village gossip from whom I had obtained the direction of my path, and the midnight revellings of brownies and bogles, whose grotesque forms seemed identified with every stunted shrub and clump of heather. But when the sun no longer left behind him traces of his reign, and the darkened horizon showed no longer the gilded cloud, smiling, like a courtier, upon the retiring monarch, by whose reflection alone he derived his lustre, the witches, the brownies, and the bogles began to lose alike their terrors and their charms, and I hailed the "stern round towers" of my friend's abode with a satisfaction, unalloyed and unaccompanied with the slightest wish to linger on the scene through which I journied. Brilliant and dancing lights were shining from turret and fretted window—

"It was a vast and venerable pile;
So old, it seemed only not to fall:
Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome!
Where Superstition once had made her den."

The usual congratulations, and expressions of pleasure at my arrival having subsided, I perceived that it was time to prepare the toilet for the coming scene of festivity. I hastened therefore to my chamber, and without giving myself time to ascertain the date of its gothic windows, or to analyse thesubjects of the tapestry, I prepared myself with all the

expedition my ill-arranged portmanteau would permit; not, however, without a secret assurance that my *ensemble* might procure for me the smiles of—egad, perhaps of the heiress herself! With this modest anticipation I concluded my personal adorning, and descended to the hall, where, hung with massive armour, spreading antlers, and old pictures, frowned the dark oaken walls of many a century,

"Strong in their age, and sombre in their strength."

"I must introduce you to my fair sister," exclaimed my friend, leading me to a handsome fair-haired girl; "I have engaged her hand for you, as my most intimate, for the first quadrille." I bowed my thanks, and led the fair Cecilia to the set. My partner was every thing that was amiable and beautiful—but oh! how totally was her beauty eclipsed by the pale, wild, and interesting creature who stood before us. There was that in *her* eye which never had I seen in any other—a strong and beaming brightness, which sent through her "long dark lashes, low depending," an expression almost more than earthly. Her pale, but perfect features, were rendered almost statue-like by the contrast of the dark and glossy ringlets which fell luxuriantly from her beautifully-formed head, while her sylph-like, gliding, but graceful figure of symmetry, realized the idea of a creature belonging to a brighter world than ours. My companion perceived my admiration; nor did she seem astonished or displeased, when, instead of replying to some question about Cambridge, I interrupted her by an observation upon the singular and beautiful being before me. "Ah! poor Constantia!" she shighed. The manner in which these few words were spoken, almost made me love her. I had no opportunity of further inquiry, for the quadrille was ended, and another aspirant for the hand of the fair Cecilia hurried her away to waltz, and left me to ruminate alone upon this "child of mystery," for such I felt quite convinced she was. Peace was out of the question, until I elicited the facts from my friend himself. He informed me that she was the only child of a wealthy, but penurious Baronet. She had never known the tender cares of a mother's fostering love, and thus the flowers of her mind were left to wander in wasteful luxuriance, when, had they been better trained, they would have formed a garden of the fairest and the brightest growth. It was impossible that such a being should live and not be loved; far more so, that her own bosom should be dead to the impulse and power of strong affection. She *was* loved, and oh! how fondly and how fatally was that love reciprocated! But the bud of her hopes was never destined to blossom! When her stern and unpitying parent drove the chosen of her heart, proud and pennyless, from his doors, he little thought, and perhaps he little heeded, how hard and decisive a blow was struck upon his daughter's affections. And he, too, the discarded and hopeless, seeking a painful and early death upon the battle plain, little deemed, as the name of Constantia lingered in his dying accents, that she, the adoring being for whom his heart beat high with hope, would, in losing him, lose also the consciousness of her own existence! The news of his death was announced to her without caution, She spoke not—she wept not—she fell suddenly and violently to the earth, and was raised from it—a maniac!

Time, however, that "only healer when the heart has bled," at length restored the lovely Constantia to the world; but the fair promise of her youth had been sapped, and her health had sunk under the bitter visi-

tation. At first, her recovery was but partial, for the frequent and wild fits under which she laboured, rendered it constantly necessary to watch her every movement, and often to place a restraint upon her actions which threatened to immolate the frail form which her malady had spared. By degrees, however, these fits became more rare, and the poor sufferer was once again permitted to resume her station in society. Her physicians hoped, that by joining in the gaieties and pleasures of the world, the most effectual and speedy remedy for her disease would be attained, and so, in truth, it proved; for Constantia, although she seldom smiled, sometimes joined in the dance, and sat at the festive board, beloved by all, and feared by none. "It is upwards of a year," continued my friend, "since she has been visited by any of the consequences of her fatal malady, and we believe that she is now totally restored. Cecilia and she are inseparable companions; they were reared, as it were, in the same cradle, and, as cousins, have been constantly together: and, indeed, when others have been unable, during the continuance of the fits, to soothe the mind of the interesting sufferer, my sister has seldom failed to succeed. But," he continued, "I must seek my partner."

There was something in this narrative too deeply touching to permit me to join immediately the throng; a string of my heart had been struck, which would only vibrate to the sound of sorrow. I retired, therefore, to a niche at the extremity of the hall, where, unseen, I could meditate on what I had heard, and watch the graceful, but melancholy movements of the young and ill-fated Constantia. It was not very strange that I should have taken so lively an interest in this poor sufferer, and the tale of her woes, for I had lately mourned the death of a beloved relation, who had sunk to an early tomb, though with a mind unshaken, yet with a heart cruhsed and broken as Constantia's. The guests began to disperse, and the efforts of the musicians to be more irregular and drowsy; and feeling heavy and fatigued with my ride, I stole silently to my chamber.

How long I slept, I know not, but I was awoke by the wildest strain of vocal music I had ever heard; and, as the moon was streaming through the gothic panes with her broad pale light, I leaped from my bed, to ascertain from what fair serenader the sounds proceeded. But the song had ceased, and all was still as the grave. I opened gently the casement of the window, and leaning forward, gazed out upon the beauty of the night. I perceived, on looking around, that the room I occupied formed one of several that led to a broad stone terrace, which overhung what I presumed to be the large court-yard of the castle, and a faint light, rendered hardly discernible by the effulgence of the moon's rays, assured me that I was not the only tenant of the range.

I heard the voice again, but it seemed, if possible, in a sweeter strain. The curtains of the neighbouring window slowly drawn aside, and the casement quietly opened by a female hand. I fancied I could recognize the slim form and dark hair of Constantia L'Estrange. Impelled by I know not what motive, for I did not wait to analyse it, I hastily wrapped myself in my dressing gown, and in a moment was stealing silently in the direction of the open window. Fair reader, do not blame or condemn me, for an indescribable presentiment of impending mischief had seized me, which I could neither shake off, nor exactly account for. Creeping slowly under the shade of the parapet wall of the terrace, I approached as nearly as I could the object of my solicitude, and,

unobserved, stationed myself in such a situation as to command a view of her movements, without the slightest chance of being detected in my purpose. With breathless anxiety I awaited the result of my fears, but the *moon* alone appeared to be the object of her search and contemplation, and she looked upon it with such a fixed, wild, and unnatural gaze, as plainly told me, that those who believed her mind restored and at rest, had sadly overrated the effects of her care, or strangely underrated the extent of her malady. The fire—the vivid and horrible fire of the maniac was in her eye!—the expression of every feature was altered—the lovely being I had contemplated as possessing the beauty of an angel, was suddenly transformed—I dare not say how awfully! The wild and irregular snatches of song came not from the lips of reason.

"Constantia!" exclaimed a voice, apparently of one suddenly roused from slumber, and which I immediately recognized as that of my friend's sister—"Constantia! how is it that you are up?" No answer was returned; indeed, her companion seemed unconscious that she was addressed. "Constantia!" continued her cousin, in the quick tones of alarm, "how often have you been warned never to expose yourself to the night air!" In a moment Cecilia herself had risen, and her hand was laid gently on the shoulder of the poor maniac. "Constantia—my dear, dear Constantia!" she said, in a subdued and soothing voice, "I thought you were still by my side, sleeping as sweetly and as calmly as when I came to bed. Why, dearest, have you risen? You forget that you are an invalid, and that the night air is cold." "Ah!" exclaimed Constantia, suddenly leaping up and seizing her cousin with frantic energy—"Ah! I have you at last!—you have escaped me too long already!—you murdered my poor Frederick, and now"—— Here she fastened on the terrified Cecilia by the throat, and throwing her vehemently on the ground, nailed her down with the force and energy of a savage. The sound of the death-gurgle was in my ear—but for the moment I was as one petrified and spell-bound. I had neither power to speak nor to move, till by a violent effort I roused myself from the effects of the sudden blow which had fallen, as it were, with benumbing force upon my senses, and rushed madly to her assistance. But alas! it was all too late—for the last quiver of life had passed away from the limbs of the hapless Cecilia! and Constantia, the *lunatic* Constantia, stood unabashed, alone, unconscious of the world on which she trod! For myself, I lost all recollection; but how long I remained insensible, I know not. I was aroused by some one who grasped me tightly by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, my gallant knight, how long is my fair cousin to wait for your hand in the dance?" I started up aghast—my friend and the lovely Constantia stood before me! "Why you rogue," continued he, "you've been sleeping, and have lost my cousin's beautiful song." "No, no," I quickly replied, endeavouring to collect myself, the reality of that portion of my dream flashing across me, "do not think I was so lost to good taste: she sang two—I heard them both;" and, bowing low to my sweet partner, I added, "but the last was exquisitely beautiful." She smiled. Her cousin was less particular—he laughed aloud. "That's good," said he, "it was an *encore!*"

P.

SPAIN AND HER FACTIONS.

Are the feelings of the Spanish nation, conservatory or revolutionary? This is a question which,—since the days of the Barricades, a favorite topic,—has by the progress of late events become of considerably increased interest. The question is one, not only, well worthy of the consideration of all speculators on the future destinies of European society, but its thorough examination is indispensable, to enable them to arrive at a just conclusion on the general bearings of a subject, which necessitates such deep and multerfarious injuiry, of which it forms one of the most prominent and important features.

There is assuredly not in Europe, a travelled country so little explored as Spain, a people so little understood as its inhabitants, or a sovereign so little known, and at the same time so much misrepresented as Ferdinand the 7th. Of the first, our ideas are imaginative;—when our thoughts wander thither, they necessarily become tinged with romance. We dream of orange groves, of vineyards, of nightingales, of cloudless days, and of Hesperian moonlights. We look upon the nation, as a vindictive and an oppressed people, ever watchful for an occasion to throw off their yoke and allegiance, under which they are supposed to groan. The King we preconceive to be a cruel and remorseless tyrant, fond of blood and of human misery. In all this, we completely deceive ourselves.

Our object however at present, is merely to take a cursory view of the political position of the Peninsula, and by an examination of the strength and spirit of the parties, whose mutual animosity have so long undermined the prosperity of the country, to arrive at a nearer approach to the truth, than exists in the general and ordinary impressions of those, who have not formed their opinions from personal observation, but to attempt to give a portrait of a country, in all its details, in the space of a few pages, would be to undertake an impossible task; we therefore propose to ourselves, merely to sketch a slight outline of the predominant features of the subject before us, from which however, the truth of the likeness may stand out as vividly, as from the laboured finishing of a more complete picture.

The despotism of the Crown of Spain, takes its date from the reign of Charles V. and was cemented by that of Philip the II. The Americas at that period, poured into the lap of the monarchy, that enormous wealth, which enabled the crown to buy up the liberties of the nation. The court having such Colonial resources at hand, then ceased to assemble the cortes, and that custom, which since the fall of Granada, had been gradually growing into desuetude, would have become in the future, completely lost sight of, had it not been in usage to convoke them once in every reign, for the purpose of swearing allegiance to the reigning King's eldest son, the Prince of the Asturias. The last ceremony of this description occurred in the year 1788, when the cortes were convened by Charles the IV. to do homage to Ferdinand, the present monarch. The assemblies, we need hardly state, had nothing in common with the original object of their convention, when as the chronicle of Alonzo the VII. tells us in 1135, "tractaverunt ea guæ pertinent ad salutem regni

et totius Hispaniae." The nobility, and deputations from the clergy, and from the ayuntamientos, now met only to take their oaths of anticipated fealty to the young heir to the monarchy. The affairs of government were never deemed to be in a state to require the attention of the cortes.

The political wisdom of Charles the III. and the abilities of his ministers, the Condes de Campomanes and Florida Blanca, went forth to consecrate the despotism of the monarchy; but the egregious follies and vices of his successor, proved too strong an antidote to all the clever speciousness of his reign. At the death of Charles the III. in 1788, the treasury of the Spanish government was in the receipt of a larger revenue than that of any other court in Europe; the Colonies were well disposed, the army in good organization, and the navy, besides being the most numerous, was possessed of the finest ships in the world; the nation was contented, and well satisfied with themselves and their rulers. What was the state of the country, twenty years afterwards, in 1808? An army disorganized, and dishonoured. A navy, if so it could yet be called, dismantled and unmanned, with all its appliances utterly ruined. The Colonies dissatisfied and complaining, the government hated, and the nation disgusted. This promising state of things, the work of the Prince of the peace, invited the attention of the French Autocrat. The game of treachery was played more skilfully by the imperial agents, than by the minions of the favorite, and they who stipulated to sell, not only their own country, but that of an ally, into the bargain, found themselves the betrayed, as well as the betrayers. Five years of ruinous convulsion followed the unhallowed compact of Bayonne, till the year 1813, restored Ferdinand to the throne, from which he had formerly ejected his father, and the present era of Spanish history commenced.

Liberal opinions, infanted by the French revolution, had been successfully shut out of Spain, as long as the government held together; but the French invasion sowed the seeds of that harvest of liberalism, which sprung up in every department of society, during the struggle for national existence, and which then took too firm a root in the soil, ever to be extirpated; during that interregnum of regular government, the constitution was engendered. It was adopted by the Junta of the government, and their first official communication with Ferdinand, after the treaty of Valençay had restored him to liberty, was accompanied by a requisition on the part of the nation, that he should swear adherence to its provesions, ere he crossed the frontiers. He took the oaths, and arrived at Valencia, where he was immediately surrounded by the adherents of the old system: the royal conspiracy commenced its operation, and the overthrow of the constitution, and the banishment of the Cortes, was at once resolved on. The cortes bore within itself the germs of corruption, which soon blossomed into treachery; sixty-nine of its members petitioned the King to decree a return to the absolute regime.* General Elio who was commissioned to escort the King to Madrid, offered him his troops for the consummation of the plot. Bribery, and the "innatus amor habendi" of all true Spaniards in authority, were effectually brought to serve their legitimate purposes: the abolition of the constitution was effected, and with its downfall, a general restoration of all things to their ancient

* The address became afterwards famous, or rather infamous, under the appellation of the "protest of the Persians."

footing took place, excepting the minds of many more or less influential persons, who however formed but a very fractional part of the nation.

The unfortunate issue of the attempts of Lacy and of Porlier, having baffled the hopes, had considerably dampted the ardour, of the friends of the constitution, when the government flushed by their easy successes over what they thought the utmost strength of the liberals, and in the imaginary security of recent triumph, resolved on sending an expedition for the reduction of the Americas, which had then well nigh achieved their independence, and were on the point of driving all that remained of the armies of the mother country into the sea. The expedition was assembled at Cadiz and at the Isla de San Fernando,* awaiting their embarkation, when the liberals determined to seize so favourable an opportunity, of re-establishing the liberties of the nation, by rendering the force that was intended to forge the chains of the colonists, the instrument of their own emancipation. The antipathy of both the officers and the soldiery, to the service on which they were proceeding, gave much facility to the operations of the liberals. Increase of pay, and escape from the dreaded shores to which they were destined, were ready inducements to the latter, while the officers found, in the brilliant hopes of ambition, and in the secret yearnings of opinion, persuasive advocates for leading the forlorn hope of the public freedom.

Quiroga and Riego planted the flag of the constitution in the Isle of Leon, on the first days of January 1820, at the head of 2 or 3,000 men, nearly half of them officers. Notwithstanding the almost unparalleled efforts of Riego, who, with a flying column of about 1500 men, penetrated into Estremadura, through Algesiras, Mulaga, and Cordova, pursued by General Joseph O'Donnell, with an immensely superior force, the insurrection was on the point of being quitted, when a simultaneous movement, in Galicia, caused the government to intrust its defence to the Conde de l'Abisbali, who, on taking the command of the army in La Mancha, instead of marching against the insurgents, proclaimed the constitution. The court submitted without a struggle, and the King consented a second time, to take the constitutional oath, on the 7th, March.

Thus was achieved a revolution, in the accomplishment of which, the chief, indeed the only actors, were the men in whom the government depended for their defence and strength. It was in the strictest sense, a military revolution, for the people were merely spectators of the event;† they neither aided nor opposed the constitutonalists, but awe-struck by the boldnes of the attempt, awaited in silence the result, during the short time that doubt hung over it, and sided, some with characteristic resignation, and others with silent satisfaction, with the stronger party, when the King's proclamation had resolved the broblem. The suddenness of this movement, had outstripped the waryness of the most dangerous, and most watchful enemy of the liberals; the clergy were only aware of the revolution, when opposition was paralyzed by the irremedi-

* Also called the "Isla de Leon" and theatre of the late constitutional failure.

† Colonel Evarist San Miguel, afterwards Minister for the Foreign affairs, says in his narrative of Riego's march, published in August 1820, and which he accompanied as chief of the staff. "Thoughout the progress of this column, we were received every where with applause, and were furnished with provisions in all directions; but nobody joined us."

able prostration of the polity to which they were linked; the tide set in too strongly and too rapidly, to allow them time for an organization of open resistance. They found themselves unprepared, in the presence of their spoilers: they submitted and conspired.

It is difficult to determine, whether the liberals could have maintained possession of the government, even had the French not entered Spain. There are eminent opinions on both sides of the question; but it must in truth be confessed, that the asserters of the affirmative, have generally national pride, as well as political prejudice, to swerve their judgment from what is possibly the fact. It is certain, that the apostolicals and the terrorists had, at the period of the invasion, reduced the country to a state of anarchy, of which the people were heartly tired; and it is no less true, as was proved in the sequel, that they were already willing to submit to the most absolute from of government, in order to get rid of the petty warfare that was desolating the land.

The great error of the Cortes, was their obstinate refusal to introduce any alteration in the constitution. They had had the experience of its unfitness, even at the time of its promulgation in 1812; and, in spite of that experience, with the daily additional proofs, not simply of its legislative inadequateness, but of its positive inimical tendencies to many interests in the country,—to deny any change, even of the minutest description, on account of one of its provisions declaring that no alteration should be introduced for a certain number of years, which had not yet expired,—was a sad instance of either shallow policy, or factious obstinacy;—it might be both.

This has been the fundamental misfortune of Spain. What were its concomitants?—A legislature and an executive at war with each other; both without experience, and each divided and subdivided into adverse and factious parties. An aristocracy and an hierarchy, smarting under a sense of degradation, from the abolition of all the privileges and distinctions of their order, save those which were merely nominal or ridiculous, *per se*; excluded by the constitution from any share in the legislature, excepting through the ordeal of popular election, in the operation of which their rights were recognized as no more than co-equal with those of the meanest citizen in the state. A numerous and exasperated clergy, in all but open warfare with the authorities, and employing every means, from the declamation of the pulpit, to the exhortation of the confessional, to enlist the fanatic sympathies of the mob, in the cause of a mutilated and suffering church. A people immersed in almost barbarian ignorance, strongly attached to their ancient monarchical and clerical institutions, and, moreover, especially devoted to their national prejudices, which combine a hatred and contempt for all things foreign, for no other reason, than because they are not Spanish. A discontented nation and an exhaused treasury; but what proved, perhaps, more hostile to the repose and prosperity of the country, than any of the calamitous ingredients we have enumerated, were the political clubs, whose restless turbulence and factious intrigues excited the mischievous propensities of the mob, misled or wearied the people, and domineered the government.*

* The excesses of these clubs are almost beyond credence. The principal ones were the Society of the Friends of Order, the patriotic clubs assembling at the Cafés Loranzini and the Fontana de Oro, the Comunevos, the Landabarun, the Annillo Society, and that of the Order of the Hammer (Martillo). The death of

It would seem that nothing but the obedience to the powers that be, which forms so national a feature in the Spanish character, could have enabled the Cortes to carry on the government, under such opposing circumstances; and if this general feeling requires any further illustration, we need but refer to the nature of the resistance, which the Duke of Angoulême encountered on his march from Irun to Cadiz. Deputations met the invaders at every step; in all directions they were received by the noble and by the peasant as their deliverers; and this, assuredly, cannot be called the effect of fear, when we recollect the bearing of the Spanish nation, when the armies of the same people overspread their fields and occupied their cities and their fortresses but eleven years before. The spirit of the nation could not have changed; it was morally impossible to be so, therefore the contrast can only be accounted for in the distinctive feelings, with which the people of Spain view national independence and political freedom. In almost every town throughout the Peninsula, the stone of the constitution was thrown from its pedestal, long before the king had left Madrid on his flight to Cadiz, and at Seville, the last carriage of the royal cortège, had scarcely left the city on its journey south, when the people rose, and having proclaimed the constitution at an end, elected a provisional junta of government, independent of the self-nominated Constitutional Regency.

The long occupation of the country by the French, has ever been cited as a favourite argument by the assertors of Spanish liberalism; such persons, however, who depend on this, whereon to found their opinions, must either know but very little of the subject on which they reason, or wilfully shut their eyes on a fact, which is apparent to every person, who has not received his information of the country, exclusively from her expatriated partizans. The truth is, that when the French Government had completed the task of restoring Ferdinand and the Apostolicals to their full and irresistible sway, they discovered that their utmost vigilance and power were necessary to preserve the country from the exterminating spirit of the re-action, which they had been so instrumental in giving strength to. The cabinet of the Tuileries professed interference with the affairs of Spain, for the sole purpose of rescuing the king from the hands of a faction, and of restoring to him his legitimate and constitutional authority. Their armies crossed the frontier for the avowed salvation of the country from a civil war, and the upshot of the expedition proved, that when they crushed the liberals, they evoked the apostolical faction, a monstrous category, breathing the deadliest asperations for revenge, the sating of which was only to be compassed by an universal massacre of the constitutionalists. To restrian this party from the exercise of the horrible prerogative they assumed to themselves,

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Captain Landabaru, by the hands of the royal guard, was the origin of that which bears his name, and the assassination of the Curate Vinuésa, who was beaten to death by hammers, while in prison, charged with conspiring against the constitution, occasioned the order so called. Its members wore a small hammer attached to their button-holes, as a tacit demonstration of approval of this murder, which was committed at two o'clock in the day by about forty persons, who broke into the unhappy man's cell, and after the act paraded the streets, proclaiming the deed, and defying the authorities. The reason given by the assassins, was a report then prevailing, that the government intended to allow Vinuésa to escpae the penalty of his crime. A demagogue, named Bertram de Lis, had in his pay an armed body of three to four hundred men, who not unfrequently were employed to awe the Cortes during their sittings. This force was quasi recognized by the government.

until the king's government could exercise its authority, was the object of the French occupation of Spain, and in that measure the preservation of the liberals was, at least, as much affected, as the consolidation of the power of the crown.

Since the departure of the French, the king's government have been enabled to maintain the balance between all parties, but it must be admitted, that the influence of the government was, until the events of July, mainly supported by the vicinage of the armies, to which they already had vowed their political resuscitation. The revolution, however, has again abandoned Spain and her factions, unrestrained and unprotected, to all the

"Domestic fury and fierce civil strife,"

which mutual and uncontroled detestation can engender. It would be well to review the ingredients, strength, and position of these parties, whose animosity afflict the future expectations of Spain.

The apostolical faction, nicknamed by the liberals "los Serviles," which, though not ostensibly the reigning interest, holds the court in quasi vassalage, and domineers the nation. Its only check to open and entire dominion, is its own division; and were it not for that circumstance, its power and ramifications are such, that not only the ministry, but the king himself would only exist "*durante bene placito.*" This party is divided into two interests, the Carlists and the Royalists; but the latter again are subdivided into two sects, the adherents to the person of the king and advocates of his absolutism, and the friends of the principle of royal despotism, unconnected with personal considerations, but opposed to the supremacy of ultramontanism. The Carlists are solely and entirely devoted to, and identified with, the prince, by whose name they are designated, or rather he is the acknowledged leader of the party, whose principles are the ultraism of apostolicism.* The avowed hopes on which this party founded their expectations, ere the late marriage of the king, were Don Carlos' eventual succession to the throne. The Salic law, which the Bourbons introduced into Spain, at the accession of Phillip V. was, shortly after that event, annulled, and the queen proving *enciente*, the Carlists were thus deprived of their last legitimate hope for power. The birth of an Infanta has since then aggravated all the rancour of the Carlists, and has mooted a point which may require a civil war to decide. The question is rather a delicate one for the apostolicals to argue on; for, after preaching and enforcing the doctrine of the king's absolute right, which, as long as their influence tyranized his councils, was an useful auxiliary, they have found at last, and most inconveniently, that they have thus empowered him to assault their dearest interest; and that any resistance to him would, in its merest demonstration, be a refutation of the principle of their political vitality. The theory, however, to which they appeal, wherewith to escape from the horns of this dilemma, is, that the king's absolution does not extend to the repeal of the fundamental laws of the monarchy; the laws, by the observance of which alone he possesses his crown and uncontroled authority in every other respect.

* It is said that this party is not so numerous as it was, on account of the long delays and frequent frustration of their hopes. Their leaders have little but promises to bestow, on which they have feasted until they have sickened.

It need hardly be averred, that the directing spirit of the apostolical party are the priesthood; and it is a curious reflection, that the same party, which had exerted their influence so strenuously and so successfully in purging the Peninsula of the legions of Napoleon, and whose war-cry was then liberty, independence, and national honour, should have since so far lost sight of the principles which actuated them in that struggle, as to join their former enemies in a crusade for the extirpation of every scintillation of political freedom, on the very scene from whence they had so lately driven them,—their native country. This, at first sight, seems contradictory, but the fact is, that while the apostolicals in the war of independence used every means of warfare against the French, which the most ruthless hatred could suggest, it was no less as the foes of their supremacy and dominion, than as the invaders of their country that they regarded them; and, indeed, the circumstances which induced them to fraternize with the French in 1823, for the subjugation of their countrymen, not only shows, that whatever patriotism they may have ever possessed, had merged into a selfish prosecution of the interests of a cabal, but likewise infers a doubt, whether any part of their former exertions resulted so much from regard for their country's honour, as from national antipathy and fear of the revolutionary tendencies of a compromise with the invader.

The secular ingredients of this party may not be very inaccurately estimated, as comprising a considerable proportion of the lower orders of the population throughout the country, a portion of the grandera, and a great majority of the government empleados:* these last form a very numerous body, and, as almost every emplea is obtained through intrigue or partizanship, they have naturally, since the apostolical revolution of 1823, been filled by the well-affected to its principles. One of the first measures of the apostolical government, on its resuscitation, was to create a militia for the defence of the re-established order of things: this armed body, called the Royalist Volunteers, consists, in most parts of Spain, of the veriest dregs of society; they are universally looked upon, notwithstanding their designation and the object and intention of their enrolment, as the body-guard of the church, and as the sworn champions of its ultraism, "*per fas et nefas.*" This opinion is in the main correct, but there is no doubt, that there are many persons who help to swell their ranks, who have no further reason for so doing, than either the object of pay and equipment, or to obviate suspicion of an inclination to liberalism.

This body, the prætorian bands of Spain, are justly considered as a fit object for apprehension on the part of the king's government. Though their appellation would infer them to be a defence and support to the throne, they are viewed, and with apparent reason, as the physeque and most dangerous instrument of the Carlists. Several conspiracies, in favour of that prince,† have from time to time been divulged, in which

* Official employés. Such situation are the day-dreams of every Spaniard; the pay is generally small, but sufficient for the limited necessities of the crowds of Don Fulanos, whose happiness is centrated in a cegaritto, the Café, the Paseo, and the Siesta. The duties usually correspond with the feasibility of their enjoyments.

† In the month of November, 1830, several hundred circulars were found at the post-office at Madrid, directed to every part of the Peninsula, calling upon the Carlists to rise on a fixed day, to massacre the liberals and to overthrow the government. Two days afterwards a printing press was discovered, in an obscure

their leaders have been implicated, of which projects, no less than three were discovered in the autumn of 1830; one of these, it was ascertained, had very extensive ramifications among their ranks, and the 1st of October, the anniversary of the king's liberation from Cadiz, when the Royalist Volunteers mount guard at the palace, by honourable prescription, was fixed on for the development of the plot.*

The two other parties are the moderates and the liberals. From the ban, under which liberalism now labours, it is difficult to obtain any precise information respecting the numerical strength of the affied to its principles. A partial approach to the truth may, however, be made, by reference to the numbers who entered into the spirit of the revolution of 1820; some of them have been purified,† and now proclaim their loyalty "*aliquid plus quam satis est*;" this is one reason for the general opinion, that the allegiance of the purificados, with its "sound and fury" has "that within which passeth show." The indefinidos, who have passed but a stage of the purifying process, and of whom the bare toleration by the government, does not exempt from the most harassing surveillance, are, whatever may have been the soundness of their former liberalism, forced into it now by persecution and poverty. They are mostly military men, who have distinguished themselves in the constitutional armies. The great body of the merchants and tradesmen may be classed among the liberals; for though the extreme penalties which are attached to any expression of liberal principles,‡ and the extensive

house near the palace, where were found several other documents, throwing light on a very extensive conspiracy on the eve of striking a decisive blow in favour of the infant Don Carlos. It was reported that the prince was, in consequence, placed under arrest; it is, however, certain that the discovery occasioned a personal altercation between him and the king.

* This affair occasioned the following extraordinary emanation from the "Ministerio de Guerra," which we literally translate from the original. "The following royal order, dated the 7th inst. (October), has been circulated by the Minister at War. The king, our master, being well aware of the macheavelian system adopted by a small but crafty portion of his ill-disposed subjects, who, under pretence of reforming the public administration, omit no means of disturbing the peace and tranquility which his majesty's beloved subjects now enjoy, commands me to charge all the authorities of the kingdom to assist, with all their power and zeal, in upholding his sovereign and imprescriptable rights; with the understanding that *any* reform, which imperious circumstances produced by *revolutionary* means, may *oblige* his majesty to adopt, and as a means of preserving the kingdom from greater evils, shall be considered as forced upon him, and as consequently null and void, and is to be looked upon in that light only: *and any authority, which shall conform to orders given in that sense under any other impression, will incur his majesty's displeasure.*" The royal order, issued ostensibly against the Constitutionalists, then on the frontier, was printed, but not published, as the corps diplomatique, on hearing of it, proceeded to the palace, and persuaded M. Salmon, the minister for foreign affairs, of its utter folly and mischievous tendency.

† Purification is a species of political quarantine, through which every person connected with the constitution must pass, ere they can again be freely admitted among the "Amados Vasallos" of his majesty. The original material of a purificado is a "sospechado." or a suspected person. The testimonials of a royalists, stating that his liberalism had been effected by coercion, bodily fear, or some other reason alien to conviction, or may be a little bribery to the alcade or the quaranters, are the processes for obtaining the certificates of purification. The indefinidos are those persons, who, having obtained testimonials, or gone through some other stage, have not succeeded in obtaining the certificate.

‡ In April, 1831, a man, who was known to be half crazy, was hanged at Madrid during the holy week, a thing unprecedented, from calling out in the streets when intoxicated, "Viva la libertad," "mueran las realutas," to which he had been in-

system of espionnage, have effectually barred up the ordinary avenues to information of the real sentiments of those classes; the liberality of their political opinions may be easily gathered, by observing those they entertain on commercial and such other subjects of policy, on the discussions of which there may be no restrictions. The commercial system of Spain, being an almost universal code of monopoly, the merchantile community not only labour under all its immediate disadvantages, but are likewise borne down by the lamentable sterility of the national resources, resulting from the same cause. This system, they are all aware, is inseparably linked with the existence of the present order of things; they know that its withering influence on their industry is part of the policy of the crown, which thus gains two objects: the profits arising from the government monopolies, and prices paid by contractors for similar restrictive advantages in other branches of commerce; and the preservation of the vital principle on which hinges the duration of its despotism, namely, the depression of the *tiers état*. The merchantile classes are also, by their habits of mind aud acquaintance with foreign countries, divested of many of the prejudices, which clog the understandings of most of their fellow countrymen, and, by the same reason, understand the tactics of the government in compressing their activity and enterprize, and, it may be enferred, resent it. This feeling, as far as it is political, as we have before observed, is not openly expressed; but we have had occasions of hearing it privately entertained, by persons who, "*á premier abord*," professed to maintain opposite opinions on those subjects, where they were not altogether mute. The merchantile classes, therefore, with the exception of those few commercial houses which, holding contracts, or possessing monopolies, are linked in with the government and dependent on its stability, are by interest and understanding, anxious for a reform in the state. A small portion of the grandeza are looked up to as imbued with liberality of sentiment; their numbers, and the extent of their liberalism, are, we are inclined to think, but very limited; nor are we enabled to point out any grandees of the first class, with the exception, perhaps, of the Prince of Anglona and the Marquess de las Amarillas, in whom we can hope to find a bias towards a popular government, however restricted the representation or the constituency, the legislative rights of the one, or the elective franchise of the other.* The experience of even these noblemen, may probably have given a distaste for such things.

There are, doubtless, thousands of persons in low circumstances, and sub-officers in the army, who would be glad, as the history of the late revolution has shewn, to see a political convulsion in the state, that would tend to overset the exclusive system, which now debars all advance in the military service, to those whose blood may not happen to be of the privileged colour;† and would, as a necessary concomitant to

cited by the jeers of some royalists at a *taverna*. Antonio Miyar, a bookseller, was also hanged, for being found in company with Captain Marcuartu, who was in correspondence with Mina, and who, when the alguazils entered his house to arrest him, lept from his window into the street and escaped, leaving the unfortunate Miyar to satiate their baulked vengeance. He was executed on suspicion.

* Both these noblemen were exiled for their services to the nation during the constitutional regime. The Marquess was arrested in July, 1812, on the accession of the San Miguel administration, on account of the revolt of the royal guards.

† The service is not quite so select as it was, when ten cadets were promoted to commissions, to one subaltern from the ranks. To have a portion of sangre azul

the fall of one faction, and the ascendancy of another, afford a rich harvest of empleas to the latter. It would indeed be unfair to disguise, that civil dissensions in no country can so well merit the designation of a *guerre d'emploies*, as in Spain. This fact, which, under the actual circumstances, is favourable to the hopes of the liberals, as it gives to their cause the strength of numberless mercenary alliances, augurs, however, sadly for any future pacification of party spirit.

It may naturally be supposed, that in Spain, as in the rest of Europe, the students matriculated at the universities and public colleges, are in the advance of the rest of the nation, in the liberality of their ideas. This is the case with those attending the schools of medicine, anatomy, natural philosophy, and all sciences which superinduce original inquiry, and habits of investigation. These young men ascribe, and with reason, the mediocrity above which science so seldom soars in Spain, to the inveterate adherence to ancient usage, in the regulation of their studies, which is completely incompatible with the spirit of modern improvement, and to the miserable system of court favouritism, in the selection of professors. Conscious that the inferiority to which they are thus confined, results from the universal cause of the national decadence, their youthful enthusiasm "cribbed and cabined" in the trammels which encumber the pursuit of science, finds occupation in political speculations, and a liberal bias from the inimical tendency of the existing institutions towards their own especial interests.* With regard to the schools of law, constituted as they are on the principle of the canonical institutions of the universities, of which they form part, and the semi-clerical nature of their studies, the same causes cannot be referred to, to account for much the same spirit prevailing among the students, though certainly not to the same extent. The other public schools, and those of Madrid without exception, among which the "Seminario de Nobles," the "Colegio Imperial," and the "Colegio de Donna Maria de Aragon," are pre-eminent, are under the direction of the Jesuits. Nobility of extraction, or connection with the ruling party, are the requisite qualifications for admission into these schools. The royal guard is generally recruited from them, from which are, from time to time, selected a certain number of students, to whom commissions are presented. Yet it is whispered that the royal guard is not to be completely confided in; that liberalism has made inroads even among them.†

The next great party in the state are the moderados, or moderates. By the apostolicals they are branded and hated as liberals; and the liberals, in their turn, scarcely distinguish them from the apostolicals.

(blue blood), or, at all events, to belong to the Hidalguia, used to be the requisite qualifications for a cadet. Political services have, however, introduced candidates from among the plebeian friends of the government, and thus a partial innovation has been forced into the system.

* At the period for opening the colleges, in the spring of 1831, M. Calomarde, the late Minister of Grace and Justice, sent for the Principal of the surgical school of San Carlos, at Madrid, and asked him if he could be responsible for the political conduct of the students. The Professor declined, and the schools were not opened. This was about the time of Torrijos' and Maaranares' attempts in the south.

† From what experience has shewn of the Spanish soldiers, Sir Robert Walpole's aphorism may be safely consulted by the liberals. If they would commence the revolution, they must buy the army. There will be no difficulty beyond procuring the money.

The ostensible head of this party is the king, whose indolence is well pleased, to find in this policy the authority of the crown unquestioned, and its power maintained, without recurring to the continual activity of persecution, which the apostolicals advocate.* This party support the principle of the government, which we will here endeavour to explain.

The capitulation of Cadiz transferred the king's person and his government from one faction to another; and the king was not slow in finding that, from Scylla, he had escaped into Charybdis. This was by no means the intention of the French government, and their armed occupation gave time and opportunity for the formation of an intermediate party, which should enable a government of moderate principles to maintain itself, by holding the balance between the two hostile factions.

The nation having undergone a bitter experience of the miseries inherent to rule by faction, saw with pleasure men of moderate principles adopted into the government; and it was not long before their salutary influence was beneficially and successfully manifested, by their neutralization of much of the tyrannical and vindictive spirit of their apostolical colleagues. But the task was not an easy one, as their power was exposed to the assaults of both the contending parties, ere any consolidation of the national peace gave confidence and strength to that portion of the community, who, as the friends of order, and of the public weal, looked to the government for protection in the exercise of their peaceable avocations. The last few years have, however, tended to give comparative stability to the moderados, and thereby to the government. Their system of administration, approaching to common sense, if not to wisdom, and pursued almost with firmness, though certainly not with energy, has found supporters in the hopes they give of better days. It has drawn recruits both from the apostolicals and the liberals, in the persons of those who merely sought refuge under the wing of either party, at a time when every Spaniard was forced, in self-defence, to be a partisan. These desertions, however, render the ministry an object of unquenchable odium to those who still steadfastly identify themselves with the ultra tenets by which they have thriven or have suffered.

This is likewise a reason why the moderate party necessarily bears the imprints of all shades and colours; and as a body on which the ministry might, in case of need, rely for active support, they have not yet acquired either adequate consistency, a knowledge of their strength, or confidence among themselves. Indeed, the multifarious and discordant ingredients of their composition, militate against their organization to such an end, as well as the motives by which they lean to the government, which are quiet and protection at any time, even to the abandon-

* The king's connection with this party, and the actuating principles of his conduct, may perhaps be understood by a perusal of the following extract of a letter, dated Madrid, 7th October, 1830. It is from a close observer of the court proceedings.—"The Philippines are the avowed destination of the conspirators mentioned in my last. But the king has again given a proof of his vacillating character, and the dread he entertains of the apostolicals, by listening to the petition these persons have addressed to him, for a commutation of the sentence. Rofino Gonzales has persuaded him to allow him to remain in La Mancha; and the Padre Ceril has obtained permission to reside at Seville. This last person, who is a monk, and the general of his order, is one of the most indefatigable enemies of the liberals, and, possessing some talent and much influence, is justly looked upon as a leading and a dangerous character. The secret of the favour extended to Gonzales, is his marriage with the sister of the king's mistress.

ment of the last vestige of their ancient liberties. The government have accordingly been obliged to resort to auxiliary means of controuling the angry and conflicting interests which alternately and simultaneously menace their existence. This has hitherto been accomplished, by nourishing a mutual dread, and an increasing hatred between the parties; and by assuming, at the same time, by the aid of France, until the late revolution in that country, a strong intervening position, from which they were enabled to keep either in awe, by assuming to themselves the only means of keeping the others in check. The French Revolution was almost a death-blow to this system. It paralyzed the ministry, encouraged the liberals, and infuriated the apostolicals. The government, however, still totters on, repelling the secret and overt attacks of both parties, under the cover of its expiring prestige. This state of things may linger on for a longer or a shorter duration of time, according to the progress of European events; but it cannot last; and the only speculation is, when and how the revolution will be effected.

The actual position of parties does not lead to the conclusion that the ignition of the train will proceed from the liberals; notwithstanding the restless and indomitable character of their several leaders, so dreadful are the penalties to which an unsuccessful attempt would expose them, not to mention the inevitable ordeal of horrors they would have to endure, ere they could arrive at the termination of a fortunate struggle, however short; but unbearable must be the persecution, or great the opportunity, that would induce them to incur the brunt of the hostility of the government, and the alarmed vengeance of the apostolicals. So extensive, likewise, is the system of police espionnage, and so frequently has treachery marred the secret machinations of the liberals, that suspicion has intercepted their mutual communications, and their strong holds are blockaded by terror. Experience of the cabals which desolated the prospects of the late revolution, also render many, who are more or less theorists in liberalism, apprehensive, or at least lukewarm, as to a return to a regime which may be accompanied by, perhaps, as much evil as good. A larger proportion are spirit-broken, by the accumulated calamities incident to their position, and feel more of the depression of despair, than of its desperation; they are sick at heart, and are no longer to be aroused by Hope, with Danger at her side.

It is apparently from the Carlists that we are to expect the opening of the drama; and the succession to the throne seems the question which will probably set the nation by the ears. The very precarious state of the king's health, renders it very probable, that though the queen should, in the course of time, present the nation with a prince of the

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"The truth of all this is, that the king is frightened at the act of his government; and to conciliate this party, he thus embarrasses his ministers, to whose position, to save himself, he gratuitously adds new danger. The king's conduct in this, as in every thing else, is selfish, cowardly, and wretchedly impolitic. He adopts a ministry, to preserve himself from the dictation of the apostolicals; and when that thwarted dictation assumes treason against his person and his government, he shelters himself behind his ministry, and finds safety in their decision and determination. Saved from immediate peril, he tampers with the faction he has disappointed and enraged; and for personal reconciliation, exposes his supporters to their vindictiveness, by actually regenerating their means and their strength. The service of such a prince, a service based on despotism and violence, is thus retributively paid by ingratitude, surrounded by danger, and weakened by contempt and disunion."

Asturias, a long minority will offer too favourable and too frequent opportunities, to the disturbers, for the pursuance of their plans. Should the king die without male issue, a revolution will no longer be a matter of conjecture, but a moral certainty; for it requires, even now, the utmost vigilance on the part of the government, and the strongest exercise of the little energy they possess, to restrain the Carlists; and secret means, it is said, have been more than once detected, which aimed at the king's life. Whether this be true or not, it is manifestly the interest of the Carlists, that the royal demise should take place, when the abrogation of the Salic law should be the only obstacle to the accession of Don Carlos. Thus, the only circumstance by which the peace of the kingdom has the slightest chance of being preserved, that of the king's existence lingering until a son of his, yet unborn, arrive at the age of puberty, is one connected with such contingencies, as to render its occurrence of the remotest probability. The resources of the apostolicals are, at present, the only means the government can avail themselves of, to meet any extraordinary emergency, and may at any time be as dangerous, as they have lately been found useful. The progress of the constitutionalists, in the course of last year (1831), was mainly arrested by this assistance, and the exertions of the royalist volunteers: for so dilapidated were the revenues of the monarchy, that the regular service was found both insufficient and unworthy of reliance. The result of this was felt immediately: military commissions, and prevotal courts were instituted, and arbitrary arrests took place in every part of the Peninsula; and several atrocious executions served to shew that the ministry were for the conjuncture, acting under the dictation of the apostolicals. These events have practically illustrated, beyond question, the impossibility of continued tranquillity to the nation, in obedience to the actual government. The late occurrences in Europe, and those which, in the course of things, must inevitably take place, have and will strengthen and encourage the liberals, without infusing any mediatory relaxation into the policy of the apostolicals. The government, which now is endeavouring to improve the natural resources of the country, by making and maintaining roads, contracting for the projection and completion of canals, instituting *diligence* companies, fostering infant manufactories, and, by various other beneficial innovations, have shewn a spirit, which, though slow in action, is worthy of commendation, will inevitably find themselves, ere long, between a choice of concessions to liberals, or fraternization with the apostolicals. Half measures will no longer be tenable: at such a period, they will have more than the disadvantages of ultraism, with no prospect of a beneficial issue.

It would seem an impossibility that the king or his government can ever again connect themselves with the liberals—with the men, whom, under the denomination af revolutionists, they have held up to the execration of the nation; whom they have aggrieved by every variety of insult and calamitous visitation; and most of whose leaders, to whom the king and the country are under obligations for life and freedom, are now wandering abroad under the humble stigma of outlawry, and recommended, with diplomatic iteration, to the especial persecution of those foreign governments to whose protection, under whose ægis of international hospitality and neutrality, they may have consigned themselves. Such an amalgamation would give the lie to eight years of government, during which the right divine has been vindicated by

bloodshed and persecution, and liberalism exorcised with something more than the ceremonies of "bell, book, and candle." Then what are to become of the recollections of former days, of broken faith, traitorous promises, holy perjuries, and of no less holy vengeance. Can there be faith and charity in such an unnatural alliance? We should say—No.

Let us see how an alliance may be effected between the government and the apostolicals. It requires little desertion of principle, or rather of opinion, on the one part; moderation, so called, to persecution; the creed is essentially the same—the distinction is in the practice. The wealth of the clergy, though much deteriorated of late years, would be liberally supplied to a government undertaking the re-establishment of the Inquisition and the abolished immunities of the church. It was put forth at the hour of common danger, the late irruption of the constitutionalists, but the peril being past, was again withheld; thus serving both as a temptation and a warning to the ministry. The obstinate policy and pride of the Court, which has been so disastrously shewn two centuries ago in its operation in the Low Countries, and more lately to the present time, in all the details of his colonial dismemberments, is another obstacle to the free marching of the government. An immense number of empleas, connected with the home colonial administration, which are now sinecures in the strictest sense of the term, are, notwithstanding the wretched state of the finance, still kept up, partly because the crazy vanity of the Court cannot allow such an admission of the independence of the states in question, which these unfilled appointments would warrant; and partly because the lopping off of these salaries would convert thousands of time-serving intriguers into secret and dangerous enemies.

A word or two on the nobility. We have as yet said little or nothing on this branch of the subject, and for a very good reason; that it is immeasurably that part of it which is of the least consequence. The grandees have neither influence, character, talents, nor power. The body-servants of the king, they have no voice in his councils, and are regarded by the government as the mere puppets of the Court, "*thickly* scattered to make up a show." Their influence, as a body, is a cipher: few of them, around the royal family, undoubtedly exercise the occult genius of their order, in their privileged science of intrigue; but this is seldom called into action for any higher purpose than the displacing of a chamberlain, or the installation of a chief cook. The ambition of the proud oligarchy of Spain seldom commits itself beyond the precincts of the palace. The policy of Richelieu never degraded the French aristocracy to the level of that, which is now the object of contemptuous indifference to all Spaniards. It is true that they were worthy and useful instruments, though unconsciously so, to the priesthood and apostolicals, who made good use of the slight cast on them by the constitution, which did not accord them an hereditary voice in the legislature. It was a thriving argument at a distance from the capital, where the venerable institutions of the monarchy are considered as an affair of divine arrangement; but it is too well know that, notwithstanding all the wrongs emanating from the constitutional regime, it accorded to the grandees, when they chose to exercise the universal privilege, more in the legislature than they have enjoyed either immediately before or since. But they did not exercise it, as, in a plain phrase, it was not in their line. Their wealth, though great, is mostly so mortgaged and otherwise tied up, that from its unavailableness, it forms no item in any

influence they may be imagined to controul. Their politics, if the term can be so misused, are attached to the present state of things, which gives them a master to flatter, a court to revel in, a nation to feed on, and the privilege of wearing a hat in the royal presence.

Such are the anarchial and worthless materials of the body politic of Spain, which render her an anomaly among nations, a political enigma to be solved only by a close and attentive observer of her nationalism; by one well disposed to follow up the infinite details of her manifold contradictions; by one willing, on entering upon his task, to throw overboard all his preconceived and European ideas of political effects and causes, and to adopt an entirely distinct mode of judging facts and events, a mode current only in Spain, and untranslateable beyond the Pyrenees, and through the medium of which alone every thing that is Spanish, from polemics to bull-fighting, must be considered.

From these causes, whatever may be the fate of Spain, it can as yet only be a matter of speculative uncertainty. It is fortunate for this poor, proud, and patient people, that the influence of the clergy, though still great, is considerably on the wane. When the struggle shall arrive, this will be beneficially felt. The religious part of apostolicism exists with the people—its political portion with their leaders; the first is perceptibly dying away, and as it cannot be replaced, the other, of which it is the spirit and vitality, must with it gradually decline into innocuous exhaustion: we may thus hope eventually for better times.

But whatever may be the solution of the problem, the immediate prospect certainly looks gloomy in the extreme. The misfortunes of the nation, and the mismanagement of its government, have sapped and ruined the natural and commercial resources of this unhappy country; these a few years of peaceful industry might re-establish; but ages, we fear, will scarcely suffice to bring the mind of the nation to the healthy state requisite for their cultivating them with advantage, and for the understanding their true interests, unless a total overthrow of the present system of monopoly in commerce, bigotry in religion, and absolutism in politics, do shortly occur, to pave the way for the Spanish people to resume their rank among European nations. Ere this can take place, or even the preceding struggle, there will be much aggravating oppression on one side, and an accumulation of wrongs on the other, which, when the time arrives, will present a frightful picture of hatred and retaliation.

Notwithstanding the favourable aspect assumed by the late change in affairs, Ferdinand, should he recover, will not regard the liberals more favourably than he has ever done. He will look on both parties with equal suspicion. The change was occasioned from merely personal feeling, in which principle had no share; it is therefore impossible to say what effect an abject concession on the other part might effect. This good, however, is manifest, that a number of liberal men will be restored to their country, which cannot fail to infuse an additional spirit of liberality into public opinion. It will so far accelerate the progress of freedom, that when the struggle does arrive it will be of shorter continuance. The change in Spain will ultimately be violent. The apostolicals must oppose it, and perhaps at first with success; but the liberals will ultimately most fearfully avenge their long sufferings. *Tempus monstrabit.*

LORD MAHON'S WAR IN SPAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR—I have many acknowledgments to return for your attention in forwarding the letter from my Lord Mahon, which I have great pleasure in copying in your pages. May I respectfully beg his Lordship to allow me thus to thank him for his very courteous communication. He will remember, that in the article introducing Madame de Muci to the public, as connected with General Stanhope, it was freely stated that the general authority of the class of writings to which these Memoirs belong is *as low as well can be.* But many very close coincidences between two narratives of the same events, raised, in this case, a strong suspicion that the writer had actually been at Madrid during the scenes described; whence the question, "Was there any mistress accompanying Stanhope in this retreat, or no?" Being at present in the country, where I have no reference to the article my Lord Mahon mentions as in the Biographie Universelle, where "the fable of Madame de Muci" is quoted as "a vague rumour," I cannot discover whether this rumour is referred there to these Memoirs, or other general sources. It is undeniably true, in my Lord Mahon's words, that "persons of good judgment and historical knowledge" would not give the slightest credit to such Memoirs as these, wholly unsupported by external or internal evidence or coincidences; but from the period of the arrival of Madame de Muci at Madrid, the account wears an accuracy of feature, compared with Lord Mahon's History, which almost warrants the positive conclusion that the writer must have been then upon the spot. The question then arises, Who is the writer, and what portion of the narrative is true? The unfortunate delay at Brihueja, with a General like Vendome at his heels, and the prolonging this delay a day longer than the time fixed, as well as the completeness of his surprize—all are so unlike the general military talents and conduct of General Stanhope, as to make us look around for some reason for a thing so unaccountable at a first sight. The silence of all the English enemies of General Stanhope, and the disproof of the account of the journey from Lima to Pampeluna, go strongly, *pro tanto*, against these Memoirs. Still General Stanhope may have had a mistress, and this mistress may have delayed him at Brihueja, and this delay may have lost the army, even though Mademoiselle D.'s "*Memoires*" be a mere romance. It was Buonaparte who, speaking of an assault he had ordered to please a mistress, which lost many lives, said that instances of this kind were more numerous than ever would be credited. Peradventure some light may hereafter be thrown upon the origin and authority of this rumour, by those diligent pioneers of historical discoveries who ferret out private memoirs and letters. Lord Mahon will not understand these remarks as attempting to *prove a direct charge* against his illustrious ancestor, but as soliciting information about a story which possesses some curious coincidences with reality.

Copy of a Letter received by the Author of this article from Lord Mahon.

"My attention has been directed to an article headed 'General Stan-

hope and Madame de Muci," in the *Monthly Magazine* of last month. In that article I see it stated that the writer has no other motive for referring to these memoirs, than the desire to ascertain the facts with respect to the unfortunate surrender of an English army, and that he would be glad to be shewn reasons to change his belief, and as I think these professions of candour fully borne out by the tone and temper of your other remarks, I do not hesitate to address you upon the subject. I may observe, in the first place, that I was not, as you suppose, unacquainted with the fable of Madame de Muci. It is quoted as a vague rumour, in the *Biographié Universelle*, article *Philippe V.* But I really did not think it possible, until I read your article, that any person of good judgment or historical knowledge, could have given the slightest credit to so extravagant a fiction; and I, therefore, in writing my history, treated it wholly as undeserving of notice. It admits, however, of a very short and easy refutation. I need say nothing of the gross improbability of every part of the story, nor of the silence of all the English writers, who have examined the capitulation of Brihueje, some of whom, as political enemies of General Stanhope, would have been well pleased to find any ground of accusation against him. It is enough to be able to establish a most complete *alibi*. At the very time when, according to Madame Muci, General Stanhope was travelling with her in disguise through France to Pamplona, we can trace her progress, step by step, from England through Germany to Genoa, where he transacted some important public business, and where, as I have mentioned in my history, he embarked on the 16th of May; landing at Barcelona, he joined the army at Agramont on the 20th of the same month, and from that period continued during the campaign, to direct the operations as commander-in-chief of the British troops. All these movements rest on public and incontrovertible documents. I need not trouble you any farther; but I beg in conclusion, to return you my acknowledgments of the very flattering manner in which you are pleased to speak of my historical productions. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter.

November 2, 1832.

GOD'S WITH US AND VICTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

What is nobler 'neath the heaven,
Than when battle's signal's given,
When the martial trumpet's sound,
When the stormy drum is pealing,
When the chargers round are wheeling,
And brave blood bedews the ground!

What is nobler than the bearing—
Firm and calm and manly daring—
That the veteran warrior shows;
When like heaven's own lightning flashing,
Thundering guns around are crashing—
Hailing death among our foes!

Oh, 'tis noble, when dread traces
Pale hues on our foemen's faces,
And to save base life they flee;
Then the battlements of heaven,
By ten thousand tongues are riven,
God's with us and victory!

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

MAGISTERIAL MUMMERIES.—Amongst the many minor subjects for reform, which must shortly extend to the law, as well as to the church and state, none would more beneficially feel its influence, than the present magistracy of the police. The unhappy effects of Tory rule is no where more glaringly apparent, than in the appointment of superior officers in this important department. Competition amongst men qualified by nature and education for this department of our social system, there is none. Borough patronage has extended itself through the court, camp, and church, down to the very tread-mill. The protegé of a borough lord *must* be appointed to every vacancy in every department. The very sweeper of the House of Correction is recommended by the Duke of Newcastle.

Qualification in a police magistrate, there is none. We beg pardon—we believe it is limited in one sense. The candidate must have dined so many times, during so many terms, in one of the halls of one of the courts of law. The very atmosphere of such a place, it is said, bears so miraculous a quality, to say nothing of the exciting steam of its qualifying legs of mutton and baked potatoes, that men have been known to enter the wondrous portals—fools, and *exeunt* Solons!

This may account for the astounding oracles uttered daily by the high-priests or law-givers of this temple of thieves, or court of police;—for mind, they give no laws but their own;—a shrewd device,—by which the busy Harmers, Edmundses, Woollers, and Humphries', who are so continually meddling with these sages, are sometimes utterly confounded. But the chief evil consists in the complete discretionary power possessed by this worshipful bench, over the liberties of their fellow men, by the various *amendments* of the Vagrant Laws. This has been a fruitful source of misery to the unfortunate.

A scene occurred at Bow-Street, a short time since, which brought tears into the eyes of many of the spectators. A wretched man, his wife, and three children, were brought to the office, charged with the crime of having no bread to eat, and no home to shelter them! The case was quickly dispatched;—but a short shrift remains for the miserable:—the parents were consigned, for one month, to the tender mercies of the tread-mill, and the children were to be otherwise disposed of. The separation of the children from their parents was appalling; the poor innocents clung around their natural protectors, and the heart-broken mother, by screams and tears, by turns beseeching and threatening, vainly endeavoured to excite the compassion of their merciless superiors! Thief-takers and gaolers were indeed moved; but the heart of a magistrate is made of sterner stuff. The chief magistrate remarked, that prison-keepers had found the presence of children with their parents *inconvenient*. Again, a poor mechanic from Manchester, wandered, with his daughter, a girl about 16 years of age, to London, in search of employment. He had heard of adventurers, equally friendless as himself, having been thrice lord mayor, and visions of the gilded coach might have flitted before his eyes. A short sojourn in our hospitable metropolis, convinced him of the futility of his hopes, whatever they might have been; and being detected in the glaring criminality of begging a

morsel of bread for his starving child, he was brought up for punishment. A month at the tread-mill was instantly awarded to him, as a matter of course, and his child was dismissed from the office. In vain did the poor destitute girl inquire whither she was to go. She was told to go *home!*—and this unhappy young creature was actually taken from her father—he guilty of no crime but poverty—and thrust, a friendless outcast and a beggar, into the streets of London!

Gracious God! do we live in a christian land, or in a den of thieves? Ought we to credit our senses, when we are told that men, who are placed and paid to protect innocence, and prevent crime, should be the oppressors of the one, and the chief supporters of the other? Where are the members of the various christian communities, who yearly expend thousands for some imaginary good? Where are the Pharisees, that wander up and down our great city, smiting their breasts, and calling on the Lord to witness their devotion to His cause? Where are they, we would ask, to suffer such scenes to pass under their very eyes, without rebuke—that can allow destitution to sit at their very threshold, and not extend the hand of charity? We could point out a shorter way to the object these philanthropists profess to have in view. Let them be on the watch for such objects as we have pointed out. A word of comfort to the heart-broken—a loaf of bread to the starving—will open the hearts to impressions which they might vainly endeavour to make, by all the Pharisaical and affected displays of oratory, that ever congregated idlers and pickpockets at Cold-Bath-Fields or Charing-Cross.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST!—It appears that a certain squad of worthies have congregated themselves together in the City, to devise the best means, at this critical time, of embarrassing his Majesty's Ministers. The occupation is worthy of the men; and a notable expedient have they hit upon—nothing less than petitioning the King to stay the war! It reminds us of a sick lady screaming out to a captain to stop the ship! Really these lost, unhappy Tories, will shortly excite the compassion, even of their opponents.

Who begun the war? Was it not the chiefs of a party, which has now dwindled down into this poor specimen of a lost, broken-down, despised, and beggarly faction? What is the history of the war? Every one knows in what manner we were pledged by our Tory masters, in concert with the despots of Europe, to oblige the Dutch and the Belgians to certain conditions; and every one is likewise aware, that the King of Holland pledged himself to abide by them. And what is the result? Why, that the Dutch King had been playing with us the whole time. He never intended to give up Antwerp, nor Belgium neither; and only awaits the death of the Prussian King, which is daily expected to set us all at defiance! What then remains for us to do, but to finish, as well and as speedily as possible, what has been badly begun? Were the measures of the party to which these men belong, in vogue in our day, every man of them would be hung in chains, or transported. Were the bloody days of Castlereagh, Sidmouth, and others, to be revived, this very night, instead of hatching plots by their own fire-sides, would they be in Newgate! and with much more justice than were poor Holcroft, Hardy, and their companions, dragged from their homes to prison, and made to undergo that terrible ordeal, which,—

so glaring was the injustice,—ended in the eternal shame and disgrace of their savage persecutors.

But what makes all this City job the more scandalous, is, that it is enacted under the specious and hypocritical mask of a *patriotic desire for peace.* Now, if we had space, we would expose the charletanism of these pretended patriots. Almost all these humble petitioners are more or less, directly or indirectly, connected with the Dutch trade, and are, therefore, fearful of being injured in their commercial relations. Then why not boldly say so? Why not petition on that score at once? No, that would not answer the purpose; their malignant Tory spleen would not be gratified. It would be a course too manly and straightforward for a faction who delight in nothing so much as juggling the multitude, and are now mystifying the deluded remnant of their own poor, despised party, while William of Nassau gives the word for the onslaught, and will witness, without a pang, the immolation of thousands of his brave subjects in a hopeless contest. How like another Nero he looks, glutting himself in his country's blood! It is horrible to think how many brave and devoted hearts may be doomed to bleed at the bidding of such a miscreant master! And this is the "enlightened monarch," the idol of the Tories—of this very knot of traitors who have been getting up this petition—traitors in every sense of the word—bandying dispatches with the Dutch renegadoes at Amsterdam,—in actual and confidential treaty with the declared enemies of their country. Fortunately for these men, bigoted times are past; the spirit of persecution is over, and therefore they will escape the punishment they merit.

Of course a few country noodles are taken in—a bumpkin squire or two—and endeavour to imitate, so far as they can, their London masters. No workman can present a clever specimen of his craft without his tools—and here they are ready to hand. The people of Rochdale were utterly confounded, by learning, through the medium of the newspapers, that a petition, similar to that of London, had been forwarded, purporting to be from them. It appeared that a few ragamuffin Tories had been playing them this trick. It is a pity the pillory is done away with. This is one of the offences just within its scope. At Chelmsford the same game was played. Some few score distinguished themselves, as booby grandees of the first class, out of a population of 6,000! At Norwich, too, an effort was made—an abortive one. It is needless to remark on that. The prime mover was an alderman; and, from authorities unquestioned, an alderman and an ass are synonymous. After all, it only shews the extremely wretched condition to which the faction is reduced, when such miserable pranks are resorted to—when such painful efforts are made to prolong the last glimmer of their expiring light.

As for the Dutch war, we look on it as a matter of necessity, not of choice. It has been forced on us by the recklessness of Tories on the one hand, and the obstinacy and falsehood of Dutchmen on the other. We heartily wish that nature would resume her right—that old Ocean would take his own again, and indemnify himself on the contumacious Dutchman, for years of unlawful aggression. We should not grieve if, of Dutch land or Dutch men, not a single trace remained—not even a tile;—then would old Andrew Marvel sing truly.

—The Fishmongers at fault!—Among the many calamities about to be entailed on our nation by our unhappy schism with the Dutch, is

one, the melancholy effects of which have been so pathetically expatiated on in the city, as to produce an extraordinary gloom throughout the Fish-street Hill, Thames-street, and Billingsgate-market. It is neither more nor less than the inconvenience the dinner-loving public are likely to sustain by the embargo on the Dutch fishing-boats, and the consequent stoppage of further abundant supplies of a most wholesome item of our daily consumption. Alderman ———, who has just commenced a series of public dinners, has taken the affair so much to heart, that, it is supposed, his political conduct will be materially influenced thereby. A meeting of the principal dealers in fish will, of course, be held to petition his Majesty on the present aweful crisis of affairs at Billingsgate, and to beg him to dismiss his ministers. Alderman *Scales*, who has warmly espoused the matter, will take the chair. The fishermen *must* be supported.—What *is* to become of our turbot and lobster sauce?

———

Netherlands Negotiant.—The conduct of the Dutch King which has been so repeatedly stigmatized as obstinate and self-willed, has more reason in it than meets the apprehension of an ordinary observer. The apparently simple fact of evacuating the fortress of Antwerp, involves consequences, which the shrewd tradesmanlike eye of his majesty has instantly foreseen. There is not a smarter tradesman in Europe, if we except Mr. T. Baring, than the King of Holland, and not a more successful speculator. He clings to Antwerp with the tenacity of an alarmed vender, grasping his till from the professional clutch of a dextrous conveyancer.

When the Duke of Parma reduced Antwerp, after a most obstinate defence, he closed the Scheldt. Up to this period Antwerp might be considered the richest city in Europe. Ships of every nation crowded to to her harbour; she was an *entrepôt* for the wealth of the world. When the source of their prosperity, the Scheldt, was closed, the wealthy and industrious classes sought other fields for their enterprize, and thus rose Amsterdam and the towns of Holland. Were the river free, the produce of the Dutch Indies would all find its way to Antwerp, and Amsterdam would gradually succumb to the superior advantages of the situation of her rival. The prosperity of the Dutch cities has been created and maintained by this unjust monopoly; and so perfectly well aware are the Dutchmen of this fact, that when the Emperor of Austria contemplated the freedom of the river for the benefit of his Brabant subjects, the Dutch averted their own ruin by an enormous bribe. The rogues knew well the arguments most in vogue with the "father of his people."

"Ecelente Caballero
Es Don Dinero!"

is the Dutchman's motto. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the Royal Mynheer "should contemplate with feelings of the deepest alarm the present unnatural coalition," so the Tories term it, to make him render to others their own. Whenever the balance of trade is argued, the Dutch generally contrive to get the scales in their hands; like the gourmand in the play "they are not particular, the best in the dish will do for them." Where £. *s. d.* are concerned, who ever got to windward of Nick Frog, but Old Nick himself.

"Give him abuse, disgrace, and he may mock it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches pocket."

PULL DEVIL—PULL BAKER!—There is no nation that holds out such premium for the knavish dishonest dealer, as England;—no other country possesses equal facility for the wholesale destruction of the human race. Laws are passed in abundance:—we have as many laws against every crime in the catalogue, as would take each a man's life-time to expound and reconcile; but no means are ever taken to render them available. Magistrates are paid high wages to keep a vigilant watch over crime; yet they are contented to sit easily in their arm-chairs, and exhaust their wisdom upon an awe-stricken and admiring audience. Prevention never enters their heads—detection they leave to providence and the new police. Fortunately, some of these latter are shrewder fellows than their masters; and sometimes an unusually glaring piece of roguery, such as could not escape the most obtuse vision, is, by their agency, brought to light. A glaring case was examined the other day, which is only a small part of an extensive system of the worst species of villainy,—that of substituting a poisonous compound for human food.

Messrs. Mines and Russell, flour-dealers, of Broad-Street, in the City, were charged at Union Hall, with having in their possession a deleterious mixture of whiting and flour, intended for bread. One of the partners said he could very satisfactorily account for it. He admitted the mixture was whiting and pollard; but that it was intended for image sellers, and for decorators of ceilings! A coarse brown mixture for images and casts, made of plaister of Paris, and as white as snow!—A satisfactory explanation, truly. How fortunate for these men, that they live in a free country! Now, in Constantinople, would these same Messrs. Mines and Russell have been nailed by their ears to their own door-posts, if found guilty of such a delinquency, from the rising to the setting of the sun!—a warning to evil doers. And a punishment not a whit too much for those who would sacrifice the greatest blessing of life, health, to their vile and sordid purposes. And this, forsooth, is a sample of your honest, upright, loudly-vaunted British tradesmen, that pays his way—who, if a poor man gets in his debt £20, and cannot pay when demanded, puts him in jail, and calls him a swindler!

Talk of the predatory classes of society, who live by the superior cunning of their wits—talk of lawyers, and the swell mob—they are sucking babes to such fellows—innocents, such as Herod would have exterminated at one fell swoop; and with good reason.

"One hundred millers, and one hundred lawyers, make just two hundred rogues," says an Italian preacher of antiquity. And, verily, the rogues are not unworthy of their ancient reputation. We never pass a lawyer's office, or a baker's shop, without the instinctive horror of an ox for the shambles. Even the sight of saw-dust in a carpenter's shop, makes us shudder—knowing, ere long it will meet our eyes, as—

☞ "Real Farm-house BROWN BREAD, as sworn before the Lord Mayor."

Fortunately, ground bones are scarce:—we no longer, while eating bread (!) risk being choked by a bone. Pretty pickings had the flour-dealers out of them, while they lasted. The farmers have spoilt their feasting, by giving the best price for them for manure! But the profession of bakering, or rather flour-dealing,—it ought no longer to be considered a trade—is fast arriving at its climax. Chemistry, and the higher grades of study, contribute to its triumph. Malthus, M'Culloch,

and the anti-population men, will be put to their last shift, by the increasing intelligence of this new class of political economists. Messrs. Mines and Russell will enter the field against Dr. Chalmers, and upset his theory, by engaging to find bread for any number of human beings, without straining the agricultural capabilities of the kingdom. On the contrary, they will allow two-thirds of the arable land now in cultivation, to be laid down to grass. They will only covenant that the chalk-pits shall be kept open—that they shall have free access to the lime-pits—that no tax shall be imposed on the manufacture of whiting and plaister of Paris—that bones and oyster-shells shall not be at a premium—that gypsum, potash, jalap, and saw-dust, be in no scarcity,—and they will then guarantee to furnish any quantity of bread, from "genuine home-baked brown," to the most delicate "cottage crumpling," at a given price, let the value of flour be what it may!

Insinuating assassins! benevolent cut-throats! that would lure a man to his destruction by a buttered roll—that would beat their victims to death with the very staff of life!

While talking of bread, we may as well say that one honest little man, who answers to the name of Mollet, and sojourns at 16, Picket Street, Strand, is our purveyor—and very nice bread he makes.

QUEEN-SQUARE QUORUM.—These boys will certainly be the death of of us.—Were it not that the misery of our fellow-creatures is always, with right minded people, a sufficient check on merriment, these mountebanks, with their quips and quirks, and wise saws, would make us die of laughing.

It appears that a respectable old lady, Mr. White, as she so pleases to be designated, of Queen-square has just been dilivered of another oracle, a wise axiom to add to all magisterial note-books, a by-law to increase their already incomprehensible code. Now, we have all along felt convinced that some day or other will be revealed to us a mighty secret, that a second Pope Joan has been smuggled into the majesterial chair in the person of Mrs. White of Queen-square, and daily experience furnishes additional proof for such conviction.

A poor half starved boy, the picture of misery, was brought to the Queen's-Square, police-office, charged with sleeping on a hurdle! somewhere in Tothill-fields, where he was found half dead with hunger and cold. The *worthy* magistrate, our friend above mentioned, struck with the atrocious nature of the above case, aggravated by the delinquent lamenting, with tears, the impossibility of finding work, immediately committed him for one month to the treadmill!

Now, this is a positive scandal to the sex, proverbial as it is for kindness;—to say nothing of the injustice of the thing,—for there MAY be a doubt as to the criminality of sleeping on a hurdle,—it is positively inhuman. Has the old lady no compassion for her fellow-creatures. Had she been young, doubtless, the poor boy, a comely boy in spite of his wretchedness, might have found favour;—but age is obdurate: she may, too, have met with her disappointments—her maternal feelings checked—we must not be harsh. But, in a politic point of view, does not Mrs. White see well,—we forget, old ladies do *not* see well—does she not, then, comprehend, that by her committing an innocent boy for a month to an abode of vice, another time she may have to commit him for actual crime. Has conscience nothing to whisper on that head?

But the axiom we alluded to in the commencement was this, the old gentlewoman remarked on the above case, "that every one who quitted his native place in search of employment, ought one and all to be sent to the treadmill." Egad, it puts one into as great a consternation as ever were the Tories at the sight of Schedule A. By that rule we shall find ourselves, ere long, grinding hob and nob with Mrs. W. herself, who, if we mistake not, is a native of another district than Queen-square. What an activity would suddenly prevail in the treadmill department:—what a rush of the aristocracy to Brixton! All the Lord Mayors and Aldermen, at present existing, would be there. Fancy King Leopold and King Otho cheek-by-jowl with ourselves and Mrs. White! the Duke of Wellington and Michael Scales! Lord Eldon and Orator Hunt! all working one way, and, for once in their lives, putting their shoulders to the wheel! What a confusion of caps and coronets, of bag wigs and big wigs, of long spurs and lawn sleeves; what a goodly assembly of rogues and royalty, statesmen and swindlers, peers and paupers, and all to please poor dear good old Mrs. White, who would be excused taking her stand on the wheel from her age and imbecility. Dear old creature, how she would chuckle over her own device. It is really a pity she cannot be humoured.

Crop of Candidates.—Of candidates and pledges we have spoken elsewhere:—they are subjects of too much importance to be discussed in a note. Another Cadmus has been in the field; for at every step up starts a candidate, and all breathing the most sincere love for the people, and the most exalted, disinterested, patriotism. Now, if anything can prove the contrary, it is the fact of their being there; for if they had possessed a spark of feeling for the people or love for their country, it would be best shown by remaining at their own fire-sides. What can induce obscure gentlemen to step forth into the political arena, with no visible chance of success, must be a matter of marvel, unless it be the pleasure of having their names plastered about in conjunction with "Hunt's matchless" and "Try Turner;" to be sure, it is sometimes pleasing to hear it said, after an election,—"There goes the candidate!"

It is gratifying to observe that the *cause* is triumphant. The Tories are every where in the minority. County candidates must take the hint from Essex, and should be very perspicuous in their language to electors, lest their opinions should be misunderstood; for Mr. Western, the other day at Saffron Waldon, having used the term "agriculture," was interrupted by a man of corn,—but not of straw,—roaring out "Agerculter! —what the devil's that got to do with farming?"

Retreat for Royalty.—King Charles of England saved himself amongst the spreading foliage of the oak; whereas the Duchess de Berri vainly sought the sooty precincts of a chimney. While the oak has gained for itself immortal veneration, chimneys will be held by loyal souls in universal execration. Events of importance will, however, be developed, by the royal capture. In the first place, a convocation of artists belonging to the useful order of the soot-bag and shovel, will be held, touching the honour done to their fraternity; and it has afforded choice matter for speculation with the *quidnuncs*, regarding the motives and views of the reigning family of France. Every thing is with them mys-

terious. Our friends, the *quidnuncs*, will, however, see that Louis-Philippe has been transacting business on his own account, and not on that of the little Duke of Bourdeaux. He has been strengthening his foreign alliances; and if his career has not been quite so splendid as many have desired, at all events—barring an occasional shot—it has been tolerably secure. The papers found with the Duchess de Berri, are, some of them, pleasant specimens of the Holy Alliance school. One from the Prince Royal of Prussia, affords us a clear idea of what may be expected in future from that promising scion of legitimacy. Nothing, at this moment, would be greater source of delight to him, than the death of his father. "Give me joy," said the Frenchman, whose woe-begone countenance appeared suddenly lighted up with smiles—"*ma femme est morte.*" Then would he be able to gratify his senseless and criminal ambition, by having a tilt at the French. The heart of this hero, that is to be, is captivated by the shaggy cossacks of the Don. He cannot picture to himself any thing more noble, unless it be his own pigeon-breasted, be-stuffed and be-whiskered monsters. He will never be happy till he has seen a French soldier, and heard a shot fired—at a distance—and seen service, by riding about on a long-tailed horse. As to the other correspondent of the Duchess, the heroic Don, his prowess has been manifested before Oporto; but his letter gives promise of ability in other departments besides that of war. It contains a feasible plan for swindling the public out of a loan, in conjunction with the exiled family of France; but, fortunately, they quarrelled about the lion's share, and so the favour was not pressed. Poor Chateaubriand has gone stark mad, that he cannot have an opportunity of making himself popular about the affairs of the Duchess. No man deserves to be talked of more than he—no opportunity does he ever omit to gain a little addition to his notoriety. Nothing would delight him more than his being arraigned for high treason, simply from the fame likely to accrue from the splendid oration he might have occasion to make—the verses he would compose—or the romance for which it might furnish a subject. Notwithstanding such knight-errants, France is still safe; it stands where it did, and is likely there to remain. Instead of combating giants, these gentry will find their antagonists, on which they built their fame, to be nothing but windmills. They will be sorely buffetted in the encounter, and be laughed at for their pains!

Brighton Buffooneries.—A short time since, a spiritual farce was enacted at Brighton, worthy of the best days of Roman Catholic jugglery. The inhabitants were ordered by their clerical masters, to shut up shop, and forthwith rush to thanksgiving—for what? That the town of Brighton had had the good fortune to escape the cholera! which they were pleased to interpret as a special act of Providence in their behalf! We have seldom heard of a pleasanter specimen of presumption. In the name of Heaven, wherein does the exclusive claim of the Brighton people exist to such an interposition? Is it that "all her sons are brave, and her daughters virtuous?" That we will take our oath they are not. Is it in the superior sanctity of her clergy? Like Lord Eldon, we doubt. Perhaps it is in the superiority of her potted shrimps? Enough of this; it is time to have done with such solemn waggery. The church does not seem to be in the best odour; and such displays as these are not likely to raise its reputation. True piety needs

not such adventitious display, to beguile us of our respect. When we see a man "righteous over much," we incontinently button up our pockets.

SUNDAY TRADING.—Sunday trading has become one of the crying evils of this metropolis. It is the most fruitful source of debauchery, drunkenness, and all sorts of abomination. Every body has been aware of its evil influence on society, yet none have had sufficient philanthropy to urge its abolition. Complaints have been loud and long, yet none have endeavoured to effect a remedy. It is, therefore, with no slight feeling of satisfaction we have seen, that a numerous and most respectable meeting has been held at the London Coffee-House, to take measures for the formation of a society, to take these matters under their consideration. If it is considered necessary that the sabbath should be observed; if laws are made for its observance; then ought they, in common justice, to be enforced. If the conscientious trader, in obedience to such regulation, closes his store, why should he, who sets every thing at defiance for the love of mammon, be allowed a premium on his misdoings? We should be the last to advocate any infringement on the rights of the community, of which we form a part; yet, Sunday trading carries with it such an indecent disregard of the very best feelings of human nature, that common feeling would suggest the propriety, of at least an outward compliance with the wishes of the majority.

The seventh day, independently of religious consideration, has been always considered necessary as a day of rest; and the general morality of a country is always best ascertained by its observance. Our northern neighbours have been long celebrated for the decency and order with which the sabbath is observed; and no where within his Majesty's dominions, can be found a more industrious, better regulated, or better informed people. One great cause, however, of the almost total disregard of this particular feeling, as regards the population of London and its vicinity, is the present time for paying workmen. At the latest hour on Saturday night they receive their wages. The first thing they think of, is the public-house and a pipe; the next is their wives and families. The consequence is, their Sunday's meal must needs be purchased on a Sunday morning. This might certainly be altered, and with incalculable benefit to the individuals themselves, as well as to the rising generation, on whom example, be it good or evil, is never lost. To enforce *religion*, would be to violate the principles of religious toleration; to enforce *decency*, is a duty we owe society.

We have been led to these remarks, by the perusal of a very respectable and intelligent weekly print (The Patriot), which we cannot, however, leave without our joke. Amongst its notices to correspondents, some benevolent individual is informed, that his donation has not been accepted by a certain individual, on the plea, that he declines assistance "from persons in his immediate neighbourhood." It is well for Mr. S. that bounty is so promptly and liberally administered, that he can pick and choose his customers. It reminds us of a certain farmer in Vermont,—where losses by fire are generally made up by contributions from neighbours,—who, when a friend had been at the pains of bringing him twenty bags of rye from some distance, as his share towards the alleviation of the misfortune, shook his head, and told him, "he was equally obliged, but that he had done taking in rye for some time past!"

THE DEVIL AMONGST THE TAILORS.—Tailors are tailors all the world over; dignify them by the style and title of merchant, or by any other you please, they are still tailors, and consequently rogues.

If ever the argument against the monstrous accumulation of funds in corporate bodies, and indeed the utter uselessness, not to say scandal, of minor corporate bodies themselves, was fully brought to bear, it might be instanced in the scene which was exhibited at the tailors' head-quarters in the city. It appears their wealth has so increased by the increased value of property, that though crammed to the utmost, their stomachs are not sufficiently capacious to gorge the half of it. What to do with their surplus funds, without actual and unlawful appropriation, they did not know, till at last some luminous snip hit on an expedient to satisfy their consciences (!) and gratify the ruling passion. He discovered that although they could not actually divide the booty, they had the power of voting rewards to distinguished merit, as the immortal Nelson and others had experienced. Instantly on this discovery, pieces of plate were voted all round, generally for "able and impartial conduct in the chair," which being translated means, being able to maintain his equilibrium there longer than his less endowed competitors, and distributing the unctuous contents of the tureens without retaining all the best for himself. But when was genius left unassailed by envy; men, that is to say, tailors of equal merit and capability finding their talent unrewarded, though they had almost burst themselves to prove it, noised the thing abroad amongst the craft, and caused a general burst of indignation *at* their respective shopboards. At a grand dinner the explosion took place, and such a scene of abuse, blackguardism, and personal violence never was before witnessed in any civilized community. The confusion was crowned by some wag of a visitor slyly ordering the band to strike up "the devil amongst the tailors!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE publishing campaign has commenced with great spirit, notwithstanding the Tory predictions of general war, the stoppage of Dutch fishing boats, and other events egually to be deplored, and equally calamitous. Effingham Wilson, and Smith, and Elder, are taking the lead in new publications in the city, and Edward Bull at the west end. Whittakers are conducting "Constable's Miscellany" with great spirit. This is the best and cheapest family library that has yet appeared. The plan of this species of periodical literature commenced with the original proprietor of this publication, and it has ontlived most of its imitators.

Effingham Wilson is about to publish Campbell's life of Mrs. SIDDONS, which will be a *bonne bouche* for literary epicures.

A translation by Mrs. Austin of a posthumous work concerning the great GOETHE, drawn from the most interesting and authentic sources.

NORTH AMERICA, by the son of the late King of Naples.

A life of MILTON, by Joseph Tierney.

COUNT PECCHIO's remarks on England.

A new novel called ARTHUR CONINGSLEY.

Another, called WHYCHCOTE OF ST. JOHN'S.

A work by JUNIUS REDIVIVUS, entitled the PRODUCING MAN'S COMPANION.

The MAP OF LONDON is, without exception, one of the most splendid works of the kind we have ever seen. How the proprietors of the *United Kingdom* can possibly afford to present it to their subscribers gratis, is one of those mysteries which we cannot possibly understand. A subscription of three months can scarcely pay for the Map alone.

A most interesting work, ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY, illustrated by GEORGE CRUICKSHANKS, and with imaginary portraits by MEADOWS, will be continued next month. No library can be complete without the novels of the old masters, and this edition it is impossible to surpass. DON QUIXOTE and GIL BLAS are the first for publication.

A new edition of a very useful work is forthcoming—VEGETABLE COOKERY.

A French work by Professor MERLET of the London University is in progress. It is called TABLEAU DE LA FRANCE LITTERAIRE, a book much wanted in our literary circles.

To the serious and reflecting we can recommend a work published by Smith and Elder, called MORTAL LIFE, and the state of the soul after death. It is just published.

We understand that Mr. Keightley is about to bring out a work entitled "Tales and popular Fictions, their resemblance and transmission from country to country." It will be printed uniform with his Fairy Mythology, a new edition of which is on the eve of publication.

A memoir of SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, by the Rev. W. M. BLENCOE.

TAYLOR'S life of the poet COWPER will appear in the course of the month.

The TROPICAL AGRICULTURALIST, and an interesting work concerning VAN DIEMEN'S LAND, are forthcoming.

The citizens are about to be astonished by a history of themselves, entitled "THE CHARTERED HISTORY OF THE TWELVE GREAT LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON." The title-page will be as long as the Lord Mayor's show. The last work published under the express patronage of the city was my Lord Venables' celebrated excursion to Oxford, rendered immortal by the pen of the Chaplain.

"MY VILLAGE," *versus* "OUR VILLAGE," by CROFTON CROKER, is now in the market.

Biographical sketches of the REFORM MINISTERS, by WILLIAM JONES, M. A.

The MAXIMA CHARTA of 1832; also the life and times of ENGLAND'S PATRIOT KING. These works should go together.

Mr. Bull, of Holles-street, has now ready a most beautiful and interesting work called THE PORTRAIT GALLERY; being a collection of portraits of the beauties of the court of George the Fourth and William the Fourth, comprising most of the distinguished families of England as well as the royal families of England and France.

In a few days we are *to see* the INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN, by the author of "Chartley the Fatalist."

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GERMAN LIFE, are on the *eve* of publication.

RIDGWAY'S (late Stockdale's) PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE is the most comprehensive work of its kind.

The same publisher has likewise introduced a romance into his list called THE SIEGE OF MAYNOOTH.

The COMPLETE ELECTION GUIDE, by George Price, the Barrister, is a piquant morsel for politicians, and interesting to all.

Sketches in Greece and Constantinople, will be shortly published.

Lord Milton's work on the Corn Laws, has gone into a Fifth Edition.

A Second Edition of Whig Government is nearly disposed of.

Letters of Sir Walter Scott, addressed to the Rev. Richard Polwhele, Davies Gilbert, Esq., Francis Douce, Esq., and others. Accompanied by an original Autobiography of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., K.C.B., will shortly appear.

Another account of the Bristol Riots will shortly appear, by a Citizen.

J. D. Parry, M.A., is preparing an account of the Coast of Sussex.

The Cabinet Annual Register, for 1832, will appear in February.

An Introduction to the Study of English Botany, by George Bancks, F.L.S., has arrived at a Second Edition.

The Life and Times of Wm. Fenn Knight, Admiral and General of the Fleet during the Interregnum, illustrating a very interesting period of English history, is in preparation.

On the 1st of January will appear the first vol. of a monthly series of original novels and romances, edited by Leitch Ritchie. This is a path in periodical literature hitherto untrodden, and will, doubtless, abundantly repay the adventurers. What has been sold for 30*s.* will now be purchased for 5*s.* The first vol. will be The Ghost Hunter, and his Family, by the O'Hara Family.

Many splendid novelties are preparing in the Fine Arts.

Messrs. W. and E. Finden are about to introduce a periodical called Finden's Gallery of the Graces, with poetical illustrations by T. K. Hervey, Esq.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

NEW MUSIC.

The Art of Singing. Composed by J. P. Le Camas. *Published in London and Paris.*

The following extract from the preface, wherein the author speaks with no unqualified terms of approbation of his own performance, will give the reader the best insight into the object of the present publication.

"This method is divided into three parts; the first treats of the different kinds of male and female voices, with some exercises for obtaining a steady intonation; of the intervals of the score, with accompaniments; of taking breath, of the manner of beginning, swelling, and diminishing sounds; of the simple and double appogeatura; of the use of small notes, both ascending and descending; of groups, trills, cadences, broken notes, running passages, in battery and arpeggio, tied, marked, dotted, and divided notes, phrases of two and four bars; of the change or breaking of the voice and its preservation. Six lessons follow these precepts, and demonstrate their practical utility.

"The second part is composed of twelve vocalisations, which will serve as exercises on all the rules contained in the first.

"The third part contains four duets, four trios, and four quartets, and terminates in an air with variations, comprising all the difficulties of singing."

From the above it will be evident, that the plan of the present work is on a most extensive scale; indeed, far more so than any one, with the exception of Lanza's, which has ever appeared in this country, or perhaps in any other, being equal to the work on the same subject published by the Conservatoire at Paris.

The manner of expression which the author has adopted is entirely after the French school, wherein egotism is often taken for talent, and modesty is by no means a quality either sought after or desired. The translator has adhered literally.

The writer of the words, whoever he may be, has concealed his name. The following is a fair specimen of the poetry.

Sweetest of waters
Round which my childhood strayed,
Deeming life's freshness,
Like thine, would never fade.
But manhood spreads before me,
Life romance closes o'er me,
And hope's bright sunny light
Is sinking from my sight.

Sweetest of echoes
My childhood loved to wake,
Dreaming that thou wert
The naid of the lake.
No more when evening closes,
Heaven's western bow'rs of roses,
Shall I, on thy sweet shore,
Awake thine echoes more.

———

Rondino for the Piano Forte, from the Cavatina in Zelmira Cara, deh attendimi, by Czerny.

Rondoletto agevole e brilliante, for the Piano Forte, by Ch. Chaulieu. London. Published by T. Welch, at the Royal Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent Street.

The names of Chaulieu and particularly of Czerny, are so well known to almost all piano forte players, that it would be nearly needless in us to say much in praise of either of the above pieces. They are by no means difficult for the generality of performers of the present day, and yet they possess all the characteristic merits for which either of the above composers have become celebrated. We can safely recommend them.

The Lost Cavalier. Composed by CHARLES HODGSON.

Lilian May; the Words and Melody by W. BALL; *the Symphonies and Accompaniments by* J. MOSCHELES. *London. Published by J. Duff and Co., Oxford Street.*

"The Lost Cavalier," is an effective melody, well adapted to the words, and correctly accentuated. We think it both deserving and likely to become a favourite with the public.

"Lilian May," is an exceedingly pleasing air, and is set off by the symphonies and accompaniments of Mr. Moscheles, in the most attractive manner. The poetry, though it does not possess the deep interest of *"Allan Water,"* reminds us thereof, in the pleasing symplicity of the story which it contains. We shall therefore, give it to our readers.

Oh, where is Lilian May,
With her eye of bonny blue,
And her lip like op'ning rose,
Giving odours to the dew.
Why comes she not to greet me,
Upon my homeward way.
Oh, where is Lilian May.
I see the well-known spire,
That crowns her peaceful bower;
Why hear I not the swelling peals,

The writer of the words, whoever he may be, has concealed his name. The following is a fair specimen of the poetry.

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Round which my childhood strayed,
Deeming life's freshness,
Like thine, would nevor fade.
But manhood spreads before me,
Life romance closes o'er me,
And hope's bright sunny light
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With her eye of bonny blue,
And her lip like op'ning rose,
Giving odours to the dew.
Why comes she not to greet me,
Upon my homeward way.
Oh, where is Lilian May.
I see the well-known spire,
That crowns her peaceful bower;
Why hear I not the swelling peals,
That tells of happy hours?
The path is here—the path of all
Who meet on Holy-day—
But where is Lilian May?

Her step was like the fawn's,
And as she tripp'd along,
The very birds would welcome her,
So thrilling was her song.
That fairy foot is laggart now,
And silent is the lay—
Oh, where is Lilian May?
And tell me oh, ye sad ones,
Who point amid the gloom,
To where those offered flowrests lie,
And where this grassy tomb;
Be still my heart, poor Allan sighed—
Thy rest is here for aye—
For here lies Lilian May,

Der Alpen Sanger, a March as performed by the Guards and other Military Bands, arranged for the Harp by W. H. Shiel. *London. Published by Duff and Co., 65, Oxford Street.*

This is a most spirited march, and well adapted for the instrument for which it is arranged. Indeed we know no one except Boscha, who seems to understand the peculiar capabilities of the harp better than Sheil.

LITERATURE.

The Comic Offering. By Louisa H. Sheridan. London: 1832.

There is a moral propriety in bringing out works of this nature at the present moment, and we have to take Mr. Hood to task for delaying his "Comic Annual" till almost the termination of the year. We have, all of us, friends more or less afflicted by nervous depressions, and an awkward habit of lowering the under jaw—with occasional examination of pistol manufacture, washing lines and the Serpentine; in a word, every man has a friend upon whom he can call, in the certainty of finding him with his feet on the fender, his chin on his hands,—his nose on his chin, and the candle-wick of enormous length and dimness.

To such a person present suddenly Miss Sheridan's "Comic Offering," and examine at a distance the metamorphoses about to be undergone. An aperture, hitherto compressed into invisibility discovers, itself in his jaws—a sound proceeds therefrom, gradually enlarging from a minute wheeze to a terrific cachinnation; till at length you are called into requisition as a lever to upraise your exhausted friend from the rug, and compelled to sew up his sides with the thread of philosophic discourse.

The Comic Magazine. London: 1832.

This little Magazine is edited by the Editor of "The Figaro in London," of itself a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Everything that has been said of Miss Sheridan's Annual applies with equal truth to the "Comic Magazine." Truly, our friend Hood must excel himself if he means to eclipse these laughter-moving competitors.

The Landscape Album. London: 1832.

We think it our duty to inform our readers that "The Landscape Album" has been previously published in another form, under the title of "Great Britain Illustrated," which name, in addition to the title at the head of our Review, it still retains.

We see no objection to its publication under the more attractive aspect of an Album,—and we can only say that if our readers, having money to spare, do not buy the Landscape Album, they have less taste than we have given them credit for.

This work consists of sixty views in various parts of England and Scotland, and is accompanied by very ample and well written descriptions. When we state that the views are by Mr. Westall, and that they are engraved in the first style of the art, we have said enough.

THE ELGIN ANNUAL, FOR 1833. ELGIN: 1832.

This work makes no pretensions to the beauty of its London sisters, and is certainly not got up in a way that could, by any possibility, be mistaken for elegance or taste.

We cannot say that we think the Elgin Annual, in spite of its ugliness, is much above annual par, although we are free to confess, that it will be considered attractive and agreeable by the many readers to whom it is more especially directed. We, in London, are so surfeited with raw literature, that, perhaps, our taste has become vitiated; provincial palates may, however, find The Elgin Annual more easily digested.

MEMOIRS OF LOUIS XVIII. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, LONDON: 1832.

A significant saying, usually delivered by an incipient murderer in a melodrame, with a knowing wink, is "dead men tell no tales,"—a remark equally sagacious and true. Still less (for vocal expression from a dead man is less incredible than calligraphic skill,) still less do they write their own memoirs.

It is perfectly well known that, for many years past, a vast number of the ingenious youth occupied in authorship, have achieved existence by the composition of memoirs. By a somewhat fanciful extension of the imaginative faculty, a half-starved skeleton converts himself into a full-grown monarch, and, occupying the centre of his miserable apartment, is fain to transfer himself, in idea, to the palace of Versailles. But this system should be rather treated under the head "Manufactures," than in a notice of literature.

What shall we say of the present work? The author has made himself acquainted with the principal facts in the life of Louis XVII. and has gathered together a vast quantity of scandal and gossip. Stir these well up and your book is made.

We do not, however, mean to say that there is not a great deal of entertainment to be found in the work before us, and that the author, whoever he may be, has not attempted to present us with something as like a "true thing as possible," but we do mean to express our strong doubts of its authenticity. The translatiion appears to be very well done.

CHRISTMAS TALES. BY W. H. HARRISON. LONDON: 1832.

A VERY pretty little Volume consisting of four interesting Tales, embellished with six exquisite Engravings. The book is got up beautifully, and forms an elegant present for young persons.

THE EXCITEMENT, FOR 1833. EDINBURGH: 1832.

THIS is a miscellaneous collection of Anecdotes, Adventures, Travels, Local Descriptions, &c., compiled expressly for the perusal of children. The object of the Editor in the compilation of this work, has been to supply and to combine information with amusement, and we really do not know that it could be better done than we find it here. The "Excitement" is an excellent work.

THE INFANT ANNUAL, FOR 1833. EDINBURGH: 1832.

WE confess our incompetance to decide upon the merits of this littie book. It is so many years since we entered upon the perusal of similar productions,

that we have, we are ashamed to say, forgotten them, and cannot, therefore, ascertain by comparison the degree of praise to which the "Infant Annual" is entitled. We have, however, handed it over to our youngest child, who has not yet sent in his report. Judging from the intense solemnity of his small visage, we should infer that much interest has been excited in his mind by its perusal.

THE POETIC NEGLIGEE. BY CALEB. LONDON: 1832.

ROSE coloured paper—elegant print—beautiful silk blinding—"I'll have it," —says the respectable powder-haired father of a family, intending to surprize his daughters by an annual present. Fling it in the fire, my old friend—or send it, with an apology for the insult, to the common hangman.

We like to be plain in these matters; the fellow who could put together this bundle of filth must be utterly destitute even of the remote remembrance of common decency.

Whenever we see an anxious exhibition of ultra-amativeness studiously conveyed in a shape most likely to meet the eyes of women, we divine the cause of such an exposure instantly. The author, without doubt, wishes to obtain credit for that, of which suspicion has already denied him the possession. But his literary endeavours must be rendered impotent and ineffective.

The Author has neither shame nor honesty. The vilest publications are not palmed off upon us by a trick.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY. BARON HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS, &c.

THE name of Humboldt, so justly celebrated no less in other countries than in his own, is always sure to excite the curiosity and reward the attention of the public. One of the most serious obstacles to a general acquaintance with his works, in point of number and extent, is here attempted to be removed by the universal rule already indiscriminately applied to all classes and branches of literature. Cheapness and abridgement, now the reigning order of the day, are made to embrace the details of science as well as the lighter topics of the age; and once admitted, we do not see how they can be more pleasingly, if not judiciously, employed than in desseminating some knowledge of the writings of so enlightened and intreped a traveller as Baron Humboldt. The selector and translator, Mr. Macgillivray, has performed this task in a manner that reflects credit both upon his talent and his judgment; while giving us a satisfactory sketch of the scientific portion of the Baron's labours, he does not forget the more popular tracts of his original in the easy unaffected style, the amusing incident, interesting observation, and well placed reflections. In little more than the space of 400 pages, Mr. M. comprehends a condensed account of the Baron's travels and researches, following him in his journeys through the equinoctial regions of America and in Asiatic Russia, accompanied also with brief analyses of his more important investigation. The chief material have been derived from the various works already given to the world; and what adds to the value of such an abridgment, we are informed "that when additional particulars were wanted, application was made to M. de Humboldt himself, who kindly pointed out the sources whence the desired information might be obtained. The life of a man of letters, he justly observed, should be sought for in his books; and for this reason little has been said respecting his occupations during the intervals of repose which have succeeded his perilous journeys." Some idea may be formed of the character of this most adventurous of travellers, when it is mentioned that having crossed the Atlantic, he traversed the ridges and plains of Venezula, ascended the Oronoco to its junction with the Amazon; sailed down the former river to the capital of Guiana, and, after examining the island of Cuba mounted by the valley of the Magdalena to the elevated platforms of the Andes, explored the majestic solitudes of the great Cordellera's of Quito; investigated the margin of the Pacific ocean, and wandered over the extensive and interesting provinces of New Spain, whence he made his way back, by the United States to Europe.

The publication, we are told of the important results of this journey was not completed, when he undertook another to Asiatic Russia and the confines of China, from which he has but lately returned. After having performed undertakings so arduous, it may perhaps not be uninteresting to our readers to learn that M. de Humboldt is at present engaged in preparing an account of his Asiatic Tour, the full details of which will appear under the title of a journey to the Arabian Range, the mountains of Kolgoan, the frontiers of Chinese Zanjaria and the Caspian Sea; the whole consist of three distinct works by himself and his coajutors, G. Rose and G. Ehrenberg.

It is only proper to add that the pleasant narrative now before us, is ornamented with a portrait of the great traveller by Horsburg, a map of the Oronoco, and five engravings by Jackson.

THE LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS, IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. BY C. MAC FARLANE, ESQ. EDWARD BULL. 1832.

UNDER this somewhat astounding and formidable title;—the Robbers in all parts of the world being now before us;—the ingenious author of "Constantinople in 1829," and the "Romance of Italian History," has here contrived to give us what is far more romantic and terrible; if we except perhaps the exploits, on a larger scale, of their more illustrious contemporaries—the robber-kings and conquerors in all parts of the world. Viewing them with an impartial eye, we see between them too little distance, whether in act or spirit;—to shew any cause why these brave though less legitimate claimants to renown, should not aspire to the honors of historical commemoration and a place upon the same shelves with pontiffs, kings, and tyrants of every age or nation. They have, indeed, the advantage over the latter in more respects than one;—they are drawn in their natural colours,—with more truth and justice;—their historian bestowing no undue flattery, nor holding them up, as is done too often in the case of their royal contemporaries—as objects of regard and admiration, with half their crimes and enormities lost in the blaze of national rivalry or applause. On this ground, therefore, no argument obtains against the exploits of Banditti of any rank being duly celebrated; so much the less, in fact, that taken as a whole, they are far more stirring, varied, and full of hair bredth perils, than those of commanders acting on a wider sphere. Considering, indeed, its superior advantages, we cannot think Mr. M. has done the best he could with his subject; he has hardly treated it with the importance it deserves;—not vindicated their right to sit with knights commanders;—in other words, fought shy with the Robbers, as if he scarcely liked to look them in the face, during execution.

He has withal made his narrative one of the most entertaining, if we except the first, and half of the second volumes, relating chiefly to Italy and Sicily, and more enlivened by personal anecdote and adventure. There are many touching incidents, and on part of these minor Italian tyrants some redeeming traits of character—as among the former the young Contadina rescuing his bride, in the latter the meeting between Marco Sciarra and the great Tasso. The Italian portion is in every point of view better treated and illustrated; the descriptions and characters are more vivid and in bolder relief. Take it for all in all, Mr. M. has made a pleasant enough work out of different, and not unauthenticated materials; and if he have coloured a little too highly on such a ground, the amiable error may well be forgiven him in the words of the Italian proverb itself: "se non é vero, è ben trovalo." The captivity of the Italian surgeon, and the death of his companion the factor, are extremely well told; and spite of the general seriousness and revolting nature of the events, there are traits of humour, of honor, and even of playfulness of disposition—like that of the tiger, according to Humboldt, that was seen playing with some children on a Savannah,—which forms part and parcel of the mind of a Bandit.

The work is pleasingly relieved with small plates, both landscape and historical, in good keeping with the character and incidents they serve to embody.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. BIOGRAPHY. EMINENT BRITISH MILITARY COMMANDERS. VOL. III. LONGMAN AND CO.

IN regard to character and interest, the present volume yields in no way to the most attractive or the best executed of its predecessors. The names of Clive, Cornwallis, of Abercrombie and most of all of Moore, present to the mind of every Englishman a constellation of high talent, tried courage and devotion to the honor and service of their country which must always command admiration and respect.

Nor have they here found a biographer uncongenial to his task, or unworthy of the honor of doing justice to their deserts, and spreading their hard-earned renown still wider. We say hard-earned, for if we but consider, besides the laborious duties of the active soldier, often rising step by step from his ensigncy on his own merit,—the immense study, reflection and observation, which combine to make the finished commander, prepared to wield the separate power of an entire power, no one will deny that both contemporaries and posterity should do him full justice. It is the crown in short of all their toil and ambition; as in the words—the last impressive words of General Moore, "who hoped that his country would do him justice." The life of this great man was indeed the model for a fine soldier; with the strictest discipline he carried with him an air of almost chivalrous honor and high soul into the then dull uninformed details of an English army. The country, indeed has done justice to his genius and merits; ample justice in the admiration of his character, and a knowledge of the insurmountable difficulties with which a false system and a weak neglectful government every where beset his path. The bare incontrovertable facts that he had a mere handful of men to oppose to the gigantic force of Napoleon in person; that he was crippled for money and all kind of resources from England, with only a rabble of discomfited Spaniards to impede his motions; and that he yet brought his little army clear through the heart of Spain—pursued and beset by numerous French armies; that he won a great battle, and restored that army to England, is an endearing monument of his greatness, and founds the best title of his country's gratitude and respect.

On this head, we regret to see that the author has not rightly appreciated his character and deserts, erroneously following the views of his affected censurers, which, had they been adopted, as recommended by Lord Castlereagh's envoy, Frere, must have involved the entire destruction of his little army, and the high military character of its commanders. Nor is it only with regard to his life of John Moore that the author too often ventures to criticise or misinterpret the movements and actions off, which it is clear he has not the means of forming a correct judgment; he commits the same fault in treating of Lord Clive, offering new comments and rules of proceeding which only ample experience, and high command in the same field can authorize a writer in hazarding.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. HISTORY. SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

IN the present state of political affairs, a condensed review of these two kingdoms connot be otherwise than acceptable. It will be found to give satisfactory information as relates to the great questions of foreign and internal policy; and is more especially interesting at the periods when they stood formost among the European nations in power and conquest, enjoying at the same time a far larger share of freedom than they can boast of having since done. Without reference, therefore, to their actual position, the narrative of their elder and more famed atchievements, whether in arts or arms, as it here thrown out, does no discredit to the taste or ability of the writer; he has well availed himself of the authorities and more volumnious materials he had before him, and has adopted a populas style which confers interest on the narrative.

SUNSHINE; OR LAYS FOR LADIES. WILLOUGHBY, 1832.

Our notice of this little volume was accidentally shut out last month. Its title, which so completely explains the book, recommends it at this season most especially. It comes like a glimpse of May-day merriment in December,—like a summer-fête celebrated over a Christmas-fire. The style and spirit of the "Lays" will be altogether misunderstood, if it be not remembered that they are "Lays for Ladies.' The writer, (who should not have hesitated to give his name,) affects not to plunge into the world of passion, and grapple with the deep resolves and stubborn purposes of the heart; but simply to sport with its fancies and playful waywardnesses, its light and airy varieties, its graceful and gentle emotions. His region is the drawing-room, not the shore and the wilderness; he feasts only on the sweet-meats of Apollo's banquet; he flies for ever about the brilliant surface of society, and turns

"The sunny side of things to human eyes,"

But he writes with grace and a good-natured purpose; and his lays must ensure him a warm and pleasant welcome in all circles where warmth and pleasantry prevail. Extract is impossible, or we should set the claims of these Lays in a more unquestionable light before the reader.

THE BUCCANEER, A NOVEL. IN 3 VOLS. BY MRS S. C. HALL. BENTLEY, 1832.

This department of our work has, this month, been made up earlier than usual. The Buccaneer, therefore, arrives in time for a mere announcement of its appearance, and its high claims to success. We cannot attempt to shew this month on what those claims rest. We cannot enter into the diversities of character and situation that are here set before us, by a writer who, though she had not previously given us a proof of her capacity to work out a great theme upon a great scale, had given repeated proofs of a deep and peculiar insight into character, of a happy power of seizing upon points of humour and individuality of impression, of a quick and ready aptitude in the delineation of national manners, and of a mature understanding of the great moral purposes which fiction may and ought to be the instrument of working out. In the Buccaneer, Mrs. Hall has exerted her powers of construction, and her skill in the developement of character, in a wider field than she has heretofore ventured upon. Her attempt will more than realize whatever anticipations her sketches of Irish character may have excited. It equally demonstrates her qualifications in a dramatic as in a moral scale. This will be recognised by all who may refer to her bold, striking, and original delineation of the mental features of the immortal Usurper, or to the numerous graphic scenes and incidents which diversify this novel.

What we have here said is merely by way of apology for not saying more this month. We are restricted by space only; the plot and characters of these three volumes would furnish matter for three pages at least.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FEW people, we apprehend, have been longer or more diligent in the vain attempt to render themselves weather-wise than we have—but with all our experience, we do not recollect an instance of such a long continuance of easterly and northerly winds as the late and present: more especially on the commencement of autumn, when we generally look for south-western gales and moist weather. To repeat what we before noted of the mildness of these unseasonable easterly winds, which has certainly been most favourable to the lands, and, in a considerable degree, operative towards the declared extinction of the *cholera*—and to con-

tinue the repetition, wind and weather having persevered for a considerable length of time in one particular course, seldom, perhaps never, fail to adopt the opposite for an equal, a longer or shorter period, such a one as the immediate state of the aerial regions may require. On this hypothesis, sound or cracked, we have to expect, anon, a long course of S.W. winds, as a balance to that which we have experienced of the north-eastern, which consequence really taking place, will no doubt produce a mild and moist winter, not precisely the kind of winter mantling for which our soil is hungering.

In our last, we took it for granted that wheat sowing would receive its finishing hand during the present month. That process, however, as well as the harvest, was lengthened and rendered additionally expensive by frequent interruptions from either drought or moisture, and also by the late clearing of turnip and potatoe lands, which is now proceeding so speedily that, it is probable, no breadth of land worth a mention will remain unsown beyond the first week of December. The remaining turnips, in various parts, are fed off by sheep, taken in at twopence and threepence a-head, and when the stock of roots is considerable enough to last over the year, an additional price is paid. The fallows are said to be generally, indeed we may say as usual, in good condition, and had the weather been more settled, the present seed season would have been earlier; as it is, the wheat seems of various growths, on some lands particularly irregular. The lands sown after the moderate rains we had in October, afford, by far, the most luxuriant crops of wheat of the present season; in fact they cannot even be desired to look better; they are not too rank and forward, nor do we hear of any complaints from the slug. It seems likewise the order of the day, or rather of the year, to make an annual addition, throughout Britain, to the quantity of land sown with wheat; in Scotland, we believe, particularly, wheat seed, much of which has cost 70s. per quarter, has said to have proved universally good. The farmers are generally dissatisfied with the present price of wheat, from a somewhat late conviction that the crop has by no means realized their early calculations as to quantity, and from the considerable reduction of price, which must be submitted to, on that too extensive part of the crop which has received damage. In those parts of the great and productive County of Norfolk, which border on the ocean, both wheat and barley received very heavy and extensive damages from the storms immediately preceding harvest; and the difference of price in consequence, between the samples of corn thus exposed and those harvested under a more auspicious planet, is most discouraging. Thus the expectations, it seems, is in favour of a rise in the markets, whence all who are able, hold their wheats particularly, until the new year. In the north, where they say the wheat does not yield well, the finest samples were lately worth 60s. per quarter. In looking over market prices, our attention and surprise never fail to dwell a while upon that of Ware Malt, 62s. per quarter! We have formerly bought the finest at 32s.

There has been a fine time for harvesting the second crop of clover-seed, which, however, could not be expected to equal the maiden or first crop in any respect. The winter tares do not look discouraging, and may improve in the spring, but the easterly winds and harsh dry weather have damped any great luxuriance in them. In the country throughout, turnips cannot be much above half a crop, and the leaves of those which are mildewed, are neither now rishing nor wholesome for cattle. As to mangel-wurtzel, in some parts yet a favourite, whilst in others the *fancy* is rather in the wane, they quote the opinion of three-parts an average crop. On hops, the duty still estimated at £130,000, will be ascertained by our next Report. Business has been rather brisk in this market of late, which though late, together with the considerable prices, indicates a reduced crop; yet, as is usual in our markets, even in the case of a short crop, the finest samples are bought up eagerly, and the inferior and low-priced neglected in the same degree. Kentish bags sell freely at from 8*l.* to 9*l.* per cwt. At Worcester pockets of good quality are worth 8*l.*

It was speculated that the unexpected improvement of the turnip crop, joined with the plenty of straw from all the crops, would have considerably quickened

the sale and raised the prices of cattle. Such has been, in some degree, the effect; and in our best fairs of the south, and in the fertile countries extending to Lincolnshire, feeders have bought with spirit and some advance of price. The market accounts, however, from most parts of the north, from Scotland and from Wales, are of a very inferior description, the stocks of cattle offered for sale being large, the buyers neither numerous nor eager to purchase, and the prices considerably lower than they have been, In Wales, that centre of public complaint, with too just reason we well know, cattle are said to be extremely heavy of sale, at a price ten shillings a-head below that of last year; and even sheep and pigs are reduced in price and slow of sale. This depression and ruin of the Welsh markets is attributed to the constant extensive importations of neat cattle, sheep, pigs, and corn, from their Hibernian neighbours, for which there appears no remedy short of growing all those articles upon as cheap terms as in Ireland, an advantage, if at all, which can only be looked for in a thorough *reform*, which shall give relief from all unnecessary charges and imposts. We repeat, with pleasure, that drainage is still going on with spirit in the north, and in those other districts which we lately named. This indeed indispensable operation, confers at once a most important double benefit on the country; the lands are improved beyond the reach of any other means, and the labourers simultaneously employed at good wages. Bone manure for turnips has come much into practice in the north, and probably, for a first crop, excels every other; nevertheless, with regard to the lands, it has not that permanent effect, according to old experience, for which rich farm-yard dung exceeds all other. There is somewhat of a blank in farming without an ample live stock. Such is our old-fashioned opinion.

Herts still keeps up her wonted dignity of prosperity, and we have just now read in one of the public prints, that her farmers declared THEIR SITUATIONS TO BE MOST SATISFACTORY! They have our hearty congratulations, with the request, that they would impart their secret to the farmers of too many districts which we well know to be so much in need of it. Sussex seems, of late, almost ready to join Herts, in her high-sounding declarations. We have seen several letters from Sussex and other parts, wherein great praise is bestowed on the present system of corn laws, and equal dread expressed of *free trade*. Now, if we recollect aright, some years since, when the present laws were first proposed, it was the fashion to decry them in favour of those already in force, with a warmth and apprehension similar to the manner of decrying free trade at present. But it ought to be taken into consideration that the system of free trade can never be established in this country until a reduction of taxes and the expenses of production have been effected to the extent of enabling ours to compete with the foreign grower. We have endured, for years, a monthly annoyance on account of the pretended degeneration of the breed of English horses. We have just now been running over a few staves of the usual fair and market ditty—— a great number of ordinary horses. very few of any worth, those few obtained extraordinary prices.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s*. to 3*s*. 2*d*.—Mutton, 2*s*. 2*d*. to 3*s*. 10*d*.—Lamb, ——— ——— Veal, 3*s*. to 4*s*. 6*d*.—Pork, 3*s*. 8*d*. to 5*s*. 10*d*.; Small Dairy.

Game at Leadenhall.—Pheasants, good demand, 7*s*. to 8*s*. a brace.—Birds, (Partridges,) very scarce, 5s. a brace.—Hares, plenty, 3*s*. 6*d*.—Wild Fowl of all the usual kinds, plentiful.—Ducks, 5*s*.—Widgeons, 3*s*. 6*d*. Teal, 2*s*. a couple, —Snipes, plenty, 1*s*. 6*d*. to 2*s*. 6*d*. a couple.—Woodcocks, scarce, 7*s*. a couple. —Grouse, uncommonly scarce, 7*s*. a brace.—Ptarmigan, also scarce, 6s.—Black game, in sufficient plenty, at 8*s*.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 41*s*. to 63*s*.—Barley, 26*s*. to 39*s*.—Oats, 14*s*. to 24*s*. —London Loaf, 4lb. 8½*d*.—Hay, 52*s*. to 80*s*.—Clover, ditto, 63*s*. to 105*s*.—Straw, 25*s*. to 32*s*.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool 14*s*. to 22*s*. per ton.

Middlesex, Nov. 26.

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8 DEC 1949
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